

Note: this short story follows the caption for “Anzu the Raven Lord,” located at FurAffinity, SoFurry, and Weasyl:

<http://www.furaffinity.net/view/6804479/>

<https://www.sofurry.com/view/385709>

<https://www.weasyl.com/submission/934820/anzu-the-raven-lord-sketch>

*Azzruk and Anzu, Part 2:
The Meeting in the Grizzly Hills*
by Dracovar Valeford

How the mighty had fallen. There was a time when hundreds of Outland's feathered denizens bowed before Anzu's rallying crow, but those days appeared to be gone. Anzu, the greater raven of the Emerald Dream, no longer sowed rumors of world domination for birdkind, not ever since he had been subdued by the druid Azzruk. Since then, he was sentenced by Ysera, keeper of the Emerald Dream, to serve beneath the one who had brought his plans for conquest to an end.

Anzu, still clinging to his visions of glory and power, made the experience less than pleasant for his master, arguing and doing Azure's bidding only when he was forced to comply by Ysera's binding. However, Anzu quickly discovered that Azzruk was in possession of a moonstone that gave the druid some form of control over him. If he was to be free again, he would have to steal the moonstone for himself. But how would he accomplish that?

Pacing across his sealed domain of the Dream for what he believed to be the five thousandth time, Anzu had plenty of time to ponder an answer. He needed to study Azzruk's habits while he was sequestered in the Emerald Dream, but in order to do that, he needed outside help. So who could he get to spy on Azzruk without drawing the attention of his rider or Ysera? Before he was bound, the mighty ravens of Anzu's brood were his eyes and ears, but while quarantined in the Dream, his chances of reconnecting with them were shot. He could speak with the ravens of Azeroth, but they were small, powerless, and cared little for matters beyond where to find their next meal- hardly the caliber of birds accepted among the raven lord's flock. In fact... they were perfect! Inconspicuous enough to avoid the notice of Azzruk and, not being creatures of the Dream, out of Ysera's influence. It was just a matter of getting into contact with one alone.

One day in the Grizzly Hills, Azzruk was assigned the task of gathering ingredients for a stew near a brook carving a path through the woods. Much to the greater raven's indignation, the usual arrangement for harvesting herbs was Anzu collecting plant matter while ferrying Azzruk, usually tending to business matters, on his back. But that day's ingredient list was rather long and he was quickly growing tired of spitting out dirt, so Anzu decided to speak.

“Must I be the only one doing any actual work around here?” groaned Anzu. “At this rate, I'm going to end up killing the Lich King all by myself.”

"I am working," sighed Azzruk, his tone carrying the discontent of having answered the same question a dozen times already. He kept his head pointed downward, lazily scrawling across a scroll's surface. "I'm writing a report to the Cenarion Circle on about the effect of residual Scourge ectoplasm on the ecosystem surrounding Grizzlemaw."

"You're half asleep! Don't think I don't feel you shuffling around to keep from falling off my back!" said Anzu, turning his head almost a full 180 degrees to face Azzruk. Despite Azzruk being familiar with just how far a bird can turn its head and even doing it himself in his avian form, seeing Anzu do it while mounted on his back was still slightly unsettling for the tauren. "This list is long, and we can get everything on it twice as fast if you'd do your share. Reports can be written at night. Herb gathering cannot." Azzruk was hard of denying that writing reports was dreadfully boring, and the gentle rocking of Anzu's movement certainly wasn't helping him stay awake. As much as he didn't want to admit it, Anzu was right. But there was still a rather important matter at stake if he were to split off on his own.

"You're not exactly the most trustworthy creature to be left alone, especially after what you did in the trade district," said Azzruk, leering at Anzu.

"Oh, what am I going to do out here? Steal a squirrel's nuts? Besides, it's not like I can run away, not as long as you have that glittery super-ball of yours," said Anzu, his words practically dripping with sarcasm. Once again, Azzruk found it difficult to argue. After a pause and a sigh, Azzruk rolled up his scroll, slipped it into a pouch, and dismounted the greater raven.

