

The music was so loud that even out here the peacock could feel it in his bones--which were hollow, sure, but that didn't detract from the fact that the house was throbbing with body-shaking beats. Something the bird usually loved, especially when they were coming from the paws of his beloved beasts, but he needed to relax at the moment. Enjoy the cool night air, and let his shoulder sag. He leaned against the side of his garage and flicked the lighter to life, the tip of his blunt catching quickly--it blazed red, and after a moment he was snorting a long cloud of weed smoke from his beak. Wisps still floated out as he said

"Much better."

Unfortunately, the reprieve was short lived, for a small creak coming from his right made his eyelids shoot up, and his shoulders tense. That could only mean one thing, as far as he knew, and the moment he turned he confirmed it: the door leading into the garage (the smaller, person-sized one) had just creaked open. Gerry didn't open it, and he was pretty sure it looked closed when he first came out here. Strange.

The peacock clamped his beak around his blunt and fearlessly walked through the already open portal, into the pitch-black, reaching for the lights. The smell of his weed did far too good a job masking the odor that had slunk its way in, unfortunately for him; the light from his stogie was not enough to warn him of the face that would be right beside his own when the bulbs flickered to life.

"Fylk!" the peacock squawked, entirely unprepared to see the possum here, now, and especially with his face so close. Staring, like he always did.

"What're you doing here?"

"Aw, Boss," he crooned, leaning in as the peacock stepped back, "It's great to see you too." The possum's tail, a disturbingly long appendage that the creep had happily used to get the better of the bird before, was already prepared for the peacock's retreat, and snaked up his robe after an incautious step backwards. Suddenly Gerry was a little too focused on the tailtip trying to violate the boundaries of his underwear to notice that the possum had closed the gap, and fast.

"Pretty bird. Let me look at you," the possum hissed, his nose suddenly at the tip of the peacock's beak. Gerry's grip on the tailtip began to slip, and an involuntary sigh left his beak--he almost dropped his blunt as well. The vermin's gaze was just that arresting. So green. A piercing, powerful green. It buzzed. It wavered, or maybe that was everything else now. Gerry's shoulders began to sag, and his dick throbbed to life...

"N-no, thank you," the bird said with a huff, shaking his head and throwing that tail away, "I should get back to the party." For all the right he had to assert himself and drive this rodent out, the bird was desperate to fly away, before it was too late. He could already smell the rat's crotch through the haze of weed around his head...

"Well if I can't look at you," the incorrigible vermin continued, his own tail yanking on the bird's so hard that it pulled him backwards, "you should look at me." The possum

had enough decency to cushion the peacock's fall with that tail of his at least, but nowhere near enough to keep his pants zipped up. The bird opened his eyes, and there it was, already half-hard, and therefore, *long*. That cock of his.

Fylk's dick. The way it swayed was, clearly, hypnotic. It looked so heavy, but stood so proud, throbbed so loudly. As it wobbled back and forth in front of him, Gerry could all but see the waves of musk radiating from it, wobbling to and away and all around him. It was evil, filthy. *Gorgeous*. Gerry could barely remember how it felt in his beak after all this time, maybe just one taste-

"No!" the peacock chirped anxiously, jumping ungracefully to his feet, rearranging his dick in his underwear as soon as his back was turned to the possum. Straightening himself up, he turned around, ashed his blunt on the floor, and snorted out a commanding cloud of smoke, trying and barely succeeding to build himself up enough to make his next words anything but a skittish song.

"Now I have to go, so if you'll excuse-"

He tried to exit through the now shut garage door, but that tail was already pestering him again, tugging at his ankle, and then wrapping around his wrist when he tried to unwrap it. His hand pulled away from the doorknob, forgotten. While the tail slid up his arm (Was it always this long? It seemed so much longer now. Greasier.) the possum slid in closer, as if they were separate entities double-teaming the poor peacock.

"Really? But Boss, I want to help~"

The way he said it could not have been more transparently self-serving, but the bird was just too distracted and hard and high to truly appreciate who he was speaking to, and instead replied:

"You want to help me? With what?"

