

Drunken Lullabies #20

By Bartan Tirix

The music boomed through the large house as many of the guests attempted to talk over it, creating quite a lively party for the people during the New Years. Bartan, however, was not one of them. Once again finding himself in an unoccupied corner, wearing a pair of earmuffs to avoid getting a headache from what the youngins call music nowadays. Already starting to feel his age showing as many of the attendees were at least 10 years younger than him. All legal adults at least, but it felt very strange to be possibly the oldest one in any given room. Not like anyone could tell by looking at the polar bear and his freshly dyed coat, but.

It was definitely one of the oddest jobs he's been asked to do. Usually it comes to escorts, hired company to spend with during the holidays, or even cleanup duty for such parties. But 'Designated Driver/Ride Home for six?' A completely new one and not how he expected to spend his first hours of the new year.

The lack of drinking wasn't a problem, and money was tight so taking such a job wasn't a terrible thought. It was just going to be a miserable few hours, to the point where Bartan wondered if he should just spend it outside instead of watching a series of people attempt to play air hockey while drunk. Several of them being female to some degree and wearing rather... Open and loose clothing, so to speak. Making it easy for the bear to stare off into space at their chests while his sheath began to swell up.

At least having a good time, so there was a positive atmosphere within the rooms. That is until someone aiming for the plastic puck slipped and sent the thing flying in the furball's direction. Attempting to move out of the way and instead feeling it pelt his thick coat and lose track of it, causing people to laugh at the event as he looked for where the red disc went off to. Not noticing that they just got another puck while the bear turned around, accidentally flashing the audience his large package and spotting the puck drop out of his fluff. Returning it and then back into his corner to get the attention off of him... Even though very little was actually on the white furball to begin with.

As expected, it was all in his head, causing his ears to lightly burn up with some anxiety and beginning to feel more and more uncomfortable within a crowd of people. Lost in his own

thoughts that he didn't even spot a gray anthro raptor with black markings approach him. Setting her nearly empty drink down and making Bartan double take as those blue eyes locked onto his brown. Leaning into one pair of fluffy ears to say something but he couldn't make it out, only shaking his head and shrugging in response. Another try, this time lifting one of the earmuffs and still not even a word made out, as the bear motioned his ears and shook his head. Trying to communicate that he couldn't hear the dinosaur.

She tossed that muzzle with a smirk and then pulled on his arm to get up, letting him half do it while clearly confused. Then a motion to follow her, waiting for him to take the first step to do so and leading the feral bear in through the large room. Double taking at a set of cheers from others across, specifically at the raptor who only waved back at them.

Once more, Bartan felt uneasy, but he didn't really want to return to the corner... Nor find out where the exit was. When he spotted the gray one heading upstairs, beckoning the furball to follow her, there was more of a comfort to get out of the range of so many eyes. Until he spotted the gray thick tail, slightly bubbled rear, and chest that could be seen from behind. Making him blush and get stunned for a moment at the base of the stairs before eventually snapping out of it.

Climbing up after the dino, feeling his package jiggle heavily with each step and follow her deeper into the mansion. Spotting the raptor pressing the side of that gray head against a door for a moment then test the knob to realize it was locked. Motioning him to come closer as she kneeled down and pulled out a lockpicking tool, as well as a motion for him not to tell. Taking a few tries while the large furball blocked any views from recognizing the break-in.

At this point, the bear could tell what she wanted... Sort of. Getting even more uncomfortable about a one night stand, but at the same time not wanting to disappoint the raptor by leaving. However, when she got the lock to release, she carefully opened it and listened into the room. Not quite detecting anything, but unsure. Bartan, however, took the muffs off, squeezed his head between her and the door and perked those four ears. Whispering "It's clear." A bit nervously to her.

She led the way in, almost catching his white chin to follow her inside and close the door- after nearly getting his longer tail caught. Causing them to be in a very dim light as she locked the door behind her. "You look nervous." The gray raptor stated, looking at him with a smirk. "Did you want to go somewhere to calm down. That's what I was trying to ask." A light chuckle from the female.

"Oh. I couldn't..." A step closer to the bear as she cupped that large snout.

"My older brother is the exact same way. I noticed the signs." A stroke around those

large fluffy ears, feeling the heat as they tinted in blush. "Don't worry, we're not stealing anything. It's just nice to have some privacy, as well as a little excitement in the process."

