

Drunken Lullabies #18

By Bartan Tirix

The clouds surfed the early evening skies, blocking most of the light from the sun as it began to set. Creating small holes in the soft shapes that allowed some of the warm rays through. Creating spotlight cones that painted over the high vista cliffside: a massive valley covered in lush green forests and multiple waterfalls. Creating points of interest through the view itself between the many distant hills.

No wonder this area was often sought after, the bear thought as he grasped his feathery ride tightly. Feeling her bank widely in circles, giving him more time to see the view below- buuuut the more he looked down the more nervous the male became. Able to feel his dull claws within her feathery warmth, making the griffon chuckle as she swooped down to land. Expecting the yelp at the change in motion but she was under control.

The yellow-headed 'Caracara' touched down very softly, to the point with the winds lightly blowing Bartan assumed they were still flying. "We've landed, dear." The falcon chuckled, almost being able to see those brown eyes open wide and feel his body relax. Exhaling a sigh of relief.

"Good." The polar bear attempted to step off by backpedaling, only to slip a bit and get into a position where he nearly mounted the same-sized feathered female. Her tail not helping as it brushed against his sheath and heavy balls as he backed farther away, then meeting the male's shy gaze with a devious look.

"You're much lighter than you look." The griff purred, lightly changing the subject while lifting her long rear appendage up his chest and under Bartan's jaw. Flashing her folds and revealing the round pair of teats directly inbetween her hind legs, further making those four ears blush.

"Y-yes, this body is like 60% fluff." He whimpered, caught staring at her body until her own fluffy tail flopped on his high-bridged snout. Blocking the view and snapping him out of it. "T-thanks for the ride, Eirathaa."

"You're very welcome, dear." The griffon turned about, bunting and nuzzling against his body while pulling off the strap around his torso. Allowing the large bag to drop to his lower body. "However I would still like to try that sky-sex idea you mentioned sometime." The uncomfortable groan from the male made her chuckle.

"Bears don't belong in the air." Bartan snorted.

"Then we'll have to turn you into something that does~" The Caracara purred, playing with the tip of his own fluffy tail; knowing exactly what pulling it did. "But first thing's first, bear. I've b-"

"-Setting up camp." Eir double taked at him, tossing her beak at his chuckle and shoved his chest back. Making him yelp half-playfully as his legs got tangled in the bag's large strap, causing him to trip and land on his back within the soft grass. Watching the griffon take the bag and toss it over to the side before pinning him down with a single paw.

"I've been waiting for a very long time for this night, Companion~" Her long yellow feathered crest began to puff up with excitement as her paw raked down his belly. Sharp talons carving through the soft white fluff until they got to the swelling sheath, purring at the red tip already beginning to peek through. "Ever since a... Very large bird told me about her special night with you..."

As bashful as Bartan was, those four ears perked as he recalled through who she was talking about. Letting the falcon rest over his wagging tail and nudge his sheath softly, only for it to click and for him to whimper. "S-Sontee...?" [DL#13] A slow nod, nuzzling against the protection, making the furball huff as his tool pulsed out of it.

"Word gets around with songbirds, bear. Tales *bursting* with great detail." A sharper whimper from the male, more so when a sneaky paw began cupping his balls. "Ones I was hoping you could... *Fill me* in on~" Another whine before Bartan felt a firm grip on his tail, giving it a tug as he panted and bracing for the command. "Ten, no... Twelve times cum production."

As soon as she let go, those white furballs began churning loudly. Actually making the griffon's neck curl as she looked down on them in surprise, half expecting it not to work. Making her own dark brown ears blush as Eir thought about how wild her night was going to be. Already starting to see the red tip begin to leak and not wasting anymore time, beginning to lap at it softly but tenderly as the bear gasped.

Though the taste of candy-orange did surprise her; matching the flavor with the color that dripped out, the bird did her best to gather every last drop. Moving a paw back up to his balls, massaging them and noticing just how full they were beginning to feel. Trying to be mindful of her talons as the griffon's tongue worked on the red flesh, soon detecting a large paw in her crown feathers and wondering if it was a call to stop.

