

Drunken Lullabies #12

By Bartan Tirix

Feat. Jinx Montalgo

The dance studio did a good job keeping out all the noise within the city's center, but it couldn't stop the sounds of spitting air. A vocal of failure in the bear's mind as he once again bombed another attempt, taking the thumb out of his maw and snapping those jaws a few times as he spotted the black anthro dragon beside him in the wall-filled mirror. Shaking his head in disappointment as Bartan whimpered. "Try again." Jinx instructed.

With a nod, the white fluffball took a deep breath and blew into his thumb, not quite getting a firm seal as his cheeks swelled up and the sounds of leaking air escaped his muzzle. Those brown eyes of Bartan attempting to watch the mirror for any change in his body, but nothing could be seen or felt. Once again giving up and panting. "I seriously don't know how you guys do it so easily."

"Thumb-puffing really isn't that hard."

"Yeah, maybe for someone hollow." The bear snorted, getting a pondering look from the dragon's gray eyes and making the white one's ears spade. "...No." A chuckle from Jinx. "Stop looking at me like that, I've tried 'being hollow' before and it didn't help."

"But maybe you're onto something." A noise in question from Bartan. "What if it's because you keep looking at yourself in the mirror?"

"That's kinda the purpose of this room." The white one grumbled, looking around at the empty space as Jinx grabbed a long scarf of sorts. A room nearly 100 by 80 feet, with a height of 20 and a small room in the back for a restroom. A single wall was converted into mirrors, while two others were windows to let in the natural light.

"You'd be surprised how much dulling a sense can help though, so let's give that a shot." The black one prepared the long cloth and gently placed it over the bear's eyes. "Hold still. I also want to try something a little different too."

"Uh oh."

"You're too focused on the end result to perform it properly, so..." The anthro moved down to that fluffy tail and gave it a firm tug. "Disable all feeling, except maybe in his... Paw pads, I guess." A whimper from the bear as he felt the rest of his body go numb. "We want to make sure you can still feel the ground and all. At least there's nothing to break here."

"Well, that's what happens when you fail to warn me that your roommate recently had their floors waxed."

"That was like three months ago, and I could walk on it just fine." The bear grumbled in response as Jinx tapped his fluffy haunch. "Feel that?"

"Nope."

"Good, means we're ready. Take a deep breath and blow *Slowly*." The blindfolded furball still attempted to look back with worried ears but did so anyway. Unable to see or feel anything, pawing out where his muzzle is and placing his 'thumb' within. A slow inhale with his nose and he blew- only to get the same failing result. "Slowly. That was way too fast for a beginner, you need to develop your seal first."

A little bit of a grumble as Bartan tried again, deep inhale and slow ex. Losing a little bit of the breath, but actually getting a good seal this time along with the expected stalemate. Pressing just a little bit harder while trying to focus on his fluffy belly, that underside started to slightly expand. Slightly harder, and the rest of the breath went straight to the bear's haunches. Blowing them out into round globes, as if someone inserted two basketballs underneath his coat.

Of course getting the attention of the latex anthro, blushing deeply as that tail wagged and the bear shifted. Feeling his underbelly while completely oblivious to his hindquarter situation. "Oh! It... Worked?" A few more paws around his middle fluff.

"Y-yep. It appears so."

"It didn't change too much-"

"T-that's normal. Try again." A slight head tilt from the blinded bear at the black one's studders, but Bartan shrugged at it. It was normal for this one to enjoy expansion, the dragon was probably getting a bit worked up. Placing the digit back in his maw and trying again, hitting that stalemate for a bit before getting that belly to inch outwards.

Once more, only a few inches at best, but those haunches nearly took the rest! Doubling in size and underneath those rubbery paws as they stroked the twin hills. Lightly playing with them and blushing deeply, barely catching the whimper in his throat. "Good. Continue."

Not questioning it, the bear blew again. Still lightly struggling against his own body's durability before that belly of his began to stretch a faint amount. The rest went straight into those haunches as they swelled out into yoga balls within the dragon's grasp. Giving them a tight squeeze as he heard them hiss deeply within Bartan's heavy coat, releasing a deep huff from his latex muzzle that got the slight attention of the bear. Making him smile, even though he couldn't feel the anthro the furball knew what he was doing. Adding some small wiggles to his movements, enough to make sure the white one didn't lose balance but not quite realize the impact it would make on those hindquarters. Really making them sway and lightly lag behind the motions.

Regardless, Bartan wanted to keep going. Giving another hard blow, and getting the hang of the seal- even though he did occasionally mess up. However, he definitely noticed that his belly wasn't progressing as fast as it should. Taking some time to just feel it with his other paw, but needing to shift back into a sitting position while unable to feel the fact that he tripped Jinx and sat on him in the process. Pawing at his own fluffy belly while that tail wagged; still not feeling too much of a difference, but it was working!

Another deep breath, trying to puff a bit slower this time around while feeling his underside inch outwards. Still completely oblivious at his expanding rear; blowing up like a pair of fluffy balloons over the lightly pinned dragon who occasionally released a whimper as those black paws squeezed the twin hills. Causing those fluffy ears to flick and Bartan to chuckle at the expression. "It isn't that much, is it?" Only another whimper in response. "At least I'm getting the hang of it."

"Y-yes, you are."

"But is it only supposed to output so... Little?"