"I-I see." A slight whimper from Bartan. "I'm-"

"-Ah!" The raptor interrupted him. "No names. That's my first rule. Second is, of course, be respectful. You can tell your friends you got it on with someone at the New Year's Party, but leave the more personal details out, cool beans?"

"Y-yes, of course."

"And third:" A comb with those digits around the back of his head and under that jawline, lifting it up as she pressed her plump cleavage around that muzzle. "No Hard Feelings. If you want to stop at any time, including now, do not hold it against the other. Including me if I ask you to pull out."

"S-sure. Just uh... Be weary of the knot." The bear admitted, hearing her purr deeply. "But... Me? Out of everyone here?"

"I mean, the nervousness is a bit of a turn-off, but I'd be lying if I said I wasn't doing this out of a dare at first." A slight whine from him as she chuckled. "At first, you. My friends just said 'get with the guy with the biggest balls you see.' They never stated they had to be metaphorical balls." A sly smirk when those four ears perked up. "And you're giving me consent as well?"

"D-definitely." He cleared his throat and took a deep breath, nuzzling against those grapefruit sized pillows within the 'boob window' of her shirt. "Definitely." Bartan repeated, speaking with more confidence. "And not only because I'd rather be anywhere than down there." The dino chuckled at that.

"That's the spirit." She took a step back and began undoing her pants in the low light, getting the button for the tail strap and sliding the tight clothing off her legs. Barely seeing the double strap of some undergarments in her silhouette as they were soon adjusted. Tossing the leggings in the corner before getting the shirt, spotting the chest pillows bounce as they were freed. "But I need you to do something for me." A whine in question from the male, clearly stunned from the show. "Turn around~"

"What?"

"No tricks. I just really want to see those furballs again." The raptor rested down on her knees as waited for the bear to (awkwardly) turn-about in place, brushing that large tail against her body and lifting those haunches up for her. Hearing the gray one take a deep breath-

borderline huff as she shifted closer and cupped the twin-basketball sized package. Though the fluff was only making them look that big, they were still closer to a pair of volleyballs. Feeling the female dino gently embrace them and purr deeply as that tail wagged against her body. "Daymn, they really are that big...!" The statement made the bear awkwardly chuckle. "I only caught a glimpse of them earlier, but I just assumed it was the winter coat."

Several more circles of grooming around that fluffy pouch as she nuzzled against them, hearing some deep vocals of churning within as she reached underneath and pulled the package close. Able to even feel the sheath from the otherside, as well as the bear's own pants at the attention. A gentle squeeze and pressing her face into the fluff made Bartan gasp sharply, feeling it touch a sensitive spot. "C-careful." He whispered.

"Sorry, got carried away. I want every last drop you have in me-"

"No no!" Another loud whisper as the door handle was jiggled, instantly making the two freeze and brace in place as shadows were seen from the lightsource underneath the door. Only to hear the people outside move along after realizing it wasn't opening.

"Glad I locked that-"

"Please stop squeezing." The bear whimpered, immediately feeling her let go and cover her mouth with a single paw, as if to say 'Oops.' Then giving the pouch a few more grooming pets before getting up and picking up the raptor's leggings. Looking around the room and spotting a bathroom, walk-in closet, and a much 'smaller' wall closet with two sets of doors.

The bathroom was too obvious and likely to be used by another, especially if this was the master bedroom. Possibly the same with the walk-in closet, so she checked the smaller one instead. Spotting a lot of clothes hanging up but plenty of space vacant on the flooring. "In here." She whispered, tossing her pants inside and detecting the awkward grumble from the furball. "You're not claustrophobic, are you?"

"No, but..." He half mumbled in slight worry, only for those ears to perk up and hear more people walking on the upper floors. Trotting his way to the closet he could barely fit in, following her instructions to rest belly-up, yet only able to do so if his back was against the wall. Then feel the raptor 'saddle' on him in a cowgirl position before closing the closet door. His large paws around her and now able to properly feel out her plushy form.

Sliding across her sides and rear, gently squeezing the curves before giving some attention to that thick tail. While the raptor stroked those fluffy ears and main, pressing her bust around Bartan's head as she grinding over the swelling sheath. Easily detecting the growing red tool press against her undergarments, lightly bouncing on it in a tease as the bear's tongue lapped at her chin. The two muscles met to lock in a kiss, then a much deeper one that caused

both of them to inhale deeply. Trying to keep vocals down to a minimum but couldn't help their own purrs, restraining them whenever some thumps or footsteps were heard until they were in the clear again.