But the dull claws dug into her head and the male began to lightly thrust into her beak, Bartan's soft whimpers pleading for the falcon to continue. Feeling his weapon pulse larger and larger inside her maw as that tongue lapped up every squirt Bartan released. Further making the griff purr, sending vibrations through and aiding the fleshy tower's growth even more.

In no time it was stiff, but vulnerable to her raptor beak. Eir's paws weren't the greatest for handjobs and her tongue could still do some work, but not enough. However, she knew of the perfect place where she could 'hide' such a red target. Getting up and stepping over the fluffy male, feeling Bartan pet her chest and sides as if to guide the bird back end up to his muzzle. Lightly surprised that she stopped halfway and began sitting down, his tip pressing up against the soft furred folds. Making those dark yellow and dark brown feathers puff up as Eir carefully swayed her rear, letting the jolts of orange quickly soak the gates as she pressed lower and lower...

Until the weapon slipped inside! Shocking the two with overwhelming bliss for a moment as they panted and huffed together. Feeling Bartan curl upwards and hug the griffon's body tightly as she supported the bear with a single arm, the other keeping her balance. Feeling that red rocket pulse and twitch inside her hallway, drenching her walls so quickly that she could already feel it begin to leak out of her sensitive folds.

With every twitch she felt the soft nubs that lined the canine tool, almost flexing against the griff's inner walls while the waves of pleasure echoed through her body. Swearing the bear's girth was increasing with every squirt as she grinded her way down to his hilt. Her slit kissing the bear's sheath, and with a soft twist hearing Bartan whine before a warm torrent was sprayed deep within her.

It felt amazing to Eirathaa, to the point where she wondered if the male could swell her up without really moving. But where was the fun in that? Raising up, she could really feel those soft spines press against her walls, only giving off a steady pleasure as she soon felt the flare just inside her folds. Stopping for a moment to allow Bartan to catch his breath, the falcon held onto his fluffy body tightly without realizing it.

Blush nearly colored her crest and feathers as the female griffon panted, sitting back down slowly and allowing the thick weapon to slide deep within her vent. As stiff as could be, growing so much it was getting difficult for the fluids to escape until the two protections met for a wet touch. Detecting a series of warm globs entering her chambers, making the bird squeeze his ridges tightly with her lower lips.

Perhaps a bit too much, as a long whine was heard within her padded bust. Then a few huffs before a long torrent was felt passing into the female's vent... Then a second one, unraveling her lustful smile and turning it into light concern when a third was felt. A fourth came with a bit of pressure, a fifth increasing it. Not quite pain but worry as number six attempted to squeeze inside!

Only to finally feel her belly begin to round out, just under where Bartan's arms were wrapped around her. Causing the bird to bring her free arm around from the bear's back and onto her bloated underside, feeling the plump warmth that she was filled with. Huffing at the tightness warnings every time that tool attempted to squeeze a little more inside her.

As disappointed as the griffon was that the male released so early, it wouldn't be the first time Sontee exaggerated her stories, Eir was still in a good position to pin the bear down and milk him until those fluffy balls were dry. Releasing a purr just as she felt one of Bartan's own paws slide across her belly and give it a lick, the slightly larger bird once again wrapped her free arm around that fluffy back. Holding him tightly against her plushy and warm underside as the male yelped, then started riding that still stiff member.

A surprising amount of fluids began leaking out through the motions, constantly getting the pressure warnings and releases as the red rocket slid in and out of her tunnel. The bear huffing in whimpers as he was pressed up against the bird, digging those dull claws into her hips and trying to nail her down. Amusing him for a moment to grind over his pelvis-

Only to get those filling warnings again! With a straining whine the furball began

pumping her sex with that strange orange seed, quickly restoring anything that was lost during the motions and pushing against her walls. Feeling a small stalemate as Bartan's equipment was determined to squeeze more into her, only to detect her belly begin to expand! Making the griffon pant loudly in question as that feathered underside swelled out directly in front of the furball, pushing him onto his back.

