

Drunken Lullabies #16

By Bartan Tirix

Featuring Theo

The chirping of the evening birds could be heard through the blackout curtains, letting the soft breeze lift them into the room and peek just the rays of light within. Barely illuminating the large bed, occupied by white fluff, the deep purrs of slumber coming from it as the room remained mostly silent.

However, there were the flutters and wags of two tails. One significantly larger than the other, belonging to the anthro fox who rested on the large fluffy belly. Her arm and hand softly rubbing and sliding across the soft white forest of fluff of the beast as she patiently waited. Eventually getting a black tipped ear to perk and face the doorway as it was being gently opened. The silhouette of an otter's head peeking through, scanning the room that held a constant rumble of satisfaction.

Well, more comfort than satisfaction really, as the fox whispered lightly as to not to disturb the larger furball. "You've got the right room, Theo." The sea-weasel's head sharply turned towards the bed within the shadows as the female anthro got herself up. Barely adding anything to the mass as her body's form was imprinted within the beast's coat. Walking over to greet the friend as they continued to whisper.

"The bear sounds like he's doing fine, though something's... Off."

"It's a surprise." Kindle joked with the 'smaller' male. Well, smaller than her husband at least. "Thanks for offering to take care of him. Things got tied up and a client of mine-" Theo lifted a paw to interrupt her.

"Don't worry about it. Go be someone's arm-candy, I'll help empty the furball for you." That

made her chuckle.

"Have fun~" The fox gave him a kiss on the forehead before slipping out of the door. Making the otter lightly double take when the light hit her nude body before the barrier closed, giving him time for those grey eyes to adjust to the darkness. Making him ponder what she meant about 'surprise'. As the darkness began to shift into slight patterns, the brown marine mammal approached the bed. Lightly brushing the white beast's lifted hind leg and seeing just how large he was, easily twice Theo's size. A presented paw that seemed to flex and lightly rake the air with the strokes as it went over the enormous round belly.

Or at least it looked the part. Pressing his webbed paw against the bear's underside nearly caused it to be submerged in fluff up to his elbow. However, still actually feeling quite the tum even underneath. Filled with what? Hard to tell exactly, but it was definitely soft and plushy. Perfect for resting on after the otter's work was done.

Only to spot something shift within the upper area of Bartan's belly, something that was definitely not a bear's forepaw! Causing the otter's brown coat to raise up as the large appendage shifted a little, a strange long-fingered thing nearly that out of a horror movie. Covered in the same fluff, but with a closer look and the aid of the curtain's unveil, displaying a... Wing?

For an entire arm? On both arms...? Oh. That's what Kindle meant by surprise; the bear was transformed into a fluffy wyvern, no doubt from that strange tail magic ability Bartan possessed. Giving that rounded middle a few more deep rubs, causing the slumbering beast to begin purring again as Theo looked over the large wings. Fluffy white tarps extending from his arms, like the webbed paws of the otter's own just pushed to the extreme.

But feeling the large membranes gave a form of persuasion towards their lightly unsettling look. Turning them into soft fluffy blankets of sorts that would be perfect for colder nights. Though still often twitching as if being tickled by the light touch of the brown paw, even getting so far as to release a few grumbles and snorts from that white snout as Theo moved on from it. Giving that belly some more attention and letting the wyvern's tail wag freely as he stepped over it. Pressing the smaller one's own pelvis up against the plushy... Warm and sloshing fluff?

A look down just as the curtain let in some light, spotting the furball's rather enormous pouch and thick sheath. A pair of balls probably big enough for Theo to curl up into if it was detached!

Along with a decently sized sheath, smaller than one would expect for such a pouch, but that was likely the reason the fox called him over. Giving the protection a few gentle strokes and seeing it swell up in response, the marine mammal got an idea... A few ideas...

Gently pulling the long fluffy appendage to activate the tail's special magic, he whispers to it. "Leaky, but stay soft~" Barely spotting the white ears flick at the vocals as the dragon they belonged to lightly groaned. Stretching his limbs to become more awake and aware as the otter continued to rub Bartan's belly and sheath. Easily spotting the orange fluids leak out of that red tip, making the furball huff loudly when Theo's tongue made contact with it.

A deep purr was interrupted in question as those brown eyes adjusted to the darkness, the wyvern's 'tender' definitely missing those canine ears and making the large one whimper. Not quite knowing who it was, but the affectionate rubs and laps against his speartip did keep the beast more relaxed. Blushing heavily as those white hinds raked the air and attempted to grab hold of the empty space, all while that tail flicked and thrashed.

