

Stranded, but not Alone

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Kyri Avalis and Ausf belong to: [Apple](#)

Bashir and Aramis belong to: [Kai](#)

Crash-Down:

Our story starts aboard the CSV Chiral, a cargo vessel for hire. The job? Just a typical transport run. Sure the destination was far out of the way, but that was the point of a deep space freighter. But what would ultimately unfold was a situation no one aboard could have imagined. Or, at least one would hope no one imagined it beforehand. A lot of the details were kept secret, military procedure, need to know. Perhaps if the rest of the crew did know, their lives might not have ended as they did.

Ahh, but we're getting ahead of ourselves here. Let's start where it all went wrong, during a slingshot around OKB-4675p, an uninhabited world in an out-of-the-way system. That world was just a lot more dangerous than was put forth in the mission briefing some months earlier when the Chiral set off. In hindsight, all the military personnel onboard should have been a red flag to the dangers. "They were here for our safety." The captain said. Well, we were apparently there to supplement their rations. But we wouldn't know that until the ship went down.

We were aero-breaking near the end of the slingshot, to get the speed just right. Standard stuff really. The crew was strapped into their seats, same as our military guests. The balute worked fine, not a single hitch. But civilian balutes aren't meant to handle weapon's fire. And that's exactly what happened, we had all the time in the world, but nothing we could do during it. Pirates, at least that's what we think they were, well, they were right on an intercept.

After the balute was hit, everyone around me made for the lifeboats. The captain and senior officers did their best to bring the ship down whole. After that, I think we all blacked out. When we came to, the situation was dire. Before anyone could get back to the ship, the Pirates raided it. They took food, water, medical supplies... But they left that cargo. Thinking about it, now I wish they had taken it too.

We regrouped in the crashed ship after putting out fires, then took stock of supplies. Unfortunately, any hope of rescue was weeks, or months away. And with the number of survivors? We had two weeks at best. It looked grim, but the military personel decided to eat those who didn't survive the crash. But that was only the start of something else.

Dinner for Two:

Some days after the crash, Crewmen Byar and a few of his work friends had gathered to record their accounts to stave off boredom. But a command came out from one of the ranking military officers. "Crewman Byar, stop wasting time writing that blasted journal and get over here. Open those crates up so we can inspect the cargo. And keep your little bird-paws off the contents. They're worth a lot more than your life." The figure was clad in a full combat space-suit, obscuring his face. The only identifying mark his rank and last name; "Warrant Officer Avalis."

The WO called the smaller avians over, then pointed at the large container. "Stop staring and get to work. Pah, this is what we get for contracting outside the Empire. The Commandant will not be pleased about this delay." Avalis says, primarily talking to himself. Byar and the other crewmen do as told, righting the crate, then manually opening it up. As the door fell free, inside the little avians would see quite the imposing synthetic. Easily as big as a tank, and vaguely canine in appearance.

No sooner could the crewmen get the restraints off it did that synth shake itself off and back out of the container, nearly stepping on Byar in the process. Lettering along the synth's haunches identified him as Ausf, seemingly a name. The synth would seem to converse with Avalis in a language that Byar and the others didn't understand, before the two look over. Avalis would then walk over to two of the lower ranking crewmen, then lead them away by the shoulder.

Once out of sight of Byar, Avalis finally removes his helmet. It would seem that he himself was a bird-like creature too, bringing some comfort to the two he led away. "Mmm, this stop wasn't part of the plan, little ones... And as you know, food is scarce. Now, we're not about to go hungry. You care about your friends, yes? If you let myself and Ausf here eat you, there will be more food to go around." Avalis says, using a shockingly friendly tone, despite what he'd said.

The two's eyes dilate, their hearts taking off as their first instinct is to run. But before their feet can even take a step, they realize the larger bird and synth will likely take their fleeing out on their friends. And with a single tear, the small female steps forward. "Just... Just make it quick." She says, heart practically beating in her throat. Avalis just leans in, lifting her chin with a finger and responds. "No promises... I like to enjoy my meals." He'd chuckle while Ausf just watches.

The larger avian takes out an orange package with text on it that the smaller birds don't recognize. As he opens it, it would become more obvious it was some form of care package. Avalis just slowly undresses the little female, who's resigned herself to the fate of food. She doesn't even resist as the bigger avian slowly dresses her with the more flavorful contents of the care packages. But as Kyri puts down the heating packages she'd protest. "You're going to cook me?" The question is all the little bird can manage.