But it felt so immensely wonderful to the female! The light pressure sending out waves of bliss through her body as it fought to contain so much fluid. Making the griff use both her paws against her bloated middle, already starting to feel so tight as the two huffed. *Surely* the male was empty now, she thought as she pet her oven-sized tum. Especially when those pulses started to slow down.

However, Bartan attempted to thrust into her folds from below. Lightly bouncing the bird and moving that tool just enough inside her to get Eir worked up. Wanting more of it, whatever the bear could give. Riding him a little harder while letting her belly nearly dribble over his torso, the two hugging it as that spineful member slid in and out of her vent. Copious amount of juices leaking out of every motion as they began to move progressively faster. The griff getting closer to her own climax that it became her only focus! So much so that she didn't even notice the bulge forming at the weapon's hilt, barely registering exactly what it was and only that it would aid her in her orgasm!

Slamming down over it as the bulge grew and grew, creating wet plops as the bird's body soon began to lock up. Squeezing that knot tightly and making both of them sing, adding her own fluids to the bear's soaked pelvis while she huffed. Slowly coming out of her blissful haze... To detect the large swollen lock inside of her vent.

Excitement turned into slight fear when the Caracara began observing her situation. Holding onto her belly, realizing now that this was all just the furball's pre. Trying to pull herself off him, but the knot was locked tightly inside. Her tail wrapping around a very large pouch almost half the size of Bartan himself, to the point where she needed to see the churning balls with her own eyes to believe it. Coming to the conclusion...

Sontee wasn't fibbing.

Before Eir could even whimper or plea for the bear to somehow stop, an immense flood began erupting inside of the female! Quickly expanding her belly outwards in heavy pulses as it

grew tighter and tighter. Absolutely covering the male's upper body as that feathered underside bloated to the size of her own frame. Leaving the two stalemated as the bird attempted to hold back her ballooned gut. Trying not to use her claws, but the stimulation was just too much for her to withdraw those talons. Giving out a straining whine, feeling like it was going to burst any moment!

The two fought in place for a long moment before her belly doubled in size! Stretching the bird larger to the point where she couldn't see over her dark yellow bloated chest, causing the griffon to lean back just to make room for her belly to expand. Whining loudly as the underside enlarged past triple her own size from the bear's release, yet all she felt was immense pleasure! The sensation of growing tighter and tighter, every pump the male gave sending a large pulse for her body to contain.

Eir felt herself reach another orgasm as her belly grew taut, squeezing that knot so tightly with her lower lips as she soaked that fluffy sheath. Nearly reaching six times her body's own volume before reaching another stalemate. Yet, the furball's equipment was still relentlessly trying to pump her fuller, battling those walls as the bird's form shuttered. Trying so hard to keep together, and when one couldn't hold on anymore, the rest collapsed with it! Bloating her underside larger and larger and larger until a large wet explosion!

It was like a large sting of pain immediately followed by falling into a warm bath. Paralyzing the front of the griff's body as her limbs twitched from the overstimulation, and very very quickly, that pain subsided. Only lasting seconds before the euphoric rush of relief was felt while Eir panted loudly. Somehow being able to breathe within the rainstorm of orange syrup, as she fought to recover control of her body. Wondering if a giant hole replaced her underside.

But all she could feel was her familiar (and very wet) feather coat. No pain, no permanent damage. Some extra plush as if she absorbed some of the fluids, but the bird was completely fine, entirely safe. Having a hard time to believe such a thing until she witnessed it with her own eyes, and still spotting Bartan laying on his back panting as his geyser geared down to a drinking fountain. "You... Okay?" The male panted heavily, his tail swaying erratically.

The griffon panted for quite some time, slowly shifting around in order to get up and observe her body's changes. Not finding any wounds and sighing with relief, but curious about the somewhat plushy belly. Not only that, but her... Teats had grown as well? "I... Believe so, yes."

"The first time seems to hurt more than the others." The male got up, still lightly huffing as he staggered towards her and rested his head on that enlarged tum of hers. "Feel like another round?" A double take from the bird, staring at him in question for a moment as he bunted her underside.

