

Making of a Burd

Part 4: Bonding Burd

By M. E. Vehnt
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WARNING! WARNING! WARNING!

This is an adult story (readers 18 years and older only please) and contains acts of forced and consensual sexual intercourse between humans transformed into anthropomorphized birds.

Keywords for the series: Forced transformation, imprisonment, feral, anthro, forced sex, bondage, rimming, oral, cloacalingus, fluids, consensual sex

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Mark found himself in the dark. He could barely see anything but pale blue shadows. He found himself perched in a tree, close to the trunk, swaying in the wind. It was bitter cold. He peered out through the canopy of lacy evergreen branches and saw ice and snow laid out below him with bright moonlight reflecting from it except for a large shadowy hill to his right, and the dark forest around him. He felt very, very alone and closed his eyes trying to remember warmer places from his past. But he felt that his past was gone too and the darkness behind his eyes was just as empty. The icy wind was nipping at his toes and he shivered under his feathers. He closed his eyes again and shrunk down inside his feathers... but then something blocked the

wind. It was a warm presence. He felt a warm wing come around him from his right side and he opened his eyes. It was another eagle like him and it was snuggling up and sharing its warmth. It glowed with friendship and warmth, even seemed to have a kind look in its eyes as its crown feathers fluffed. He dove under that wing and snuggled in tightly. The eagle closed its left wing down around him and hugged and rocked a little, as if to tell him he was safe. Mark began to warm up again. He had been so lonely for so long in a strange cold world with no friendship. The feeling was wonderful and he didn't want it to fade... but he was starting to realize that he was waking from a dream. "Noooooooo... I don't want to wake up! Nooooooooo..." he moaned as the dream world slipped away.

As Mark gained consciousness he realized that he was still being rocked... and there were warm feathers all around him and a heartbeat that was not his own. He snuggled in deeper under the dark wing around him and hugged the huge bird. It churred back to him soft and low, seeming to enjoy the comfort it was brooding into Mark. Mark eventually pulled his head up out from under the wing and opened his eyes. The eagle holding him had its head feathers slightly fluffed out and a soft look to its eyes. It tilted its head a little and looked at him with its left eye, the pupil contracting and expanding as it studied him carefully. Mark wasn't sure for a moment what that meant, but then the lower eyelid came up as the eagle smiled with its beak corners. This was a friend.

Mark looked around the room. The walls were painted in natural colors of brown, green, and sky blue on the ceiling. There were skylights and large full length windows along one wall in an adjacent room, but it was nighttime and all was dark beyond the glass. The room was illuminated by warm, soft lights, reflecting off the walls from recessed fixtures in the ceiling. There was also the scaley trunks of a few Sitka spruce attached to the end of a wall, like they were growing up through the room. Mark realized that he was sitting with this other eagle in a nest, much like the one that he had had in his previous room-- a depression in the floor lined with form-fitting cushions. His curious gaze made the circuit of the room then slowly returned to this big eagle that was brooding him.

Mark wanted to ask so many things, but he was so happy to be in this eagle's embrace that his own urgent wishes subsided. He looked back up at the eagle and chirped out slowly and quietly: "Who are you?"

The eagle blinked, smiling and said, in soft low chirps "It's ok, I'm like you, I was one of the first here. You are among friends now and you're going to be all right." He squeezed Mark warmly and reassuringly with his left wing.

"You mean, there are others?" Mark asked as his brain started churning again. "Wait... are you the bird that, ummm.... well, that..."

"...bred you? Heh heh! No, it was not me" said the eagle with a kind but serious look on its face.

"Who was it?" Mark said as he looked away.

The eagle looked at the back of Mark's head and said "That was Chak. He was one of the first anhtroeagles. He has the ability to manufacture both the mutagen that makes us and the hormones that maintain our form."

"So he's the one that did this to me?" said Mark, still looking away with moist eyes.

The eagle's serious face had a touch of sympathy in the eyes: "In a manner of speaking. He's not in charge here, but he produces eggs that concentrate the mutagen. The eggs are fed to new subjects such as yourself. That's enough to change you."

The eagle raised his wing so that Mark could get up if he wanted. Instead, Mark turned towards him and snuggled in closer. Surprised, the eagle slowly lowered his wing around Mark.

