

Thank You (Falettinme Be Mice Elf Agin)

By Bartan Tirix

Featuring Amethysmus's character Yoder

One last set of lifts and the white bear was finished for the night. Placing the sets of weights down gently and fanning his large body with the opened Hawaiian shirt, letting his slightly round gut hang out over the belt of his cargo shorts. Thankful he didn't wear anything heavier, regardless of the winter season.

Removing the large discs and placing them on the proper wracks. Unlikely to be used again tonight, but there seemed to be more people in the public gym than expected. Making Yoder smile at the sight, feeling a warm glow in his chest as people attempted to improve their lives through exercise. Even if it was just at their own pace.

Though, one seemed to be doing it for the wrong reasons. Able to hear the grumbles through the standard vocals of a bench press, and even going so far as to do them solo without anyone watching over him! Doing a quick search with those caramel colored eyes to see if maybe they were just grabbing something really quick, but no one seemed to be spotting the large grey bear.

It made the white one uncomfortable, to the point where he walked over patiently as the 'beast' seemed to be pushing himself. Feral, not quite built for the bench that was easily two sizes smaller than him, and the bar packed with weights. Appearing within the vision of those brown discs and lightly taken aback from the four grey ears on the larger one's head. "Easy, easy." Yoder lightly coached him, helping the furred beast with placing the heavy weights back on the bar catchers. "You okay?"

"Y-yeah, sorry." The grey one panted, taking a few breaths to calm down. "It's not what you think..."

"That's not showing off?" The white bear half teased him, looking over the discs and doing the math. "You've got nearly 600 lbs on this thing."

"Just a rough night, and I tend to vent my frustrations with exercise."

"Without a spotter? Or in this case, two?" Those four grey ears lowered and Yoder could actually read him; the beast really was telling the truth.

"I... Didn't really want to disturb anyone else here, especially with the risk of..."

"Possibly hurting them-?"

"Accidentally dropping the bar on my collarbone, yes." That got a chuckle out of the white one. "I've done more than this before several times, I'm comfortable with the weight."

"I'm surprised, honestly." He watched the grey beast take a hold of the bar and pull it off the pegs. Having the smaller one watch over him. "What ails you?"

"Nothing special. Just airport troubles." The larger one grunted, not sounding nearly as frustrated at least now. "Bartan, by the way."

"Yoder. And yes, I've heard the city airport has been having issues lately. Some with staffing, some with weather. Being up north in winter doesn't really help much either."

"You can say that again." Bartan snorted. "I had a client that wanted to meet me here, missed his flight, didn't bother telling me he found someone else until yesterday morning through a drunk text." The slightly smaller bear listened as he kept an eye on the bar, actually resting his gaze between those spread hind legs with nothing but fluff to be seen. Making him slightly worried that maybe this one was taking steroids... But many of the other signs were not there. "And I've been trying to get back to Ferradessa since."

"That's a long way away." The white one mumbled a bit sadly, ready to catch the end of the set but the grey furball kept going.

"Yeah. Three canceled flights within 36 hours, and not a single hotel room within 100 miles from the airport. I was told there was one possibly up in this town, but it didn't have a phone number to call. Someone said it was walk-ins only so I thought I'd give it a shot..."

"And no vacancy?"

"I... Couldn't find the place." The beast admitted, looking a bit shy. "I came in here to get warmed up, but just found myself..."

"Frustrated?" The smaller one guided the heavy bar back onto the catchers, letting Bartan take a few breaths.

"Angry, yeah. Good place and use of that energy." A deep breath from that grey muzzle, as Yoder studied him. He definitely looked like a bear in some ways, but not one like himself. "I feel better now at least, but I still have to make myself a shelter."

"Shelter? In this cold?"

"It's something I've done before. I've already spotted a large snow bank that will work as a base, so I'll just dig a small cave there to spend the night." A sour look from the slightly smaller bear.

"Nonsense. How about you stay at my place instead?" Those four ears perked up, making Yoder chuckle at the sudden expression.

"R-really?" The white one nodded. "I don't want to disturb anyone..."

"It's fine. I live alone. Plenty of space, too."

"Are you certain? I don't mind paying if..." Bartan trailed off when the white paw brushed away the idea.

"Your company will be payment enough, Bartan." That made the grey one smile brightly, and him to return the same as he helped the beast up and they worked on taking the weighted discs off the bar in pairs.

"Are you absolutely sure, Yoder?"

"I can't leave somebody out in the cold. Especially with such abysmal luck." The white one teased, getting a shy chuckle from the larger one; having more than an extra head in height compared, now that the grey one was standing up. "Something good should come of it." Bartan took a step forwards and gently hugged the white polar bear, getting him to chuckle but detect a slight whimper. "What's wrong?"

"I just realized that I might not smell the greatest. Haven't had a shower in a few days due to..." Another small laugh from the smaller one. "Give me a few minutes." The beast let go and started towards the locker room.

"Actually..." It got Bartan's attention. "You may not be able to fit into their showers. They're made for anthros and are divided." Those four ears perked as his head tilted a little, looking in the direction of them. "But I do have a big shower at home, you're free to use it."

"Are you-?"

"-So long as you don't ask me if I'm sure." Yoder smiled, causing the larger one to chuckle. Though the beast gave a little bit of a shy-guilty look, he gave in with a nod. Following the white one as he went to collect his bag and the two left the building together.

The winter cold greeted them, along with a very bright moonlight. Making it much easier to see the small town that didn't seem to have too many streetlights. "It's not far from here." Yoder assured. "Just up this hill a little ways and across the street."

"It's a nice little town, honestly." The grey furball stated, looking about at the Xmas decor still on most of the buildings. "What do you do out here for a living?"

"Oh me? I just manage a tavern." A sudden puzzled look from Bartan. "The-"

"White Bear Tavern?" The smaller one chuckled.

"I thought you would recognize it."

"It's one of the places I called, but... I think it was closed?"

"For renovations, yes. A silly thing, really. Some cubs staying there sometime last week decided they wanted to have a water balloon fight." The beast's head tilted as those ears perked; a pair of them much more sideways. Making the white bear chuckle at the expression and the situation.

"A... Water balloon fight? In the middle of winter?" Yoder shrugged at the question.

"Apparently. Safe to say they got places without people noticing too much, only to start reporting 'water damages' within the rooms and tavern." The two shook their heads together. "Nothing a mop couldn't handle, buuuut the insurance wanted me to close it down until I got everything inspected. They should be sending somebody up by the weekend, and in the meantime..."

"You can't open for business until then." Bartan tossed his snout. "Silly definitely describes it."

"On the bright side, I get a few days off. But it has been a bit lonely since I haven't been seeing people for a while. Going out to the gym helped, but..." The white one mumbled a bit sadly, getting the attention of the darker brown eyes. Until Bartan nudged him to continue. "Mixed feelings about that place."

"Why-?" The grey beast interrupted himself with a breath, gears turning in his head. "...You were a weightlifter. I knew the name Yoder sounded familiar!" A modest but shy smile from the white bear. "You were a local legend around here."

"Until..." A noise in question from Bartan, urging him to continue. "I got disqualified- but not because of illegal practices."

"What happened?" The slightly larger one asked, getting the motion to follow Yoder safely across the street. Up ahead he could see the sign for the Tavern. "If you don't mind me asking."

"It's... Difficult to really explain. But the simple version is: they saw that I had a natural significant advantage over my weight class, and even the higher one above me. To 'Save the Sport', they had to let me go."

"Awww." Bartan said sadly. "That doesn't sound like something a coach would say. I'm

guessing...?"

"You are correct... Those higher up got word of a certain event and sent the ban notice. I at least got paid a good amount, enough to open this tavern, which started out as a bar at first." The white bear gestured to the building, but kept walking. The beast followed him without question. "Unfortunately, but there's no use dwelling in the past."

"Hopefully you were not accused of cheating." Yoder shook his head at the statement.

"No. My coach made sure of that, and he fought pretty hard to narrow out any accusations. But gossip sells, sadly. And some people would consider it a form of cheating, even though it was... Involuntary." A slightly confused look from Bartan, but he also didn't want to pry. "Here we are."

The two bears gazed up at a surprisingly large cabin beside the Tavern, maybe about half the size of it. Following Yoder up the front porch steps and admiring the craftsmanship of the structure while he unlocked the door, Bartan couldn't help but smile at it. Let alone the view it gave off; seeing the faint glow of lights from the many other buildings while giving a vista of the snowy mountains. Three of them making a large valley down below. "That is gorgeous." The larger one whispered aloud, getting the attention of the white bear and watching him take a look as well.