Avalis chuckles softly. "I told you I like to enjoy my meals." He says, rather nonchalantly. It wasn't fear, so much as being unable to mentally process what was going on. But that female just sat there, until Avalis binds her snugly, then sets her down in some foil and rolls her up in it. He'd then place her onto the disposable stove from his ration package and leave her to slow cook. "Now Ausf, how would you like yours?" Avalis asks, still using a friendly tone, as if he didn't even register what he was doing.

"In my stomach..." The rather large synth says, salivating as he looms over the comparatively bite-sized male under him. "Tak tak tak, how would the commandant feel if I were to not treat you well, hmm? High morale will help us through this ordeal." Ausf rolls his eyes, he wasn't exactly picky. But Avalis would just insist anyway. "Fine, bird soup." he responds, unhappy about waiting. "Looks like you get a nice little bath, while your little friend bakes." The large bird muses playfully.

Avalis heads off, returning with a particularly dented pot scavenged from the wreck. He'd undress the other bird, then deposit him into the pot before pouring water over him. It was cold at first, making him gasp. But Avalis soon packs a bunch of those little survival stoves underneath and it begins to heat quickly. The bigger bird tosses in a few packages of ramen noodles and a ration block for extra substance. A few packets of salt, pepper and other seasonings went in next before Avalis placed a lid on the pot.

The other bird was getting well roasted by now, flesh seared. Her pained cries muffled by her beak tied shut and the foil wrapping her. But she was still very much alive when Kyri unwrapped her. "Mmm, just scrumptious.~" Kyri mused to himself. He'd then take a bite of the smaller bird, his sharp beak snipping one of her legs off below the knee. A few chomps later, after savoring the taste, Avalis bobs his head back and swallows the morsel. Ausf just looks on and whines, as if begging for a scrap.

Avalis chuckles, then removes the smaller bird's other leg before offering it up to that big quadruped. There just wasn't any fight left in the little bird after roasting for an hour. She wanted it to end, to feel the release when that big bird devoured her. And it was all she could think of, that and hoping her sacrifice would protect the others. Ausf greedily takes the leg and begins to clean the flesh off it. His sharp beak-like jaws and serrated teeth making quick work of it.

Afterwards he'd just gnaw on the bone until it broke, chewing it to bits and devouring the marrow happily as his rather long, thick tail sways about. Avalis just chuckles as he watches the oversized puppy of a synth enjoy the treat, while taking another big mouthful of his meal too. That sharp beak, and teeth tear deep into the partly cooked flesh. The Avalonian removing everything from the waist down and slowly savoring it while crushing the smaller bird's pelvis in his jaws.

Another firm bite, and the little bird would feel that release. Avalis' beak crushes and slices her torso in half, and she quickly loses consciousness before he crams the rest of her in and downs it all. The mass would wander down the Avalonian's gullet and come to rest within his crop. Avalis just sighs, pleased and quite full. One might think this was an act of cannibalism, but despite their avian looks, these two feathered creatures were from entirely different worlds.

Granted, it's not like the thought of eating another bird bothered Avalis much. By now, Asuf was trying to get the lid off the pot, impatient as he was he just uses his long and rather dexterous tongue. And once it was open, he gets his jaws around the rim of the pot, and tips it up. The greedy synth-pup just downs the entire pot with one gulp, not even bothering to chew, his gizzard would handle that part anyhow. Avalis just crosses his arms and gives what amounts to a frown for a beaked creature.

Ausf just defends himself with a single word. "Good." Then trots off back to the main camp, stomach waying slightly beneath him. The roasting heat inside of Ausf would continue to stew the bird he'd just ate, that soupy fluid continuing to simmer right in his stomach. The little bird inside gasps and groans in darkness, as those fleshy, yet metallic stomach walls churn and grind against him. But after some time, the synth's gut would find his feathers too problematic to digest without help.

This is where that gizzard would come in. The miraculously still alive bird would find himself squeezed deeper, into a chamber lined with sharp tooth-like denticles. And from here, powerful muscular contractions would slowly chew him down into a semi-bloody pulp. He was rather cooked and softened, making his demise all the faster. And Ausf all the happier as he gets quicker access to his meal's energy. As the two return, Byar would notice two of his friends conspicuously missing.

