

Little Smirk

By Bartan Tirix

The stain finally started to give out, after minutes of constant scrubbing. Bad enough that the darn thing was basically dried molasses, it also had to be in the bottom shelf of some cabinet in the kitchen as well. Making life just miserable for the bear, attracting all kinds of insects and such. Or, would, if it was one of the warmer seasons, like the one approaching.

The white fluffball groaned loudly, flicking his unusually long tail as if it gave his scrubbing motions more effort, slowly watching the brown streaks fade like a series of still frames, separated by a white and blue blur of fur and the damn disposable gloves he was forced to wear. Already snipping out enough of his dirty coat to finally squeeze into these plastic hand-suits.

But soon the stain was gone, and Bartan could finally relax his back. Dropping the brush and sponge and just stretching, feeling his back crack loudly as he pushed his rear into a nearby opened cabinet door. That plump pouch pressing against it and the cheap wood tickling a certain sensitive area that caused the furball to whimper a little bit while releasing a few breaths.

Then a deep lean forward for his tired shoulders, swearing they popped a little when he shifted then relaxed his body with a sit. Taking a few breathers before glaring at the stained area, making sure he didn't miss anything before tearing the gloves off. He was done cleaning this place for the day, and was in desperate need of a break.

Taking some of the cleaning supplies towards the bathroom, still getting used to the much smaller living space. From the narrow hallways to the cramped rooms. To be fair, they only felt cramped due to the junk the previous inhabitants left behind. Something the bear was required to get rid of, if he wanted to call this place their new home. Were the others happy about the move? Not really, but the white one didn't have a choice but to downgrade.

But Bartan didn't want to think about that right now, silently gliding into his room while all the others were out doing... Something, he couldn't even recall anymore. Flopping onto his soft bed that somehow wasn't flattened into a pancake by now, due to how many sleep on it. Including the brass titan. Odds are making up some excuse that their own stains of love are somehow preserving the life of it.

As long as it was comfortable and dry, the furball couldn't care less. Laying down for a few minutes before those brown eyes shifted back to the piles of boxes that needed to be emptied still. Now that he cleaned this room an acceptable amount to start doing such a thing, his brain was going to pester him until at least **Some** of it was done.

He groaned in complaint, but rolled off the satin sheets regardless. Going through a few boxes, until he found one that didn't look familiar to him. Wrapped like a Valentine's gift with a ribbon, but one of those boxes that the lid could be pulled off easily. Doing so made the white one whimper loudly and blush as those ears lowered.

"French Maid Outfit" The package text explained, showing a rather... Seductive looking dragoness in such a costume. "Made for ferals." T-this wasn't his! Why was it in his things!? Removing the display sheet and finding a small note underneath it. Seeing the signature and almost spading his ears in the process while reading it aloud. "Seen this and thought of you, considering the mess. ~Arson." Flipping it over and spotting another message. "P.S. I've wired this box to send me a message when it was opened. If you don't try it on and send me at least one photo of it, I will force it on you the next time I see you and let every dragon in this city release a load into or onto you."

The bear whimpered in defeat, lowering his head and still blushing ears. Looking over the new outfit, freshly and tightly packed into the box with plastic. Removing it one by one and feeling... Mixed about the whole ideal. Bartan wasn't completely against wearing female clothing, but never craved such a thing. Opening each bag revealed another large piece of the outfit, picturing just where it would go or how it would fit onto his rather fluffy body. But it was made for something quite large.

Pulling out the panties was what really got him to whimper loudly. Blush invading his entire muzzle as he held it up while standing in front of a full mirror that had yet to be properly mounted to a wall. Revealing not only the 'red' faced bear, but also a red tip between his legs. Was... Was the very thought of putting these on turning him on?

There was definitely an excitement to it, especially when he studied the garments. Having the classic frill attached to the underwear instead of a skirt, the straps that normally went along the haunches were able to be clipped on and off for easier placement. And the frill itself angled down towards the rear of the clothing; the area that covered the tailhole. Allowing the tail to flutter above the white lace.