"Why don't I have full wings like you?" Mark asked, his face buried in the eagle's feathers.

"I'm not sure, actually" said the eagle, his eyes staring into a vacant zone of contemplation about 5 feet away. "Perhaps the egg you received was not as potent as usual. Your eggs are obviously of great interest to the research team. That's why they kept you isolated for so long. I'm still not sure what they found. Usually if a new burd lays eggs, they are not fertile and not potent. Something was different about yours but I'll be damned if they tell us much."

Mark swung his gaze up at his warm brooding companion. "Is this Chak an asshole? Is he forced to do this stuff?"

"He used to enjoy the work and he does get treated very well... so long as he performs." said the eagle. "Therein lies the dilemma we all have: We like being this form, but we are in a prison and we cannot fully enjoy it. Our lives have been stolen from us. Most of us don't miss the complex struggles of human life, but we do miss having our freedom. It's all the more terrible now that we are creatures that should be living free."

"What's your name?" asked Mark.

The eagle's eyes focused back to the present and looked down at Mark with a smile. "I'm Sebastian."

"How long have you been here?" Mark queried.

"About two years..." Sebastian replied. "I was driving home from a con in southern California. I stopped at a rest stop and some guys grabbed me in the bathroom and shot me up with drugs. I was given pretty much the same treatment as you and everyone else... shut in a room, fed the mutagen, drugged, fucked by Chak, drugged, laid eggs, drugged, watched, drugs, drugs, drugs..." Sebastian's voice got louder and more emphatic, his eyes pinning in anger. Sebastian collected himself and more calmly said "I had graduated college five years before as a software

engineer. I had a good job and was just getting rolling in my career. I loved wildlife photography especially involving birds of prey. My fursona was an eagle..." Sebastian's head sank "...and I guess somehow I fit their profile so the fuckers nabbed me."

Sebastian was gazing down into the past now. Mark reached up with his yellow, clawed hand and gently caressed Sebastian's beak, looking up at him with his eye ridges softened and attentive. Sebastian refocused on Mark's face. "Hey, we're going to make it through this." Mark stated, not really knowing if it was true. "You've been here longer than me, so I don't have a right to say much I guess. But we've got to stick together. We can't afford to lose hope!"

Sebastian looked at him with a subtle smile on his beak corners. The words were simple, almost cliché. But Mark's face said more and made them believable. He responded quietly "Of course not... of course not."

Mark could sense the resign in his companion and his momentary loss of resolve. He wanted to do more to help Sebastian find his strength again but decided it best to change the subject. "I am so glad to have someone to talk to now. I was losing my mind in there all alone."

There was an angry sounding gurgle in Mark's belly. They both looked down at his bird body. "Wow, I guess I'm pretty hungry too."

"There's fish right over there around the corner. Help yourself!" Sebastian chirped, lifting his wing for Mark to get up.

Mark's legs felt like lead and he was a little light-headed-- the after effects of the drugs he had been administered to transfer him to this room. But his hunger was strong so he knew that he was probably recovered enough to eat without getting sick. He shuffled his way around the corner and found a toiletry wall, similar to what he had used in his other room. As he backed up and relieved himself he studied the 2 salmon and his mouth watered. A bird's business is brief so in no time at all he was on one of those fish tearing the flesh, cracking the cartilage, and bolting down chunks of beautiful orange salmon flesh. He had learned that with his size, he could bolt down an average sized salmon but it moved through his crop and stomach much more comfortably if he ripped it up. Soon his crop and stomach were very full. Sebastian had joined him just as he began to eat. His approach was more casual, picking the second salmon slowly and methodically and watching Mark out of the corner of his eye.

Sebastian did not have hands to help manipulate the food or to wash his feet so by the end of their meal, there were salmon bits all over the floor, nearby wall, and his feet. The "kitchen" had a sliding partition that could isolate it from the rest of the apartment and there was a separate metal door, presumably this allowed isolation and cleaning of the room. Sebastian could see Mark looking over the door, the partition, the floor, and his feet.