At first, he dare not ask, but seeing Avalis out of helmet emboldened the smaller bird. "Where are Sidal and Cina?" Avalis chuckles softly. "Oh, they're around. Don't worry." The large bird says calmly. Byar found the calm tone off putting, and quickly lost his nerve. But when they were still missing the next morning, he feared the worst. Byar had heard rumours of this militant Empire, and how they ate others. But he pushed it out of his mind, refusing to accept it.

The next morning Byar just took to his duties, keeping away from both Ausf and WO Avalis as much as possible. A strategy that would keep him safe, for the time being at least.

Brunch for Bashir:

While Ausf and Avalis had been busy getting a covert meal in, one of their colleagues had been occupied with another of those little, wonderfly edible birds. The rather big, wide dragon-like creature had spent time flirting with a crew member by the name of Amon. The cute young male had taken an interest in Bashir and took advantage of the big lizard's more friendly and submissive personality. Teases here and there, a few kisses and a lot of admiration and Bashir was more than a bit infatuated. But as the days rolled on, Bashir seemed his particularly hard by the restricted rations.

Amon felt for his new friend, and began to steal extra rations. The little bird would lie about it, saying they were his own. But one can only steal for so long before it catches up with them, and he would eventually get himself caught. In the meantime the two spent a good number of days together, and the relationship became romantically involved. What started out as a mutual crush, flirting and long walks together quickly turned intimate thanks to the isolation. And one night little Amon and Bashir would take it all the further.

Bashir let the smaller bird get him on his back, Amon working quickly to undress him. It was no easy task, given Bashir was more than 4 times his size, but the reward was worth it. Even for his size, Bashir was well equipped. And for that frisky little bird? The package laying before him was a bit jaw dropping. But Amon wouldn't be discouraged by its size, the little bird pounces on Bashir's growing arousal and embraces it. The bird opens his beak wide and tries his best to work the flared tip in while licking everywhere his little tongue could reach.

Bashir bites his lower lip, inhaling sharply as he feels the bird work that tight beak and mouth over the head of his shaft. The Akombi's talons digging into the ground to either side of him, and pre flowing heavily from that throbbing, scaled shaft, filling the bird's mouth and throat with every pulse. Amon moves his little hands down that thick shaft slowly, teasing the underside until his digits can grasp at the vast orbs bellow it. He'd knead and squeeze at them intently causing Bashir to gasp and pant softly in between stifled moans of delight.

All too soon the tightness and intent attention to those sensitive orbs pay off for the little bird. "Hnf, A... Amon!" Is about all Bashir can muster to warn the little bird, placing a hand on the back of Amon's head right as his climax peaks. The first thick spurt overfills the bird's beak and throat, making him gulp deeply to get it down. And that second just overwhelms him entirely, spewing out around the shaft and making the bird pull back. The sweet little bird clutches onto Bashir's shaft tightly, working his body into it as another ropey spur arches up and over him. The thick rather pleasingly musky mess rather well soaking the little bird.

One last impressive throb of Bashir's shaft sends a last rope up and onto Bashir's own chest, right as Amon reaches his own climax, spraying his own seed into the mess Bashir made. Amon's comparatively tiny climax lost among the seed of his dragon-like lover as the two pant and relax in the afterglow. It wasn't soon after that shared clomax the two drift off into a pleasant sleep, bird cuddled up into Bashir's arms happily.

Bashir would lead Amon off, fighting back tears at the thought of having to kill the little bird who only hours before, had confessed his love for him. "Why would you do this? Why steal for me? Why confess? And why make me kill you?!" Bashir questions, clearly upset. "I messed up... I stole food, tricked you. I'm not going to let you pay for what I did. I love you too much..." Amon says, trailing off and pausing in contemplation. "I know I have to die to protect you. But I want my death... I want it to be feeding you!" He says, pressing against Bashir in a hug.

Bashir just blushes, not too long ago he'd been teasing Amon with his mouth. And now? Well, he was asking to be eaten. That blush only intensifies as a low rumble leaves that plump belly, clearly approving of the idea of having Amon within. "I want you to eat me slowly too, savor me. Just... Just don't eat me whole and alive, ok?" Amon says. Bashir just sheds a tear, then kisses Amon softly before opening his jaws wide. "No, wait!" Amon says, causing Bashir to pause.

"I want to go in a celebration, I have some more food I stashed. I can be part of a feast for you, a last happy memory together." Amon says, Bashir silently agreeing. The bird leads Bashir off to his stash, it wasn't too impressive, but compared to the rations they'd been having, it was a feast. Especially with Amon at its center. Bashir looks down at his little friend, the rather big Akombi blushing just a bit. "You're absolutely sure you want this? And not whole?" Bashi asks.