It definitely felt strange equipping such a thing, clipping the two straps and sliding them up against his package. Feeling that plump pouch become lightly compressed by the black panties as they started to swell out around it. Bartan's sheath and the tool within creating a bulge in its crotch, but the entire thing did cover his tailhole quite well. And the frill felt... Nice, really. Swaying his hips and wagging that tail from side to side to see if the garment pulled in the slightest within his coat, but felt nothing. It was definitely made well, the bear will give it that.

The rest of the outfit wasn't any less revealing. Having the torso part nearly one large piece; a belt with a large black piece, more white frills along what he assumed to be a small apron. The sides were completely exposed, causing his fluff to puff outwards as he slid on the shoulder straps. Leading up to what was kind of a... Bra of sorts. Swearing that his entire body was burning bright pink when Bartan was putting it on. His fur making up for the lack of chest

pillows, though some did come within the package, his fluff was enough. Taking a few minutes to shape them properly and create a form of cleavage within his floof.

By this point, the bear could feel just how hard he was. Finding a white laced scarf or collar of sorts and putting that on. Then the lace that went up the leg, a few props and it was nearly complete. Still blushing horribly deeply as he overlooked himself in the mirror, adjusting the outfit a little bit and doing a slow circle. Easily picking out that bulge within the undergarments, even with the frills half covering it. Then his own pouch that Bartan *swore* was growing with his excitement... He didn't think he's ever looked so sexy-

Only to start hearing something heavy land outside, making him whimper and completely freeze. Tracing the pawsteps into the apartment, and down the hall just outside the room. Staring at the open door intently as the shadow of a behemoth was seen on the far wall, the brass wyrm passing the door- only to stop in place and look inside the room. Spotting the white one, blushing and completely still. In a maid outfit. Standing in front of a mirror. 'Presenting' himself to it.

The two stared at each other for a few moments, until Bartan released an embarrassed whimper. Getting Beo to chuckle. "I-it's not what you think!"

"No? That's a shame." The large dragon squeezed through the doorway, nearly shaking the floor with each muscled step as he towered over the bear with a deep and bassy purr. "I think it looks really good on you." Another whine in response as the brass beast nuzzled the white one, giving him a few tender licks that the bear leaned into. Blushing deeply still, yes, but he turned about. Looking back into the mirror with the metallic wyrm behind him. "In fact..." A whimper in question from the smaller one, as Beo stroked those furred sides. Pulling him up and rubbing the bear against his thick chestplates, revealing a certain bulge under the skirt. "I'd bet you think the same."

"M-maybe."

"A part of you, at least." Another whine and the titan chuckled, adjusting his thick tail and hearing Bartan yelp slightly before looking down. "And I can already tell you my opinion of it, however..." He set the furball down on all fours and leaned over him. "Maybe it's better if I show you."

The bear attempted to reply, but just couldn't, starting to feel a prod against his clothed tailhole as those large brass hands stroked those furred sides. Dull claws combing up and down while those red wings somehow supported the behemoth's weight. Almost dragging the furball back to nearly mount the purple tip, loving how that fluffy tail flicked upwards with Bartan's deep breaths and whimpers.

However, the beast had other plans than just to simply mount him. A little challenge instead, one he thought of if he could ever convince someone to wear clothing like this. Poking

the sensitive area just below the tail and sometimes the bulging pouch as well, causing that red tool on the other side to leak those precious orange. Pressing down on his shoulders to keep that white rear higher as the dragon slowly grinded against the furball.

Deep breaths turned to whines, whines into pants. Lightly fogging up the bottom of the mirror with heated exhailes as Beo continued. Knowing quite well now how much that red rocket had grown, nearly becoming a pole within the black tent with white frills as orange continued to leak from its tip. Loving the noises Bartan release the longer the wyrm 'tormented' him with the motions, hearing them climb higher and higher until a sharp one was released.

Several audible drips could be heard over the hardwood floor, leaving the white blushed one into heavy pants for a few moments as the brass dragon smirked. Giving the bear a few tender licks as he recovered, though a certain tool was still wedged between those white buns. Walled off from entry, yes, but enough to keep that bear blushing deeply. All the behemoth needed was patience, as he leaked out a few blue jolts of his own. Feeling them trickle down the cloth and tickle a very sensitive spot in Bartan's behind.