"It still gives me excited chills, after all these years." Yoder replied, inviting the grey one inside, trying to brush the snow off his four paws and move forwards enough into the darkness for the owner to get inside and close the door. "The light is right beside you."

A look around and Bartan found it, illuminating the front area, but discovering several other switches nearby. Flicking on a couple more to light up nearly a full two 'room' cabin; being divided by large support pillars. Sections for a kitchen and its counters, a large dining table, and a larger bed. A stairway leading downstairs, and an opened door to another room. "I take it that's your restroom?"

"Yep, and the shower's taking up at least half of it. I hope you don't mind that there's only one bed. I have-"

"Not at all." Bartan answered rather quickly, instantly freezing in place and blushing a bit as

Yoder chuckled. "S-sorry, I didn't mean to be so straightforward."

"It's okay, really. But if you need anything, feel free to ask." A slight whimper got his attention as the larger one looked a little more shy. "What is it?"

"W-well, I... Was hoping you could help me shower." That made Yoder's round ears perk up in question. "-I-I mean, help me... Turn on the shower? Sometimes I always found them kind of picky a-and..." Another soft chuckle as the white bear nodded and led the way. "M-maybe... Want to take one with me?" A head shake from the smaller one but that didn't stop him from beckoning the grey.

"You are definitely a strange one."

"W-what I mean is, it can be hard to reach... Certain places."

"I know. And I don't mind. Though I'll be honest, I'm slightly disappointed that you don't have..." The beast followed him inside the large bathroom, nearly the size of a locker room, really. Making a noise in question as he admired the space. "Unless they really are buried underneath your coat." Those grey ears perked and tilted, only to look underneath his own tail.

"O-oh! Right. I hid those for public decency." Without explanation, the white one witnessed Bartan pulling his own tail before speaking. "Return package." Making Yoder raise an eyebrow before clearly seeing the larger bear's pouch and sheath quickly grow between those hind legs. Very fluffy, a thick black stripe dividing the twin-cantaloupe sized balls. Just slightly bigger than the white one's own. Actually making Yoder blush at the sight as the beast double taked. "Sorry. S-should I have given a warning?"

"N-no, it's okay. Just... Really unexpected is all. You can shapeshift?"

"In a round-about way, kind of. Long story involving a wizard coughing up a remote control on my backside." Some awkward silence as those carmel eyes focused on the furballs, causing the beast to cough faintly. "-How does the shower work?" The grey one lightly whimpered, trying to move the conversation, helping the smaller bear to snap out of it and open the door for him.

But to Yoder's surprise, the beast gently moved behind his white self. "But first..." Bartan

spoke in a purr with a slightly nervous shift, sliding those large paws up the host's plushy form gently and resting both along the back of his white neck. "We should probably get you out of these clothes." He patiently took the opened Hawaiian shirt and began sliding it off with the aid of the white one. Even though Yoder was lightly shaking his head at the corny line. "No need to do laundry at the same time." That time Bartan got a chuckle from the smaller one, even making him do the same. "I've never been good at coy talk." The grey furball admitted.

"I can't say I know someone who does." Yoder teased, motioning where to toss the shirt and seeing it get launched through the air. "Are you comfortable with this, Bartan? I don't want you to feel like you need to repay me with..." A large grey paw gently pulled his light colored muzzle towards one side where it met with the larger one. Feeling it open with a soft kiss, then a second much stronger one. Letting their tongues connect and slide against one another for several moments, not really noticing the sneaky off-hand paw venture down the round belly.

Not until it slid into those shorts, cupping Yoder's already swollen sheath and deepening the smaller bear's breaths. Becoming a little bit more assertive as the soft grey fluff began to brush against his fleshy tip, while Bartan's other paw stroked that belly in rotations. The two purred louder and louder as the beast continued exploring the white host, sliding down to make out a large set of balls that strained the cargo shorts. Actually feeling Yoder quickly undo his belt and button to open them up as he became more erect.

The purrs morphed into growls of affection as Bartan's other paw slid down into the now opened space. Using both to study the hidden area; circling around that large white pouch before up and around the growing black shaft. Stimulating the white one to the point where his own hands grabbed Bartan's forearms, but didn't attempt to stop his studies.

All this while still lightly wrestling their tongues, fangs locking and purrs being exchanged. Heated breaths nearly creating a faint wave of heat as their tails wagged with excitement (even if one was incredibly short). Mapping out each other's maws while Bartan's paws massaged and moved around the white one's crotch.

Eventually, the two grey hands began to part and slide over the thighs, still within the shorts. Making their way around, dull claws combing Yoder's hamstrings and up his backside before making circles around it. Spreading those rounded cheeks apart before squishing them back together during their rotations. Eventually pulling the clothing down as the beast broke the kiss, releasing a very heated exhale as he attempted to regain control of his instincts. "I-if I don't stop now, I'll probably end up mounting you before we even get in the shower."

The smaller one chuckled. "It was a nice way of breaking the ice." Yoder gave the grey muzzle a few chin scratches before stepping out of his clothing and leading the large one inside. Though hearing Bartan brush the shorts and shirt off in the corner before following, whimpering something about tripping over them under his blushing breaths.

The shower was nearly a large glass cube about the size of a small garage, almost allowing Bartan to stand on his hind legs. Several shower heads, all flexible and a few detachable, covered the angled ceiling as Yoder fiddled with the controls. A large supported bar was able to be pulled down and locked in place for ferals to place their paws on, allowing easier access to their underbelly. "Wow... This must've cost a fortune."

"It kind of did, but most of the work was done due to a sponsorship a while back." The white bear adjusted the knobs for water temperature, letting the water come out with relatively higher pressure than normal. "The ones who owned the cabin before me were ferals, but had such a cramped bathroom. However, I had no need for a walk-in closet." He smiled, watching the beast nearly bunt the spraying water against his grey face while lapping at it.

"Not to mention clothing is often too warm?" The two nodded in understanding as Yoder brought over a single hosed shower head, while several others aimed at the two. Drenching them in a matter of seconds, but neither seemed to mind or be affected. Brushing the side of the larger one's neck and getting the concentrated streams of water behind those four ears. "Y-yeah, clothing can be quite restrictiv- O-oh... That's nice..." Another bright smile from the white bear.

"Indeed. Perfectly fine for winter, but as soon as it starts to get warmer, I want to leave the clothes behind. Unfortunately I don't have the means to..." The smaller one looked down at Bartan's package, lightly blushing again at the sight of them. "I don't have the means of... Making them disappear?"

"K-kind of. It's difficult to explain but it is closer to 'putting them into temporary space' for a time, while also giving the area a 'cap' to place into. Because otherwise bad things would happen..." Yoder looked at him with a bit of confusion and the beast blushed a bit. "I-it's complicated, but less of my own doing and more..."

"That wizard's?" A questionable look from the grey one, causing his ears to perk up but accidentally get water into one of them. Making that head shake a few times while the white

bear chuckled. "That can happen in here."

"It always feels weird to be able to hear out of one of them but not the other." Bartan grumbled in disappointment. "And what wizard- OH! Right! Him. Uh..."

"No?"

"N-not really. It was... Someone else that is going to be *really* hard to explain." A slightly embarrassed look from the beast. "N-not bragging by any means, but I have friends in high places."

"Just not high enough to get you in a plane." Yoder teased, getting the larger one to snort playfully.

"They can't perform Miracles." The two shared a chuckle. "But often enough... Things happen for a reason." The grey beast smiled brightly at the white bear, getting one back as his thick coat was being pet and rinsed out. "Fish!" A strange look from those carmel eyes. "I completely forgot to get shampoo."

"Don't worry about that, I have plenty. But let's get you rinsed off first." A shy nod from the large feral as he felt the slightly smaller paws adjust his fluff. Digging deep into his coat and giving access for the water to begin doing its job, even with the pressure it was surprisingly difficult to get to the very base. Moving down his side and working on his haunches. "Are you always this thick?"

A sharp whimper was heard over the raining water, making Bartan double take and blush at the slightly smaller bear with a shocked expression. Only to get a relatively calm look from Yoder. "Your coat, is it always like this all season?"

"O-oh! My-?" Another whimper as the beast interrupted himself.

"Yes, what did you think I was...?" The white one stopped himself as the two sets of brown eyes looked at each other, then on Yoder's extended free arm. Buried into the grey one's fluffy hip, taking a few moments for it to finally click in and make those white ears blush a little bit. "Oh." He chuckled, soon making Bartan join him in it. Though, curiosity got the better of the

white bear, and he gave the hind hip a few squeezes. "You are... Quite firm."

