

Drunken Lullabies #19

By Bartan Tirix

The humidity finally had begun to subside over the jungle the past couple of days, making the giant tree branches safe to travel on once more. The cooling of the weather signaled the changes of seasons; from the dreaded heat of the summer to the balanced temperature of winter. A very welcomed change to many within the colossal coastal jungle.

Well, to most. To a specific black pantheress of dire proportions it didn't really matter, as she raked and scratched on some of the bark of the thick tree. Her retractable claws digging into the wood only a few inches of its 100+ft diameter trunk. (Yes. Diameter.) The weather hardly mattered to the muscled feline, for when she finally endured one kind of heat, she now needed to deal with her own personal one.

A thick growl in frustration as the 14ft feral beast of a cougar began to tread across the massive branches of the trees. Each one reaching out to another within jumping distance, able to hold the weight of the dire panther as she patrolled her hunting grounds from above. Not specifically hungry, just needing to take her anger out on something. Another Banshee like her would be preferred, but the males haven't returned yet.

The black beast slowed to a stop, once again flexing those large muscles and almost stretching out the gray-blue stripes that gave her coat a pattern. Closing the same colored eyes as another intense wave of need echoed through her form. It's never been this bad before, or maybe she just had some help in the past? It's rare for the feline's season to come this early before everyone returned from up north.

Another heavy breath as she moved along- instantly spotting something white moving in the path down below and moving to a silent crouch. Watching it from above intensely as only glimpses of it were seen through the leaves, welcoming the distraction as she spotted... Fur? Was it possibly that white bison she spotted long ago? She could really sink her teeth into something like that right now...

Stalking a little bit from afar, occasionally hearing the thing whimper. A sound no bison would make, but a hunt was a hunt. Odd footsteps, a single pair. Yet long. Zeroing in on the prey's location before leaping through the air and aiming where it was going to scamper down the path! Hearing the yelp and spotting the white down below, right where the panther predicted! Pouncing on the fluffy creature that was significantly smaller than expected. So small that the black one barely could hold onto it as it squirmed and wiggled inbetween her large paws!

The Banshee wasn't even able to rake it properly, only trying to keep it still with her grip alone. Yet, this thing was so... Slippery? So light that it somehow squeezed through her firm form and scampered away-! Down a small cliff with a yelp. Making the dire panther grumble a bit at the skittish hunt, but it was quite fun to chase the little ones around. Giving it a small head start before pouncing her way towards where it fled to.

Only to soon hear a gust of wind near its location, many of the trees and leaves moving about towards it as well. Seeming very unnatural, but the Banshee didn't pay it any mind- until she started seeing that same white through the treelines. Everywhere beyond it! Attempting to stop going downhill caused the panther to slide into what felt like a giant fluffy bubble of sort- easily 20x her own massive size! Actually causing the panther to scamper back a bit and growl loudly to threaten the now giant creature with her fur raised high!

How did such a thing get so big so fast!? Watching the trees part and a large boxy snout poke through, big enough to swallow the Banshee whole! Looking fierce at first before double taking at the black one and making a noise in question... Wait... Why was this thing familiar?

White. Fluffy. Brown eyes... Four ears? Her brother mentioned such a thing before, but never this big nor this shape. "Nalvatla?" The massive white thing asked, almost curling his neck while the panther did the same. It... Knew her name? -Hell, it could Speak!? "M-maybe I got the wrong Banshee, but I was told there was one around here named..." It spoke again, still half stunning the large panther for a few moments.

"I... Am Nalvatla, yes." The two studied each other; the white one confirming the details he was given. While she overlooked the giant large-bellied theropod. Fluffy, ridiculously so. To the point where one would think it would pass out in ten seconds due to the heat.

"Oh, good! Donna asked me to find you." The beast curled her neck. Her brother?

"So you are the same creature he came across a while ago."

"W-well..." The white 'Yutyrannus' rubbed the back of his neck. "K-kinda. B-but I'll get to that later." He started to sit down, but heard some snapping of branches before turning around and looking at them, accidentally flashing a very large pair of balls underneath that tail that also took out a few treetops. Only to continue spinning around again, causing more of them to break before whimpering and blushing. "G-give me a second." The dinosaur then pointed his muzzle into the sky and exhaled. A lot. **A lot**, a lot; actually causing him to rapidly shrink down and become lost into the bushes.

