

Drunken Lullabies #22

By Bartan Tirix

"Almost done, bear." The white panther grunted, having to bend and flex within the tight vent-like area with the help of the furball holding the lynx-like Tirix up. Requiring Bartan's more 'beastly' form both for its strength to help pry the wall panel off and for his height to rest on to reach inside the walls. Causing her to lay on his head and neck, face-up in order to access the electronics and wires within. "Just need to reach a little further-!"

"I'm already to my collar bone." The polar bear grumbled, half choking from the corner of the outer wall being up against his neck. Trying anyway by adjusting his hind legs; forepaws up against the wall to reach such a height and trying to keep the female feline from falling. With all the squirming and trying to reach further in, it was really giving him a workout. Until hearing something snap inside.

"Crapbaskets!" Linet cursed, then gave the bear a couple of taps to withdraw. Gently bringing her out as the nearly 5ft standing (all fours) panther began to climb down the nearly 20ft beast of a polar bear-wolf-thing. Hearing her exhale in near frustration, lowering his four ears while carefully climbing down the metal-sheeted wall on the outskirts of her lab. "I'm going to need to get a replacement for that. And possibly need to take out another full panel unit to reach the problem."

"Sounds like a big job..." Bartan whimpered, half frowning. Watching her take a small breath before moving to the bear's long fluffy tail, giving it a yank before stating aloud.

"Reduce size down to normal." As soon as Linet let go of the appendage, the feral male soon began to shrink down to about 12ft tall. Getting him a little excited from the change but trying not to let it show... Even though some certain part of him clearly did; causing a little bit of red to peek through that swollen sheath. Making her overlook the large fluffy package (about oven sized) between his hind legs and give them a tap. "It'll be a bit longer before I can help you with that, sorry."

"I-it's fine, Linet. Things happen."

"I need to get a few things to fix that up, maybe see if I can just unlock the full section

and just remove it from the wall. But that requires fixing the lift first, which would be easier if I could get this up and running-" A large paw against her back stopped her thoughts from spiraling angrily, and those brown eyes locked onto her red ones. Getting her to close them and take another breath. "In the meantime, mind sticking around here? I shouldn't be long."

"T-that's okay. I don't mind." The large furball said, feeling the tirix bunt across his legs, and the muscled bear gave her a small hug back. "Take your time."

"Feel free to wait in the lounge if you need to rest." Bartan nodded at her and watched the tirix leave, having a hard time keeping his eyes off that tail until it disappeared around some of the larger shelves. Truth be told, he was feeling more restless than requiring rest. And with a sharp wave of libido, he could pinpoint why.

Maybe a walk around would do him good, the beast of a bear decided. At least she made the paths and hallways bigger within the absolutely massive laboratory; swearing it never ended and it was relatively easy to get lost in. However, the colored LEDs always flashed towards the exit when stepped on. Creating a ripple of lights that pointed towards where to leave.

But the bear wasn't looking for such things, he wasn't really looking for anything. Just something to get his mind off of his slowly growing pouch. Taking a deep breath, nearly missing a room that caught his eye at the last minute- and then directly running into a large support beam with a loud Bong!

Bartan growled and held his head/muzzle with both fores for a moment, almost hissing at it. But it did help him get that brain off of mounting something, especially when he looked up and saw the dent in the metal pole... Linet was going to get a kick out of that, already hearing her future self laugh about it.

But what was in that room? It was like a strange thought calling to the bear as he walked in and turned on the light- only to find a few of them had been out for quite some time. Old projects and scrapped inventions lined the walls and shelves, some of which were already gutted for parts. But one in the corner stood out; draped in a blanket that was pulled off by the beast.

A... Breeding mount? A large cushioned 'hotdog' shaped pillow on a sturdy stand with a large hole in one end, specifically made for male weapons. Already getting Bartan's own quite excited as those four ears blushed and looked around... "She did say she was going to be a while..." He spoke, nearly to his own swelling sheath and winking tool. "I-it wouldn't hurt to... Try it, and clean up afterwards. She'll never know." A surge of excitement was felt through that lower end as the furball easily dragged the thing out- only to discover a power cord connected

to it.

Surprised, but not super surprised that Linet would design some additional features to something like this. Likely by request, one of the dozens she seems to get weekly. Still, the question did lie: did the mount still work? Or has it been stripped of its mechanical features like many within the room?