The bear's dull claws toyed with the straps during their patrols, occasionally slipping them down to expose that rear before bringing them back up. It was clear the male was teasing her just as much as the raptor was. The strokes of those large black pads growing stronger before they cupped her chest, breaking the kiss and lightly pushing her body back so that large snout could find a nipple lap. Making the female gasp as she slid her own hand down and discovered a warm rod to stroke, thicker than she expected as the scent of... Orange came to her snout?

Something in the closet, no doubt. Feeling the male shift and thrust underneath her as the gray female attempted to remove her underwear. Needing to shift around on the bear in the process, but did get assistance from Bartan. Allowing a few cups and feels of that vent while that white snout was buried between the gray hills, causing the two to pant and hold back their moans. Resting those folds on the warm rocket and grinding over it as the male gripped the raptor's rear, sharing a deep kiss while she played with those four ears. Hot to the touch from all the blush until an audible groan was heard from the bear's lower body. "Sounds like somebody's hungry." She teased.

"T-that wasn't... My stomach." Bartan lightly whimpered, getting a confused look from her that he couldn't really see until the noise returned. Causing her gray muzzle to follow it from afar... Behind her? Near where she was sitting- oh. It wasn't a growl, but a churn from those great furballs. A thought that made her shiver in delight as she reached down and stroked that shaft a few times, already leaking out that precious pre.

A lift up as she pointed the spire up and gently scanned it with a claw, hearing the bear huff loudly and once again attempt to be quiet. Only to feel the dinosaur lift herself up above the rocket and slowly ease herself on top of it. Finding the tip prodding around her folds and finally getting it inbetween them, descending slowly as it parted those lower lips. The flare widening her vent with every centimeter taken as the two worked together to go slowly; those large white paws still around her rear, providing support. Feeling the gray one shift her weight to take in the rod, well past the flare getting inside her.

Usually that was the easy part, but the more she attempted to don the weapon the bigger the task seemed to be! Feeling out all the soft bumps and thick spines of softness, while the main tower occasionally flexed and jolted out squirts of pre. Making it easier for the tool to slip inside, needing to stop a couple of times while her body got used to being a little stretched. Until finally her folds kissed that fluffy sheath, leaving the two stunned and near breathless as

the raptor's instincts squeezed the weapon inside her.

Several deep huffs lead to another long and deep kiss that lost track of their volume until more movement was heard out in the hallway. The two quieting their breaths and soft moans to a whisper as the raptor started riding the bear. Going with slow and soft bounces, letting her bust jiggle in front of the furball in a half-show (because dark) while those soft spines pleased her in return. Sliding up and down, washing her walls with the strange pre-

Until Bartan suddenly gripped that rear and a torrent was sent deep inside the dinosaur, causing his entire body to flex for a moment before releasing heavy huffs. ("Was... Was that it?") A slightly disappointed thought was interrupted by a nudge from those white hips, motioning her to keep going. ("Well, maybe he's one of those rare ones with multiple loads.")

Fine by her, adding some sways to her hips for that red rocket to hit all the good spots in special ways. Occasionally getting a kiss from the furball on her own muzzle and the bouncing bust, shifting from cupping them to letting them jiggle while the raptor's own hands dug into his fluff. Usually around his shoulders and neck as her body occasionally shuttered with excitement. Just barely catching her aroused vocals from chirping while her folds squeezed the base of that tower tightly, provoking a heavy spray that launched a warmth much farther into her body than expected. Followed by another- and another spray!? Easily a wine glass of release being pumped into the gray one. ("Okay... That was definitely him cumming.")

But after a few huffs, Bartan nudged her with his hips again. Even going as far as to guide the dinosaur with his paws on her hips; lifting her up and down over his tool as the growls of his churning pouch were heard behind her. As much as the noise and fact he still was able to keep going concerned the raptor, it aroused her to no end. Shifting her position in the tight space the best she could, the gray one began to ride the furball hard! Still trying to be quiet vocally, but only stopping there. Letting out heavy huffs and very very low purrs from her throat as together their breaths climbed-!

Only for Bartan to suddenly grasp her tightly and keep her still! His rod buried deep inside her as the dinosaur moaned quietly. "That's it, bear!" She whispered. "Fill me-" A sudden grab on her muzzle made her lightly yelp in surprise and in question. Now barely making out his perked ears and... The sound of someone opening the door to the bedroom! Sliding a key out and closing it behind them. Drawers opening from across the room as the two having sex in the closet looked each other in the eyes with fright.