The "'stranger's'" paws slid down and circled along that rounded gut, cupping the thick sheath and gently raising the protection above the weapon's head. Causing it to become lost within the white forest, playfully making a volcano of sorts as the hot fluids occasionally erupted and leaked down the sides of the makeshift hill. Making Bartan release more and more vocals of pleasure in the process, while those grey eyes met with the dragon's brown discs. Spotting a slightly blue tint within them and the furball finally got an idea of who it might be. "...T-Theo?"

A devious smirk from the sea mammal, nodding in response while also nuzzling against that swelling protection; being filled up with that strange but candy-tasting pre. Causing the white one to huff and whine again at the touch and movement, further putting a smile on the otter's face. "So sensitive today, aren't we~?" Making Bartan whimper, attempting to prepare a response.

"T-the... Sheath is very sensitive when... Stuff... Moves-" Several huffs and pants after concluded that the once-bear couldn't finish the sentence. Let alone sit still, his hips shifting around with and towards that brown muzzle as the fluffy appendage hanging beyond the bed went wild. Sweeping across the smooth floor irrationally as the smaller one's webbed paws continued to stroke and massage the beast.

"When stuff moves~?" The otter teased. "Like what?" He purred at the blushing beast.

"F-fluids..."

"Pre-cum, bear." A sharp whimper in response. "But what else does your fluffy little mind have *in* mind, hmm?" A whine in question that time, as a single soft digit of the otter's moved up to the source of the orange rivers and slipped inside. Instantly making the winged beast squirm and gasp loudly, his head shaking back and forth from the slightest touch as a blush invaded that large white muzzle. Feeling the soft- and now soaked, digit gently move around in circles within the sheath, prodding at the fleshy tip until Bartan released a sharp whine with a spout of flame! Lighting up the large bedroom only for a moment and making Theo thankful for how low he's been resting; nearly hugging the furball's package. "Oh my. That's quite the reaction."

He let the wyvern recover via heavy pants for a bit before speaking up again. "Buuut to reduce all fire hazards, we should change that breath weapon of yours. Hmm..." The brown furred otter pondered for a moment, still stroking those balls in circles until he came up with something. Reaching down at the base of that fluffy appendage, giving it a gentle tug. "Replace flame breath weapon with... Dancing Lights instead."

A whine in question from the beast as he panted, the intense heat leaving his maw now replaced with a soft light. Changing colors with every huff that left Bartan while the digit in his plump sheath began to gently move again. Causing the much larger beast to squirm at the single "'hold'" of the smaller sea mammal, the dragon attempting to hold back until he released another sharp gasp above them-!

Only to find that the torrent of flame was indeed replaced by a large ray of cyan light, harmlessly bouncing off the ceiling and fading into the darkness of the room. Leaving Bartan in huffs as he looked over any possible damages, but there was nothing that could be seen... The furball no longer had to worry, he no longer had to hold back the urge to release the 'furnace' within his body. But it also meant that the otter didn't have to worry about pushing the beast too far either, a glass-shattering realization that caused Bartan to stare straight forwards as his eyes looked down and locked onto the smug smaller grey ones. Almost absorbing the blue light the wyvern released earlier, smiling deviously as those four white ears fell.

Squirt after squirt caused that fluffy protection to swell up; having its only real exit remain mostly blocked by the stirring finger. A little bit of that orange leaking out as the bulge grew close to that of a watermelon before the beast released another colorful lightshow, and the pressure within his sheath banished Theo's paw with a heavy squirt. One that leapt upwards and landed on that white fluffy belly, creating chasms of orange rivers within the white forest.

Soon feeling the smaller one cup that bloated sheath from underneath with both paws and giving it a quick squeeze, allowing all the pent up fluids to gush upwards onto the beast in a quick eruption. Splashing the white furred canvas with the rope of orange, even getting a stripe of it across that high-bridged muzzle as it huffed at the relief. Well, until Theo licked at the protection's opening for a little taste himself, still loving that candy orange- as strange as it was.

But the sea mammal began to slide up, resting his own package on and against the dragon's enormous one. Pawing at that painted belly and massaging the orange colors through the dyed fur. The roots deep within it showing the natural gray, but only on the parts that the orange didn't get to yet. Even spotting the large creature's winged forepaws do the same; stroking and raking fissures within his own fluff as Theo nearly rode on the churning package. "Good bear, but we're far from done tonight."