"...Sontee was not exaggerating about her session with you, was she?" Eir barely asked.

"Probably not. I like to keep my client's experiences confidential, but I assure you that you'll be okay no matter how big you get." Bartan stated, releasing a low growl in pleasure as that tongue lapped along the swollen pair of 'udders' between her legs. "But you did get me worked up for a second session, however the decision is yours Eirathaa." The female stared at him for a few moments, eventually causing those calm brown eyes to look at her deep blue ones. Getting her body up to face away from him, sliding that tail underneath his jaw as she took a few steps away; lowering her fores and arching her back. Presenting her sex, bust, and belly to the bear. Looking back and witnessing his sights locked completely on her vent, even as she slowly wiggled her hips.

"Mount me, furball. Give me- ah!" The griffon gasped when a warm nose was pressed against her folds and a soft tongue slid up and down them. A pair of paws cupping and teasing her teats with soft pads, making Eir huff and whine loudly as Bartan played her. Softly massaging those swollen pillows while that tongue slipped into her slit, easily able to taste that candy orange still as it lapped and cleaned her walls. "B-bear...!" She nearly scolded him, not quite realizing how sensitive her bits were when they enlarged, causing the bird to blush heavily and dig her claws into the soft grass. Batting her tail against his head to get the white one to cooperate.

A step back towards that white snout made that tongue venture deeper, causing the griff to huff loudly and curse under her breath. "Damnit, furball...! I will pin you onto the ground again if I have to." A growl at his chuckling response, feeling him pull back and step over her presented rear. Prodding that sex a few times until an orange web of pre connected them, but the male then went lower. Resting and squeezing his rod in between the female's cleavage, reaching around her hips with his paws to support the outsides and gently slide his weapon inbetween them as she grumbled again.

"It doesn't feel as good as when they're on the chest, but a pillow-job is a pillow-job." Bartan teased her, the two locking eyes with the same devious smirk.

"Only because you're doing it wrong. Maybe if you cooperate, I'll give you the tit-job of your life~" A few playful squishes and that tooltip slid back up. Greeting the female's swollen gates with a few kisses before slipping inside slowly, leaving the two in growls of pleasure and gasps. Those large white paws pressing down on her shoulders while his snout rubbed up against her neck, licking at the griffon's ears. Pressing forwards enough for that lightly swollen knot spread her folds out a little more, but not entering.

One of Bartan's paws stepped off her to help balance as his entire fluffy body shifted backwards, building up a slow but relatively powerful thrust into the female bird. Making Eir moan and huff loudly as another pulse was felt squirting into her. Another motion came with its own jolt, keeping up the trend with the third, fourth, and every one thereafter. Quickly filling the griff's inner chambers and making that orange juice leak from her vent.

Those pleasurable pressure warnings started to echo through Eir's body, centering around her belly as the male growled in pleasure at her squeezes. Suddenly thrusting hard and squeezing that still-reforming knot into her sex, making the falcon cry in bliss for every squirt that tool pumped her with. Already beginning to feel her belly round out again, lower and wider. Filling out the space between the bird's hind legs and making her feel taut.

A few playful pulls and that bulge squeezed out of her folds, leaking out quite the torrent's-worth of the bear's seed in the process. Giving the griffon some relief as Bartan kept up the motions, softer for several of them and letting the bird enjoy the feeling. Then another heavy thrust! Not quite able to squeeze that growing bulge inside her but making the female sing in bliss. Higher and higher as it overstimulated her, feeling it slip in and triggering another climax as she squeezed that bulge hard! Adding her own release to the puddle forming down below.

But that clench came with consequence, making the male growl loudly and dig his dull claws into her back. As soon as she released her squeeze a flood came through! Pumping her belly rounder and lower towards the wet grass, unable to even slow down Bartan's output as her underside bloated out and became much tighter. Almost too tight as that stalemate was felt...!