"Fine, then. I'll gather the serpent eyes, you keep picking herbs. If you need something, squawk, or cluck real loud, whatever it is you do," said Azzruk, his form shifting to that of a horned lion and turning to dash off between the trees.

"Yeah, *you* shout if *you* need help," scoffed Anzu, watching the now-feline scurry off through the foliage.

Once Azzruk was out of sight, Anzu turned his attention up to the trees, ready to put his plan into motion. All he needed was to find a raven; any one would do. It didn't take long to find one of his smaller, black-feathered kin preening on a tree branch. Anzu approached beneath the lesser bird and greeted him with a few glottal caws.

"Greetings, fellow corvid," said Anzu in his native raventongue, keeping his tone friendly but authoritative. The smaller bird only pulled his head halfway out of his plumage to see who was greeting him in his natural language, then snapped to full attention upon seeing Anzu's unusual form.

"What are you?" asked the little bird.

"I am a greater raven!" announced Anzu.

"You don't appear to be a raven," the little bird replied, causing Anzu to huff.

"Ravens come in many shapes and sizes. Tell me, what is your name?" asked Anzu.

"You can call me Krittles," answered the bird. "And you?"

"I am Anzu, the raven lord!" said Anzu proudly, puffing out his chest as he focused upward on the avian perched on the branch above. Krittles's head tilted to one side, then turned back upright.

“Lord, huh? Never heard of you.” If Anzu had teeth, he would have been gritting them.

“*Disrespectful little...*” thought Anzu, but he felt it best to bite his tongue and avoid making enemies. “Not yet, anyway. That is why I need your help!”

“My help?” asked Krittles.

“Yes, your help. For you see, I have been enslaved quite unjustly! And if I am to be freed, I require information on my captor. I need you to follow him and watch him. Tell me everything. I want to know his habits, his routine, his purpose. I want to know who his allies are, as well as his foes. Watch him in battle, so you may tell me his methods. And most importantly of all, look for a glowing golden orb which he carries with him at all times. Observe how he uses it and where on his person he keeps it. Do this for me, and I will guarantee you a position of power and glory once our kin swallow this world in the shade of our wings!” said Anzu.

“Power? Glory? Surely you have seen what walks these lands,” chirped Krittles. “Giants leave footprints larger than both of us to the east, vrykul ride dragons that turn entire forests into ash to the south, and trolls dance in the blood of gods to the north. Somehow, I don't believe power and glory are within your reach.” Anzu's eye twitched, irked by the insolence of the diminutive corvid. He didn't expect a woodland bird to be swayed by offers of power, but such an open impugnement of his capability caught him off-guard.

“Very well, then perhaps I can offer you something more suitable for someone of your... status. If you do this for me, I'll guarantee you won't go hungry for a week.”

Krittles mulled it over on his branch for a moment, and then cawed, “All right, I'll do it.”

“Excellent!” exclaimed Anzu. “He is a tauren, a walking bull named Azzruk. Simply follow me and you will find him, for I'm rarely without his company. Bring me as much information as you can gather on him, and the rewards are yours.” Krittles nodded and fluttered into the trees. As Anzu headed back in the direction of Azzruk, he smiled in the satisfaction that the first steps to his unbinding were underway.

Days passed as Anzu became more compliant with Azzruk, less objectionable to being dismissed or performing menial tasks due to his agent's watchful presence. Whenever Azzruk inquired about Anzu's occasional survey of the trees above, Anzu said his imprisonment in the Dream had given him a greater appreciation for the world outside of it, and he was merely savoring what limited freedom he was given. A fortnight passed before Anzu returned to the spot he had first met his spy in Grizzly Hills, summoning the raven with a guttural squawk.

“So tell me,” commanded Anzu, “what news do you bring?”

“Azzruk, was it? He was difficult to track; he turns into a bird and flies like I do,” said Krittles.

“I assure you he's no more a bird than a gnoll, though I am interested to know where he frequents,” said Anzu.