The brass paws continued to stroke the fluffy sides, almost pulling the torso piece up with his dense strength. Sliding them up Bartan's chest as he slowly lifted the furball up onto the wyrm's lap, letting the white one rest on that large tower tip as his furred pillows were grasped. Looking over how the fluff was creased and shaped, smirking at the bear's reflection while raising an eyebrow at him. "Th-..." Bartan panted. "That was... Done naturally..."

"I bet it was." The brass one purred, cupping them each with a paw while playfully bouncing the lying furball over his large tooltip. Hearing that high pitched whimper begin to leak out during those huffs before a heavy squirt of orange was released into those panties, leaking out of the sides while some started to drip through. Was this the wyrm's plan? He was going to make Bartan cum into the undergarments?

Another gentle set down on all fours, but the bear could not resist. Feeling those prods become a little bit more assertive against his tail, almost pulling against the rest of it as the cloth barrier was sinking into that tailpipe. Wet and warm from the dragon's own excitement, as Beo'Karah continued to grind against the white rear. Continued to stroke and cup that chest as if the pillows were real. Lapping against the laced collar as it slid across his mane, finding one of the loose straps and grabbing it with those ivory fangs. Holding it like a leash as the furball's breaths continued to climb higher and higher. That blush invading his entire muzzle, his exhailes nearly becoming fog while those yes became drunk. That tongue lolling out the side a little bit before suddenly slipping back into Bartan's muzzle.

His body tensed against the behemoth's motions, causing the dragon to slow down a little on the thrusts. That fluffy tail flicked wildly, Bartan's vocals whined within his rapid breaths! Climbing higher and higher as that red tool throbbed within the black and white tent! Leaking out several little jolts before flooding those panties with thick orange streams! Causing splashes of it to leak out of the sides, and a few torrents forcing their way through the cloth! Dripping all

over the floor in a wet but warm mess as the bear twitched within the brass one's grasp. Making Beo smile slyly as let the smaller one recover, 'leash' still in maw.

With that red tongue lolling out from the climax, Bartan started to relax his body once again. Hypnotized by the constant strokes along his bare sides, reaching down lower and lower to his haunches and down the legs. Playing with the little strap on his hind before moving back up and taking hold of those support straps. Actually snapping the bear out of his trance for a moment for a yelp in question when he felt the undergarments suddenly become loose, then a deep prod from that purple weapon.

Bartan tensed up once again, unable to move much from the makeshift leash as that clothing was pressed into his tailhole deeper and deeper. Thrust after thrust, the wyrm's tool drilled into that rear, stuffing the wet, already creamed panties inside! Little by little, and all the furball could do was whimper loudly and pant. Feeling it slip inside further and further with every motion, finally freeing his furred pouch from that soaked net.

A surprisingly slow thrust caused the furball to whine loudly before releasing another spray. Detecting one deep inside from the dragon over him as well, flooding his insides while keeping a decent amount of weight on the garment. Allowing it to remain mostly in place with every withdrawal, using the purple spines to get a firm grip during the retreat before sliding the panties further forward with the thrust. Stuffing it inside that tail as the furball begged for it, grinding over the purple weapon during the motions as he reached close to another climax.

One that the dragon seen coming. Taking a half step forwards and forcing Bartan to yelp, loving the wide-eyed expression of his reflection as the beast took another with the other leg. Forcing the bear closer and closer to the mirror, until he had no other choice but to climb up the wall around it. Letting the white one see his thick red tool and heavy pouch sway between his legs as the brass one stuffed the remains of the clothing deep inside the smaller one.

Increasing his speed faster and faster, Beo nuzzled against the huffing bear's neck. The frilled leash still caught firmly in his fangs as he pounded into that soft exposed rear. Loving how the furball's voice climbed higher and higher until that red rod started releasing ropes of orange. Painting the floor and bottom half of the mirror with translucent streaks, wildly spraying with every thrust of those metallic hips. Only speeding up faster and faster with the bear's cries of bliss.

