

Drunken Halloween Lullaby

By Bartan Tirix

The darkness was mostly banished by the bright hunter's moon overhead. Casting its light over the forest full of bare trees. Naked and desperately clawing towards the light source as the rest of its attire swayed, tattered in the slight wind that scattered the fallen over the grounds. Completely covering them with plantera paints of red, orange, and yellows.

And making quite the crunch sound whenever a certain beast took a step, shattering whatever silence loomed overhead. Echoing a warning to those scavenging the forest before winter to take heed and stay out of the unnatural creature's path. Its white coat nearly shining like that of a ghost as its fluffy four-legged form squeezed inbetween trees. Attempting to stay in the path before stopping at a slightly spacious area. Enough for each of its three heads to look their own direction, determining-

"Are we lost-?"

"Yeeeeep. We're lost."

"I told you this was a dumb idea." The right head grumbled.

"It wasn't that bad of an idea." Lefty spaded his ears at the right one's snort.

"Anything we could find out here we could've just had back home."

"Come on, where's your sense of adventure?" The center one nudged the right, getting a growl from the identical high-bridged polar bear muzzle.

"I left it back home, where we could easily get stroked off by a certain otter-"

"Yeah, but we can get that anytime. It's spooky season, and honestly I needed an excuse to use this form-"

"-And an idea for a Halloween story-"

"Don't get meta!" The right head hissed, placing a paw over his eyes. "Let's just find this thing. What did Dia say?" Returning the paw to the ground before they started walking again.

"Something about a makeshift graveyard out in these woods."

"One filled with very frisky spirits~" The center head purred, though stopping to tilt his head in a ponder. "Or was it frisky spirits that filled-?"

"That makes no sense." A snort from the right head. "Let's just... Keep moving. With any luck-"

"We'll find it?"

"We'll find our way back home." A grumble at their chuckle as the 'Cerb-burr-us' continued on. Scanning the area with six pairs of ears and three sets of brown eyes. Snapping branches and twigs with its powerful chest and neck, like trying to squeeze a fluffy car through the thousands of trees. Needing to actually bend a few out of his way until the next opened space. "Finally-"

The beast tripped over something poking out of the ground, stumbling while the right head growled, only to trip three more times before flopping onto the ground. Causing all three snouts to either grumble or whimper, looking around from the laying position to find several boards sticking out of the ground. Boards...? No. Unmarked graves.

Was this really the place? The three sharing a look as they scanned over the grounds. A large spot in the middle, either vacant or destroyed over time, with too many 2-by-4s in rows to be a coincidence. Whatever markings they had before are long gone as the white one's fluff began to rise up. Feeling a little spooked about the sudden area.

A few moments as the wind picked up, scattering more leaves and causing the trees to shift a little. Once again puffing up the beast's white mane as the three kept an eye out for their surroundings, their long tail lightly wagging from the alert. The center head's slight whimper getting the attention of the other two as a small light was barely seen, almost as if it were from a distance but really... It was forming right in front of them.

"...Anyone remember what we do?"

"-Not a clue."

"-I do!" The left head chirped in a whisper. Slowly leaning in with his snout while the other two heads pulled back, afraid of what might happen if Lefty actually touched it... Granted, holding the left one back, preventing him from nudging the sprite in the process until he glared at the center and right head. A nervous whimper from the middle as he leaned in a bit while the right almost attempted to keep them away.

But the black snout finally connected with the dancing light, a little cold to the touch at first, but then warmed up. Now realizing that the visitor was quite friendly, Lefty gently nuzzling the light with his snout and giving off a slight purr. Putting the other two heads at ease, enough for the Center one to do the same after the left one pulled back to normal.

When it was the right head's turn, he nervously looked at the other two, then nearly turned 'pale' as he spotted several other lights beginning to form around the gravesite. Surrounding the cerburrus as they slowly looked around, watching the lights approach them. With the first one being in the lead, moving closer to the leftmost head.

Though a bit nervous himself, Lefty swallowed loudly and tried to remember Dia's story. The phrase was... "U-um... Imple mea... Balls, amabo?" Something the furred ones clearly did not understand, aside from 'balls' which... Honestly made the two ponder if the left one asked a series of ghosts if they wanted to play fetch.

Yet the small cyan lights seemed to respond, bobbing up and down as if in a nod before the lead came closer to Lefty's muzzle. Making him whimper slightly as it touched and 'pet' his snout, still a little cool to the touch at first but soon made the white one begin purring. Inviting others in, one approaching each head while the dozens of others made contact with the fluffy body. Stroking their chins and necks, around the collar and shoulders. Massaging the chest and his large muscled arms, fluffy haunches and stroking the base of his tail.

Then down under his belly while many others kept to his back end. The Cerburrus nearly lost in the hypnotic scratches around the ears and snout, vocally announcing their pleasures with deep purrs as a slight force was felt on their back end. Pushing down to gesture a sitting position, and the beast complied without even thinking.

The belly rubs were grand, getting deep underneath that coat with the cool and warm touches as it crept up the broad torso. Putting more pressure along his shoulders and neck, massaging and relaxing those muscles greatly as the three were thrown into a submissive mindset. Barely noticing the force

from the front growing stronger and stronger, lifting their front legs up off the ground as they were pushed backwards. Only really noticing it when their balance was naturally triggered.

But the cerb rolled onto his backside with nothing more than a small yelp. Resting in the opened area belly-up as the spirits once again surrounded that middle. Stroking it steadily and nearly triggering a scratch reflex from that hind paw as they panted a bit, tail wagging from all the attention. Feeling the small lights trek further and further down to that swelling white sheath; the three red tips beginning to peer through.