The avian just looks up and nods, giving him a longing look. "Ever since you used your mouth on my whole body. I've imagined it right up until we got back to the camp. Please, devour me just like the big beautiful predator you are. Savour me, along with all the rest. This feast is all for you." Amon says, the avian holding one of Bashir's large hands. That big lizard gives a huff in response, but his stomach growls out, it most certainly wanted this.

It had been almost 30 hours since Bashir last ate, and that gnawing hunger pushed him to the point of finally agreeing in full. He grabs up the smaller bird in hand, semi-roughly slamming him down onto the stop of a nearby flat boulder. He'd reach over and grab an entire loaf of bread with the other hand, roughly tearing it open lengthwise and then placing his friend turned food into it. Bashir picked out his favorite condiments and other toppings from among the pilfered feast.

It was almost like he was trying to hide the bird under them as he slathers him in sauce and garnish. Warm thick fluids ooze all over the feathery morsel, causing him to shiver in excitement. Bashir then lifts that overstuffed loaf up, jaws parting and hot slobber spanning them in thick strings before he brings his meal into those jaws feet first. With a moment of hesitation, Bashir closes his eyes, then chomps down. Those powerful jaws and sharp teeth slice through food and live prey alike.

Bashir's eyes open wide as he hears his prey cry out in a mix of pain and pleasure. But the Akombi's focus is on the flavor flooding his mouth. Fresh live prey, warm blood, all seasoned with his favorite spices. Bashir just rumbles out pleasedly, it was too late now anyway. Another big bite, teeth digging deep into the bird's thighs as he gasps and cries out. Strands of sinew hold the stolen portion of his body on for a moment, before the dragon-like beast tugs his head and breaks them off.

Bashir savors the next bit just a bit more than the first. His emotions were so torn. Animal instinct relished this, that little bird was delicious. But his more rational and empathic parts dreaded it, he really did care for the sweet little bird. All the same, He goes in for another bite, taking one of Amon's feathery little arms along with plenty of those juicy toppings. The flavors meshed well, and in some way Bashir enjoyed devouring his little loved one so. It was almost as if Amon's affection made him extra delicious.

Bashir would savor and chew slowly, letting the exited and subtly terrified bird watch him enjoy it. And then, with one final, exceptionally greedy move, Bashir stuffs all the rest of his meal into his jaws and bites down. Those powerful jaws make rather quick work, chewing the live bird into a meaty pulp he downs with gusto. Bashir groans out in a mix of delight and awe at what he'd done, it was all too much. A few tears roll down his cheeks as a low happy growl echoes out from his stomach.

"Goodbye, my little birdie. I will never forget you Amon, I'm sorry this is how our story had to end. I just hope you really, truly were happy in the end... You were a wonderful, giving lover, and an equally wonderful meal." bashir ends the sentiment with a satisfied belch, licking his chops as the mix of pleasure and guilt washed over him. Deep down, that dragon would do it all again too. There were no regrets in the end.

Parasite:

It had barely been a week, and already nearly half the survivors from the Chiral's crew were gone. Three eaten by the military escort for their cargo, which itself had partaken in eating the small avians. Another two had simply gone missing in the wilderness. Perhaps having fled after one was sentenced to death in front of them. Now there were but six remaining, and food supplies were even worse than the week before. Avalis, Ausf and even Bashir would shoot the small birds hungry, predatory glances now and then. With rescue still quite a ways off, the outlook for those little birds was grim.

Perhaps knowing the likelihood, one of those little birds snapped. She'd charge right at Ausf, the large synth having been eyeing her all day. "Just do it, eat me!" The bird shrieks. Ausf is stunned for a moment, but far be it from him to complain about a free meal. The big synthetic dog scoops up the charging bird after she thumps on his side for a few moments at the end of her frenzied charge. She seems to keep fighting, though not resisting the act, as much as striking Ausf's tongue and thrashing about. Ausf actually enjoyed the lively nature, rumbling pleasantly.

Ausf lets the frustrated bird wrestle with his tongue and jaws, tasting her all over and even undressing her to get a better taste. The bird claws and nips at his tongue fiercely, but that synthetic flesh is pretty tough. Overall it doesn't bother Ausf, who indulges until the bird tires herself out. Panting, defeated and resigned to her fate, the bird closes her eyes tightly. Ausf almost looks disappointed she'd stopped, but he'd bite down anyhow, rather slowly taking all her limbs between his sharp angular teeth. Serrated blade-like teeth severing flesh and bone as if they were but cool butter.