Slowly making his way out, still stunning the large cougar who only blushed while staring at the directions of the noises. Snapping, rustling, the occasional request for Fish in the form of a curse? Before making his way out and spotting Nalvatla, clearly looking at him with so many mixed feelings. "I-I'm Bartan. I'm a 'Companion' of sorts that helps people, be it difficult times or to fill certain needs."

"Needs...?"

"Y-your brother wrote to me recently, stating you were having a difficult time with your season this year and asked if I could help." A deep shy whimper from the beast now easily five times the size of the white theropod. "He... Gave me a few ideas of things you need and may enjoy."

"L-like?"

"Well, you're going to need to be aggressive in order to deal with your heat healthily. You also expressed interest in the old tale of dinosaurs that some of the... What did you call them here, the 'foreigners'? People in the villages and towns-?"

"Pagans?"

"I think so." The furball answered, only to pick up a faint whimper from the feline that she was attempting to hide. "A-and also... Inflatables."

"W-wait, are you...?"

"Currently an inflatable living and very durable dinosaur, yes." A loooong uncomfortable and awkward stare at each other as both their ears fell and blushed.

"I have so many questions about that-"

"I know you do, but I'm scheduled for the next week to help you through this. You can ask those

questions anytime, but for the time being (and for the sake of pacing) w-we should get you... Satiated." As soon as Bartan said that, another intense flare was felt through her body. Causing the panther to look away, huff and growl heavily before taking a deep breath. "Nalvatla."

"I'm... Fine. Just..." A small paw on her arm, returning eye contact to those brown discs.

"It's okay. I know it's hard, but that's why I'm here for you, love." A worried look from her gray-blue eyes. "I am borderline invincible like this, and at your command. There's no reason to hold back, just do what your nature wills of you." A mumble of concern turned into a couple of breaths through the black muzzle, really attempting to hold herself back. Until that paw moved to her chin, pulling that large head towards his own and giving her nose a small kiss.

Then one on her much larger lips that cracked Nal's restraint, but it felt so good. Finally feeling a positive wave through her body instead of the negative one of Need. Going in for another against that boxy muzzle, then another. And before she knew it, the pantheress was pinning the white dino into the grass with a single paw. Lapping at his head and muzzle while flexing those strong digits instinctively, trying to stop those claws from prodding into the fluff but couldn't quite hold back.

However... He seemed fine? Pressing the sharp tips a little deeper and feel his body swell out around her paw, moving the air inside from the force applied... It made the large feline feel those positive feelings again. The only problem was the dinosaur's current size, but... "You were... Bigger before. How?"

"O-oh." The white one blushed, still being licked by the large feline. "I was filled with air. G-Yuty body; it's basically an extremely durable blimp."

"Blimp?"

"T-those inflatable aircrafts you see in the distance sometimes-" Her stare nearly sparkled with interest, nearly making the small dinosaur whimper. But decided to give her a demonstration, opening up his muzzle and inhaling, increasing his fluffy body's volume underneath the massive panther. Now noticing her tail begin to wag with curiosity, pressing that paw into the rounding belly, claws and all, but it never seemed to be forced out of his still inhaling maw. Instead just melding around her strong and heavy form, softly hugging the strong appendage as it pressed and nearly played with the creature. Eventually causing Bartan to stop and chuckle a little. "That tickles."

Nalvatla found herself enthralled by the strange creature, adjusting herself to sit down and paw at him with both fores. "Can you get bigger?" She requested, getting a nod and another inhale from the

white one. Studying the action closely as it flowed into his belly, but also the rest of his body too. Down to the tail and- wasn't that fluffy pouch bigger before? Could everything on this strange creature enlarge? ...Could the dire panther force him to enlarge?

A mix between her curiosity and need agreed to find out. Once again leaning forwards and pinning the dinosaur hard into the ground, nearly ignoring his surprise yelp before snatching his muzzle with the Banshee's own. Taking a deep inhale through her nose and blowing it directly into that white snout, hearing a muffled whimper between the great airflow being pushed into his swelling cheeks!

Only for the rest of it to flow down into that white body, pushing her paw upwards as if giving off a struggle. Instinctively causing her claws to dig deep into that fluff and nearly feel like it was catching on something. Now bloating that belly big enough for both her fores to properly squeeze it and get some resistance, making the dark beast purr loudly as her tail wagged behind her. Forcing breath after breath into the 'G-Yuty', upsizing his entire form- though some areas more than others.

However, when his head size matched a lot closer to hers, Nal found herself lapping against that red tongue. Properly able to kiss the companion while still pinning him into the grass, his own appendage wrestling with hers inside the shared maw. Giving her a playful fight that pushed so many feel-good buttons, ones that really really needed to be pressed lately. Occasionally still giving him puff, then a chain of them! Purring loudly at all the creaks and squeaks his form was making as he both stretched larger and her paws kneaded the bloating form.