All while the three heads were getting their chins scratched, lightly flexing their claws in the air as the strange spirits tended to them. Only to get a sudden series of surprised whimpers when their cold touch reached the fleshy tips, instantly making the cerburrus blush and share a look. Wondering what exactly the left head and Dia suggested to them in that unknown language.

But they were just too enthralled by the service to object, looking down a bit nervously at the blue sprites stroking their sheath. The opening growing wider with every pulse as the heads of the three-rod weapon began to move out. Only to feel that cool touch of one spirit slip inside! Making the three gasp as another did as well! Then three more, one by one! Swelling out that protection as they gently moved around inside, stimulating the beast and his three fleshy towers quickly.

Larger and larger the rods grew, flexing their soft spines that flowed down in columns along each wall. Causing all three heads to huff loudly while the other spirits held them down, calming them with steady strokes along their fluffy body as their tools became more erect than normal. Hearing the right head release a slightly worried groan when he spotted even more of them to appear within the darkness.

But they curiously came up to the Cerb being tended by their fellow sprites, instantly attracted to the large red rockets twitching up above the body. Connecting with the predictable cool touch at first before warming the flesh, causing that tail to sweep the leafed grass while each tower was stroked with tenderness. Each head lolling out their tongues as they were lost in a steady trance of bliss, leaking the orange juices that filled their semi-large pouch.

Yet, such a thing revealed a truth to the sprites. Observing the strange orange syrup leaking out of each tip while others continued their work. Specifically, the lights within the sheath, overstimulating the furball to the point where a few jolts were shot out of the weapons. Two landing in the grass but one on the center head's snout, instinctively licking it off and purring at the candy flavor. Barely noticing the sprites study such a reaction, deeming it safe for them to touch.

Or at least the three thought so, watching them slide up one of the three towers of their choice,

making contact with that strange fluid that was the beast's colorful pre. Each trying a 'taste' and discussing it among themselves, but really... They were scanning the area. Noticing the 'exit' within the flesh and feeling one of the warm lights slip inside! Instantly getting a jerking reflex from the Cerburrus as he was once again pinned down by other spirits and their force!

One at a time, several of them began slipping down the fluffy creature's shafts, making the large one whimper and squirm as they ventured down. Further and further into their crotch before detecting the foreign warmth inside their pouch. Definitely strange, but not specifically uncomfortable as they swam around the seed-makers. Waiting for the others to complete the journey through each throbbing weapon as the heads huffed loudly.

Many other lights stayed outside, stroking the beast and its fleshy towers to relax him. Others massaging the pouch as if communicating with the ones inside, convincing a few more to venture in as well regardless of the fluffy one's whines of protest. As if making a pool party within that pouch, not completely blocking the flow out either as jolts still managed to release out of each tool.

And then the sprites started to move inside. Syncing their swims to help churn the orange juices within, massaging it from the inside while others tended to the out. Once again causing the cerb to purr and huff loudly. Their faces painted with blush and their tongues unable to keep inside their muzzles. Gyrating with the movements and motions, something the binding lights allowed while their comrades went to work.

Not realizing what such a thing meant until a pressure was beginning to be felt inside that pouch! Causing it to slowly expand bigger in patient pulses. Making the fluffy sac stretch out between their spread legs as the spirits began filling it up! Pushing out the walls from the inside while also increasing the production rate, causing the seeders to plump the pouch up!

The pressure increased dramatically, but not painfully. Concerning to the point of trying to get the lights to stop, only for such actions to be met with retaliation. Pinning the beast down harder, and leaving their maws to just huff loudly and witness more spirits coming from the darkness. Each head whimpering loudly in a beg (for what, I'll leave that up to you) as the glows made their way towards the twitching rods. Waiting for the juices to stop flowing out before getting a few to slip inside! Adding more dancers within the furball's pouch!

Every breath that the three took caused their sac to inflate like a large balloon, unable to do anything but watch. The spirits pumping them fuller and fuller as the fluffy balls expanded between their legs. Each starting from volleyball sizes to basketball volumes. Groaning as they bloated slowly outwards, soon able to fit in a pair of 4-wheeler tires. A warm glow started to be seen through all the white fluff, shifting with the movements of the copious amount of seed inside. Another attempt at an escape was thwarted,

nearly feeling them all communicate as if to discuss the bear's punishment...

Only to start feeling that pressure rise again within, steadily this time as those white furballs ballooned between his legs. Growing to fit small car tires... Then mediums... Truck tires as the pouched groaned loudly. That orange glow intensifying, causing the pouch to almost shine as it swelled out larger and larger. The three heads whimpering while the red weapons did their best to leak out what they could! Almost on the verge of cumming, but something was blocking it!

A heavy push from inside as that pouch grew and grew...! Stretching slowly to the point where they nearly filled up his entire pelvis area! Pushing the furballs to their very limits- Then beyond! Managing to possibly squeeze in two pairs of 18-wheeler tires inside that enormous sac before the beast finally came! Each weapon spraying with a mighty force, launching all the lights within out with the barrage of torrents as the cerb soaked the grounds and his upper half with the orange fluids.

It took several moments of panting to watch the lights dance around the white one, as if to say their thanks and to enjoy their gift... Gift? All three heads looked down at the pouch; no longer illuminating their crotch but still keeping those tractor trailer tire sizes! Making it difficult for the cerb to finally get up; feeling the heavy bag slosh and drag along the ground. Folding around their legs, feeling so pent up, and so... Frisky! Weapons ready and leaking as they began moving through the forest again.

Leaving them to wander to find a hole to fill... A belly to swell up. Perhaps maybe even...

You.