"In a place like this, you may as well have hands like that" Sebastian remarked. "I really missed hands especially at first but I've found ways to get things done, I guess the same as a wild eagle

does.” He looked at Mark with a sparkle in his eyes. “Let me show you how eagles wash! Follow me...” and Sebastian clicked his talons across the textured sealed concrete floor back to another doorway between the nest room and the kitchen. As he entered, lights came on and Mark could see that there was a pool in this room. The room was about 50’ long with frosted windows that angled outward in the style of a sun room. The pool was about 20’ in diameter and about 2’ deep in the center. A large shower head hung overhead. On their side of the room, adjacent the kitchen, the floor was covered in sealed stone with mortared joints. Across the room from them was an artificial grassy area along with driftwood logs and small live spruce trees. That end of the pool room had an open space into the nest room where Mark had awoken a while before. The “island” between the two rooms was decorated in flat slate stones. Obviously someone had taken pains to make them comfortable, providing a balance of nature and surfaces that could be cleaned well. However, it also had the look of something that was designed to make them comfortable for a long, long stay.

Sebastian was ahead of Mark and was already wading out into the pool, his fluffy leg feathers floating up around him. He turned and looked at Mark with a friendly look. “Come on in, the water’s fine!”

Mark stepped down to the pool and, like any eagle would during their first entry into water, he reached down and dipped some of the water into his beak. He drank a few more times and was satisfied that the water was fresh, cool, and inviting, just how an eagle likes it. “I was really missing not being able to shower or bathe. I was doing all I could with the sink and my hands, but this is a welcome sight!”

Sebastian said “You probably have some instincts about this, like I did. Let me help you a bit and show you what works well. First, don’t be afraid to fling and flap water everywhere. I dip my head down under and pull up... it shoots water down my back. As I come up I shake my wings against my sides, which catches the water on my back and works it in. Here, watch!”

Sebastian did just as he described, vigorously! Water was flying everywhere and it really invited Mark to get into it. Soon they were both bathing energetically and flapping their wings and preening. After a lot of initial shaking and fluffing the water into their plumage, they followed with preening and flapping to realign their plumage. Finally, they delicately preened their oil glands over their tails and spread the oil with their beaks through their feathers. It felt so good to them that they also rubbed their chins and heads into the oily fluff around the gland and spread this on their back feathers. Mark followed Sebastian up onto the Astroturf and he saw his satisfied glow-- a glow that he shared too. Sebastian remarked “I always thought that birds looked pretty content taking care of their feathers. Now I understand how they felt-- like a fresh set of perfectly-fitting clothes. And such a fresh smell!”

Sebastian pressed a button on the wall and two sunlamps came on over the Astroturf area. He returned and stood beside Mark, preening his feathers softly. Sebastian flared out his breast, back, wings, neck, and head feathers, closed his eyes, and shook vigorously, then flapped his wings. Mark, in his content, warm, well-fed, and clean mood, found himself staring at Sebastian.

Mark's sharp, fast eyesight could see every feather in high speed... the droplets flying off the neck feathers, then the beak, and the closure of Sebastian's feathered eyelids as he shook... sparkles of water droplets and the shine of freshly oiled plumage. The image replayed in his mind for a moment before he realized he was staring. Sebastian realized it too and stopped in mid-preen. He slowly raised his beak wearing a slight smile and studied Mark with his right eye-- the eye that was facing him. Mark caught himself and slicked his feathers down in embarrassment and went back to preening.

Sebastian said quietly "Mark, it's ok to admire the beauty of our bodies." He looked at Mark up and down with both eyes now. "You are a gorgeous bird and so am I" he said, flexing his wings in a slightly ridiculous rendition of a body builder.

Mark chuckled and blinked. "You're right... we are both eagles and..." Mark laughed a little harder "gender doesn't really matter since we are both males that lay eggs-- herms I guess." Sebastian chirped out some laughter too but as the laughter faded, they both looked at each other more seriously. Mark made the first move. He approached Sebastian from the right, stretched out his yellow, clawed right hands and gently cradled Sebastian's beak. Mark moved his head in closer and their beaks clicked softly together. He slid his hand back along Sebastian's beak, feeling how smooth and warm it was, then stroked the feathers along Sebastian's left jawline and head. Sebastian closed his eyes and leaned into the petting, sighing through his nares. His breath was hot and salty to Mark, inviting. Mark lifted his left hand up to Sebastian's forehead and softly preened the feathers along the top of his head.