Only to yelp when she felt her teats begin to swell out instead! Turning the brown colored pillows into sensitive swollen spheres as they shaped around their hind legs, eventually getting so taut themselves that the belly began enlarging with them. Slowing down after several more pulses, leaving the bird in a blushing and bashful mess. A feeling only made more

overwhelming when that damn white fluffy tail slid across her ballooned bust. Causing Eir to clench again out of reflex, and involuntarily receive another full torrent.

Another few huffs from Bartan as he removed that pinning paw from her back, freeing the bird that took a few moments to be able to move and feel her underside shift forwards at the extra room. Her gut and teats still easily touching both the grounds and those dark brown folded wings, causing the griff to double take at just how wide her belly's become. Taking a paw and pressing against her own form, the heavy plush and movement of the warm fluids inside giving Eir a wonderful sensation.

A few taps enhanced that feeling, as the ripples traveled through her overfilled underside. All the way back to her swollen folds and plump bust, each steadily leaking a mix of the bird's fluids and Bartan's release. More when the griff squatted her haunches lower so her forepaws could play with her inflated middle. Panting loudly with her tongue hanging out, Eir didn't even mind when the white snout lapped and teased her blushing ears. Gently squeezing herself progressively harder, throwing off waves of bliss that eventually caused the female to clench again. Right on the bear's ridges, which in turn caused him to squirt a torrent into her, feeling it expand that dark yellow tum in real time.

The falcon leaned forwards again, letting that gut hang outwards towards her sides as she huffed. "More..." The bird begged, feeling the male nuzzle her along the side of her neck. Gently pulling on that knot that her vent entrapped, playing a little game with it; trying to get the gates to squeeze shut before slipping the bulge through them. Making the bird gasp while some fluids drained out, detecting the male's tool thrust into her sex again as the knot pressed heavily against the folds.

Eirathaa didn't understand at first, but with every thrust came a wave of motion that traveled through her enlarged belly. Not only reaching her chest, but even bouncing off and flowing into the bust between Bartan's legs. Slow but powerful thrusts that soon started rocking the griffon forwards then backwards. Occasionally adding a few squirts into her to make up for what was lost, if anything making her slightly fuller over time. To the point where she didn't have to hold herself up with the dark brown fores, allowing the caracara to rest her own paws on that bloated belly and feel the flow of his seed inside her.

The female was lost in a haze of pleasure, slowly feeling herself stretch larger as if massaging her body from the inside. So hypnotic that his sudden thrust to squeeze that knot back inside the bird's vent took Eir by surprise. Squeezing it hard as the male growled and began

sending in another barrage of torrents. Pumping the griff with his seed as she expanded larger underneath them, still rocking with that momentum. Soon approaching the same size as last time that made her burst; past the six times her body's size, going on seven or eight!

However, no real warnings of tightness this time around. The falcon was definitely feeling fuller, that's for sure; her belly becoming an enormous balloon for the bear's fluids. Her bust morphing around their hind legs; capturing the bear's tail within their cleavage as it wagged playfully to get free. Her swollen vent nearly able to swallow Bartan's sheath as his equipment pushed her nearly 12x size before those warnings were felt, the griffon's walls begging to feel taut with the stretches. The heavy groans with the sloshing liquids only stimulating her further as Eir began to feel tighter, approaching that bursting point again while reaching past 16x her size.

Then she began to feel the male shift and circle around; still keeping his knot tied into her while sliding to face away from the bird. Feeling the bear's forepaws gently hug the falcon's swollen bust, now realizing just how much they enlarged! Likely able to fit Bartan inside a single one if he curled up as she felt the bear lap and suck on her teat. Making the griff cry out in pleasure as she squeezed him tightly, further causing that red rocket to pump her with even more of his orange seed! That belly passing 20x her size as it grew so tightly, swearing she could see the fluids inside thrash around. The euphoric rush of popping was buzzing through her system as the bird would erupt at any second-!

Only for the sprays to slow down, nearly to a complete stop. Hearing the bear's grunts and pants with every jolt as he huffed over her sensitive lumps. Was... Was he purposely holding back? Right when she was so close? A few more huffs and vocals from him nearly confirmed such a thing, making the female growl loudly. "Damn tease...!" She cursed, making Bartan chuckle.