"I-it seems to come naturally like this." The grey furball admitted, feeling him move on and around. Starting with over the tail, then going under when a thought suddenly came up. "P-please be careful around-" A sudden hug was felt as Yoder knelt down and embraced that fluffy behind, the water muffling out Bartan's warning as he slightly tensed up. Feeling that long snout nuzzle up and down directly underneath his tail, making the grey one release a few whimpers.

"Is this hurting you?" The white bear stopped with concern.

"Hurting? N-no, but it's a very... Sensitive area..." That actually made Yoder a bit more curious as he began rubbing the fluffy grey rear. Around the darker hills that made Bartan's haunches, down the hamstrings were getting a slight few whines from the larger one. Cupping those large balls with a vertical black stripe dividing them, but surprisingly no real difference in Bartan's vocals. Perhaps spending a little too much time studying them as the white one admired such plush and size.

Well, if it wasn't those, then what was this 'secret sensitive spot'? Perhaps up at the usual...? Those white paws started sliding up the plump pouch, detecting the feral's whines begin to increase as Yoder kept his eyes on that rear entrance. Moving across the space between those furballs and tailh- Only to suddenly hear a sharp whine and a few pants from the larger one. Causing the white bear to freeze for a moment, easily realizing he didn't get up to the tail's base yet. "T-that would be it."

That curious white paw once again returned down to the base of the heavy pouch. Gliding it up the black fluffy stripe as the slight whimpers grew, until finally arriving at the very top where the contrasts switched to grey, like the rest of his coat. The pants grew louder as Yoder brushed upwards, tickling some of the longer fluff until a straining whine left the bear. Followed by a specific squirt on the floor underneath the larger one.

It made the white bear smile, but double taking when there was some color in the water heading to the drains. A warmer set, making Yoder worry that it was blood as he moved around to see the canine-like tool dripping water and... Orange? Barely detecting Bartan double taking at the sudden shift in the smaller one's position. "I-it looks more threatening than it actually is, don't worry."

"I was thinking that you were wounded."

"Wounded?" Those four ears perked, taking a moment to put two and two together. "Oh! Oh... U-uh..." A noise in question as the beast blushed again. "T-that's normal." A chuckle from the white bear.

"An interesting choice of word."

"O-oh, right. Normal for me, I suppose. It's supposed to be orange." A white eyebrow raised. "...And smell citrusy." A couple of blinks at the grey beast as he whimpered and lowered his head a little. "A-and... Taste like..."

"Seriously?" Another whine from Bartan but Yoder was just too curious. Moving closer underneath the larger one as he began to take a step back, making the white bear wonder if he was moving too fast. Only to spot the beast observer and test the large support bar above him, questionably looking at it and the owner of the home to see if it was okay to use that at his size. Getting a nod from the smaller one and help guide that large grey body upwards, leaving Bartan kind of 'standing up' and giving Yoder a lot more room to move underneath the beast.

Let alone plenty of light to observe the strange canine tool; a deep red with a series of large spines creating three trails down to that plump sheath. Looking sharp at first, but upon a careful touch, could see how flexible and soft they were. The soft wet and white fur causing the long grey tail behind those legs to sway happily as the smaller bear stroked the flesh.

After such observations, concluding that the rather spiny looking tool wasn't harmful, the white bear got a bit more brave. Stroking it with both paws, testing the 'teeth' to see if they would possibly catch on anything. Though they could definitely be felt easily they were quite soft and flexible, not ending in a sharper point like one would expect by looking at it.

A pant was heard above, making the white one smile as he stroked and overlooked the fleshy tower's design: a single row of those spines forming from the tool's very upmost center, while two others made a pair below. Dividing near the weapon's very tip and flowing down the shaft as if to give it corners. Definitely something unique, much like Yoder's own.

And he loved that. Giving it a few more strokes with both paws and hearing the beast connected to it purr loudly as the white snout inched closer and closer to that twitching tip. His

paws sliding down and back with the rhythm of his own breaths, every second motion going around that thick sheath before returning. Making Bartan lightly growl at the teasing as his tail swept the wet floor with impatience.

Only for that black snout to make contact with the red fleshy tip, booping it and causing a jolt of reflex to be launched on top of Yoder's snout. The thick orange substance, having the high viscosity like that of a syrup, slowly crawled down the sides of his snout. Using his small whiskers as handlebars as the citrus scent filled the small area. Undeniable that it was that of oranges, much like the grey bear said. But did it really taste like...?

Another grumble of restlessness from the slightly larger one, just before those droplets slid down into Yoder's open maw. Causing his tongue to make contact with one and the flavor immediately flood his senses with that of a sweet candy. Warm, but somehow very satisfying. Making that appendage collect the other droplet and as much as their trail down his muzzle as it could.

Delicious. An absolute delicacy that he wanted more of. Pressing his soft furred lips up to the tip of that red rocket and feeling it throb with excitement, gifting the bear once more with a tasty jolt. One that was immediately slurped up in the middle of that kiss, making the beast above growl again but with happiness. More so when the white one began taking more of that tool in his maw.

Another leaky jolt of the syrup was given and soon enough Yoder found himself addicted to the strange substance. Constantly pawing and muzzling off the red shaft for another taste; knowing just where the vault of it was stored. Those caramel eyes glazed over onto the heavy grey pouch before him, not interrupting his work but definitely making him hungry for it. Almost wanting Bartan's entire tank of the syrup to be stored into his own white gut, making the smaller one blush at the thought.

But for now, he was satisfied with just pleasuring the grey one. Judging by his vocals, Yoder's work was definitely satisfactory; the deep purrs, the heavy pants. The occasional adjusting of his hind paws- only to feel one of the fores against the back of the white one's neck! As if holding him in place while the beast began to move those grey hips in and out. Not fully thrusting, but beginning the motions; unable to keep still as the smaller one muzzled him off.

The weapon itself felt a bit larger than it looked while inside, but nothing about it felt

dangerous, surprisingly. Being cautious while that dark blue tongue slipped out over the bottom lines of spines, concluding the same thing as before. Feeling more like fleshy little nubs than actual points or thorns. Flexible, and swaying easily with the movement of that appendage, giving it a lot more comfort to explore them.

And explore them Yoder did. Sliding his muscle across the red flesh as it twitched in his maw. Encouraging him to go further, to take in more while rewarding the white bear with that wonderful taste. Almost losing himself in the motions and the sounds of water underneath the thick vocals of purrs. Playful growls, and huffs as the larger one shifted his stance again and again.

Until Bartan eventually stepped down off of the bar, nearly curling himself over the smaller bear as he continued his work. Giving back rubs of encouragement with those large grey paws, kneading and flexing dull claws into his back as if massaging it. Doing this for several minutes while the white one continued his exploration along the canine-like weapon until he got a large reaction out of the beast, followed by an equally large squirt.

Big enough to cause Yoder to withdraw and enjoy the flavor of Bartan's nectar while the grey one calmed down a little... Or so he thought. The grey paws sliding down the white one's sides as they combed through his fur, then gave him a strange hug... No, it was a hold? What was the beast planning-?

Yoder soon felt himself being lifted up by the larger one with... A minor struggle, being probably heavier than Bartan expected. Rotating his grey self and falling down onto his back, leaving the white bear resting on top of the beast who was now facing up. Then rolling Yoder's body to face down over his package, while a large snout began playfully nudging and exploring the white one's own! That tongue sliding over the black tool while those large paws continued to massage Yoder's sides.

It was the white one's time to release a huff now, adjusting himself so the beast could have better access to his girthy bear-design; flat-head and all. Giving Bartan a few minutes for his tongue to slide across every inch of the flesh, and even a little into Yoder's protection which came to quite the surprise. Leaving the smaller one in pants while those paws combed down his backside and gave his rear a tender squeeze.

But he couldn't leave the beast unattended. With the water still over them, Yoder adjusted

himself a little to better access the canine tower. Keeping his paws in reach of those large fluffy orbs as he stroked them in circles, each one inching their way back in behind the furballs to that secret spot. The closer the white one got the more vocal Bartan became, slightly muffled as he started taking in the black weapon.

There was a slight difference between their heights, but it didn't deter the two too much. The grey one was far from the only one with secrets and abilities, but his were not so easily accomplished. In the meantime, the host focused on stroking the red tool with one paw while reaching what he could of that grey furred balloon with the other. Lapping at the tip with that muscle as it twitched in reflex, loving the attention. Leaking more and more of those precious juices that Yoder found himself instinctively gathering with his dark tongue.