That tail finally darted out of Gerry's grip while he reached up to adjust his blunt, and it immediately dove down his robe, into the front of his underwear. The bird was embarrassingly hard--leaking, even. A smokey squawk burst from his beak, and while the purpling bird tried to regain control, the possum moved in behind him.

"You came out here to relax, right? You should, you're such a busy bird..." The whole time he spoke he circled the peacock, driving him away from the door, while simultaneously moving him into a far better position for his tail, a thing so disgustingly long that plenty of it was coiled up in the rafters, moving into position.

"Well..." Gerry gulped, trying to keep his gaze away from the vermin's, and also away from his dick, which he still had not put away. Or his armpits, or feet, or mouth, or...

"How could you do that?"

"Oh, you know," the possum said with a chuckle, brazenly putting an arm on the bird's shoulder while the avian continued to impotently wrestle with his tail, "I've got my ways." He suddenly pulled the bird very close to him, something Gerry was -not-

prepared for. He gulped, and slightly adjusted the cigar in his beak. His forehead pressing against Fylk's. Their eyes connected.

"But first, you need to relax."

The possum's words echoed through Gerry's foggy head. He did need to relax... that's why he came out here. To relax, turn off his brain for a moment. Why was he fighting it? Fylk could help him relax. He was helping him relax right now. He was holding him so nicely, with his arms and tail. Throbbing so hard against his thigh. He could smell the vermin's ~~awful~~ wonderful breath, pushing across his beak. Hands getting tighter, eyes filling up everything-

But no! The bird knew nothing good would come from listening to this possum, staring into his eyes, any of that. He pushed the pest away and flew towards the door. He had to get out of here, *now*. He had to jerk off somewhere and clear his head, he had to smoke some more weed to get the smell of addictive possum crotch out of his beak, he needed to-

"Ah!"

Gerry yelped, because just before he could reach the handle of the door, that tail, longer and stronger and thicker than ever, wrapped around his head like a blindfold. It was so long and strong that it almost yanked him off his feet a second time when it had no more slack to give, but the bird caught his footing just in time. As soon as he was steady on his feet he was trying to unlodge that tail with all the diminishing might he had left... And the whole time, the smiling possum just slithered into position nearby, his voice already working its way into the peacock's head.

"Poor bird," he sighed, with absolutely no sincerity whatsoever, "You're so tired. So wound up! You can't even tell when someone's trying to help you." The bird squawked pathetically, a few idle threats mumbled around his cigar. Suddenly, the coils on his head stopped their squeeze, and he was able to push them away... only to see those eyes right before him. The bird froze. The possum smiled, a few snaggly teeth dripping with saliva that salacious tongue dragged across them. Gerry's blunt fell from his beak, and into the possum's waiting paw.

"You should loosen up," he cooed, his words sliding through the bird's whole body, shaking the tension out as it traveled along, "You can trust me." His eyes were everything, everywhere. So loud, so green, throbbing before him. Throbbing like his dick, the feeling in between his hips. Gerry couldn't fight the smile pulling at his beak anymore, which had pulled from ear to ear, and the green tint at the edge of his vision eclipsed his own watery brown. Soon his gaze was nothing more than a reflection of the possum's, his smile big and stupid, his dick throbbing painfully, the peacock swaying on the strings of the tail that hung from above. That tail that was beckoning him forward, towards the possum that was now enjoying his blunt.

"Trust in me, little birdie," he said in a raspy, smokey sing-song, Gerry plodding towards him with a huge grin, oblivious of the thick tail beneath his feet that made sure

he never made up the distance, “Just in me... Loosen up, and come to me... Hold still.” The bird came to a halt, agonizingly close to that handsome snout, he’d reach out to grab it if his arms weren’t so heavy--as soon as he did, Fylk’s tail tugged his robe away. His underwear, his everything, the typically bashful bird now stark-naked, hard as a rock, and looking exceptionally pleased that he was on top of everything else. Every time that grimy tail dragged through his downy feathers, his cock flexed. The possum continued his corruptive song, strutting through the garage as he did so.