What made matters somehow even worse was the fact that a bulge was forming at the base of that tool. A big one! Bartan's knot sending heavy waves of pleasure through both their bodies as they struggled to keep quiet, but she felt her own orgasm starting to approach. Locking eyes onto those brown ones as the male nodded, as if to nearly read the raptor's mind;

letting her dig those claws and use some produced energy to strain them into his coat. Gripping that fluff tightly as her lower lips squeezed that knot hard and drenched the white sheath just below the knot.

("That was the worst of it, at least.") Or so she thought, soon hearing the footsteps get closer to the other side of the bed, looking through the nightstand as the visitor/owner grumbled. "Where is it...? Come on...!" Then turning completely around to the other end of the closet; where the two's tails were blended in with the junk on the closet's floor! Spotting the light come through as the door squeaked open, just as the male's floodgates began to release!

Quickly and with some shuffling the owner was doing in the upper side of the closet, the raptor stuffed the bear's muzzle between her bust in order to muffle out any sounds. Trying to remain quiet herself as the tool throbbed and began filling her sex up with his seed. A lot of it! So much the raptor struggled to remain quiet from the immense pleasure it gave her, causing the bear's other paw to help aid the other; now having both of his fores around her muzzle.

Then a little bit of a stalemate as she felt full, almost too full. Soon feeling her belly begin to stretch out slowly as more and more of his fluids were pumped into her vent; completely sealed by the thick knot. The owner of the house still looking through box after box from the shelf higher up while Bartan's balls somehow timed churns and groans with every loud noise he was making. "Damnit...!" The owner whispered as her belly got tighter and tighter, rounding like an overfilled water balloon. "Did it get moved over here?"

The closet door closed as he shifted just outside to the one the two were in! Making them stand perfectly still as their hearts raced heavily and the door cracked open! Shining some light on the two-! "Oh! I remember now!" Only to half close as the owner moved into the Walk-in Closet/Wardrobe nearby, barely escaping being caught but it wasn't over yet. Neither was the bear's filling, causing the female's middle to stretch outwards as she let out tiny whimpers. ("T-too much...!") She attempted to hold her enlarging belly back and support its stalemate as that weapon inside her kept throbbing and jerking! Trying to squeeze in another torrent!

And succeeding! Causing it to somehow gather in her bust instead, swelling the raptor's pillows outwards around that heavily blushing muzzle. "Ah-hah!" The owner exclaimed, making the two freeze again before moving quickly through the room. Past the barely opened closet just as Bartan released a tiny whine- and swearing he heard something. Stopping and placing a hand on the closet door, lightly opening it more-

"Did you find some?" Another voice at the main door knocked and called, getting the attention of the owner and leaving the closet immediately.

"Yeah. Barely too. I knew I stuffed some somewheres..." The voices faded as the main

door closed and they moved down the hallway. Taking a moment to make sure nothing was around before gasping loudly in sync! Huffing and releasing each other, shifting to make room for that filling dinosaur as she was pumped with more juices! Making her belly and breasts creak a little as she whimpered.

"T-too tight...!" The gray one whimpered as the fluffy pouch attempted to test her limits, pushing her rounding bits slightly further with slow pulses before finally coming to a stop. Making her look like she had an inflated garbage bag in the raptor's belly, while her bust was beyond the size of basketballs. Leaving the two in heavy huffs for nearly a minute as the rocket still throbbed within her.

"O-okay..." Bartan panted. "D-don't move, unless you want to try for more, but we're running out of space here."

"M-more-!?" A sharp Shhh from the male as the gray one covered her maw for a moment. Repeating the question as a whisper this time. "More!?" A look in disbelief at her now... Stuffed form. Feeling his paws glide over that taut belly softly, echoing a heavy shutter of pleasure through her that the dino would have never imagined. Needing to touch it herself while panting and nearly whimpering at the bliss. The bear's steady licks on her enlarged bust didn't help either. "How...!?"

"L-long story." The furball huffed, nuzzling the chest pillows. "And very complicated. Sidenote, I think there's more room in these." A playful yelp as she leaned forwards, squishing him up against the wall. Hearing that fluffy tail wag behind her rapidly- only for his upper body to suddenly jerk backwards and a strange crack was heard. Now realizing she pressed the furball a little too hard he cracked the drywall of the closet. Causing the two to freeze in place again and stare at the dark corner with eyes wide.

"...That might be hard to hide."