There's not much ceremony, or decorum. Ausf chomps and chews, savoring the fresh prey as he angles his head down to chew like the huge dog he is. Soft squelching of his tongue and oily saliva, snaps and pops of tendons and bone, and the wet ripping sound of meat being sliced fill the air. The other birds just stare in horror, not able to believe their comrade ran willingly into such a demise. What only lasts a minute or two would seem to drag on for hours, as every detail was burned into their eyes. But it all ends with Ausf tipping his head back, and swallowing his meal.

With a happy sigh, the big synth flops on his side, showing off his newly filled belly. He'd look at the other birds observing him so, then give what amounts to a wink with his optical sensors. That was all the motivation a small male needed to stand up. "Tch, if you're going to feed yourself to someone, at least let me and Bashir have a meal." Avalis says, bemusedly. But that male just takes off into the wilderness. He'd rather try and fend for himself than take what he assumed to be a sure death.

Avalis sighs, standing up. "I guess we need to tie the others up. Can't waste time and energy chasing you all down when we need more food..." Avalis mutters. He'd take some lengths of cable, binding the smaller birds up nice and tight with their hands bound to their ankles. The remaining 4 seemingly too afraid to resist, even as Avalis hangs them up by their bound limbs. Now just resigned to their fate as food for bigger creatures.

The male that had fled continued to sprint until his little body just couldn't take it anymore. He'd collapse mid run and end up tumbling along into some scrub, it was a thorny, but soft landing. Though his uniform ends up torn and tattered, leaving behind his name tag "Crewman Elin Reis." Elin's plan was thin, and mostly revolved around finding the other two runaways. He'd hoped they were alive, and found a source of food. Maybe if they were, they could all go back and save the others too. Little did the bird realize, his friends were long gone.

Elin would wander for almost a day, trying to find his friends, but more importantly some water. He was parched, delirious and desperate, and without water, he'd soon lose consciousness and soon after perish. Luck however would seemingly smile down upon the little bird though, as he enters a cave. Too weak to call out or care, he crawls in out of the harsh dry heat outside. Much to his relief, his hand comes in contact with a cool pool of fluid. He'd turn to look, and seeing it was water-like he'd turn on it.

In desperation the bird gorges himself, even licking up the remaining traces from the rock and gasping. Elis shortly after passes out, sleeping some hours before he awakens, still in the cave. Feeling refreshed, Elis takes out a small light from his chest pocket and starts to explore the cave. He doesn't get too far in before finding his friends... Or rather, what remains of them. Two skeletons, virtually picked clean. One was dismembered, scattered about. But its clothing was folded neatly to one side. The other, while whole was wearing a tattered uniform.

"Ena... Sule..." Elis murmurs, then whips around, as if expecting whatever did this to still be in the cave. His heart racing, Elis decided to flee. But as he takes off, he'd trip on something, ending up flat on his stomach. After a moment, Elis calms down, looking to see what he'd slipped on. It was a PDA, and he'd managed to turn it on when he stepped on it. The screen was a bit scuffed from sliding across the rocky cave floor, but still readable. On it were the last notes from Ena, and video recordings for the last moments of his friends.

Elis didn't care watch at first, but after almost an hour trying to ignore it, curiosity won out. Elis starts by reading the written note. "This is supervisor Ena Alara, final log. I leave this video journal to anyone unfortunate enough to end up in this cave. I hope you find and understand this, and avoid the same fate I did." The message was cryptic, littered with mistakes. It was very obvious Ena had not been in any good state when it was written. But Elis was determined, if he was going to survive, he'd have to find out what happened to the others.

Elis plays the first recording, queueing up the others to play in chronological order after. The video wasn't great, due to the low light in the cave, and the PDA having been propped up against a rock. "We found a cave, shelter from the harsh sun. And what's more, a source of water. If we're going to survive, this is the first step. Once we secure some kind of food, we can try to get the others and come here. Better to try and survive on our own, than certain death with those... Monsters." Ena says, Sule just nods in response to her.