“He spends much of his time in the floating city, mostly performing the same duties he does when you're with him,” informed Krittles.

“Did you find out who else he speaks with? What they spoke of?” inquired Anzu eagerly.

"No, I did not dare follow him inside," replied Krittles. His answer caused Anzu's eyes to narrow.

"Why not?" asked Anzu, slightly irritated.

"Wouldn't you be suspicious of a bird following you indoors? I had to keep my distance! Not to mention the possibility of anyone thinking me a stray pet and tossing me in a cage waiting for an owner who will never show," said Krittles. Though a reasonable answer, Anzu still grunted in frustration.

"Very well, where DID you track him?"

"Only as far as the seas, from which he rides a large, flying vessel. Where it goes from there, I do not know. It flies across the ocean where I did not follow."

"Did not follow?" barked Anzu, That was the whole object of your task!"

"I can find a week's food easily enough without risking my life," responded Krittles, resulting in a flustered growl from the larger bird below him.

"Rrrawrk, fine! What did you discover where you DO fly?" demanded Anzu, growing impatient for useful information.

"He travels from sea to sea performing a variety of tasks for seemingly anyone he encounters, involving anything from picking fruit to wrestling monsters three times his size," informed Krittles. "His finesse in battle is rather impressive to witness, if I do say so myself." Anzu groaned, as it was that finesse which landed him in a position of servitude in the first place.

"I know," said Anzu woodenly. "Were you able to ascertain any sort of weaknesses?"

"His proficiency with and defenses against magic appear to be limited at best, but his physical force is truly remarkable when he shifts into a beast!" said Krittles, rather impressed with what he witnessed. Anzu's reaction was not mutual since he had been stripped of his magical capabilities as part of his punishment, and Azzruk's physical strength was something of which he didn't want to be reminded.

"Yes, yes, I know that already. But what do-"

"I see bears and cats frequently, but never a creature that could alternate between them and surpass their ability so deftly!" blurted the excited raven, cutting Anzu off mid-sentence. "It was like watching an avatar of each one's kind tap into an inner power unseen in the wild!"

"That's unimportant, and lots of druids are capable of the same thing!" said Anzu, growing more irate with Krittles's admiration of the prowess that had bested him. "Now tell me if he-"

"His agility, his dexterity, his ferocity, unmatched by swarms and dragons alike, it was amazing!" said Krittles, interrupting Anzu once again. "In fact, if any of us could take over the world like you mentioned, I'd say the one most able to do it would be-"

"ENOUGH!" bellowed Anzu lividly, his shrill voice echoing through the hills. Anzu regained his composure in the following moments of silence, quickly realizing additional outbursts may draw unwanted attention from Azzruk. After taking a deep breath, Anzu continued, "I understand he's strong, and that's why I need to know his weaknesses. Magic is not an option, so if you-"

“You expect to lead ravenkind to world domination without magic?” asked Krittles, almost amused by Anzu's ambitions by then.

“SO IF YOU saw any other possible means to exploit him in combat, it would aid me- and you greatly.” There was a pause while Krittles tilted his head pensively, as if there was something he was unsure he should mention.

“Well, on the rare occasion he was 'bested' by someone, it appeared to be some sort of ritual rather than mortal combat,” said Krittles. Anzu perked upon hearing it.

“Really, now... Tell me of this ritual,” ordered Anzu.

“Well, there was much mutual grooming involved, running their hands and paws along each others' hides, licking each other in unorthodox areas... Their tongues frequented underneath each others' tails for instance- quite unhygienic if I do say so myself,” said Krittles with a hint of disgust. However, Anzu's head tilted, his interest growing at the mention of such an unusual engagement.

“That doesn't sound like any druidic ritual I'm familiar with... What else does it involve?” asked Anzu curiously.

“Well, their snouts would spend an exorbitant amount of time in between each others' legs. Licking, nuzzling, groping as they smothered each others' faces into their dangling bulges of flesh and fur,” said Krittles. The little bird's description made it abundantly clear to Anzu that he was not familiar with mammalian anatomy. Anzu, however, was quick to determine to what Krittles was referring and found himself quite intrigued.