To the point where that white gut was morphing around her muscled one, lowering her heavy self against the living balloon and loving how the fluffy- yet somehow cool feeling body embraced the cougar. Trying her hardest to really dig her claws into that stretched white middle, really seeing if what Bartan said was true about being indestructible. Tips sinking deep into the fluff, prodding the walls within that only felt like they were being held in place by air pressure. Morphing around the sharp tips as they dragged along, occasionally feeling a little catch and pull as the points caught on something.

But no damages. Just heavy groans and slightly pitched squeals, as well as the blissful whimper from the actual dinosaur... She really could go all out, couldn't she? But Nalvatla needed to test it further; breaking the kiss and biting into his bubbled shoulder! Making the furball yelp in surprise as the dire pantheress clenched as hard as she could! Actually shutting those jaws near completely with a bubble of air trapped within that navy maw! Pressing against her tongue as if to tease her as Nal pulled and attempted to rip it out from instinct-!

Yet this... Thing was still remaining intact! Bartan really was invincible to her aggressive instincts, and she really didn't need to worry about restraining those wild instincts. Huffing loudly in near frustration as another wave came through, numbed down quite a bit since last time though, this was... It

was working! So long as Nal had some 'chew toy' to play with.

A heated exhale as her fores pressed hard into that belly, actually detecting something slip out between the white belly and between her legs. Soon feeling a soft prod against her swollen sex that actually caused her maw to release its prey. Blushing herself as she knew what it was, confirmed when the tip released a little glob of wetness against the dark vent.

Those primal instincts wanted it- needed it so badly. Clouding her thoughts as soon as that pleasurable wave was sent through, unable to think about anything else as she slid back towards the Yuty's lower horn. Feeling out the wet tip and the flare as it twitched as if lapping at her folds. Trying to persuade those gates to invite the guest inside, gently spreading them apart as the Banshee slid down. Her sensitive vent overwhelming as she felt the strange flesh peek through, releasing its juices to make the process near trivial-!

Only for that flare to slide entirely inside her! Grasping the red shaft tightly with it and swearing that doing so made the actual tip swell up in the process. Feeling out a series of soft and thicker nubs press against the panther's inner walls as Bartan huffed and whimpered. A heavy blush painting over both their faces as Nal's head inched closer to the white muzzle. Not expecting the dinosaur to snatch it in another deep kiss that the two shared while jolt after jolt was sent into the female.

It felt so strange compared to the Banshee's first few times, sliding down and letting more of the dinosaur's tool inside her vent. It was much much thicker than she had before, and though the 'spines' were still along the shaft, these ones didn't lightly prod like a male Banshee's did. However, those very spines seemed to swell with every squeeze of her own vent, as if sharing the very air inside that lower horn, pulsing a bit larger every second.

It was then that Nal noticed she was still muzzlelocked with the white male, and inflating him with her own huffs. Grasping his rounded underside, claws still kneading into his fluffy form as if shifting the air lower and lower into his strange hollow body. Adding more plush into his lower end; rear, tail, hind paws, and of course; inflatable weapon. Shifting her own sculpted hindquarters to grind over his pelvis and detecting that his pouch wasn't spared either.

The furball was growing while still inside her, and that fluttered the panther's heart with excitement. Sinking deeper into his crotch while still puffing Bartan's form fuller, letting that lower horn expand and fill up all space within her hallway. Twitching and leaking that warm wetness as she shifted forwards and back, riding the living balloon slowly as her burning instincts were slowly being stoked. Satisfied, if not still restrained.

But why was Nalvatla restraining herself? Her foggy thoughts only appeared every so often,

barely having enough time to dwell on them as she engaged with the living toy. Not until they resurfaced more clearly, noticing not only was she making the male larger, almost bigger than the dire cougar at this point, but was also getting more aggressive in her affection. Yet, the furball was taking it without complaint or warning. Vocally pleased and maybe a little bit hazy, but no whimpers in pain nor snarls of objection.

That's when she let go of the reins of her instincts. Really pinning the G-yuty down with her paws and biting down on his muzzle, pulling it up as the feline forced her rear down on his pelvis. Driving that ballooned weapon deep inside her sex to the point her vent kissed his sheath, the shaft pressing against all directions of her walls as those spines swelled up. The entire thing twitching as heavy wet squirts were felt deep within her chambers. Far deeper than she ever felt!