Only one way to find out. Taking a few moments to find an outlet and dragging the mount as close to the middle of the room as possible. Not really getting there, but giving the beast enough room to at least try it. Climbing onto the large cushion and really starting to get excited, the perfect height for him as he looked for any switch or settings that it might have, but nothing. An old remote maybe? A quick look around and nothing he could see in his low light vision. Oh well.

By the time Bartan was done looking, that red canine tool was already formed and ready. Large spines flexing and that tip leaking out his orange pre, drawing over the surface to find where that hole started and slowly pressing in that flare. Making the beast's coat fluff up as he shivered in a frisky warmth, sliding that shaft in deeper-

Only to feel the mount's inner walls to shift around that tool! Surprising the bear to the point of pulling out where it went quiet again. Motion detected? Is that why there were no controls, it was automatic? Another prod that was much more careful, slipping the wet flare in and still nothing. But a bit deeper and the machine came to life again. Clenching the inner walls only slightly whenever his rod reached a certain distance within.

What little he got though felt quite good, so the beast took more of a chance. Sliding more into it and feeling the strange ringed appendages between the cushions massage his tool. As if stroking his length with the softness that was the inner breeding mount's cloth. Making Bartan purr loudly as he gently thrust into it, going against the machine's own slides and soft clenches.

The more the beast did it, the more comfortable he became with the device. Sliding more and more of his tool inside it, and before he realized it, that sheath was kissing the mount's vent. The bear was fully on top of it, thrusting gently as his body found different positions. Having both forepaws on the very upper end of the cushion and thrusting with his chest held high. Or completely curling over it with his tongue lolling out, with one hind leg on the... Surprisingly well designed stand for the mount. Supporting the heavy bear's weight, having the bars outwards so that pouch of his could swing without hitting anything. Why was this scrapped?

Bartan couldn't quite hold it back, finding himself releasing his first 'warning' climax and

flooding the tool-chamber with his orange juices. Feeling it leak out in a comforting warmth, but the machine never did stop, and the beast was enjoying himself far too much as well. Just when the motions started to get a little stale, the inner appendages of the mount began to add little twists to them. Really stimulating those soft spines as the thrusting furball purred loudly, deeper and deeper as he continued to mate with the device.

Then a sudden grab at the hilt of his tool! Right on the sensitive ridges to simulate a female's orgasm, making the large one growl in pleasure before a sudden hiss!? A pressure building up within that hallway for a few seconds before the ring let go, releasing it and heavily stimulating the bear! Pulling out a little bit for safety while also flooding that chamber to its fullest, allowing the orange to leak out all over the floor.

Daymn did that ever feel so good! Once again surging the beast of a bear's body with a wave of addictive bliss. Mounting it again before any concerns could resurface as he pounded into that device! Loving the irrational shifts of strokes and twists within, occasionally catching his weapon and adding more and more pressure into that chamber until the furball released another brook of pre. So close to a climax, he could feel it, but instead kept edging himself with pauses after each one. Wanting to absolutely knot and flood this thing to see just how much it could take.

Bartan could feel that climax getting too close though, soon having to pause from the stroking alone while those fluffy orbs churned loudly. Lightly clenching as they pumped torrent after torrent through that red rocket, pulling out a little too much one time to absolutely soak the breeding mount and his own underbelly. Struggling to find that vent again- swearing it had gotten smaller as that weapon thrust inside. Harder and harder, really testing the strength of that frame holding it up-!

Until it snapped after a full thrust! Causing Bartan to yelp loudly before falling face first into the hard floor. That large cushion positioned perfectly on angle to hold that fluffy back end up, nearly swallowing that sheath as the bear howled in pleasure. The device still stroking him faster and faster, adding more twists against his sensitive spines and ridges. Pushing him past the point of no return, wishing he could make it last a bit longer but content with the session's length as is.

The beast panted loudly and rapidly, that tongue lolling out as those hind paws flexed and did their best to mate with the comfy hotdog. A sentence I never thought I would ever write. Feeling the base of his tool thickening up as it sent squirt after squirt inside, building up the pressure as that orgasm ringed through his body! Flexing those paws, arching that back, swinging that tail wildly as his forearms slid up to support his front- only to feel something stuck on his fur. Somehow getting his attention as he spotted a note that was... Taped to the frame?

Warning: Do Not Tie.