“Actually, that doesn't sound like Azzruk at all,” thought Anzu. “No one as collected and dutiful as he would be so promiscuous... But then again, the whole objective of this operation is to learn his secrets, and that sounds like a secret to me.” Eager to learn more, the great raven pursued the subject.

“These 'bulges of flesh and fur,’” Anzu began, “You found them on both Azzruk and those he performed this ritual with, correct?”

“I did,” replied Krittles.

“I see... And what manner of creatures did they include?” asked Anzu.

“He didn't seem very picky. There were many bull-men such as himself involved, more than a few bear-men from the great fallen tree nearby and bushy-tailed dog men from the jungle to the west, and countless creatures of the wild,” said Krittles.

“Interesting,” thought Anzu, one of his talons scraping the soil. A plan was forming in his head. “There's certainly some information I can use! Perhaps his weakness doesn't lie in battle... If I can charm Azzruk, he'll lower his defenses and I'll have a better shot at nabbing that moonstone from him. Then I'll be free to gather my followers and my path to world domination will be underway once again!” Anzu briefly pondered what this new plan would entail. He would have to be obedient, agreeable, and use every natural charm he had, of which his inflated ego was quick to believe he had many. For a flash, Anzu even imagined his hindquarters in Azzruk's grasp, feeling the tauren's malehood slipping through the feathers of his perineum toward a very obvious destination. His sheath

became slightly-engorged at the prospect, though he was quick to shrug the reaction off as *“proof that I am the destined conqueror of this realm, for no others can manipulate their bodies to partake in such a disgustingly unpleasant, but absolutely necessary step in fulfilling it!”* However, in order to discover the means to getting on Azzruk's good side, Anzu felt he needed to delve deeper on Azzruk's “ritual.”

Anzu urged the smaller bird, “I require more knowledge of this ritual! Tell me everything you know!” Krittles hesitated, unsure of how to describe the rest in detail.

“Well,” the little bird began, “they'd lick each other until even I could see from my perch the fur between their legs glistening with saliva. Doing so would cause them both to grow, how do I describe this... an additional appendage. Some kind of probe, I would fathom-”

“Just call it a cock,” said Anzu bluntly, his own member halfway dropped and growing by the second. He made no attempt to conceal his arousal beneath him as it couldn't be seen from above, though it was equally possible he refused to acknowledge it entirely.

“Very well. They'd examine each others' bodies in a variety of ways, a pattern to which I was unable to discern. As each ritual drew on, there would be a greater amount of attention paid to each others', er... cocks, rubbing them against every inch of their bodies.”

“Fascinating,” remarked Anzu, his penis shamelessly hanging fully-erect beneath him and dripping with clear, viscous fluid. “Go on.”

Oblivious to the effects of his observations, Krittles continued, “Azzruk took particular interest in the scent of those he engaged with, invoking a stronger reaction the longer he kept his snout buried in their fur. That alone was often all that was necessary for Azzruk's cock to become fully engorged. I do not understand what he was saying as he ran his muzzle across every inch and inside every crevice of his partner's bodies, but it sounded highly approving.”

“Very useful, very useful indeed!” said Anzu, now pivoting and twisting his hips to rub his stiffened, dripping member against his legs. By the time Anzu decided to tend to his erection, he was convinced it was merely preparation to fool Azzruk into relinquishing the moonstone, no matter how many thick, warm streams of pre he left running down his legs onto his scaly feet. “I require more information on this ritual! Continue!”

By then, Krittles had become rather confused by Anzu's reactions and somewhat annoyed by his persistence. “You know, his activities consisted of far more than this ritual alone; perhaps you'd be interested in hearing those? For instance, there seems to be some significance to the jewels in his armo-”

“NO!” interrupted Anzu once again, “I demand to know more on the ritual!” Krittles was taken aback by Anzu's stubbornness on the topic, but after considering his behavior thus far, figured it was not very surprising after all. The little raven reminded himself of the reward then tried his best to conjure up any detail he may have overlooked.

