

Drunken Halloween Lullaby #2

By Bartan Tirix

"Trick-Or-Treat!" The twin Troublemakers chirped at the doorway, getting chuckles and awes from the home owners at their costumes. The small Brassling dressed as a bat that does acrobatics (an 'acro-bat', if you will) while the white wolfling disguised himself as an... Egg? One with a pair of red devil horns and a red imp tail painted on his fluffy white one. (Deviled Egg). Both carrying their decorative buckets almost stuffed with treats as more was added. "Thank you!" The two sang in sync before performing a pair of backflips, retrieving their buckets of candy and scampering back to the two adults escorting them for the evening.

First there was the anthro fox, dressed as a witchdoctor 'who lived in the woods' type of thing. Complete with a natural-looking cloak of sorts but having many marked tattoos and showing a surprising amount of 'fluff' for her costume. Along with carrying a decorative sack of sorts, Kindle also kept the end of a leash in hand. One that led to...

A surprisingly large two headed white beast. Muscled and fluffy, standing nearly 10ft at the shoulder. A large makeshift blanket-saddle was strapped around his middle and back, as the quadruped mix of a polar bear and wolf (likely a bit more on the wolf side this time) rested on the lawn. Fluttering a pair of long fluffy tails and watching as the two Troublemakers took off to another house nearby. Each head shifting between keeping an eye on them while the other did their surroundings. "Relax." The female fox rested on his body, scratching the left chin while those four ears on a single head spayed. "They're safe. There's no danger here."

"It's not them I'm worried about." Bartan snorted playfully, while his other head continued to get scratches. "Those two have easily taken down mechs without barely trying, kidnapped creatures that were multiple dozens of times bigger than their size combined with only a burlap sack, and committed possibly more crimes than this entire city. I'm more worried about someone trying to steal their candy and well..."

"Causing a Free For All?"

"Causing a massacre." A grumble from him made her chuckle.

"And this has nothing to do with this task interrupting our special time-"

"It may have something to do with that, yes." 'Baltan', the left head getting scratched, admitted. Getting a glare from the right head and making the other double take. "Blame her scratches, not me. I'm easily persuaded." A snout toss in response from the right one.

"Don't worry, we'll have the rest of the night to have our little games." Kindle purred, giving him a wink and causing both heads to blush while those large fluffy tails wagged. "Only if you're good, of course."

"And if I'm bad?" The 'kveldulf' purred, feeling the pull on that leash and two collars get tighter. Making him huff- not out of choking, but... You know.

"Then you may get a better reward~" The sly smirk from the anthro only made the beast whine... Which sounded more like a soft growl, as the two heads took deep breaths. Attempting to calm down while the two little ones returned. "Your buckets are looking pretty full. Want to call it a night, you two?" Pouts of disappointment from the twins.

"Nooo." Lexar, the brass wyrmiling whimpered.

"We've still got another set of buckets to fill!" Chirped Rev, the wolfling. Getting the fox to playfully ponder.

"I donno, I think I forgot them at the house." But the two saw through her bluff, setting their buckets on the grass and diving into her front where Kindle chuckled. "Okay, okay. You caught me. I've got them in the bag. Where do you want to go next?"

"We heard that the apartment over there has lots of doors!" Chirped the dragon.

"I'd think you're right. Buuuuut not everyone can fit in there." The two little ones tilted their heads in unison, then watched the anthro tap on the large two-headed furball they were sitting on. "Buuuut I think he could guard the candy for you if you ask him politely." The small twins jumped off to get in front of Bartan's and 'Baltan's' heads, giving him big saucer eyes.

"...I'm not hearing a request." Baltan snorted.

"Pleeeeeease?" The Troublemakers nearly sung in sync, seeing the two heads snout toss in opposite directions.

"Fiiiiine. Just don't take too long or I'm taking a Bartan Tax." Another pair of head tilts in confusion.

"He's going to take some of your candy, he means." Kindle translated, getting the two to yelp playfully and scamper towards the building. Soon feeling her slide off his large body and hug one of the heads while giving the other one a chin scratch. "Good."

"Will this earn me my special reward?"

"Maybe, but you know it's bad juju to steal a young one's candy." She teased, heading towards where the TMs ran off. "Hey, you two. Who do you think has your spare buckets?" The right head's gaze narrowed at her, not even noticing the left one already beginning to search one of the buckets. Taking a few moments to double take at Bartan's glare.

"What? I'm curious-"

"You're snacky-"

"And a little hungry, yes." Baltan barely responded, returning to his search. "Besides, are you not curious about how things have changed since we used to do it?"

"I can only imagine that things more or less stayed the same- Are those Rockets?" The right head leaned over with ears perked.

"I wonder if they still taste like stale soap."

"The off-brand ones used to." A sudden gasp from both heads. "Candy Necklaces!"

"Well, probably more like bracelets now. Ooo, those fizzy things! I want that one." The left one quietly chirped, making the other lightly groan as he looked back in the direction the three left.

"We should really wait. Besides, it has a tiny speck of dust on it that could be the residue of a drilling device used to inject something into that candy-" A muffled crunch made Bartan's head double take at his left counterpart, already hearing the swallow and purr that followed.

"Sorry, did you say something?" A blank stare from the right head. "Mmm, Blue Raspberry."

"...I don't think you're supposed to eat it like that." The right one snorted.