"Just... Letting my release work its magic. Gotta give it time so you don't explode too soon." He purred, gently petting over the griff's sensitive discs before getting up and gently testing her ballooned form. Every deep press really showing just how quickly Eir was gaining durability; the color coming back to her form as the fluids inside could no longer be seen and making her wonder if it was just her imagination. Then a strong pull along her vent as the knot attempted to escape, making the female squeeze it tightly and gain a few more torrents of that precious orange juice before it slipped out!

But to her surprise, not much drained out of it. Keeping the griffon large and very very

plump while drips from that tool were felt along her dark backside. The white one once again turning around and giving the bird a hug from behind as she huffed. "I must say..." Bartan purred in her ear, teasing it with a few wet leaks; drenched with her own milk. "I'm growing an affection to very... Plump griffons~"

"Well, you are quite good at making us very, very big." Eirathaa purred back, hiding a scheme that she was still planning. "While we wait, could I get another taste~?" A nod from that bear muzzle was felt as he turned around and began stepping backwards; letting his large balls rest on and over her beak before giving the bird access to his red tool once again. Feeling her strange spineful tongue lap at it tenderly and nuzzle the sheath- only to feel her paws reach between his hind leg and pouch for that tail! Giving it a firm tug as he yelped! "Seed production at 1,000%." The falcon commanded, making Bartan whimper loudly in shyness as those furballs began to swell up relatively quickly as soon as the tail was freed. "Better hurry up and satisfy this griffon before you find yourself on the edge of bursting."

A mix of a frustrated growl and a heated huff left Bartan's muzzle as he took a step forwards again, feeling the bird hug his swelling furballs. "F-fine, but I'm adding a few things myself." The white bear grumbled, moving back to his mounting position on the ballooned hill that was the dark yellow and brown bird. Sliding his tool inside Eir's vent again and letting the two growl in pleasure from the intense feeling, he struggled to grab a hold of his tail.

...Quite a few times, cursing about getting his buttons pressed or something. Finally grabbing the appendage and pulling it himself for some extra commands. "Release, both old and new, dramatically increase durability to whoever it makes contact with." ("Damn tease.") The griffon cursed in her mind. "And Kaiju bear." (Wait, Kai-what? I've heard that term before...) A rapid increase of fluids entering her form prevented any sort of brainstorming the female could muster, choosing to ignore it for now and just enjoy the steady blissful growth of her form. Taking only a few moments for her belly to stretch and inflate to 25x her size, and her bust growing to hold an entire car each.

Bartan's paws were felt against her shoulders as well, adding his forward weight against her enlarging tum as the feeling of being stretched nearly drove her into a haze. Swearing that the paws were bigger than she remembered but everything just felt more intense to Eir's body at this time. With all those fluids moving about with his steady thrusts, the furball's purrs getting deeper and more bassy by the moment, and his massive pouch crawling down that dark brown bust. It was better than she could ever hope for, and all she wanted was every last drop the male had to attempt to fit inside her body.

A sudden stomp of a white pillar snapped the bird out of her trance, nearly startling her as she looked at it with a bit of fright. Looking like... A muscled version of the bear's fluffy arm? Paw and all? But that couldn't be, he would have to be nearly the size of the entire griffon to- Then the second one along her other side, making her yelp as she looked up and spotted the polar beast towering over even Eir's bloated form! Then it clicked. Kaiju. A macro sized creature, able to create havoc against cities...

And the griffon was currently tied to one. With... 1,000% production rate...

The brown bird whimpered faintly as her ears fell, yet her heart fluttered. Maybe with a bit of fear but also excitement as a very heavy torrent caused that dark yellow belly to rapidly grow underneath her! Blowing up her underside to the point where she lost track of numbers, creating a bloated belly squeezed underneath a mansion-sized polar bear. Large bubbles surrounded those fluffy pillars of both Bartan's forearms and hind legs while her flooding teats lifted up his sack in order to make room.