The otter didn't expect the furball to respond, only continued to rub that soft belly with the beast. Letting that protection and the tip inside continue to leak out before the brown body eventually slid back down. Taking the base of the fluffy tail again and giving it a tug. "Form your Knot." A shaky but blissful whine from the larger one as his heartbeat increased, feeling it pulse within that shaft... Still in the sheath?

Only for those brown eyes to open in shock when the smaller paws once again began stroking the protective (and soaked) fluff. The hilt pulsing being felt from within as a bulge started to be formed. The smaller male wasn't going to do what Bartan thought... Was he? But as the knot's density continued to increase, those webbed paws persistently rubbed upwards, keeping that bulge inside it.

As the fluffy wyvern attempted to get up, Theo's tongue began lapping and prodding the red peak that was once again sticking out of now orange hill. One rounding larger as the flesh within it continued to swell up. The otter was trying to make the furball tie his own sheath! But every attempt the winged one made to stop it was interrupted by a sharp reflex in pleasure! Causing that white tail to thrash, those hind legs to grasp at the air, and that large muzzle to scrunch and hiss. Sending out rays of colorful spotlights with every heave as his body squirmed.

Hips rotating underneath the sea mammal's body as the small one continued to play the dragon like an instrument. Releasing thicker and thicker jolts as that knot stretched out his once-white protection, stimulating Bartan more the bigger it got. Creating an almost feedback loop as the constant blissful waves along with the paw's movements making that bulge grow larger than normal! A dense fleshy ball with a soft but wide tip; still keeping the first command to 'stay soft'

the best it could. Letting it continue to drench the wyvern's crotch with his own release.

The sight, scent, and sounds the white one was making only further drove the otter's instincts, his own member being quite hard throughout most of this session. While also being constantly teased by the flicking and brushing tail. Now that the dragon's knot was formed and no longer required his paw's assistance, Theo adjusted himself. Pressing his own weapon between the heavy white pouch and that tormenting appendage, not quite being able to reach the furball's tailhole but getting close.

It felt wonderful, regardless. Thrusting gently up against the wyvern's balls, the constant mix of a soft weight and tickles of the thousands of furs. Helping them churn loudly as his smaller body pressed and pawed against them, all while making Bartan sing constantly. Leaking a fountain's worth over his belly, occasionally releasing a rope that reached up to the white head and into his own maw. Red tongue lolling out as streaks of illuminessence released with every huff, whine, and note.

Those brown paws branching out from the heavy pouch, now that Theo's own hips could continue the movements. Stroking those white hind legs as they flexed and squirmed, only to grab and force them down by the 'ankles'. Making the large one whimper in question as he felt that smaller tool press deeper and deeper up his tail. Prodding a very sensitive spot that Bartan had; his taint. Begging whines morphing into heavy growls as the wyvern started to release a near shower of his pre. Rapidly getting closer and closer to his climax, and Theo knew it. Constantly thrusting into the fluffy rear harder and harder, until he began to prod the white one's tailpipe-!

Only for those hind legs to reach around and grasp the smaller mammal! Grappling around the waist in a bearhug like fashion, lifting the otter slightly off the ground while pressing him closer to Bartan's own pelvis. A long straining roar was accompanied by a beautiful lightshow just before that red spire erupted into a geyser of orange! Raining over the bed, painting the walls and ceiling above as Theo came against the furball's rear gate! The large furred wings flapped as the beast jerked with every heavy jolt, an intense motion that caused even his fur coat to sink in and puff back out during inhales.

It took nearly three minutes of a steady release until the wyvern started to slow down. Absolutely soaking himself, the bed, half of the room, and the otter in his grasp. The lock made with those hind paws finally releasing from each other, but still keeping around the smaller waist as those claws flexed. Leaving the furred one painting heavily while his body jerked from

exertion, half drunk with the lightshow still illuminating from his opened maw and bouncing off his lolling tongue.

Eventually detecting the strokes of those circling brown paws as Theo attempted to calm the beast down. Now feeling quite the draining from those balls against his front, leaving them about the 2/3rds full mark. "That was quite the display, bear~" The sea mammal purred, lifting a now colored paw and licking off some of the extra release. Loving that warm orange candy flavor as it dripped down like honey. "Get some rest for now, we've got a long night of work ahead for you to drain these things completely." A whimper in response that was too hazy to really think, causing those brown eyes to stare into space and lose focus. "Though, I'm curious..." A stroke on the thick protection, making the beast gasp.

"Think you can hold your double knot in this sheath of yours~?"