"What's the worst that could-?" Their forepaws instantly clamped on the left head's muzzle as the right one's eyes glared angrily at Baltan. Growling a bit, but kept hearing a... Gurgle when he stopped. Causing both sets of brown eyes to look down at their middle, causing Bartan to sigh and whimper in defeat, still not letting go of that left muzzle. "...M'that can't be good."

Another loud grumble of sorts from that fluffy middle as a pressure began to rise, growing more intense with every second and making both heads lightly pant. Used to such things so it wasn't causing discomfort, but it was just one candy. Surely it couldn't amount to too much, could it?

A little bit longer and it slowed to a stop. Making the two heads sigh in relief, even though the pressure didn't exactly subside. "There, see? Nothing to worry about-"

"I will disable your speech." The right head snapped at him... Only to hear another gurgle within the fluff, getting the two to look at it again and whimper in sync. "Uh oh." This time, some actual swelling was felt and a small bulge started to form within the upper half of the beast's midsection. Getting them to roll on top of it to try to control and reduce its effect, only making the pressure grumble harder as some fizzing was actually beginning to be heard from within.

Some more increase in volume caused that upper belly and chest to expand slowly underneath the 'kveldulf'. Leaving the two heads to pant and blush a little as their twin tails fluttered. Trying to keep their paws rooted in the ground as the fluff started to boat sideways and inbetween the two forelegs. Even swelling the back of the shoulders out where that blanket resided, pressing against the belt that held the makeshift saddle in place...

Only for said swelling to slip past the strap and start inflating the lower belly too! Spreading those hind legs as each head looked back in a different direction, once again whining at the same time. Creating a 'dent' in his pillowing underside as the beast sat up, resting on his hind legs to feel out what was happening. Easily detecting the faint vibrations of the fizzing from within as it slowed down to gather more pressure.

Pulse after pulse it grew larger, swearing that they were only getting stronger over time as the kveldulf's belly expanded. Once again getting on all four paws to try to use the ground to calm the strange sweet inside as it gurgled loudly. Stretching his chest around his thick limbs and pressing harder against the ground. Same thing happening on the backside too regardless of the divide that was buried in the fluff, only getting tighter by the moment.

It started to bloat up each neck as the inflation increased, surrounding the collars that the leash was attached to. Making small whimpers as puffs of air released from between their fangs, not affecting their breathing at least even with the tight collar. Stronger and stronger the inflation pressed against the nylon straps, eventually causing the metal attachments to bend and break from it! Causing the ballooned necks to wobble and get much more taut, but the wave caused the pressure to echo through his body. Feeling some tightness in his rear, but the swollen necks making it slightly difficult to look behind and spot their actual behind expand outwards until it was nearly triple in size.

But with every new pulse of pressure it began lifting up the main body from the ground, pushing all four legs in outward directions as dull claws attempted to root themselves in the ground. Only to be pried apart, leaving the fluffy white beast on his two-sectioned belly. The sudden motion caused it to bounce and irritating the strange pressure inside, causing it to

become stronger as it pushed outwards in all directions. Making the two whimper as they attempted to grab hold of something, pawing at the stretching underside to gain some sort of balance.

The Kveldulf's limbs created plushy folds within the bloated underside while sinking in deep when Bartan attempted to stand up. Feeling the volume travel through his shoulders, arms, and swelling up his paws, making it easier for him to lose any sort of balance on the giant fluffy balloon. So when two paws slipped out, so did the rest. Causing another violent hiss from the fizz within-!

The pressure increased dramatically as the two heads whimpered, filling that gut up tightly in two large sections as all four paws stuck out and swelled up too. That rear end bloating into a pair of large buns before flowing into the twin tails, blowing them up like long balloons! The furball's form groaning loudly for several seconds, making it tighter and tighter before-!

SNAP! The belt finally gave way and the middle of that underside suddenly expanded outwards, disturbing the volume inside as it rushed to fill the empty space and then some! Giving the kveldulf a little bit of relief for a moment before that taut feeling returned. Swelling up their necks further, this time with all four cheeks too. Even with the puffs leaving out of their maws, it didn't take long for those basketball sized bulges to surround those snouts and prevent them from moving. Leaving 'Bartan Baltan' stuck feeling everything out.

His belly feeling immensely tighter as it grew larger and larger, looking like he devoured multiple houses. Limbs turning into a couple of swollen toruses ('doughnuts') on top of each other, paws looking like hydra balloons: each digit inflating greatly from the base. That taut, round rear sticking out high above the back, each about the size of a garage and having their own small blimp connected to it; the twin tails.

The beast's whimpers were completely underheard from the constant groans and high pitched creeks as his body continued to expand through the street. Growing tighter and tighter, lightly floating just above the ground where he could feel the touches of curious little ones on their way underneath. Still somehow feeling... Durable, even though some sharper claws were felt prodding at his lower belly.

They, and the little pulls on his fluff, were nothing of concern in terms of bursting the massive white blimp. But it did begin to tilt the immobile furball, putting 'butterflies' in his belly that were dancing with the fizz as he began rolling in place. The paws and efforts of the ones on the ground rotating the beast so that his heads were eventually facing down. Soon coming to a stop when the fox was in view, smirking and shaking her head. "Bad Juju?"

"...Bad Juju." Bartan and Baltan grumbled in sync.