Almost there, sliding that off-hand inbetween the large pouch and hind leg was like squeezing through a thick forest of soft grey. Finally detecting some fresh air and wetness from the other side as it searched for that special spot between the tailhole and where Bartan's pouch began. Instantly making out a sharp whimper in a gasp from below his white self as that canine weapon released a jolt.

It was one that Yoder missed sadly, getting swept away from the constant rain over them. A lesson learned the hard way, taking the tip in his maw once again before stroking that special area. Playing the beast like an instrument as the 'smaller' one experimented with different strokes, presses, and brushes along that sensitive spot. It was like turning on a strange faucet tapped directly to that pouch as it started to fill up the polar bear's muzzle with that orange juice.

"C-careful..." Bartan mumbled out, trying to continue his own tasks on Yoder's lower half, but it was hard to concentrate. Every soft brush was jamming his thoughts, scrambling his body's commands as it began to squirm a little underneath the white body. Beginning to brace Yoder's form in place as he thrustured into his muzzle, a symphony of huffs, growls and pants leaving the beast as more of that orange flavor jolted out.

A little too much over time, forcing the white one to swallow it faster as the sweet syrup began leaking out the corners of his maw. Absolutely drenching it with that immense flavor as the large beast underneath him growled deeply in a purr then huffed several times. A bit too early, Yoder thought to himself, but it was definitely nice-

Only to feel Bartan begin gently thrusting into his maw! Bracing that white body in place as he urges the host to continue his work. Still leaking more of his juices that danced along Yoder's dark tongue, while the beast continued to muzzle off the slightly smaller bear's weapon.

Was that not his climax? Perhaps just a load of pre from edging? The 'careful' warning echoed through Yoder's head again, making him slightly wonder what Bartan meant by it. However, judging by the still bloated grey pouch before him- one those carmel eyes swore had gotten bigger since he last looked. Brushing it off as just 'it looks bigger while the beast was on his back', when maybe...?

A large wave of pleasure echoed through his white body, starting from the grey snout. Making the smaller one huff while that red tool was still in his maw, causing him to slightly lose balance and need to re-adjust himself. Pulling that reaching paw out from between the grey pouch and hip, lightly brushing the sensitive fluff in the process as Yoder restructured himself- only to spot that very pouch churn and pulse a little larger.

The sight made the white one blush... Well, even more so than he already was, considering his current position. Can this furball grow like he does? Feeling around the furballs for a bit longer and they definitely seemed fuller, but it was difficult to tell due to the change in position. Beginning to slide his paw around them once again, another wave of bliss passed through the white one.

It actually caused the host to withdraw the canine tool from his muzzle and shake the intense wave out. Leaving Yoder panting for a few moments as those large grey paws slid across his hamstrings and played around with his own plump pouch. Massaging it tenderly as the beast took a firm hold over that black lower horn, throwing out warnings of concern for the bear it was attached to before feeling Bartan suck.

Such a blissful wave soared through Yoder's large body, making him grip that grey fur tightly and huff. Unable to help himself as a heavy squirt of pre was pulled into that beast's muzzle, patiently being lapped up and giving the white bear time to recover his slightly scrambled brain. Almost playing with the jolt as that black shaft was washed with it before Bartan resumed, that red tongue studying the black flesh. Everything from the thick flat head and opening where the juices leaked, to the smoothness of the shaft.

What did he say his job was again...? Yoder's mind couldn't quite recall if he even asked him.

Remember something about a 'client', figuring it was just some business meeting. But this furball was a little too good at this; the perfect pressure against that tongue, sliding across the right spots along that black flesh. The tip of the muscle prodding his protective sheath at the very base, not even mentioning how those paws moved...! Bartan has done this before, he's had to.

It was extremely hard for the white one to concentrate as another few squirts were released to satisfy the beast. Actually feeling the bottom one slow down a bit so Yoder could recover, that grey muzzle completely withdrawing and bunting his white rear. Making the top one smile and look behind, catching his breath. "What... What did you say your job was?"

A chuckle from the beast. "I'm a Companion. Like an Escort of sorts."

"T-that explains it." The two shared a small laugh. "As much as I want to continue, I don't want to rush things too quickly-"

"Don't worry about that." Bartan blurted out before he could stop himself, freezing in place and whimpering a little as he attempted to hide behind Yoder's eyes using that white back end. "I... Can uh... Keep going, so long as I have like 5 minutes to rest afterwards."

"Really?" The grey one answered with a whimpering nod. "You too...?" That one made Bartan's ears perk up a little but he nodded. It was one of the better things the white bear could've heard at that moment, immediately returning to muzzle off the red canine tool and hear the beast gasp loudly. Exhaling a heated huff directly over the black flesh as the two continued to muzzle each other off. Memorizing the designs by heart; Bartan's canine with the series of soft spines, and Yoder's thick flat head with the smooth flesh.

They built each other up with the work of their tongues and paws; massaging whatever they made contact with. Each leaking heavily as their breaths geared up, finding their rhythms and syncing them together. Almost like a dance that was being led by an ambient instrumental, both singing along with their muffled vocals.

The two polar bears took turns letting out heavy huffs and jolts of pre into the other's maws, giving the other time to enjoy the small gift as they leveled out. Edging themselves closer and closer, attempting to see how far they could push each other before one began to climax. Doing very well for several minutes of lapping and drawing the pre from those colored tools, until the

beast pulled a little too hard. Causing Yoder's body to finally cross the line.

Luckily, the white one still had some time before his form locked up. Sucking that red weapon and working that secret spot on Bartan as he whimpered blissfully underneath. Hearing and feeling those large grey balls churning as it began pumping out a lot of pre, forcing the larger one to climax close to the same time as the host. Weapons throbbing in their maws while steadily leaking before torrents of seed began absolutely drenching them! So much of it that fluids began to leak out the corners inbetween swallows.

But the two tried to drink as much as they could, gripping each other's back ends to brace themselves in place. The satisfying warmth was felt making its way down to their bellies, filling them up rather quickly before beginning to round out and stretch. Each soon beginning to press against the bottom of the other's jaws, both equally as surprised at the other's output!

The bears soon found themselves embracing those enlarging guts; letting the bellies fold around their limbs as the torrents began to slow down. Topping them off and leaving the two panting heavily, blushing but unable to keep themselves from holding onto those bloated middles. "That was a good first round~" Bartan spoke up after catching his breath, nuzzling the still leaking black weapon as a chuckle echoed and noticing just how full those white furballs still were... Perhaps even just a bit larger before they even started the session. "I'm honestly suspecting we're a lot more alike than I realized."

"W-well-" Yoder started, only to be interrupted by his gut gurgling loudly between the beast's paws. Making the larger one ease up on his studies when the churning and noise didn't let up, but there didn't seem to be any sign of pain from the white bear. After a moment, Yoder's belly began to shrink back into his body, while the rest of his form started to grow! Flowing into his muscle structure underneath that white winter coat, causing quite a few of the basic muscles to bulge beneath it and nearly be observed in detail.

Arms, chest, neck, abs, everything was being affected. Back, behind, and legs as well, all in front of Bartan's eyes. Easily making the beast blush and whimper as the host seemed to 'upsized' while over him, actually making Yoder the larger one of the two in the end! Leaving the white one embarrassed and silent as the shower poured over them, waiting for a response from the now smaller grey one.

"...Ohhhh..." Bartan finally spoke up in a loud whisper. "Thiiiiissss is why you were

disqualified. 'Superior Advantage' makes a lot more sense now."

"Y-yes." Yoder shyly said, though feeling a lot better about the situation once he felt his back end get hugged and nuzzled by the fluffy beast. "I haven't been able to fully understand it either, nor really control it..."

"Hence why they had to let you go. Not to mention, no one around here would really know the medical side of things. Unable to understand it safely enough for you to continue doing it." A couple of squeezes against the newly added snowy thighs. "Is this... Magic? Or?"

"I'm... Honestly not certain." Yoder blushed a little bit, getting off and slightly stretching out his body to get rid of some very minor kinks before double taking at that round gut on Bartan. Watching it wobble as it equalized across his entire grey underside. "I've... Always been able to do it, however growing up as a teen it was very minor whereas I didn't really gorge myself."

"Just kinda blamed it on teenage appetite and growth?"

"Because that's what was considered normal at the time. Until the one time I did overeat at an eating contest..." Another deep blush as the beast rolled up to his feet, letting that belly hang down and look even rounder when he sat on his haunches. Along with those plump balls and tool being sandwiched between the grey fluffs. "But I never expected it to happen during..."