It overwhelmed the muscled feline to the point where her jaw released his, causing it to flop backwards as Nal cried in bliss. Squeezing that ballooned belly hard while her hind paws raked the grass. Never feeling so full from girth alone, able to grip that entire length of the inflatable tool with her powerful muscles as every drop nearly leaked into her chambers. Resting for a few moments before leaning forwards and begin pulling it out of her, the swollen spines washing her walls and stimulating her folds as they left with small plops. Taking a little bit of the male's orange fluids with them, then a lot more when the flare was finally released.

The two held each other tightly, one significantly harder than the other, as they panted. The stimulation eventually giving them permission to move again, but she desired that feeling once more. Sliding her leaking vent down that surprisingly chubby fluffy middle down to the presented tool again, detecting the tool with a much larger flare than previously encountered. But the beast still took the challenge, pressing down on it as her sex attempted to don such a thing, feeling it slip a few times and try to go under her tail.

That frustration returned, causing the feline to turn to reach behind and keep the damn thing straight- only for a strange scent to catch her attention. Fully dismounting the swollen dinosaur to witness the red weapon coated in something orange, and following the sweet smell to it. Braving a lick to find a wonderful candy favor of the strange fluid, wanting a second sample. One lick turned into several as the banshee cleaned off the red weapon and some of the white sheath below it, barely noticing the panting whimpers of the male it belonged to as another jolt was released from the tip.

It confirmed it for Nal; the dinosaur was releasing it! Lapping at the flare did help give her more, but the beast could do better. Another few licks before taking the entire flare into that black maw, making Bartan gasp loudly and squirm. Those instincts kicked in, gripping that plushy rear in place as the male jerked towards the cougar's head- Oh. Ohhh... The male was only trying to get it in her deeper.

But that position... It could be better. Making the beast smirk before gripping that fluffy rear on both sides and hearing a whimper in question. Then rolling onto her back while taking the G-yuty with her! Leaving him nearly sitting on her chest while Nal was muzzle deep into his crotch; his red tool deep into her maw. Still gripping and pulling on that rear as that tongue stimulated the balloony feeling weapon. Lapping and gnawing at the thick spines, squeezing the flavor out of that tip before swallowing it down.

All she could really make out was blissful vocals from the white companion, gripping the top of her head and mane with forearms while his front half laid in the grass. Tongue lolling out as he started thrusting into the Banshee's muzzle- at her command too; feeling those muscled black paws pull him closer to that striped snout. Growing progressively harder and faster as that hollow tail thumped on her underside, batting the patheress playfully.

Orange jolts turned into squirts, squirts into sprays as Nalvatla attempted to drink every last drop. Barely noticing the furball's climbing whines as he drew closer and closer to a climax, let alone his volume increase from those huffs. That plushy rear and thick tail nearly creating a shelter over the Banshee's upper body, bouncing with the movements and starting to lag heavily behind them.

The space between jolts began to disappear, becoming a constant stream of juices that started to fill up Nal's maw. Doing her best to keep it sealed around the red weapon but the pressure kept increasing, causing it to begin leaking out steadily. Adoring the new flavor to the beast as the white male shuttered, gripping that dark head tightly while his hips thrust into that muzzle. Soon beginning to lock up as he released a crying roar.

Bartan was well past the point of no return, causing those furballs to churn loudly and that tool to thicken up in the Banshee's muzzle. Trying to reach down further to hold that black snout in place around his tool, but that fluffy belly of his got in the way. Leaving the furball to grip that instead as that build-up came to a peak and erupted into the banshee's maw. Flooding it with incredible flavor as Nal drank and drank, so addicted to the strange orange juice that she barely noticed herself starting to feel full.

Yet, the panther desired more! Nearly taking every last drop, detecting a few streams escaping at the corners of her mouth as the G-yuty started to slow down the torrents. Leaving the male panting heavily as she scanned that fluffy pouch; disappointingly smaller than expected. Though now detecting just how much the banshee herself consumed; having quite the round belly from the binge.

...But a thought came to mind as she let the poor dino rest, Nalvatla could inflate the male by blowing into his muzzle... Could she also do the same from his lower horn? Stroking those hindquarters a little bit as the white one panted, she took a deep inhale which made Bartan whimper sharply in

question. Gripping that rear tightly and bracing him in place, digging those claws into his form as it attempted to squirm away! Nearly yelping as the Banshee's muzzle made a seal over his weapon, leaving only one area for that air to go!