Until the wyrm suddenly buckled his full length inside the smaller one, releasing a growl while lightly tugging on that collar. Beo's muscled arms thickening as his body braced and soon Bartan could feel a heavy pressure inside, growing and growing as his lower belly was filled with dragonseed. Still in place with the mirror, he could witness through the orange fluids a bulge in the apron. Growing larger and larger with every deep purr of the dragon, soon seeing those fluffy sides take up some of the resistance.

Floof started to fold over the belt and apron, further increasing the pressure against it.

Taking a few more motions before continuing to pump more and more seed into the furball. Making Bartan whine while putting a paw onto that taut belly, stretching larger and larger until the belt straps finally snapped! Allowing that gut to sag down against the red tool mid-spray. Releasing torrent after torrent onto the floor as the dragon adding a few more into that belly.

Then lead the bear with a few steps back, placing a gentle brass paw on the back of his neck and pressing that black muzzle against the drenched mirror. Letting that red tongue lap up Bartan's own seed before the behemoth took his own licks. Loving that candy orange taste it held and purring loudly while giving the white one a deep kiss, force feeding the furball his own juices before giving that tail another pound.

Another somewhat shocked look that was nearly begging for another thrust, one the dragon gladly granted. Harder than the previous one, progressively slamming into that fluffy rear as the beast lost himself mating with a living cumballoon. Stopping only to release a heavy load and force Bartan's underside to expand to the floor, and venture outwards slowly in all directions. Hearing him sing loudly in response as it grew tighter and tighter!

Then a faint whine in question when those brass forepaws grasped his sides, digging claws into the stretched walls as the behemoth hammered into him. Orange torrents already soaking the floors behind them as Bartan reached climax after climax, holding onto his own belly as it grew with the dozens upon dozens of torrents! Until it started to feel.. Bottle necked by the bra!

But the brass one had a plan, as usual. Reaching another barrage of pre before unleashing it into Bartan's rear! Letting it fill up his belly while still putting pressure on those sides! Getting some concerned whimpers and resistance before it all started to flood into the white one's chest! Specifically filling that bra out with floof at first, then feeling those brass paws move up to cup them.

Still flooding the bear's tailhole with blue torrents, the flow moved towards the chest. Beo's paws keeping the structure of cleavage as those twin 'body pillows' enlarged in sections, giving the impression that the bear's breasts were being pumped fuller and fuller! Filling up the bra, before overfilling it! Larger and larger, the snowy hills became before the outfit finally snapped!

The white gut spread outwards as more and more dragonseed flooded it. Breaking the mold in the chest into one large balloon of fluff, feeling the white one grasp his own belly as it grew tighter and tighter. Before flowing up to his neck a little, and some of that blue fluid started leaking out of Bartan's maw.

It was then that the dragon finally let go of the leash and once again gave the furball another deep kiss. A very deep kiss, while continuing to pump his balloon larger. Lapping into his own seed leaking from the bear muzzle, only to soon see some orange in the leak. Then a sudden break from the tender kiss, Beo pulling the panties from before out with his very fangs.

A look up at an angle where an ethereal camera appeared, posing for with the half drunk looking bear below. Stained undergarment still hanging off his bearded jaws as it took a photo and sent it. Hearing the white one below him whimper and give him a tender nuzzle, booping the snoot and making his white mate smile brightly. That is, until another torrent was filled, turning what was once tender love into embarrassed shock, while the wyrm grinned slyly. "You really didn't think that was all I had, did you?" A begging whimper in response as Beo gave another nuzzle and a lick. "I'm going to fill this entire room, the entire apartment, and then the entire building. Making records of just how long you last~" He purred deeply, making the white one swallow loudly, that fluffy tail swaying behind them with excitement.

The white fox left the store with several bags, walking them to another light blue dragon with several bags attached to him. One that shifted colors to yellow when the canine's phone rang. Getting her to look at it and smirk while the wyrm took a peek and changed colors once again to purple. "Nice." She stated, before packing up and the two taking off.

One now clearly hard and leaving behind a rainbow leak.