"Sex?" A slight whimper from the white one as he nodded. "M-most people don't really have my output, I-I admit that and should've warned you earlier-" A slight grunt from Bartan as his own belly began to shrink into his body, and those grey furballs began to expand. Forcing him to stand up as they drooped heavily between his legs, as if the gut drained all the juices directly into that pouch... More like a large garbage bag's volume at this point. "T-that one is actually normal."

"To you, perhaps." The white one quipped, still blushing and getting the two to chuckle. "We really are kind of alike, aren't we? Different but... Alike."

"Oddly so." Bartan smiled, walking up to the now slightly taller white one and giving him a bunt and a smooch. "Wow, it grew everything on you, didn't it?" A blush from the host as his bicep was examined. "Would you like to continue?"

"W-with-?"

"The shower?" A sharp whimper as Yoder was interrupted with a bit of a double take, instantly making the beast chuckle and nudge him. "I'm joking. Obviously there's no point in taking one if we're just going to need another afterwards~" Another stun from the white one as Bartan made his way out of the shower, almost purposely shifting his hips while he walked and causing that enormous pouch to jiggle with his movements. Knowing quite well that those caramel eyes were on them. Though stopping before he fully left to glance at the host. "Yoder? Mind getting the water?"

"R-right." The white bear moved forwards to shut the shower off, trying to shake himself dry while the grey one did the same. Almost coating the entire room again with liquids while his shaggy coat seemed to sway everywhere. Puffing out from neck to tail before returning to a much more normal flow of his structure, if not still a tad damp. The beast then opened the shower door and walked out, taking a nearby towel off the rail carefully with his jaws and turning about. Opening it up to invite the white one inside, making the host smile. "You're too kind."

"In some perspectives~" Bartan purred, wrapping the large towel around the white bear's body and strongly drying off his slightly enlarged form. "Some would accuse me of being a lustful glutton; putting you into a position where you're forced to be subjected to my touch out of social courtesy." The guest teased, nearly giving Yoder a massage as the towel... 'Did its best' to dry him off. Even after accidentally dropping it the grey furball continued to stroke his body, not even being coy as a paw occasionally paid a visit to that still erect black tool. "Shall we continue this into the bedroom? I'd like to see how else I can trigger this... Talent of yours."

A soft chuckle from the now slightly taller host, leading the way into the main room with the bed. A large thing made probably out of two California Kings in terms of size, stitched together into one giant mattress. An object that almost always reminded the white one of loneliness, and the one night he got to share it with someone actually made him a bit nervous.

But a gentle paw was felt on Yoder's strong shoulder, leading him to turn around and meet those darker brown eyes. Ones flowing with patience and confidence- not in the grey one's self, but in the host's own wants and desires. Turning the slightly taller one around fully and giving him a soft kiss without speaking a word, only to feel Yoder continue it. As if giving his consent while the beast leaned forwards more and more.

Eventually causing the two males to fall onto the large mattress with a heavy flop; the grey bear on top with the white below facing up. Smiling at the silly stunt as they continued to lap within each other's maws, detecting their flavors within from the earlier position while their paws gripped their opposing bodies. Giving strength with no intent to harm the other whatsoever, but too restless to remain still while their maw's muscles wrestled.

Purrs were exchanged as waves of heat leaked out from their maws, each hungry for the other's attention for that moment while the feral grey one adjusted himself slightly. Allowing Yoder to feel that red tool slide up on top of his black one, the spines rubbing against it while the weapon leaked. Thrusting forwards in a froth while their heavy pouches squished against each other.

Bartan went for as long as he could before feeling his instincts lash out, releasing a thick jolt of orange onto that white muscled belly and claim it was ready to fill it up. Sliding that red rod back down, nearly drawing a warm wet line over the throbbing black weapon and sheath. Dividing the white heavy sack down the middle momentarily as the fluff nearly engulfed that canine tip while it ventured down and down. Resting against the small white tail's underside where the beast once again tested his own patience, lost in the movements of their maws.

Which didn't last too long, as the grey one took a frustrated breath, clearly irked by his own logical side and lightly taking it out against the strong partner. Pinning the white one down into the mattress to ensure his prey did not move, Bartan's weapon began prodding that tailhole. Pressing gently in circles or loops, a little harder with every rotation. Loving the small song the host was whimpering out with every nudge against the sensitive area, the spear-like flare opening up his back end wider and wider.

Until another heavy brace and a slow but steady press into that tailpipe, constantly leaking and finally sliding its way inside the white bear. Making Yoder gasp loudly within the locked maws, then a little higher pitch when Bartan ventured in a little deeper. Feeling that fleshy weapon throb heavily and release a small barrage of comforting warmth into the slightly taller one.

The two paused for a moment, breaking the kiss and releasing panting huffs. Still embracing each other while their bodies were overwhelmed with sensitivity. That tool constantly twitching inside the white one while Yoder's own black weapon was sandwiched between two fluffy bellies. Getting pampered by the soft fluff before the grey one began to shift his hips in and out. Adding a slight rotation, like that of a locomotive.

The bed began to creak as the two started to lap at each other's snouts. Digging their dull black claws into each other's coat as pleasure waves thrashed through them. Hugging the other tightly before going back to muzzlelocks while the beast began railing the taller bear a little faster.

Leaks and jolts soaked their bellies and the host's inners in a matter of minutes, neither caring about it flowing onto the bed as it continued to groan underneath their own vocals. A mix of purrs and growls as they filled the silence of the dim room; aided by the cool night's moon. Lost in a constant motion of heavy thrusts as that grey tail whipped into the darkness.

Eventually they were getting so heavy against the padded rear that it was causing Yoder's legs to 'kick upwards' with every other thrust. Throwing them higher and higher before finally wrapping around Bartan's waist and locking at the ankles. Leaving that white rear vulnerable for a heavy pounding as Bartan adjusted himself, gazing into those carmel eyes as if to ask if he was sure.

The slight nod was all the grey one's instincts needed to fully thrust into the host, letting the two howl out in bliss in sync for a moment while torrents began to refill that white belly. Bulging it out from the muscled gut it once had, returning it to a slightly doughy roundness before the beast continued. Mounting Yoder hard, only stopping when the pleasure locked up his legs for several more sprays. Pumping up that white middle more and more, eventually causing a little bit of an orange leak from the corner of Yoder's maw- which was very quickly lapped up by Bartan and then he kissed deeply to share such a thing.

Yet, the beast started up again, not fretting by any loss from the withdrawals as he continued his pounding motions. Taking a paw to feel the white belly then embracing Yoder tightly while giving a few small humps before several more squirts. Detecting the slight growth from the middle as the host whimpered a bit in bliss, swearing he was feeling a slight bulge at the hilt. But his nerves were too overwhelmed by the red weapon's design and throbs to fully confirm such a thing.

Until it became bigger, densing more and more with every thrust while widening his back end. Taking no time for it to swell just a tad too much inside his body, making the beast tug a few times and growl heavily in pleasure as immense waves surged through the two. But the white bear just braced Bartan in place for a moment, getting his attention for those eyes to lock. Nearly having a conversation through huffs, whines and pants, resulting in a synced decision.

The beast kept his motions up to the best of his ability, but no longer attempting to squeeze the knot completely out. Hearing the host's blissful cries grow higher and higher in pitch as it grew, eventually causing the black tool sandwiched between their bellies to erupt in a geyser. Lapping at the torrents that made their ways through the white and grey forests only to be abducted by tongues during its escape.

But still, that bulge continued to grow inside Yoder! Much bigger than he imagined he could even take, and occasionally getting several torrents added to that already bloated middle of his. Each barrage making him wonder exactly when Bartan climaxed, only to then start hearing those rapid breaths climb in the beast's vocals.

The host felt a tight hug against his belly, already feeling so full before the grey one even started his orgasm! How would his gut be able to hold the rest? "You'll...!" Bartan growled between his breaths. "You'll be...! Okay...! J-just...! Enjoy-!" His own bestial roar interrupted as what could only be described as a fire hose was turned on in that white rear! Flooding everything up to that belly!

Some warning signs like that of over-eating were sent as that white gut felt like it bulged out to its very limit, before surging past it. Overflowing and bloating around the hugging grey beast as that belly stretched outwards like a large durable balloon. Being pumped fuller and fuller, but growing with a supernatural ease! Reaching double that of Yoder's own volume by itself before prying Bartan from his embrace slowly!

It was like a giant furred water-mattress being filled up over the white one, eventually forcing him to actually release the beast from his leg hold around the grey one's back. Instead holding onto that enlarging belly along with the host, releasing several whimpers of concern that were nearly interrupted by constant waves of pleasure as it grew and grew underneath their chins.