The next video starts, a short one with Sule speaking directly into the camera alone. "It's been almost two days since I've eaten. Ena is out foraging. I twisted my ankle pretty bad yesterday. Ena seems in good spirits though, starving for a bit isn't so bad, when the alternative is being eaten." The video stops abruptly as Ena returns, only catching her saying she hadn't found anything not poisonous. There was another gap in the recordings of one and a half days, but the next one starts up. "Crewman Sule's ankle is more than sprained, it's broken, and badly." Ena says, then pauses.

Something looked off about Ena, she seemed to almost stare through the camera and into Elis beyond. She didn't blink once through the entire video either. "There's a significant risk of infection, so I need to amputate it." Elis finally finished her thought. Sule was moaning in pain, his ankle looked like someone smashed it with a rock just recently. Something just wasn't right, but Sule seemed not to fight Ena off. The next recording would start up, much sooner than the previous gaps. "This is crewman Sule... After amputating my leg... Ena... She wants us to eat it. I'm just so hungry, I... I'm inclined to agree."

The next video starts up, showing Sule now missing an arm too. "There's something wrong with Ena. I woke up to my arm smashed, she was trying to pretend she was asleep, but I know she did it. Forced me to let her cut it off to avoid infection... Then she ate it. She's just as bad as those monsters we ran from... I hope she has the decency to just finish me off." Sule doesn't seem to notice as the other bird comes into frame. She looked withered, starved, but her belly was incredibly gravid looking. Ena then strikes Sule over the back of the head and the PDA falls out of his hands.

The PDA lands just right to give a view of what happens next, albeit upside-down. Ena takes another of the Daze'd Sule's limbs, his remaining arm. She'd then rip into it, devouring the flesh and tossing the bone aside. Elis just looks on in horror at it. Sule was too dazed to really react, sitting there and accepting his fate. Ena takes off Sule's jumpsuit, then settles in, slowly finishing him off while in a trance-like state. The recording soon after times-out. There was only one remaining after that rather gruesome display, Elis considers not playing it, but he needed to see it.

This one starts with Elis holding the PDA up. "I... I don't know how long I will be in control. But while I am, I'm going to tell you what happened to me. Something is growing inside me, taking control, making me do whatever it takes to feed it. I think the source was in the cave water, some sort of parasite. Don't drink the water, it's the only thing it could be!" Ena seems to type the cryptic message, while still recording, before dropping the PDA where Elis had tripped over it. The camera then captures what befell Ena in great detail.

Ena's head tilts back, her stomach shifting while she writhes lightly, then it bursts forth, right up her gullet. A huge slick creature, eyeless, somewhat worm-like but overall humanoid. It was nearly as big as poor Ena, climbing up out of her like some form of oral birth. One might describe the creature as beautiful, if it weren't for the fact it was now climbing out of a host it just finished devouring and using to grow that form.

Ena sits still, looking up at the lithe creature as it turns and looks down at her with a growl. "Yes... It is time. Devour me and grow stronger... There is some of the other remaining too." Ena says, her voice monotone, still under that creature's control. The bird simply sits there, even as the creature yaws open, slobber falling from its 4 rows of teeth that line its 3 part jaw. Ena doesn't resist, even offering her limbs up and letting the parasite take them in its mouth, slowly suckly and pulling back along them. That efficient mouth removing flesh from bone as effortlessly as one would a chicken wing. A fitting analogy for an avian-like species being devoured so.

The creature takes its time too, savoring its host turned meal. Its movements were elegant, long body coiling about its victim. Powerful tail helping to hold as it eats. Its strong jaws and clawed hands tear into Ena's flesh, dissecting her alive and devouring every last bite in a messy elegance. As blood and viscera drip down the smooth slimy creature's jaw and neck, it's long tongue darts out to lick them up, not wasting a drop. The creature moves all over the bird, cleaning her flesh off as it goes. Something in its saliva seeming to soften the meat up, tenderize and almost cook it chemically.

All of it working together to effortlessly consume its victim, to savor Ena, who was seemingly all too willing to partake. Soon all that would remain was Ena's internal organs, but the creature thrusts its head into Ena's rib cage and greedily slurps her entrails up too. Thankfully, the creature knocks the PDA over before it gets to her head. Whatever it was going to do, Elis didn't want to know. The creature then moves to finish off Sule in much the same manner, off-camera. But upon finishing, it slinks over to inspect the PDA, licking over it and nosing it, showing that flesh-stripping maw, still stained with birdie blood mixed into its saliva.

