

All For You #9 (For Male/Herm)

By Bartan Tirix

"Hmm?" The bear's noise in question faintly echoed through the dark bedroom, swearing you could feel those large fluffy ears scanning your breathing and your body. "You're curious to what it's like to be a Companion?" You confirm it [however you wish: shy, curious, etc.] and hear him lightly chuckle as Bartan snuggles up to your larger form. Still having plenty of room on the bed as the skylight above displayed the stars.

"There's more to it than you think, I believe. But I assume you mean the funner bits; tending to others, yes?" Pretty much. Feeling that large snout bunt up against your neck and shoulders. "Would you like to try it? I don't mind, but this is your time. It's up to you how you want to spend it." Yeah... But to be truthful, the question grew larger than a simple thought-itch. How different really was it? "The main thing is to make the session about Them over You."

That's not too hard, you think to yourself. Gathering little ideas from your previous sessions with other Companions like the bear. Recognizing what they've done to you, how it felt... Yes. You could definitely do that. "It's more of an art than-" You roll over onto the furball and snatch his muzzle with your own, making him yelp in surprise as you press him into the soft bedding. The muffled whimper in pleasure he releases as your [color] tongue slides against his red one, signaling a good start.

But that maw of his was holding on to yours tighter, almost pulling you down and leading you to be more assertive. Driving that tongue deeper inside his muzzle, pressing his head harder as your larger frame towers over the fluffy white male. Digging your claws into the bedsheets... Yet, there are better uses for them.

Lightly smirking, you move them to Bartan's shoulders and dig into his fur. Getting another submissive whimper as that tail wags between your hind legs, then pressing that upper body deeper into the mattress as well. His own paws pressing against your chest and shoulders as the two of you huff loudly, tongues wrestling while your instincts overtake you.

Only for a few moments though, focusing on the kiss and flexing those claws into the fluff... But perhaps they could be used for a little bit more? Starting out with some rubs and kneads on that white torso, rubbing and combing the soft coat around his neck. Easily making

the polar bear purr loudly, to the point of growling in pleasure as you keep doing it. Digging those paws to massage the traps [the muscle between the shoulder and neck], doing your best to read his body.

It takes some time to find the signals and read them correctly, but you can feel the furball guiding you non-verbally. His shoulders nudging your paws up to go higher. Those big white fluffy ones moving to stroke the sides of your neck, much like he would if Bartan was currently in control. A friendly reminder of what to try that you follow up. Your digits swimming easily within the fluff, leaving empty tails as they move up and start tracing around that strange black marking along his neck.

You break the kiss for a breath, hearing the furball huff loudly and growl in a purr when that tongue of yours laps at the fluffy ears. Causing them to flick and attempt to bat you harmlessly in a tease as you feel the heat coming off his blush. Moving a paw up to stroke Bartan's chin for a few scratches before sticking a digit into that maw to massage that tongue further, feeling it lap and almost coil around- suddenly giving you an idea.

It's no surprise that you're both quite erect, have been for quite some time as your tool rubs within the fluff of that undertail. However, one of the best things the furball has taught you was 'Surprises go a long ways'. Leading you to try to hide your smirk as you keep his mind occupied with your upper body as you slowly adjust your lower; climbing up Bartan's own as your tool almost slithers its way up the river of soft white, approaching the large mountain with the black divide (his furballs), and going over them.

They come across the white sheath, guarding the base of that red rocket as your flesh makes contact with his. Heated rod against heated rod, loving the begging whine from him the very moment they touch. Giving off a few rubs in the forms of thrusts before your real surprise...

The prehensile tool you're equipped with; able to grasp around things like a tentacle. Including strange polar bear malamute hybrids and their own unique weapons, letting your [tool color] coil around the furball's flagpole as he takes note (slowly, I may add) at your paws... Then whimpering in question after a recount.

Along with your slow thrusts, your flexible weapon strokes off the bear's stiff one. Giving him almost a 'tool-job' as it jerks him off, sliding up and down the very soft spines that lines his shaft's rod. Feeling his lower half squirm, but buckle forwards for more, allowing his large pouch to make contact with your [balls/slit]. "W-well..." Bartan starts. "T-this is new-"

Your muzzle once again catches his in an interruption; No Talking. Only the sounds of his song is enough, and that he does make as you press your larger body against his. Thrusting and

rubbing against it a little harder to make the furball sing. Once in a while getting a heavy jolt of wet make contact with your belly and the scent of that candy orange fills the area. It doesn't deter you, only making you smile as you continue to knead that fluffy structure into the mattress.

The bear's tip leaks bead after bead of that strange pre, giving your own rod to move up and kiss the tip while still coiling it. Loving the jerk in the furball's form as he delivers you another one, giving you plenty to work with and slide around the canine-like structure. The soft and moveable spines that line the red tower, forming a wide flare that is quickly oiled from the release- both your own and Bartan's. Swearing it should be evaporated off due to the amount of heat irradiating from the flesh, but it remains. Even as your coil slides up and down the length, making it slick and much easier to move about as you feel around his girth.