“You can relax Boss, safe and sound,” he turned and took the peacock suddenly by surprise, pulling him into a tight embrace; the peacock’s heavy eyelids popped up for just a second, only to go half-mast once more. The tip of the cigar flared in Fylk’s rodent snout. A plume of smoke blasted them both in the face as he sang:

“With meeee, all, around... heheh...”

The smoke cleared and as if by magic, the rodent was gone, lounging in the rafters (in the bird’s robe, no less), while Gerry was plodding toward him on that tail. It was so long, longer than it’d ever been. So strong. Gerry couldn’t believe it. Why did he try so hard to resist this? He was safe with Fylk. His eyes looked so lovely when green. His feathers too. Everything a lovely green. More of it if he got closer, walked closer. Closer to that hot rat, who looked so good smoking his cigar, wearing his robes. Who sang so ~~disturbingly~~ beautifully...

“Slip into stoned slumber,” Fylk crowed, taking a long toke himself, “Fall into stupid bliss, bird.” He blew a few smoke rings in the peacock’s direction, and when they hit his face Gerry’s cock spasmed so much he let out a long moan, even if his beak never lost its dumb grin. But no, not yet. He needed more green, needed that possum. That smell. Buzzing in his head, song in his blood...

“Soon nothing but me, will exist, heheheheh...”

That nasty possum tail suddenly became a slide, the bird moving through the crests and valleys and getting grease between his cheeks and bouncing his dick against his belly, until the peacock reached the highest peak, his body frozen stiff like a board--cock included, jutting up proudly and perpendicular. The vermin’s tail snapped, and eventually the wave reached the coil the bird was on which flicked him into the air, and onto the top of his head--he was still stiff, still hard as a rock, not wavering or about to fall at all. Stock still, with a big dumb smile and throbbing green eyes, upside-down for the possum’s pleasure.

“You’re leaking, bird.” A drop hit the possum’s nose--his tongue shot right out and licked it up. Then he puffed on the cigar and snorted it in Gerry’s face.

“Sorry...”

“Heh.”

The possum let his tail unspool until he was lowered into a lawn chair laid out beneath him, the vermin reclining as haughtily as possible. Another big toke as he finished his song with a smile, each note smokier than the last.

“Trust in me... little, chickadee...” The tail slid out from under the bird as he finished, Gerry down, down the chute of possum scales that waited for him.

“Open wiilde... loosen up, for me.”

Gerry plopped into his final destination, Fylk’s waiting lap, and directly onto his cock, the entire long thing penetrating the bird in one smooth motion--he may have been quite relaxed due to the vermin’s hypnosis, but there was no “loose enough” for that monstrous dong. As soon as he slid into the possum’s lap his sleepy beak opened with a gasp, and the second it did, Fylk was forcing his tongue down his throat, blunt still clenched in his back teeth. Smoke filled the peacock’s lungs, green filled his gaze, and nasty possum precum filled his ass, along with that terrible, life-altering dick that was making his hips shake. Gerry was gone, but it was alright--his good friend Fylk had found him, and had *such* a grip.

“Mmmf, oh yeah,” the possum said with slobbery triumph, pulling the cigar from his mouth while a dead-eyed bird bounced on his dick. He ashed it on the bird’s thigh, who only shivered, and chuckled to himself a little bit more. His long dick flexed inside of his prize’s tight ass, really punched that prostate. The way the bird’s eyelids fluttered when he did that only made him do it more, and more meanly as well.

“Gonna be fast,” the possum grunted, and pretty much only to himself. He liked to take his time, but as soon as this bird was in his sights the tension started to build, and after all that foreplay? Well, it’s not like the possum was planning on cumming in this bird only once, after all. He gave Gerry another few thrusts, and the bird snorted out from his nose, because his beak could not break its smile--his dick was soft now but just as leaky, as the possum preferred, of course. A few more good thrusts would probably do it. He could feel the bird’s tight insides churn around his dick, rearranging themselves for him--soon they’d be filled to the brim with nasty rat, just like the peacock’s empty head.

“Mh, hmph,” the possum snorted. Hump. Hump. HUMP. Yeah, just a bit more-!