Sebastian opened his right eye partially and looked into Mark's eye. "I'd forgotten how wonderful hands could be" he whispered. "Oooooohhhh, those pets and preens are so nice. Churrrrrr..." Sebastian slowly lowered his breast to the ground and leaned over on his left side so he could extend his legs out partway. Mark cradled his head all the way to the ground. He felt genuine compassion for this fellow anthroburd. He knew how it was to just be here a few weeks but this fellow had been here for years and had little more information than himself. And no permanent friends. Yet he was so friendly towards Mark and hadn't asked for anything. Mark felt very relaxed with him and wanted to make Sebastian comfortable. Mark also had his own repressed desires towards birds, a desire to be a bird and enjoy life as one, including the more sensual aspects. Now it was perfectly fine for him to explore these aspects... and he was excited to explore them! His heartbeat hastened a bit and he felt his vent loosen and pulse a little. There was a thrill in the back of his throat as he realized that this burd was cooperative and desired the same thing.

Mark nestled down next to Sebastian's right wing and preened his nape with his beak while stroking his back with his left hand and cradling his beak in his right hand. He slid his right hand back and gently explored the rim of Sebastian's right ear, hidden under the soft feathers of the side of his head. Sebastian smiled with his eyes and beak corner and dropped his mouth open a little letting out a cute chortle. Mark continued to stroke Sebastian's back, slowly working his hands farther down until he was fondling Sebastian's preen gland and the base of his tail. When he reached the preen gland, Sebastian sighed deeply and pressed out his legs a little while

erecting the feathers over his tail. Mark read that as “no limits” and this made his mouth water. He could scarcely believe what he was doing... the subject of a few awesome wet dreams in his life but he never thought it would be reality.

Mark gently pulled Sebastian’s right thigh forward a little to improve access to the soft fluff under his tail. Sebastian liked that idea so he cooperated and pulled his right leg forward and extended his left leg behind. He also flared out the feathers around his vent and lifted his tail a little. Mark’s fingers fondled the underside of the base of Sebastian’s tail and worked deep into the fluffy down. He could feel the thick muscles that moved the tail and fanned the feathers. There was a hot pocket of down under the tail and he followed it further. The probing fingers soon found a pair of hot, plump lips. As he touched them, Sebastian gave out a deep, low moan and fanned his tail as he lifted his head slightly. The vent puckered down tight around Mark’s fingertips. Mark felt a thrill at that moment and moaned a little himself as his own vent clenched. As it relaxed again he could feel it moistened with precum.

Mark couldn’t help but have a look at what his fingers were fondling. Sebastian was winking his vent softly against Mark’s hand, kissing it gently. The sight made Mark moan and wink his vent again, a bit of precum pooling at the corners. There were moist sounds as the lips puckered and relaxed leaving strands of clear mucus. Mark salivated and shifted his position. He just had to put his head down there!

Sebastian knew what was on Mark’s mind and so he rolled over onto his back and pumped his tail and vent a few times to plump and lubricate his cloacal membranes. Mark lifted his right leg over Sebastian’s breast and swung his tail over Sebastian’s beak. Mark’s beak made in slow and tenderly to Sebastian’s vent. He took in the sensations for a moment, up close. Sebastian’s belly fluff rose and fell with his breathing, slightly faster than would be normal at rest. He could hear and feel Sebastian’s heart beating under his own crotch and the chest rising and falling with each breath. The brown belly feathers were parted to reveal gray down and a fine circlet of darker, soft, paintbrush-like feathers that arose around the vent. The outer rim of the vent was covered in yellow, soft, wrinkly skin. This gave way to glistening pink furrows that dove into the cloaca. Mark could see the lips pulsing slightly and the whole vent would suck in and press out with each of Sebastian’s sighs and groans. The vent upper lip under the tail was plumper and shorter than the lower lip and Mark could see glistening clear mucus and precum collecting at the corners. Then Mark smelt the hot vapors of sexual excitement... a steamy sweet smell that made his feathers fan out all over his head and chest. He closed his eyes and inhaled, letting the smell go deep into the recesses of his airsacs. He let it out with a whine and chortle, dripping precum from his relaxed vent.