“Uh, well, most of them ended the same way, with one approaching the other from behind and angling their cocks underneath the other's tail. There may have been more groping involved, but it wasn't long before it was pushed... inside of the other!” said Krittles with a wince. “I can't imagine such a thing being anything but terribly painful for the one on the receiving end. But instead, they growled

and groaned with rapturous intent, so I guess it couldn't have hurt too much. From there, they would buck their hindquarters back and forth with increasing haste-

"Like this?" asked Anzu as he humped the air energetically. As he did, Anzu's thickened, throbbing phallus slapped firmly against his belly with each thrust of his hips, slinging strings of his own natural lubricant across the ground.

"Yes, just like that!" said Krittles, unable to see just what was happening beneath the ground below him. "What they hoped to accomplish, I do not know. In, out, in, out, their dangling sacks slapping against each other, locking maws, howling as they yanked themselves against each others' bodies... You know, you really don't have to keep demonstrating," said Krittles, referring to Anzu's continued bucking of the air.

"I'm training, don't stop!" snapped Anzu whose hips thrust feverishly to smack his penis against his underside, flinging streams of pre well past his beak.

"I don't know what else to say!" replied Krittles, somewhat flustered with Anzu's insistence for an explanation beyond his findings.

"How deep did they push their cocks into each other?" Anzu huffed, picking up the speed in his air humping. The sound of his sweat-slick shaft beating against his underside developed a slightly moist splat due to the amount of leakage he had flung against his belly.

"Uh, all the way?"

"Mmm, excellent! What did they say?"

"I don't know, I don't speak their language!"

"Sound it out!"

"I don't remember!" cawed Krittles, just about fed up with Anzu's inquisition. "Half of it barely sounded like speech at all and more like... courtship vocaliza-"

Krittles went silent. The air between the two hung with an awkward silence, save for the heavy panting from Anzu's beak and the repeated, wet slaps of his penis beating against his belly. But even those stopped abruptly when Anzu came to a sudden still, drops of sweat dripping down his beak like the gooey pre he splattered across his legs and feet. With his glare still fixed on Krittles above him, Anzu asked sharply, "What?"

Krittles scowled in disgust, unsure if he should be more ashamed in Anzu's behavior or himself for enabling it. "Can I have my food now?" asked the little bird.

"Did you see where he keeps the glowing orb?" asked Anzu, his voice devoid of its former excitement.

"No," answered Krittles, "Though he reached underneath his left shoulder-guard each time he summoned you." There was a brief pause before Anzu came to a decision.

"Very well," said Anzu before he turned his beak and tucked it underneath the sash wrapped around his midsection. He withdrew a small, cloth pouch in his beak which he tossed on the ground before him. "Our business is done." And with that, he turned and bounded away in the direction of

Azzruk's camp.

“It seems I have some appealing to do. It won't be enjoyable for a virile ladies' bird such as I...” Anzu pondered, the thought of Azzruk plunging deep into his feathered body causing his slowly shrinking member to jump back to life, but the idea vanished as soon as it had formed. *“But I suppose some sacrifices are required if I am to earn my rightful place as the ruler of this domain! The eve of the raven comes...”*

Meanwhile, Krittles swooped down and perched on his reward. The pouch smelled of many exotic berries and legumes, and was generously-sized for a bird of his stature- perhaps even too much so. Krittles flapped his wings vigorously to carry it up to the canopy, but he could only lift the bag a few inches off the ground before its weight pulled him back down to the earth.

“How am I supposed to carry this?” called Krittles to Anzu, who was quickly disappearing into the trees.

“Not my problem!” Anzu's voice echoed back. Krittles had looked back just quick enough to catch a glimpse of Anzu's large, hefty, feathered scrotum bouncing heavily between his hind legs as he ran away.

“I have no idea how anyone can walk around with those things,” muttered Krittles to himself, shaking his head softly as he considered ways to carry his haul to higher elevations. “Who was crazy enough to put those on a bird anyway?”