Knock knock

Fylk’s eyes shot open, and his thrusts came to a sudden stop. His hand snapped like a viper around the bird’s beak, squeezing tight, just in case. A mistake? Some animal? Maybe just-

Knock knock

“Gerry, are you in here?”

“Fffuuuck,” the possum groaned under his breath. Now? Really? The bird had quite the luck, or something. With the utmost reluctance Fylk sloooowly, agonizingly slowly pulled the lithe bird from his lap, the avian’s eyelids popping up one last time once he was finally off that cock. Gaped, leaking, smiling, and still swirly-eyed, Fylk laid him out across the lawnchair, and hissed into his ear.

“Relax, little bird, and wait for me.”

A little coo issued forth and Fylk gave him an “affectionate” slap, turning back towards the door. He all but stomped his way over to it, turning the lights back off as he did so, a third set of knocks coming just as he reached it. Completely unable and unwilling to hide his irritation, the possum yanked open the door and snorted smoke from his nose, directly into the face of the tiger waiting on the other side of it.

“Oh! Joe. It’s you, aheh.”

“Oh, Fylk,” Joe said, clearly surprised, even a bit suspicious, “I didn’t know you were invited.”

“Oh, you know,” the possum said, already trying to work his insidious charm, “I’m the life of the party.” He gave the tiger a snaggle-toothed smile and the tiger did not return it. Instead, he looked up and down Fylk’s body, seeing a slick, throbbing cock, as well as some robes that looked quite familiar. His gaze narrowed.

“What are you doing out here?”

“Oh, me?” he said, waving his hand dismissively as he took another toke, blowing the smoke across the tiger’s taut chest, “Just out here to relax... blow off some steam... you know.”

“Mm, maybe,” Joe said, his gaze going back down to that stiff dick that was wobbling just beneath the crest of his tit shelf, “But I’m not sure if-”

“It’s easy. Just have a hit. Loosen up,” Fylk said, straining to lean up towards the tiger and put his arm on the feline’s shoulder. He pulled the blunt from his mouth, and stuffed it onto the tiger’s maw.

“Like this. Trussst meee...” His gaze met Joe’s, and the tip of that dying blunt blazed in the cat’s snout. So much green in that vermin’s eyes, endless pools of it. So deep he could fall in. He was so horny, suddenly, his gigantic cock pushing its tip out past his underwear with a cartoony twang.

“N-now Fylk-”

“Listen to meee~”

The possum had just started to loop a few coils of his tail around the tiger’s stiffening meat when a frying pan-sized tiger paw came crashing down, forcing Fylk’s head into the feline’s cleavage, breaking eye contact. As soon as that gaze was gone Joe’s wits returned, the tiger shaking himself a little; he took a puff of the cigar, blowing it down at his cleavage, which contained the vermin.

“Sorry, don’t have time for that right now,” Joe said, as if his dick wasn’t still stiffening, “Some other time, maybe.”

“Sure,” Fylk said, barely audible with his voice so muffled by Joe’s heavy pecs. He finally managed to yank his snout out when Joe blew a cloud in his face and said, “Anyway, I’m looking for Gerry. You haven’t seen him, have you?”

Fylk stiffened for just a second, only a second. Barely noticeable, and certainly not to a tiger that was rapidly becoming both horny **and** stoned. That wretched smile returned to the possum’s lips, and he shrugged.

“Gerry? Search me.”

The tiger’s eyebrow popped up and he smiled, thinking himself oh so clever, completely oblivious to the slight tint of green at the edge of his gaze. Not oblivious to his stiff dick, though, which he gave a quick stroke while he puffed.

“Great idea,” Joe smiled, starting to push his way into the garage, “Let me check that tail, and everything else.”

“Certainly,” Fylk said, not even bothering to hide his amusement—he had no fear whatsoever, his bird tucked away in the rafters long ago by his conniving tail. Joe waltzed in and Fylk turned on the lights, lowering some of said tail from the ceiling. The tip dipped down, right in front of the tiger’s face, and his red, bleary eyes followed as it pointed towards a fat lot of nothing in the hanging tail loop nearby.