Do not tie? With what, ropes? Though that does sound like fun to have one of these suspended or on a swing- a sudden grasp on his ridges again from the clenching device, this time significantly more sensitive with Bartan's forming knot. Making the beast of a bear hiss loudly before getting interrupted by a sudden shock. Tie... As in, with Knots.

A loud yelp as the furball attempted to gain control with his climaxing body, battling with it as the muscles continued to tense up. Refusing to obey any commands other than to breed the device that has given him so much pleasure- and pressure! As another blast of air from the end of the tunnel overstimulated his weapon further, causing that knot to grow and grow as he desperately attempted to pull it off. Both him and those paws were completely soaked with orange juices to get a decent grip!

The machine gripped his swelling bulge tighter and tighter as it grew, completely sealing any leaks of juices and air within as his body attempted to cum. Running into a stalemate and feeling a sudden give soon after as his knot broke the ring that was stroking him from the other side of the padding! But that bulge was still too big to get it off, as his body fought to fill up the mount, swearing it was causing his own balls to swell up from too much release.

Only for that pressure to return! Hissing loudly and breaking the stalemate to the device's own favor! Feeling it inflate his red tool a little bit before pushing through and into that pouch! A loud yelp as his balls echoed a bassy airflow, expanding steadily as well as in bursts as Bartan came into his own package. Detecting it grow larger and larger, soon touching the ground and slowly getting bigger behind him as the beast whimpered in bliss.

As much as Bartan still struggled to get the device off his bloated member, it was still stimulating the male greatly. Causing those furballs to inflate easily to the size of a car and occupy the center of the room. Becoming immensely plump and kind of tight as the bear just tried to endure, after all, the tank couldn't have that much air left in it, could it?

Van sizes as the large one panted, his ears and entire muzzle painted in blush as his climaxes continued to backup into that pouch. Omitting heavy groans that nearly silenced the steady hisses- but soon those ears perked up! The tank's airflow sounded like it was weakening as it slowed to a stop. Making Bartan release a breath of relief... Even though the pressure was still sealed within. He could at least calm himself enough to stop cumming.

...Until the sounds of a small compressor were heard coming from the underside of the breeding mount! "Oh Come On!!" The beast hissed loudly as that force returned and began pumping into his package. Feeling that fluffy balloon begin pressing against all four walls and their shelves! Why was there always an Automatic Function to these damn experiments!?

Beyond room sized, with a wall of fluff bulging out the doorway. Starting to push Bartan into the corner as he struggled to do something about the breeding mount. Biting and clawing at it got into the padding, but barely. Trying to rip the compressor off the bottom succeeded, but it still continued to function. Finding the power cord within the dark and fluff-filled room, giving it a few yanks before finally hearing the device slow to a stop. Letting out another sigh of relief before giving the machine a very angry look. "You better not have a random battery backup."

Several moments went by and nothing. Well, besides the stuck beast and the sealed pressure... (The good feeling pressure- No, don't think about it, bear...! Don't you think about how large your pouch is.) Those furs were tickled by the ventilation on the ceiling. (How you can feel almost every corner of the room and the shelves on the far outer side of the doorway!) A heavy groan, difficult to tell if it was from the furballs or the steel barriers surrounding the room. (Don't think about how these walls already feel like they're bending against your own weight! O-or how every jerk of your weapon is tickling your ridges-!) A sudden wave of bliss surged through the beast's body as he cursed loudly- "Fish-Fish-Fish-Fish-FISH!"

One pluse filled up the entire ceiling and outer vents with fluff. The second caused the roof of the room to dome up. The third bloated all the walls out and round, while also causing that bubble of fluff that squeezed through the doorway to inflate inbetween the alleys of shelves. A few small bloats came from it, and it looked like that was the end of it... Until one long strain causing the bolts and frames of the room to dislodge- fluff ballooning out of the cracks!

And the walls exploded! Instantly replaced by a massively growing pouch that slammed hard into two sets of shelves! The 'bulge' squeezing inbetween the far set got a burst of growth that also shoved away two more sets- each of them creating a chain reaction as they fell onto the next in line! Knocking them all down like dominos as Bartan's own furballs bloated over them. Finally breaking the breeding mount and releasing an absolute river of orange to add to the mess, but relieved that the pressure was freed. Resting on his mansion-sized balls with an overstimulated whimper, jerking as his enlarged tool continued to release a steady stream of orange all over the place. The only thought Bartan had before falling asleep to the constant crashing of shelves was:

"Linnet is going to freaking kill me..."