Fuller and fuller that gut got, morphing around their grasping paws with ease and flexibility. Paying no threat to their dull claws as their instincts forced them to grip, nearly reaching up to five times the host's normal volume before slowing to a stop. Through the groaning and churning inside, Bartan's huffs could be heard from the other side. Almost lapping against the large stuffed white pillow while he was still locked in, releasing several jolts into the grumbling belly.

Something that grew louder, making the two a little concerned. No pain was felt yet, but it did

feel... Unusually warm, specifically in Yoder's chest as it and the belly began stretching and morphing a little. As if gathering into his chest, heating it up like a furnace to convert it into a growth serum before distributing into his limbs. The warmth gliding down the surface of his bones before spreading into the sinew, causing the muscles themselves to begin enlarging while the belly started deflating.

Not only that, but it felt like his bones were growing too! At a very slightly delayed and slower rate, feeding off the energy from the warmth that laminated them. Causing the white bear to upsize slowly over the bed in slow and steady pulses. His muscles along his arms swelling greatly, showing off their structure from within the winter coat; biceps and tris bulging out along with the deltoids. The muscles in his forearms thickening up as the strange energy flowed down slowly through his hands, swelling out his digits all in a row.

As the bloated middle shrank, it began replacing it with a sturdy wall. The muscles in his collar became defined while his pecs swelled up, creating a series of paired abs following down below while the rest of Yoder's body grew and grew. His behind bubbling out and becoming firm; outgrowing the knot that was barely tied inside.

The white legs surrounding Bartan enlarged along with as well with the same growing form, and soon after the host's package began doing the same. Replacing the once bloated belly in front of the grey beast with a swollen pair of balls instead! Finally pushing out the guest and pinning him against the floor with a muffled yelp.

His large heart raced while the dense muscles within pulsed with the last spurts of growth. Giving Yoder an excited rush as he panted, barely fitting into his own bed anymore and actually feeling the top of his head against the wall. Fighting the addictive urge to find more substance to sustain his growth as he felt Bartan paw his way out from underneath his white package. Releasing an expected whimper as those chestnut eyes observed the results. "Oh my."

"That feels amazing..." The white bear growled in pleasure.

"I know it probably did. Growth is, uh..." That actually made Yoder release a noise in question and look up at the blushing beast, faintly looking away as if he said too much. "I've... Had my own experiences..." The grey beast admitted. "...Okay, a lot of experiences."

"But stopped at about the ten foot mark so you could just barely squeeze through

doorways?" The larger white bear chuckled, clearly relating.

"T-this is a good default to stop but I mean..." Another puzzled look after the grey one gestured his own form. "Being able to reduce your structure down to..." The strange gaze was making Bartan blush more the longer it lingered.

"Reduced it...?" A nod from that grey head. "From what size?"

"Erm... Room? House? Apartment building?" A faint whimper as Yoder himself blushed. "Mountain? I-I get involved in situations like this more than I like to admit." Bartan whined.

"But how...?"

"Tail magic, m-mostly."

"And the damages?" A double take from the beast as those ears perked. "As in, property damage."

"Oh, that isn't a problem." A look of disapproval from the white one, causing the beast to take a step back and wave his fores. "Wh-what I mean is-" A yelp as Bartan stumbled and tripped. Getting back up into view again. "I-I... Know peeeeeople...? And they help reverse the..." At least that look morphed back into confusion as Yoder sat up. "Damages. A-as in, before such events happened." A slow blink from those caramel eyes. "A-and I know how weird that sounds when you're not used to it."

"Seriously...? They...?"

"W-what I'm getting at is, if you ever wanted to let loose and see just how far you can push this ability of yours..." He watched the white one's gaze slightly trail off a bit in thought before returning back to the bear. Slightly skeptical.

"Is... There any way you can prove it?" The grey one tilted his head in a shrug before quickly looking around. Finding Bartan's own phone through his fluff and throwing it at a nearby large window, not causing it to shatter but to 'web' outwards in dozens of cracks. Letting the two stare at it, Yoder more in surprise at such a thing...

...For several seconds... Then two dozen... Hearing the grey one release a slight whine of embarrassment while the host's gaze narrowed in near scolding- only to start to hear the cracks again. This time in reverse as the window slowly repaired itself. "- OhThankFlumSomeoneWasPayingAttention." The beast whimpered, having a wave of relief over him. "B-but yeah, free reign to just let go tonight; not have to worry about consequences."

It seemed almost magical to the now larger one, sitting up on the heavily creaking bed to get a better view of the window. While also feeling the guest hug his hanging furballs and teasing the black tool by licking around the sheath. Making Yoder purr before gently pulling the grey one up, standing, and resting Bartan on the bed. Belly up and stroking the grey fluff, letting the two smile knowing what was coming.

However, would the white one be able to even fit inside Bartan at this size? Sliding his black flesh against the somehow still erect red one, the grey furball didn't seem too concerned about it. Instead, reaching up for Yoder's chin to lean him down for a kiss- as slightly awkward as the position was for someone his current size.

Bartan didn't make it last too long though, soon resting his head back down on the bed and using a hind paw to press against that white belly. Gently pushing Yoder back, letting that black shaft slide down his red one, the wide flare glazing over the twin row of soft spines. Across that fluffy sheath and pair of furballs; now significantly reduced in volume due to the previous transfer. Perhaps the host could help refill them back to their former swollen glory... Or bigger.

His dark wide flare following that black trail of fluff, down the center of that grey pouch and underneath them. The soft prodding was enough to make Bartan pant, likely getting that sensitive area of the beast's. It made Yoder smile as he shifted back and rested his weapon along the fluffy wagging tail, using it as a guide towards the guest's rear.

Leaning over the bed, Bartan underneath him with his hind foot now set aside, the two shared another kiss before a few pants. Giving the now larger host a few encouraging strokes along the bicep and shoulder, Yoder pressed forwards. His flare discovering the correct spot, getting a blissful whimper from the grey beast with every press but it didn't really seem like it was going to fit.

Yet the guest nodded for him to continue, gently nudging the back end with caution. More signals of encouragement as the white one looked at Bartan with worry. "Keep going, I'm almost

always a tight fit." The beast said a bit shyly. "Don't be afraid to be a little rough."

As much as Yoder didn't really like that answer... Everything revolving around this furball seemed to be almost supernatural. However, the statement he mentioned earlier about 'Letting Go Tonight' and 'Not Having To Worry About Consequences' echoed through his mind. And the grey one did seem to be more familiar with all this than he was-

A sudden sharp kiss from Bartan made the host yelp in surprise, getting his snout latched and pulled down a bit roughly. Just another method of persuasion from the beast, but if that's what he thought he could handle... Then perhaps it was okay for Yoder to 'Let Go'... A little bit.

Taking his strong white paws and pinning the grey fluffball down into the bed, bracing him in place as he pressed into that rear with his tool. The wide flare leaking and scanning the fluff around that back end, finding that entrance again and pressing into it. Again. Again. Harder and harder as he found the beast whimpering in bliss. Sliding up and down the bed a little bit, despite the heavy bracing-!

Only to finally feel that flare squeeze into that tailhole, making the two growl heavily in pleasure and share another deep kiss. 'Tight' was an understatement, feeling the beast clench Yoder's black tool and nearly stopping it in place as it throbbed and squirted into Bartan's rear. The first sign of relaxing, the host took the opportunity to thrust deeper inside! Stunning the two for a few moments, leaving them in bashful pants while feeling every heartbeat.

Still holding the grey one down, Yoder slid fully out of the beast. Slowing when that thicker flare came close to an exit to allow the two to enjoy how wide it was making the beast's rear end. Plunging back into Bartan soon after to release another few jolts of pre, soaking the guest's insides before starting a steady rhythm. Using their huffs as a beat, their whimpers and blissful whines as a choir, and the bed's creaks as part of the harmony.

Yet, there was still no discomfort from the grey one, even after beginning to gear up and put a lot of weight onto his fluffy body. Making it that much easier for Yoder to lose himself in the heated haze of lustful enthrallment, starting to pound that padded rear harder and harder. Making his red tool squirt over their bellies as the host's prefluids were being pumped into Bartan. Globbs leaking out over his tail while the guest clenched occasionally, attempting to keep as much as he could inside.

The two were so lost in the movements: the thrusts and hammering, deep kisses and tongue-play. Bracing and clawing in reflex that they completely ignored the heavy creaks and snaps of wood-! Until the bedframe actually broke, making the two yelp as it collapsed underneath them. Leaving them in pants as they froze up, making sure the entire flooring didn't give out either.