“Nothing here,” Fylk said, before opening his mouth and pointing inside, “Nothing here, either.” Joe’s gaze lingered quite a bit on Fylk’s after he closed his mouth, eyes only breaking contact because the possum made it so. The tiger shook himself, and his gigantic fucking dong wobbled in the night air.

“But you should really check here,” Fylk said, turning around. His tail lifted, and pulled him up, up, until his ass was dangling at tiger head height, right in front of Joe. Fylk pulled apart his cheeks, and suddenly the tiger’s vision narrowed. That ass, he needed to check it out. Make sure there was... searching for something? He forgot. Waves of powerful stink radiated from it, making the tiger’s cock leak a big bead of pre, bounce, he continued to stare. Walk forward, towards it, as Fylk waved his hips in the air. So close now, millimeters away, the tail tip plucking that blunt from Joe’s lips so that it could deposit it back into Fylk’s smirking mouth.

“Relax, kitty.”

He let go of his ass cheeks, and they clapped around the tiger’s snout, green circles immediately blossoming in Joe’s gaze. His tongue plopped out and he forced it against the possum’s ass, causing Fylk to snort so much smoke it almost had him coughing.

Soon the feline was going nuts on that vermin asshole—licking it, long licks, tonguing it, probing, biting at his cheeks, gripping his hips so tight with those big meaty hands—while Fylk had already lined himself up at the cat’s chest, and was sliding his slick cock into the cleavage right below. A little adjusting from his tail, and soon he was fucking the cat’s tits while the tiger was tonguefucking him.

“Fuck yeeeah,” Fylk moaned triumphantly, unable to contain himself. It was almost too easy! A big cat with all that cock, all that strength, mewling into his ass and flexing his chest around the possum’s long dick. He could feel his precum, his grease, his sweat staining Joe’s tits—he could already tell people would be smelling his ass on the cat’s face for hours. Fuck, it felt so good getting one over on such a big beast, making him smile, making him groan, mewl, beg! Fylk’s hands were suddenly gripping Joe’s chest tight, very tight, so tight that the cat, even completely and utterly hypnotized,

could now help but yowl into his ass while he kissed it. A few more spastic humps, and chitters. Mewling, shaking. Smoking the last of that blunt until all the ash was piling up on feline toes below.

“Hmmp!”

Fylk came, and came. Came so fucking much that a few jets shot out the bottom of Joe’s tits, soaking his cock in vermin spunk. Soaking that fur, coating his balls, making Joe’s dick ache in a way that was unbearable, incredible. He came and came until his tail gave way and he fell into the feline’s waiting arms, possum shaking himself as the orgasm subsided.

“Mmm, good cat,” the possum said with a grunt, putting out the snub of the cigar on the tiger’s tits. Joe did not flinch but continued to smile, just as the peacock did, who was at that moment slowly being lowered back down.

“Now be a good toy and wait outside. Guard the door for the Boss, he’ll be tied up for a while...” He climbed down from the mountain of meat, and snapped his fingers as soon as he was on his feet. Dutifully, the tiger saluted and hobbled out, cock still hard, bumping into the walls and door frame the whole way out. The door closed and the possum turned back to his peacock; he was slowly shaking, waking himself up, albeit while upside down. He blinked, and that face was back, an even more unsettling smile than usual waiting for him.

“Fylk!” Gerry began, trying to get his anger going as fast as he could, “You-!”

But it was once again too late. The possum had already waited too long, as far as he was concerned. His cock was just as hard, just as angry as it was before he slathered the cat’s tits in cum. Only that ass would satisfy, and once was not enough either. He grabbed the bird by the beak and pushed a finger inside, the taste of his sweat and cum and whatever else that was, possum grease or something, something that was *Fylk*, shocked his taste buds. Gerry froze.

“Relax.”

Those eyes washed over him. Gerry’s body began to go limp, save for his face, which was pulling back into a smile. Fylk jammed his finger down the bird’s throat until he shook, and the sensation completely overwhelmed.

Ping!

Gone, once more. Smiling, staring, no light behind those eyes besides that dreadful green. Pulling his finger away, Fylk replaced them with his tongue, kissing the peacock so deep and for so long his eyes began to roll back until his head--the possum didn’t stop until he felt a drop of pre hit his head, and he looked up towards the bird’s useless dick with a smile.