However, the bear wasn't done growing. Taking a step back as the bird sang loudly; getting her sex gently pulled with the huge knot trapped on the other side of it, the white beast rested on his haunches and looked down at the ballooned falcon. Resting a single forepaw gently on her back and lightly pressing her up and down, 'dribbling' Eir's overfilled form as his weapon continued to grow inside of her. Soon able to make out the peek prodding against her chest. Though taking a few pulses for it to remain seen, whereas he couldn't hold back the steady jolts of his overproduction.

Worryingly, his own balls were matching her immense, approaching-city-block size. Slowly outgrowing even him if Bartan didn't begin starting his releasing process soon. With his upsize still going steady, the giant polar bear cupped and lifted the sloshing griffon water-balloon and waddled towards the steep hillside; facing it with Eir able to overlook it, even in her blissful haze. **"See that view, Eirathaa?"** The beast purred at her. **"I'm going to see if I can make you block it. I'm aiming to make you so big you barely fit into this entire valley~"**

A near whine from the bird as she felt him tug at his own knot, stimulating himself and soon flooding the female with his packed-away lake of orange juice. Tripling Eir's size every spray as the torrents only increased in volume! Causing her bloated gut to start spreading downhill, however due to the kaiju's immense mass Bartan was able to hold her up without slipping down himself. Allowing her massive underside to begin expanding into the grassy meadows heavily in pulses.

So much so that it nearly thinned out as gravity caused the fluids to gather at the bottom, blimping out her bust and lower belly greatly as the strange juices went to work. Reinforcing those walls as that brown underside nearly bounced with the bear's pull upwards, long enough for his orange seed to do their magic as Bartan pumped another river's worth into the griff. Making that gut sag lower and lower as it stretched down the hill. Giving her the constant sensation of nearly bursting as she got dangerously close to looking the part.

It took a few minutes for the ground to level out and make the process easier, but the bear had a long way to go before he was done. Still steadily growing, barely able to fit inside of a stadium if he curled up while his balls were getting close to half that. Acting as a counterweight to Eir and preventing them both from sliding off the edge while the giant furball continued to unload into her vent. Constantly filling up her belly to the point of translucency at the very bottom and sides before backing up, completely hiding the red tower constantly leaking into her as it twitched.

Yet, all the griffon could do was huff, pant, and whine in bliss. Completely stuck in a haze as her underside stretched and stretched, causing ripples of pleasure through Eir's entire form. Growing impossibly larger like something out of imagination and not even noticing the giant bear's paws against her mega-blimped body, gently pushing her down while letting out low growls that sounded like plates of the very earth grinding against each other.

Only to be mistaken. Those were not growls, but purrs of pleasure with the occasional grunt. And those were not specifically pushes, they were pulls... Against his knot. Much like Bartan was doing before to stimulate himself. Meaning... A very very sharp whine as the falcon swore her feathers turned white with fright. This; her flooded belly into the valley, easily over 8 city's worth of land, it was the beast's pre.

The squirts became more and more rapid as the kaiju bear grew closer to his climax. Those giant furballs churning loudly, causing the heavy vibrations to be felt through the ground and even passing through the griffon's inflated form. Doing his best to root his paws into the ground, Bartan then realized just how large he's become since! Easily over 350x his normal size; nearly half a mile tall! However, upon adjusting his hind legs, the beast had very little room to place his footing between the blimped bird and his enormous balls. Doing his best to attempt to move one of them enough to get those black pads somewhere on solid flat ground...

Only to feel the point of no return. Stimulating the kaiju and making it difficult for him to command any movements as his body wanted to lock up. A surge of pleasure causing his beastly

muscles to strain while his pouch rapidly began to grow behind him, further pushing Bartan off the cliffside and on top of the bird. Eventually slipping off the grounds entirely and landing on Eir rather heavily! Wincing and hoping his newfound weight wouldn't be enough to burst her prematurely...!