The two sets of brown eyes glanced back and forth at each other and the bed several times. "...You sure everything's going to fix itself?"

"W-well, the bed won't right now." Bartan answered in a pant, still feeling the thick rod shafted inside him. Eventually double taking at the host's rather puzzled look. "No point in fixing it if we're just going to break it again." How he said that made Yoder chuckle, but it was slightly interrupted when the bear motioned him to withdraw out of his rear. "I can't imagine the decrease in height is that comfortable for you."

Following the grey one's lead, the taller host watched him get back up on all fours. Keeping that back end in front of Yoder, the fluffy tail swinging up and playfully batting that white muzzle a few times, just begging to be grabbed. Taking a firm hold of the surprisingly long appendage, using its base to line up his thick flared black weapon, and once again entering Bartan's back end. Making the guest whimper slightly as they once again started up their song.

Only this time they were facing the same direction. Allowing the white bear to lean over the beast's back as he 'mounted' him. Thrusting into that fluffy behind as Yoder playfully teased one of those four grey ears, lightly catching one and feeling the intense heat from their blush while the other flicked at the large muzzle. Gently tugging it as the two growled in pleasure, feeling more and more of the host's pre spray into the beast.

So much so that it actually began to swell up Bartan's middle after some time. Not quite noticing it until that gut got so large it began to round out his sides, making it swing and ripple with every pounding that the white body gave. Pausing for a moment so those white paws can gently grip and squeeze the fluffy belly and make the beast huff loudly, that tail still attempting to wag.

Soon though, a thick bulge was starting to form at the base of that black weapon. As much as the host was attempting to make the session last as long as possible, he was getting very close. Edging himself a few times to get as much pre into Bartan as possible, watching and feeling that

underside expand as it began brushing on the mattress, the white one went a little too close to the edge. Detecting that point of no return echo through his system and release a loud contained roar within his muzzle.

The grey guest did seem to understand, as he worked harder to help get Yoder off. Lightly twisting and shifting his back end to stimulate the white one's knot, simulating the signs of a slight struggle for the larger bear's instincts. Feeling his fluffy body get grappled tightly and releasing a chuckle, Bartan then yelped when those same paws pushed his shoulders down into the bedding. Leaving his grey butt pointed upwards as Yoder's tool got locked inside, still attempting to get all the thrusts in before that white body locked up.

However, just before the main restraining of his muscles, the host once again pulled the beast's shoulders back up for a tight embrace. Leaving Bartan's forearms unable to touch anything while that black tool pulsed a little larger and larger, his fluffy belly filling up with a little bit of pre as their huffs grew more rapid-!

Then the first torrent! Extending that underside outwards while the two roared together in pleasure, keeping the guest in place while that black tool pumped gallons upon gallons of his seed into him. Blowing up that grey belly like a large water balloon, letting gravity sag it down until it once again touched the bedding and began expanding outwards across it. Easily making Bartan hit a few climax sprays of his own while it grew tighter and rounder, hearing several loud groans from it as he whimpered-!

Only for the upper part of the bed to collapse next! Dropping the grey blimped gut only by a few feet, but making it jiggle heavily in the process! Once again making the guest blissfully whine as the bloating reached up to his chest and pressed up against both their snouts! Still growing in front of them as it pressed up against the far wall (where the bed's headboard rested) forcing it to expand and trek more sideways. Knocking over furniture as it attempted to fit in all of Yoder's release!

Two sets of forepaws gripped the grey fluffy blimp tightly as the last few torrents entered it, leaving the pair of bears in pants. Resting on a giant warm pillow about the size of a normal room. Only to get several more surprise sprays that really caused that belly to add in a half-bath and perhaps a walk-in closet too... Make it a full bath, causing Bartan to be a bit of a whimpering mess as their minds returned back into reality.

As much as he expected Yoder's open-jawed expression, Bartan had a hard time keeping himself composed. Taking a few more moments before assuring the host that it was alright with a gentle nudge and smooch. "Y-you...?" The white one started, gently pawing at the taut gut. "Were not kidding...?"

"A-about the sizes-?" A late spray interrupted the bear, making him release one of his own. "N-nope... G-give it a minute though... It'll go down a-and..." The host nodded, just observing and stroking that massive fluffy underside in front of him.

"This would make a great bed replacement, honestly~"

"It has before, yes." Bartan answered a little bit quickly, making the two chuckle a bit nervously. "But seriously, it happens more than you think."

"Are people really that productive?"

"M-more or less I can... Make them that way. Hence..." A gesture towards the room sized belly, as it started to shrink in front of them. As if the beast was absorbing it. "There we go... I-I'll be ready for another round, if you are." A double take with a bit of blush against the white snout. "You wanted to push your body, didn't you?"

"I-I thought we just did." A half shrug from Bartan in response.

"I mean, a little. But don't you want to see how big your body can make you?" The sheer thought of that caused that black tool to release a spray of pre into the belly again, making Bartan whimper in bliss. "I-I think that means yes."

"Y-you mean...? Bigger than-?"

"I was aiming for the entire house, but we'll see what we can do." Another sharp whimper that made the beast chuckle. "If worst comes to worst, it'll just sting and you'll be back to normal." He explained, that grey muzzle blushing and panting. Soon Yoder could feel it; something large and fluffy pressing against his own pouch and legs.

He knew what it was but wanted to witness it for himself, taking a few moments to pull that

knot out of Bartan's rear end (with a decent amount of effort). Dismounting the furball with a loud plop and sliding down to hug the grey growing balls. Listening to them churn loudly as they expanded; absorbing everything through that massive belly surprisingly quickly.

Not to mention there seemed to be some strange... Pulsing that Yoder could feel within it. As if there were some sort of hole inside the pouch, but nothing specifically was leaking on the outside. Puzzling the host, but during his admiration of the now current chest-freezer sized sack he did recall Bartan 'hiding' his package when they met. Maybe the two were somehow linked?

Regardless, it was one of the softest pillows the white one rested his head upon. Once again finding himself getting heated up as they grew larger and larger within his embrace. Definitely not too big for his current size, but actually outgrowing the grey one's body volume by at least twice over. Closer to three times when his belly finally returned to normal, now connected to a fluffy pair of wrecking balls.

As much as Yoder wanted to continue, to gather all of this delicious juice for himself, there was a large glaring issue now. "C-careful not to squeeze too hard..." Bartan panted. "They feel really vulnerable when first stretched out like this."

"I don't suppose..." A noise in question from the grey one as the host continued. "I could ride you at this size?"

"If you're worried about my well-being, I'll be fine."

"W-well, that too. But I was also thinking that in order to get all this... I-inside-"

"You?" Yoder slightly whimpered at the interruption. "As in, the whole knotting experience?"

"Yes..." A noise in confirmation from the beast, hearing him rest for a few more seconds before getting up and... Rolling? Onto his back? Making those caramel eyes gaze at him in question. Then tilt his head a little when a grey paw invited him up on the smaller body.

"I think you're going to like this one." Bartan smiled, having his hind legs spread wide open and keeping the same strange canine tool he's had since. Further puzzling Yoder, but... Well, this furball has been full of surprises so far. Taking the lead and climbing onto the fluffy grey guest,

easily about half his white body's size like this.

Regardless, he did as instructed, feeling the red rocket slide inside him with ease and rested with those grey paws on his thighs. Still questioning such a thing until he felt a pulse from that canine tool. Then another one, a little bit more intensely. Then a third, fourth, fifth... Each one more significant than the last.

The red weapon was... Upsizing!? Inside Yoder? A chuckle from the grey one was heard when the connection was made. "Yes, I grow to fit my partner. Though sometimes it can take a while, especially when first starting out."

"Just another surprise from you, I suppose?" The white host teased a little bit, leaning down to give another kiss and muzzlelock- the best he could while staying 'saddled' on Bartan. Letting the growth inside finish and panting as it continued to enlarge, becoming slightly bigger than what Yoder would have expected, but that was a blessing in disguise.

The fluids were once again being pulsed inside his rear as the taller one gently began riding the grey. Feeling his rear end grind against the fluffy balls, swearing they were still growing as well during what was to be their finale for the evening. Hoping he could drain them of every last drop... And what the beast promised him about the damages were true. At this point, the only thing he could do was trust Bartan.

A few minutes were all that were needed to start feeling a bulge, both from that knot and his own white belly to begin rounding out. Milking the pre out of the guest as he felt the beast hug his musclegut, being inflated by torrents upon torrents of what Yoder assumed were pre? With very little actually escaping around the knot, and even that was getting progressively less.