"T-that's normal for beginners. Keep practicing, focus on your seal more than anything for now." A shrug from the white one, but he followed the instructions: taking deep breaths, keeping his muzzle shut around his digit, and blowing. Attempting to feel any 'backblast' that would cause his body to surge in size, but only really scanning his underside. An area that felt just sort of chubby, vs his haunches that could hold an entire refrigerator in a single one. Nearly burying the dragon underneath their expanding size and fluff.

Practice really did make progress though, performing the puffs near flawlessly without a single leak several times in a row before a mess-up. Missing out in a single breath on occasion, but usually a half breath while he was distracted by his swelling gut. Still puzzled on where all that air was going, buuuut the furball's lung capacity wasn't that great to begin with.

However, due to the lack of feeling through his coat Bartan was unable to even notice that he was once again standing up. Those haunches growing so large that they could fit an entire 4-door car in each one, completely covering the latex one before he slid out from between (and underneath) them. Embracing them tightly as they gave off a bassy hiss that was suppressed due to the winter coat.

It wasn't until the bear blew and was forced to stumble forwards that he noticed some resistance from behind. Making the furball release a noise in question as he attempted to sit down again only to get gently pushed forwards. "Keep going~" The dragon from behind... Rather far behind, urged. Voice sounding a bit muffled as the bear whined in response and gave a few more puffs before nearly being able to rest on that belly for balance. Taking his free paw and reaching back...

Only to detect something large... Really Really Large. And fluffy. A sharper whimper as he peeked through the blindfold and noticed that his rear end was taking up over half the room! Able to see the full thing on display thanks to the wall mirrors! "Keep goooing~" Jinx lightly moaned, allowing the bear to pinpoint exactly where he buried that black muzzle of his. No wonder he was being so quiet...

But at this point... Maybe it would be more fun to amuse him? See how far the anthro would

get Bartan to go? Taking a deep breath and blowing into his digit again to inflate that belly slightly, but this time fully witness the other 95% of his breath gather into that rear. Stretching those fluffy walls and wondering how on freaking earth his four ears kept missing that deep hissing.

Let alone the creaks, but maybe those just started recently. Wondering just how they felt, as those mostly sheltered brown eyes caught sight of that furred wagging tail. Better not just yet, Bartan thought. Giving puff after puff and trying not to whimper nervously as that enormous rear pressed against the ceiling with ease. Expanding sideways where it could and outwards as those ears detected a muffled and blissful whimper of the trapped one. "K-keep going?"

"Keep goooooing....!"

"Y-yes, instructor." Bartan chuckled at the lack of a response past that as he took another breath. Petting his own belly as it nearly began pushing him off the ground, trying to adjust his focus on less of the rear that probably couldn't hold much more, and more on his own underside. Concentrating, only for it to start inflating his tail instead! Swelling the thing like a long balloon while that white behind still continued to enlarge!

Well, that didn't work. Trying again, starting to feel his cheeks swell instead. Releasing a bit of a frustrated growl, like trying to find a certain hidden frequency on a radio. Trying again and again to see if he could get a majority of focus on his belly, but always getting his rear end instead.

The bear concentrated harder! Attempting to apply all that force in any other area besides his rear end, not being able to feel out just how much more they could take. Prying it slightly away from those twin globes, into that inflated fluffy club that was his tail! Slightly into his belly... But it was only traveling through it? Where was it going!? Only for Bartan to begin witnessing his back paws to shift a bit into the mirror's perspective. Looking... Larger?

Oh no. It was going into his paws! Meaning...! A loud whimper as the bear looked directly at his free hand, watching it lightly swell out while those black pads stretched to easily double their size! Gathering a gloss of sorts as he attempted to tighten them both into fists! Making it harder for that self inflation to travel to such an area!

Yet, the pressure was just too strong. Slowly prying each digit out from their tightened stance,

bubbling every finger and toe one by one with a thick *'Thumm'*! Swelling them out into stiff bubbles that could barely move any longer!

However, with such a result came an issue: the bear's digits now being too big to get a proper seal on his maw to continue. Trying it again and again, even just with his muzzle alone but couldn't quite get it. "U-uh... Jinx?" A muffled noise in question from behind. "We might have a problem." A deep inhale was heard from behind as Bartan whimpered. "No-no-no-no-no-!"

Only for that dragon to blow directly into the fluffy rear! Expanding it greatly through the room and sliding the bear into the mirror; thankfully not breaking it but pinning him in the process! Unable to really see or feel what was going on, just stuck listening to the audible creaks and stretches his hide was making as it began filling up every corner! Pressing up against the walls and windows as the white one whined. "J-Jinx...!" Another deep inhale filled the studio to the brim with that bear butt, leaving no crease untouched! The windows getting the maximum amount of 'Pressed Hamm-ness' against them while the dragon was sandwiched inbetween them.

Bartan couldn't quite feel the twin hills, but he had a good idea just how full they were. Once again releasing faint whimpers with his small breaths as he attempted to move. Causing higher pitched groans and squeaks from his overinflated body to nearly echo within it. And somewhere within the mists of the orchestra... Another inhale...!

All the white one could do was whimper as the pressure began to mound inside of his body! Fighting against the very structure of the room before popping the windows out all at once! Letting them fall to the streets where they shattered on top of parked cars, setting off dozens of alarms as a massive, strainted, fluffy rear was bloating out of the side of the building.

At least giving Bartan some room to shift around, release a few whimpers and attempt to get the blindfold off. Not that it really mattered anyway, still unable to see anything besides the very faint light that his rear end pressed up against. Soon worried about the damages and such that the event caused, but those thoughts were soon interrupted...

By another inhale...