A grip on his lower belly as the G-yuty desperately attempted to grasp the cougar's head, hissing at the pressure rising around his red tool- then inside! Swelling it up a little bit before traveling deeper into his body and expanding his fluffy pouch a little in the process. Enough for her to study them with a paw then purr, concluding Nal's theory and take a deeper breath. A begging whine left that white muzzle just before she blew into his package again- much harder this time!

A deep '*fwoosh*' echoed through the area along with a steady amount of creaks from his inflating balls over her dark chest. Being forced to take puff after puff as the female became enthralled by the noises and feel of his rubbery body. Even detecting a slight volume increase to that rear and entire form with every breath, though it was subtle with a primary focus on that pouch.

Then a very long strained whine from the dinosaur as his package nearly reached her belly, growing ever tighter underneath her sharp grip. With the Banshee's forepaws occupied, the white one was able to twist his hips and finally break the seal around her maw mid-breath. Only to soon begin flooding it once again with a copious amount of those orange juices, as if all that gifted volume was being converted into that delicious flavor.

Nalvatla attempted to keep it all for herself, drinking as much as she could but could not repair that seal enough. Leaving two large fountains of orange erupting from the sides of her maw as Bartan came, releasing a constant stream of torrents with barely any pause inbetween. Causing two wet arches of colored fluids to launch outwards, becoming more 'flaps' as the male thrustured into her muzzle.

After a dozen of very heavy pants, the white one attempted to stagger away. Surprisingly being allowed to while strong pets, nuzzles, and licks were felt under that massive pouch; now dragging onto the grass while standing up- *after* such a grand release. Looking back on it to find his fluffy sack was the widest part of his body currently, only to spot the dire cougar in her playful pouncing stance; shoulders low, rear up, tail fluttering, and eyes focused completely on the furball.

A whimper morphed into a loud yelp as the powerful beast landed on top of the living inflatable. Her powerful hips pressed up against his, that white tail being pushed up and around one of those thick black thighs. That dark muscled body gripping Bartan's plush one; pressing his back against the banshee's stout underside. Making him blush and whimper in pleasure as the beast gnawed on his neck, gentle at first but those demanding waves caused Nal's jaw to tense up harder with every other try.

Yet, the male could really take it, only howling in bliss as she gripped that fluffy belly tightly.

Fangs digging deep into that plush neck; never quite piercing, only burying that scrunched up black muzzle with white fluff. Feeling the intense heat from those blushing ears as the beast found herself trying to blow him larger again, to make him bigger than before...!

With a heated breath and nearly hissing at those intense waves, Nalvatla loosened her grip and rolled the male onto his back like before. Standing over him and snatching that muzzle before Bartan could object, adding in a few puffs for his submission. Sinking claws into his chest again as her rear grinded over his pelvis, easily making out the enormous pouch nearly about the entire size of the Yutyranus' body. Finally detecting that thick tip again; still leaking profusely and lining it up with her vent after a few tries.

The first prod into her sex was the taste of wonderful medicine her heat needed. Slipping herself lower against it, not caring about how much bigger it now felt and just *needing* it inside her. The black one's huffs continuing to inflate the male's body as it squirmed underneath her, taking a few moments for Nal to realize he was thrusting and prodding to help her body adjust. Until one hard press...!

And she felt the thick rod slip in! Causing the rest of her body to clench and grip hard! Claws raking into the grass and into his fluff, jaw tightly sealed around his as she forced her huffs into Bartan's body; making it expand a bit further. Then her folds; nearly choking that red rocket with its sheer strength as it squirted jolts after jolts inside her form. Sliding it down further and further until she felt the tip against her inner limits and a torrent flooding the deep chambers.

That calmed the instincts, but much more was needed. Lifting herself up, sliding the male's weapon out of her until the flare caused orange fluids to spill out over the white fluff, making the balloony tool nice and slick for another full entry. Then another, and another. Each getting progressively harder and harder as the beast lost control of herself. Riding the strange creature, enlarging him with her huffs and vented breaths. The dinosaur's expansion giving off 'signs of struggle' to the banshee, causing her to grip and knead that bloating underside harder and deeper.

But Bartan seemed to take it in pleasure, lapping his tongue against hers and whimpering in bliss at all of it. The expansion, the sharp prods against his bloating form, her rough riding act. Only giving out whines of concern when Nal began deliberately blowing his body larger, swelling up that fluffy gut underneath her as it pressed against the built panther's body, only to bloat around it and her limbs.