The creature then loses interest and slinks off, deeper into the cave. Elis' first reaction is panic, he needed to get out of there before that creature came for him. But before he can leave, he remembers. He'd drunk the water, the second he got into the cave, he sucked it all up, every last drop. His thoughts then went to how he'd end up eating his friends, then willingly let himself be devoured. The poor little bird nearly having a heart attack as so many thoughts flood his mind before taking off in a run.

Maybe if he surrendered himself to the monsters he knew, he'd get a better fate than that... Maybe if he was lucky, he'd get devoured and pass on that creature for some retribution. So many thoughts flooded his head as he sprints back for the camp.

"Rescue":

It had been just short of a month stuck on a desolate world, Between Avalis and his subordinates Byar's friends were almost all gone. The rather persuasive predators had broken their spirits, or otherwise convinced them to go willingly. And the ones that ran off into the wilderness? Well, only one returned, and his friends got to watch as he let himself be willingly devoured by some form of parasitic local life that had been growing inside of him. A fate that had apparently befallen others who fled too.

There were now only three, Byar, Agea and Belis. Out of some 40 survivors, these three were all that was left. But if there was any comfort, it was that rescue was only hours away. They'd survived, maybe by luck, or by avoiding too much contact with Avalis and his subordinates. Either way, they'd get to return home, and spread the tale of what happened. As a drop ship touched down on the edge of camp, Byar and his two remaining compatriots gather up their personal effects.

Avalis and the other Imperials did the same and boarded the dropship. But when the smaller birds followed suit, Avalis stopped them. "Tak tak tak, where do you think you're going, Hmm?" Avalis asks, crossing his arms. "We're leaving this horrible place!" Byar responds rather distraughtly. "This rescue was not for you. You and your kind's incompetence got us stuck here in the first place." Avalis spits back. "You... You can't just leave us here to die!" Byar demands, seemingly going into a panic.

"And why not? Do you think you have any ability to stop us from taking off without you?" Avalis asks, then laughs. Byar looks defeated, knowing there's not a thing he can do. "Please, I'm begging you, on behalf of me and my friends, don't leave us here to die..." Byar says, prostrating himself before Avalis. The larger bird ponders for a moment. "I grant you mercy." Avalis says, causing Byar's eyes to brighten up. "A merciful end as a meal for our rescuers." Avalis says, causing Byar to panic and nearly flee.

But as the smaller bird weighs his options, and remembers the native parasites, he defeatedly agrees. "Fine... Eat us, give us a quick death. I hope you choke on our bones." Byar says, shedding a couple of tears. The other two just stand there, looking resigned to their fate. They knew by now not to expect any real mercy from these creatures. They walk on two legs, talk and dress nicely, but they were monsters all the same. And the motivation of monsters like these was to eat and devour.

A tall, lithe figure emerges from the rescue ship. At first there's some comfort for the remaining birds, as the markings indicate however, or whatever it is as a medic. "Ahh, Doctor Aramis, I didn't expect you'd be on the pick-up team." Avalis says. The figure removes his helmet, revealing its rather elongated profile to have been hiding quite a long, sharp sword-like snout. Anyone from earth would likely compare the 'doctor' to some un-holy mix of mosquito and swordfish, at least snout-wise for the latter.

Aramis just groans softly, quickly moving to suck upon Byar's twitching shaft. His consciousness was effectively snuffed out, but his orgasm continued unabated. The greedy insectoid suckles and slurps at the still warm shaft until it was dry too. With a soft pant, Aramis inverts Byar's body, draining the last bits of blood that had been stuck in his loins and extremities before setting Byar's body down and letting out a satisfied burp and a pleased sigh. Aramis could almost *feel* the sexual tension he'd caused, wiping his mouth and licking the back of his hand clean.

"Hah... Sorry about that, A good blood meal gets me carried away. And it tastes all the better when the source is experiencing pleasure." Aramis pats his abdomen-like tail softly and sighs again as another steamy burp leaves his jaws. Avalis clears his throat. "Hah... I can see why captain Anavale fancies you so." Avalis says, clearly quite flustered by the display. Bashir just clears his throat and looks away. Ausf is about the only one unphased, seemingly focused on Byar's body. "Go on, pup. I don't need that container anymore." Aramis says.

Ausf's ear-fins perk up as he practically pounces the body, it was less than ideal since Aramis drained it of blood, but Ausf was never picky. He'd tear into the body quite messily, crunching bone, tearing flesh and muscle. But it was fairly clean given Byar had been bled out. Given the size difference, it doesn't take Ausf too long at all to devour Byar's body, swallowing loudly before sitting on his haunches and switching his long whip-like tail while his tongue hangs out.