But all the falcon did was ripple heavily like a waterbed, somehow keeping in one piece while still inflating from the steadily growing squirts. Little adjustments were able to be made by the white bear's body as it strained with his heated hisses, dull claws digging deep into her plushy belly. Overstimulated by his ball's constant growth, stretching out and becoming so tight as it approached the size of a mountain since he last looked! Releasing a heavy whimper that morphed into a low roar, barely able to hold anything back...!

Eirathaa's belly exploded in size, rapidly flowing outwards as it attempted to fit in a large dam's worth of orange fluids inside her. So much that it was actually inflating her upwards *with* the beast on top of her! Pushing Bartan upwards as he rested on what looked like a dark yellow and dark brown blip, easily flowing into and occupying the valley. Surrounding the nearby hills before covering them, the griffon's teats growing massively that it could fit the cliff they started on within the bloated cleavage, working on flanking those white furballs.

However, the griffon was rapidly losing color, changing into a thick translucent orange as she was getting rapidly thinner by the heavy torrents. Turning into a massive orange sphere that towered over the land, looking like a very very close Harvest Moon on the horizon from afar. Growing so taught and harder to transfer his seed as the bear attempted to hold back, trying to give his special release time to work its magic. But the most he could do was slightly slow it down, pushing the bird's limits further and further as her belly creaked higher and higher in pitch...

Yet, his yielding was enough! Allowing the falcon's body to gain a second wind and overflow greatly as it began crawling over the hills and forests. Growing by 1.2 city's worth every second as the bird was pumped fuller and fuller by the kaiju now a very small fraction of her size. Constantly stretching the griffon larger, growing well over counties with every slow pulse as Eir contained a sea's worth of release!

If not for a few moments, as that immense tightness soon returned. Struggling a little too quickly for Bartan to notice in time, causing her body to overstretch in her chest. Then her left teat for a moment before it couldn't take another drop, followed by her right. Expanding the two so large they could cover lakes! Flowing into the right side of her belly, causing a slightly

angled wobble with the sprays as the underside fought to keep things stabilized. Constantly shifting from side to side, leaning too far over as the bird's walls thinned out more and more...!

Until the colossal falcon balloon burst into a massive flood of orange! Going from being able to cover all of Rhode Island and then some, to disappearing in a matter of seconds! The orange fluids exploding in all directions before very quickly vanishing before too much damage was done. Leaving the still growing white kaiju resting on his back; five-mountain-sized balls just beyond his hind paws and still constantly releasing over himself and the surrounding land. Fighting for control of his body to find his own tail and give it a pull. **"S-stop... All G... Growth!"** He growled, lightly letting go to make it obey the command. **"S... End orgasm...!"** Another series of pants as his climax began to slow down.

But his massive pouch continued to stimulate him, the immense tautness was making it difficult to ignore while Bartan slowly attempted to look for the griffon, hoping he didn't land on her. A slight pinch on his tail as he attempted to move, like some of the furs were caught in something for a moment. Needing a few moments for it to process it in his head; was... Was that a pull? The Kaiju didn't actually hear anything, but he did not need to in order for the magic to work. Hell, his own fox even used sign language before and it worked.

Snorting at that memory before spotting a small brown dot on his red tool. One that was getting bigger and much easier for his large eyes to focus on. Breathing a sigh of relief as he started to make out wings, tail, legs, and a beak. All making up quite the now chubby and very busty Caracara Falcon Griffon lapping at his orange fluids; upsizing herself as she drank the flavorful release of the giant bear until she was close to his size. Pulling his tail once again before speaking. **"Cancel last command."** Moving in to share a deep kiss with the white one, though getting a little woozy mid-motion.

"Nice and easy." Bartan instructed her, meeting Eirathaa halfway and giving her a tight embrace. **"It takes some getting used to when you get macro like this. The trick is to move slowly."**

"I imagine." She purred, giving his snout a few licks, but soon grinding over his weapon with her plump folds. Lightly squeezing her bust around it as well and bouncing her eyebrows. **"Ever tried going bigger~?"** A whimper from the male in response. **"Because..."** The griffon shifted her body and tapped the massive furred pouch with her wing, a package absolutely filled to the brim with seed.

"I want all of this in me~"