“You won’t be needing that,” Fylk cooed, lowering the bird down further, until he was face first on the chair. His hands dug into that ass, and the bird cooed back.

“Trust me.”

Fylk did not wait, outside of a couple of slaps of his nasty cock on pristine peacock cheeks; he lined up his dick and slid into the still-gaped bird without difficulty, cum-covered cock and precum-stained guts making it quite easy. He slid forward until there was nothing left to push in--the bird was still hypnotized, but his whole body shook. Still no being truly prepared for that thing.

And it wasn't that Fylk was oblivious to the discomfort he was causing his toy; he simply reveled in it. He kept his hips against Gerry's for as long as he could, flexing his dick, shifting his hips, luxuriating in the feel of his prey shuddering and shaking the entire time. Reaching around and sticking his fingers back in that beak, so he could feel the bird's breath quicken when he humped. Feel that dick of his begin to soften again as Fylk slapped his balls against the Boss's, prostate getting pummeled in the process.

It was a fast and dirty fuck, even by Fylk's standards. After the initial teasing and torturing at the beginning that he oh so enjoyed, he pulled out to the head, slammed in so hard the peacock coughed, and then repeated the motion, getting faster and faster with each thrust. Jamming his long dick as deep as he could, somehow deeper every time, the bird's belly bulging from the force of it. Gerry's dick, soft and dripping constantly, his ass wobbling like jello with each wicked hump. No words between them, just soft squawks and heavy rodent breathing, slobber and sweat from Fylk's head pouring across the bird's back.

Humping fast, harder. Every single greasy inch felt by the bird with every single thrust, every millimeter conquered by rat cock feeling so wonderful as he yanked out as far as he could before slamming in again. Choking the peacock on rat fingers, fucking a weak orgasm out of him (the way his ass clenched around Fylk's cock during made the rat hiss), leaning over and licking at his cheek while snickering at the bird's deranged gaze. Fucking him so hard tears were welling up beside the green, melodious moans pouring from his throat and into the plastic slits between the lawn chair's back. A sudden squawk, after a particularly nasty thrust. The bird started to piss himself, a puddle appearing beneath the fuckseat.

Fylk heard the soft tinkling and immediately turned feral. His humps went from hungry to insane, bird's well-being be damned. Piss sprayed across the concrete as every thrust forced more out of his bladder, spit from the bird's mouth pooling into quite the puddle as well at the other end as well. His hips shuddering as he tried to piss while still horny, still full of rat cock. Whimpering so loud, one could almost construe some begging from it, though for more or less possum dick who could say. Fylk assumed the former, and at one point shoved in so hard a loud popping sound issued from the peacock's hips.

"Ahhmmf!"

Fingers deep in his mouth while the vermin came. Came and came, so much cum and so pressurized from the tight ass it was shooting out the sides of his asshole. Mixing with the piss and slobber on the chair, the ground, making sure both were

thoroughly ruined. Nothing untainted by the vermin, and especially not the bird. Dick flexing with each hard shot that punched Gerry's guts. The bird out of piss a long time ago, and simply whining as his body, empty of everything but possum corruption, spasmed. Shook, softly, going limp. Fylk finally finishing as well, letting him fall to the chair. Body shaking with each haggard breath.

Eventually he pulled his long dick out, still hard. The bird yelped, and shook his ass. Fylk flipped him around smiling at the look on his face. The poor man looked insane.

"M-more, more please," he whimpered in a far off voice, green eyes staring at nothing. A dribble of piss hit his belly feathers, but he did not notice at all.

"I trust you, I trust you!" Did he even know what he was saying? Or were the vermin's words just bouncing around in his empty head, tainting any lost spot still ungreened? Fylk did not care either way.

"I know," he said with an evil smile, grabbing the bird's ankles and depositing them on his shoulders. He lined his dick back up and grabbed Gerry's head, staring into those crazed eyes.

"Just in me."

Another thrust, another screech, green throbbing in both of their gazes.