The two remaining birds boldly walk up to Aramis. They knew they were going to die anyway, but even barring that, Aramis made the experience he gave Byar look so enticing they might just have volunteered anyway. "Please, eat us like you did our friend." Agea speaks up. "Well, if my comrades had no objections?" Aramis asks. Avalis just clears his throat, while Bashir blushes and looks away again. The dropship pilot similarly averts their gaze. Only Ausf speaks up, with a typical question. "Can I have the bodies when you're done?"

Aramis laughs softly, petting Ausf with a pair of hands. "I won't need them, not after the sheer volume of their sweet blood... And other fluids... That I'll get to enjoy." Aramis says meandering through his words, he and Asuf both licking their lips in anticipation. "So, which of you is next, mmm?" Aramis asks. Belis moves forward, the rather feminine male avian looking up into Aramis' silver eyes. The red sclera making them quite a striking gaze as they gaze back into the bird's own eyes.

"I'll go next..." Belis says. Aramis lifts the smaller bird up into his arms, then licks his lips softly. Down below, Agea begins to nuzzle along Aramis' inner thigh, causing a subtle distraction as he searches for the right veins on Belis' neck. Aramis would find what he wanted, latching on and sucking. But in the insectoid's distraction, Agea manages to undo the lower half of Aramis' suit. It falls to the ground, leaving him exposed. In particular Aramis' own arousal stands out, throbbing from his first meal.

Agea admires the soft, musky fluff around that semi-tapered shaft. The bird burying her face in the somewhat damp and downy crotch-fluff before inhaling Aramis' scent deeply. The tall bug groans, nearly blushing as he makes an incision into Belis' neck and begins to feed. With his lower half exposed, one could see the translucent underside of that tail-abdomen. Aramis' stomach, anatomically speaking. Inside the deep red of Byar's blood, mixed with silvery-white ropes of seed floating here and there, slowly mixing in.

Before long Agea would work her beak over Aramis' arousal, then begin to suck intently on it. Aramis groans out, spraying a bit of blood at the intense feeling of a beaky blowjob that catches him off guard. But before long, that twinge of pain would nicely mix into his pleasure, causing Aramis to moan through his nostrils now and then, pausing his feeding to do so. Belis slowly undresses himself, presenting his arousal, which promptly catches Aramis' gaze. The insectoid moving from Belis neck to tend it.

It really doesn't take long for Aramis to extract an orgasm from Belis, the bird had nearly creamed his pants from the feeling of Aramis sucking his neck alone. Belis calls out, chirping and whining in delight as he overfills Aramis' mouth with his spunky lust, making a sticky white mess. But Aramis doesn't seem to mind, moving back to Belis' neck as the little bird goes limp in the afterglow of his orgasm.

The taste of blood and seed together pleased Aramis, making him rumble out and close his eyes as he works to finish off Belis. As Aramis feeds on Belis, that tail would fill more and more, until it's entire underside was a gorgeous crimson. Belis' end is much less intense than what Byar had earlier, but the little bird still slips away pleased, body going limp and pale in the flesh after Aramis was finished draining him.

Aramis sets Belis' body down roughly, turning his attention to Agea. He'd pull her off his shaft, and before she could say anything, tell her why. "Mmm, try as you might, nothing will be coming out of there... Not until you and your friend's essence has finished digesting. My kind rely on a rich blood meal to breed. Rest assured, your end will result in a long, passionate night with my lover." Aramis muses.

Agea blushes to the thought, it was romantic, even if terrifying. But if she had to go, it might as well be to feed this exotic, literally bloodthirsty bug from beyond the stars. Aramis would start at Ageas' genitals this time, biting her jumpsuit and tearing it off. The bird gasps as she was rendered nude, squirming softly as Aramis uses his long, nimble tongue to invade her slit. The insectoid corkscrews his tongue within Agea, making the bird cry out in pleasure.

Agea takes more coaxing and teasing than the two boys. But Aramis is undeterred, tenderly caressing her thighs and putting his entire mouth around the bird's crotch and ass. He'd suck and slurp hotly, brining Agea right to the edge of orgasm, then pausing. With her heart pounding, Aramis finds what he needs on her neck, then begins to feed. Her arousal pushes blood out at a wonderfly fast pace, letting Aramis chug the hot thick fluid.