His cheeks began to swell up largely too as the flow of extra air started to sink into his neck, shoulder, then arms. Down his back and sides as the volume constantly shifted with the banshee's movements. Into his rear end and tail, hind legs and paws as they were progressively stretched out. Still trapped in a muzzlelock with Nal as he started to notice her... Shrinking?

No. He was just getting that much fuller! Growing onto double the size of the dire cougar, but still a fraction of her weight. Keeping her grounded and in control while Bartan found himself being steadily inflated by the heat driven beast. Definitely a turn-on, but some concerns were showing in his muffled vocals. Still, he attempted to stroke her back while his own seemed to bloat; supporting his more 'sitting up' position to keep the muzzlelock.

Three times her size. The dino took a moment to hold her down as a heavy spray was pumped into her vent; most of which leaked out over his thick sheath. However, that pause came at a cost; Nal's immense blow into his body and sharp claws into that fluffy form, now occasionally catching as they raked across his vinyl walls. Letting her resume back at the same pace, while the rest of his body became immensely bigger.

Six times the banshee's size, her weight was being countered by the G-yuty's sheer volume. Hind legs and paws now being lifted off the ground and digging into his belly as well, but that didn't stop her motions. Granted, that did make it a little harder, so Bartan did his best to support her in place and thrust with her movements. Hoping to satisfy the feline soon.

Eight times her size. The male's form was getting close to that of his intimidation from earlier; bloated body and gut, large boxy snout, round and bubbled like limbs. Yet, Nal demanded more from him! More size, more thrusts, more satisfaction! Ten times her size. More volume, more plush, more fluff! Twelve times. More whines of concern, more groans and creaks of form, more catches on her claws!

Seventeen times. More stretches, more glossy look on his rounded parts, more steady drums through his hollowed form! Eighteen times. A more plump white rear, a blimped tail, greatly ballooned hind paws flexing in the air! Twenty Times! Bassy whimpers, heavy groans, high-pitched creaks! Squeezes from her limbs, catches on her rakes, snags on her clawtips-!

BAM!

Only for the male's body to suddenly erupt underneath Nalvatla and send her falling down with a loud yelp! Landing on the grass without harm as she easily spotted the massive pair of furballs nearby;

attached to Bartan as he laid on his back. Looking just like when they first met- if not a little more blush. Leaking those orange juices over himself as the male panted loudly.

But her instincts were not yet done, sending another wave not quite as intense as before. Being a bit more careful this time, the banshee towered over the whimpering male once again and lines up that red weapon with her black sex. Sliding it inside fully and taking a moment to enjoy it, feeling the dinosaur reach up to hug her middle and support his back while doing it. Though unable to keep her claws to herself.

Her muscles burned from the constant engagement of motions, but luckily it only took a little bit to satisfy each other. Hearing the whimpering climbs of the male as the flooding was once again detected from within, it was the panther's time to be filled up. A straining whine and the pumping of his release began; still having quite a bit of it leaked out due to the size difference.

However, to Nal's surprise, a pressure was felt deep within and she could soon feel her own middle begin to bloat out. Concerning at first, but it brought nothing but pleasure and satisfaction with every pulse. Pressing the G-yuty up against it as it grew larger and larger, becoming just as large as before, and then more! Enough to need to set the male back down in the grass as her belly continued to swell up over him.

Yet, it gave her immense bliss! Causing the panther to release her own juices over the furball's package as it continued to get bigger. Tighter! Concerningly so as the pressure began to build up within, wondering if she was going to 'erupt' as well! Attempting to put a gentle paw onto that swollen gut as it pulsed again and again...!

Only to feel a strange tingle in her chest, and the 'flow' begin to swell up there instead! Inflating her pecks into plump pillows that continued to absorb the male's strange release. Half knowing it was the strange one's doing, but it felt amazing! Cupping them in support as they filled out her arms and then some, eventually feeling Bartan's equipment to dismount by force due to the cougar's plump increase.

The two panted heavily for a few moments before Nalvatla began to back-pedal over the fluffy dinosaur. Not stopping until she could spot him inbetween her new cleavage, making him whimper and blush heavily at her new change and position. Only to feel her rest gently over his body; burying him in that black and gray-blue striped plush; causing both their tails to wag with affection.

Fatigue began to set in finally as those instincts started to slumber. Giving her some much needed quiet from the storm that was Heated Seasons, a rough time for many Banshees. Though it would be back again quite soon, her brother Donna at least helped her out by giving her a gift to aid

Nalvatla through it. And she could already tell...

It was going to be a very fulfilling week~