Another jolt of orange soon after, making you wonder if you can make the Companion cum from this alone? A fun little challenge, honestly, as you adjust your stance for more powerful thrusts. The grip of your prehensile tower shifting from a soft rub up and down the shaft to a tight squeeze. Swearing you could hear those furballs churn as you nearly ride on top of them.

The bear squirms and wiggles underneath you, not trying to escape but just filled with too much positive energy. Pawing at your shoulders, grasping them to bring you down and forwards; as if to beg to be ridden harder and harder. That white muzzle starting to scrunch up and starting to release small growls with his huffs, locking tighter with yours while your tongues tie. The jolts become more and more frequent, while his grip tightens on your body. Arcing that fluffy chest forwards against yours as his entire body stiffens up! A straining whine as that red rocket thickens within your tool's grasp-!

Cue the barrage of torrents releasing from Bartan's tip, absolutely soaking the two undersides. Letting go of the bear's snout and allow him to sing loudly as he sprays, still grinding over his body to help the furball through it. Watching and feeling him squirm underneath you as his hot juices spread everywhere puts a smile on your muzzle. Even when you lift your upper self up and let a few ropes stick to your chest, splashing onto Bartan's own neck and face enough for you to lean down and start lapping it.

Though very warm, the orange syrup contains that very sweet flavor like a freshly made candy. Giving you something to do while your tool continues to milk the bear's weapon of its last few squirts, cleaning up the white fluff with your tongue as Bartan's muzzle huffs and pants. Tongue lolling off to the side, dazed and not noticing you begin to step back/down his body. Your spire draws along the tower's shaft with your very own pre, slaloming between the spines and reaching the base of his sheath.

As fun as it would be to lightly torment the furball by trying to squeeze your tip in that protection and toy with his knot, you move past it. Tracing your [color] shaft over the fluffy hill once again as your own tongue continues to lap and nuzzle the bear into a near slumber. Once over them, you get a little curious if you could possibly cup the soft pouch with your weapon. Giving it a try by sliding it underneath- only to realize just how little of it is actually fluff! Compared to the rest of the bear's body.

Regardless, you do your best to give it a lift, but it's just too big for your one appendage. However, it does discover a certain cave underneath the snowy mountain. Scanning the area and finally getting a bit of a whimpering reaction from Bartan, but before he can object, your tip venture's inside! Making him gasp and brace your shoulders tightly, releasing pant after pant as your weapon slithers into his tailpipe. A tight fit, squirming between walls and studying the ceiling of the long tunnel as the furball jerks underneath you.

Until one soft spot pretty deep within gets quite the reaction out of him- as well as a sudden squirt. Making you smile and realize that you can probably make him release again using this alone. Keeping the discovery in mind while venturing in rotational thrusts, occasionally pressing into that Grand Spot [No, that's not what the G stands for] to make Bartan sing to you. Though also causing him to clench your flexible tool, nearly with his entire tailhole squeezing and making you growl as a wave of pleasure passes through you.

More and more you find yourself giving into your instincts. Thrusting harder, gripping the bear that's clawing at your sides with his dull weapons. That fluffy tail wagging heavily underneath yours [if any] as spray after spray of orange jelly is leaked between the two of you; a [species] bear sandwich, if you will. One with a little too much filling that's overflowing onto the mattress.

But you feel yourself getting closer to your own climax, railing the living pillow with nearly everything you have. Your moveable weapon still adding its own flexes within the motion to play the bear like an instrument, making him sing in different notes as your muzzle scrunches up. Nose still deep into his half-soaked coat, huffing loudly as your nature pushes you further and further-!

Until you find yourself biting down on the side/back of Bartan's neck! Only really getting his coat and not a hint of blood, but making the furball howl in ecstasy. Not in pain as the bear continues to squirm even in your hold as you hammer into that fluffy rear. Feeling everything begin to build up like a volcanic eruption, trying to get the most out of that pleasure as fast as possible before-!

Your body begins to lock up: jaw clenches hard on the fluff your muzzle is filled with, your neck pulling in a direction [up/down/forwards]. Your claws and arms dig deep into that

furred body- and still somehow not piercing the skin. Squeezing the strange bear tightly as your back arcs on par with his. Hips lock up at maximum thrust, as does your tool as you feel it enlarge; pressing up against Bartan's prostate and making him chirp at a high note before both of you climax in near sync!

Torrents once again spray between your sandwiched bodies while your own package stuffs the bear. Pumping him with your seed with torrent after torrent, one of the most heavy releases you've had in quite some time. Lasting several long moments to the point your muscles begin to ache being at full-strain, clawing into the flooring/carpet as you roar into that mawfull of fur. Leaving the two of you in heavy pants as your bodies finally give you back control... And accidentally flopping onto the living pillow with your full weight.

Muscles spaz and jerk as you fight to gain control, but Bartan just holds you close. As if to say it's okay and just let it out. Keep your weapon buried into his back end as it still adds jolts deep into his cave, leaving you huffing for a few moments to recover. Then pushing into him again, sliding his body up further on the bed so you can rest on him.

Cuddling into a deep slumber...