The torrents began to increase in volume as the white gut expanded within the beast's tight embrace. Leaving the host in huffs as his body began the absorbing process, soon bloating out so far that Yoder could no longer see the grey one over that enlarged belly of his. Swearing every spray was not only containing more volume, but was lasting longer as well!

A bit of pawing was felt underneath his heavy middle, worrying the host that maybe it was too much for the grey beast and preparing to stand up for the shorter one's sake. Only to then feel a lick along his black rod, that red tongue lapping along Yoder's tool while he was filling him up like a water balloon!

That white belly became so heavy that the host couldn't really do much in terms of movement anymore. Actually warning Bartan to stop his muzzle teasing and instead just sit back and hug that growing middle as it crawled its way over his upper half. Snaring the white bear in place as the knot inside him grew and grew... Only to feel a second one begin to form as well! One nearly twice the size, extending the red weapon's length and stimulating his prostate by its every throb!

The grey pouch churning loudly as a muffled whimper-roar was heard underneath: Bartan's point of no return. Triggering Yoder's as well not long after as his pouch was practically emptied between the bellies, while the orange torrents spraying into the white one became near continuous. Stretching out his belly to enormous sizes as if he were suddenly connected to a hose, feeling it reach the far wall towards the head of the bed; aiming to rival what volume the beast was stuffed with...

However, he could still feel his bulky body begin the growth sequence like before; draining some of the strange orange cum from his ballooned center and absorbing it. Distributing it through his body and limbs through what felt like the center; underneath the bones themselves. Causing the ivory and the muscles surrounding it to pulse bigger and bigger, thickening up the sinew while stretching out his already heavy winter coat.

The innate ability traveled through his limbs, down to his fingertips and toes. Even growing out the dull claws that gripped his own still swelling belly. Power flowed into his neck and skull, making Yoder nearly feel drunk from the pleasure as everything grew larger: eyes and ears, snout and teeth, tongue and skull! The strange power blowing up his heated body as if it were molten glass with the durability of steel.

Yet, despite the white host's growth, that knot in his rear seemed to be keeping up! Only leaking out just a very little bit before re-sealing his back end and continuing to pump more and more cum into his belly. Unable to 'convert' it as fast as the gut swelled outwards, pressing against the wall and forcing Yoder to take steps back in order to keep balance.

Needing maneuver over his sofa and lounging area while that fluffy balloon churned, dragging Bartan off of the bed with him; still tied and stuck. Feeling the beast paw at the enormous 'underside' as the entire thing was outsizing his body's volume multiple times over. Even accounting for the supernatural growth of his main form, his gut was still outgrowing him!

But it never felt so amazing, the blissful stretching and intense heat across his body. The combination of raw power felt going through his altering structure giving the host an unreal bliss that made him huff constantly and keep his tongue lolling out. Absolutely drunk from the pleasure as his entire form enlarged, one specific area muuuuch larger than the others.

With his overall increase in size though, he finally dragged the grey beast out from under the belly. Hearing Bartan pant and growl as he continued to fill the white one with his strange fluids as the host's body reached close to about half of the room. Very close to nearly 45% of the entire cabin's interior, hoping that the grey furball was correct about everything being repaired and 'reset' afterwards.

A worry that was nearly banished as soon as it appeared, overwhelmed and drowned in the sea of bliss. A little bit more so when the white one felt the beast paw his way around the squishy white belly. Panting just as heavily as Yoder was, if not... A little bit more rapid? Oh no... "G-get ready...!" Bartan nearly growled as his claws stressed.

Did... Did the beast not yet climax!? Actually snapping the much larger bear out of his trance for a moment as he attempted to overlook his position. Feel the many objects his bloated gut surrounded and grasped, unthreatened by their edges and retaliations! Very close to the 60% mark of the cabin's volume as the pressure inside that massive belly began to increase. The size of Bartan's weapon thickened up greater inside the host's rear end, ensuring that the white one took every last drop-!

The first spray itself quickly filled up most of the cabin, pressing that belly up against all the windows and door. The second causing the walls to the bathroom to collapse, the massive glass shower shattering against the force but once again creating no threat to the reinforced blimp of fluff. The third strained, slowly enlarging and crushing several objects like tables and chairs under its tremendous weight.

Windows cracked heavily and were popped out from the fourth spray; enlarging what seemed to be bubbles of white fur that swelled out. Eventually breaking down the large door and giving the walls of the home some relief... But not for long. Hearing the wood creak heavily as the host was pumped further and further, giving the illusion that the very walls were inflating with Yoder! The sloped roof swelling up as the snow slipped off, creating cracks and the corners where the walls and roofing met. Small bits of fluff began to leak through with every spray, making the very cabin struggle to contain the fluffy balloon-

Until wood exploded outwards in all directions, creating a shower of debris that rained over the town block. In the center of it; a massive furred blimp underneath what appeared to be a 30ft tall Yoder! Both still growing at exponential rates, with the main body being slower and delayed.

That belly, however, inflated rapidly into an ever growing oval! Crawling over the many many houses, not feeling any of them collapse underneath them as if sheltered by some magical force. Putting what little consciousness the white host had at ease and letting it just enjoy the ludicrous amount of cum being flooded into his body. Being pumped fuller and fuller, but somehow still containing nearly everything save for several droplets of orange leaking out of his growing white muzzle.

Yoder's body attempted to keep up while his belly expanded into a colossal blimp, actually growing far past the block where he lived, the several roads around, and reaching over the entire mountain village! Still groaning and churning while his unique ability went into overdrive, feeding off of the magical juices and attempting to keep up with the flood! Every few seconds seemed to enlarge the white one by 10 feet or so, while his ballooned underside took up an acre!

To the point where it started to expand far beyond the town and down the valley between a trifecta of three mountains. Morphing along the grounds and cliffs as if it were an ever devouring blob, covering forests and meadows over the course of minutes, swelling out in all directions, including up as both their main bodies reached close to the low-hanging clouds. Getting lost in the fog and the host needing to just rely on touch for an estimation of just how large he was. Picking out the wetness of waters, the touch of tundra, ice covered stone and crisp touch of undisturbed snow...

Eventually feeling the seal slowly break, the pressure slow down, and the guest to hold onto Yoder's massive white balls. Being significantly larger than Bartan at this point, fighting his body's urge to lock up during the growth, the host reached back to pick up the grey beast, not realizing just how small he was now. Grasping what he thought was a baby mouse at first as he brought the furball into his view; equipped with a red rocket much larger than he was- but quickly shrinking down to normal size.

At least that pouch was drained, watching Bartan huff and wave that he was okay made the giant smile. Though his belly soon groaning; quaking the surrounding area and easily causing a few avalanches- which mostly just ran into his bloated form. A gargantuan fluffy oval the size of

all three mountains, attempting to surround their entire surface and getting relatively close.

But his body's hunger for more growth was insatiable! Converting the volume the white one ingested into more and more muscle mass; creating what could only be described as cables of power through his form like veins. Letting the surrounding bones, muscles, cartilage, and keratin feed off of the intense heat passing through Yoder's structure.

As the belly slowly shrank, his body's size exploded! Intense muscles bulged through his enlarging fluff, still keeping more of the build of a Powerlifter rather than a Bodybuilder. Arms and legs reaching outwards while increasing in girth, swelling out all the muscles with a heavy emphasis on the commons: deltoids, biceps, and triceps. Quads, thighs, hamstrings, and calves. All swelling outwards as if inflated like balloons into a dense structure.

Meanwhile, that belly continued to shrink at a rapid rate, beginning to actually form abs and pecs underneath all that volume as it was re-fed into the rest of Yoder's body. Soon getting to the point where he could wave the clouds away and see the ground; easily thousands of feet above it! Placing the grey one on his snout for safe keeping while his feet could finally touch the earth once more.

Holding onto that enormous gut as it deflated, blowing back into his form and making his body continue to grow as it reached 15,000ft high... 20,000ft! 25,000! Nearly reaching the 30,000 mark as his belly slowed down; keeping a hefty gut on him that still had a steady definition imprinted through the fluff. And that's not to mention the large pouch swinging between his legs; constantly leaking from the pleasure of the growth.

Yoder panted as his form slowly relaxed, strained for such an intense feeling while his muscles burned with improvement. Still making the giant huff and desire more while his mind attempted to shake off the fog. Taking several moments to even notice the grey 'flea' moving across his muzzle, only to blush a little bit at the rapid size change. Watching Bartan carefully look around for a sense of scale, barely making out any of his calls with those large white round ears.

"...Huh. Expected you to be larger after that."