Sebastian saw Mark’s vent pooching out and drooling and gave it a rub with the round curve of his beak. The pre smeared around as Sebastian pressed open those vent lips. “OOooooooooOOOH! Oh! Oh!” Mark chirped loudly as he felt the edge of a climax. “W-w-w-wait!” Mark stuttered out. Sebastian knew what was up: Mark didn’t want to cum yet.

Mark concentrated with clenched eyes until he gradually felt the urge to cum pass and a blob of

precum drooled off the lower lip of his vent onto Sebastian's waiting tongue. "Go ahead, Mark. I see you are enjoying yourself. Rest assured, so am I!" Sebastian said with a big smile.

Mark gave a sigh of acknowledgement and bent back down to Sebastian's vent. Mark pressed his beak against Sebastian's relaxed hole, pressing gently. Then he opened his beak slowly, causing the lips to open with a meaty, sticky sound. He extended his tongue into the hot, juicy embrace of the inner vent sphincter. Sebastian inhaled sharply with the pleasure and let out a long low "churrrrr...." Mark found that it tasted slightly musty, kind of salty, very sexy. The inner sphincter quivered against his probing tongue tip and he held it there for a moment until Sebastian breathed out again, at which point the muscles relaxed and Mark's tongue slid in deeper. Sebastian groaned his approval and he wanted so bad to lick the hot vent poised above his beak, but he waited a bit longer. Instead he moved his wing tips up and pet Mark's back and nape.

Mark had his tongue inserted as far as it would go... to where he could feel slimy membranes and liquid within Sebastian's coprodeum (the deepest chamber of the cloaca). Sebastian had been feeling a climax coming on and his tail twitched now and then with delight, the feathers spreading and swishing slightly. He couldn't resist any longer and his cloacal levator muscles contracted. This caused his inner cloaca to clench tighter as the vent relaxed. Mark's tongue was forced back out slightly until the tip was resting against Sebastian's oviduct opening. Sebastian chittered and moaned and clenched his ass again causing the oviduct and outer cloaca to unfold and envelop Mark's tongue. Mark was fascinated and nearly blowing his load with these sensations. He pressed his tongue into the oviduct and it was soft, hot, and had a salty-sweet tasting fluid that lubricated it well. He opened his eyes a little. "Aaaaaahhhh" Mark panted against the red, wrinkled membranes that were now in his face.

It proved to be too much for both of them. "Aaaaaah!" Mark's breathing was deeper and faster as he felt his vent preparing to unload. His tail spread and shook. "UUHHHH!" He moaned around his tongue. "OOOOHHHHHHHHHH.... HHHHH!" Mark could resist no more and he squatted down against Sebastian's extended tongue, his cloaca everting out uncontrollably. Sebastian barely had time to lick it once before Mark jizzed hard and jerked his head and tongue back out of Sebastian's oviduct. "URRRRG!" He croaked as his pink cloaca spurted 2 streams of runny white fluid across Sebastian's tongue and beak. "EEEEYAACK-k-k!" Was Sebastian's reaction as his own cum erupted up around his everted oviduct and dribbled down to his tail fluff.

"Oooohh... huh huh huh" They both groaned and panted there in euphoria for a few moments. Mark was still very turned on. He watched as Sebastian's oviduct and cloaca slowly folded back in, moving in and out a little with each heavy breath. He reached down and licked up the hot fluids that were oozing out as the vent contracted. He also lovingly pressed his beak against the lips and lapped up the fluids that had soiled Sebastian's feathers. If he had lips, he would be kissing and sucking that hot hole. Sebastian was also gently caressing and rimming Mark's vent too, tonguing deeper now that his companion's vent was relaxed and less sensitive. His tongue moved around the edges and the inner folds, collecting and cleaning the tangy, mildly fishy-

tasting semen.

Sebastian laid his head back and opened his mouth. "That was... incredible. Thank you, my friend."

Mark stroked Sebastian's tail and then clasped Sebastian's tarsi together with his hands and rubbed his beak around the toes as if to kiss them. "My pleasure, Sebastian!" he said with a loving smile. Mark turned around and snuggled down with Sebastian to sleep in each other's steamy embrace for the night. Mark no longer had dreams of cold isolation. His dreams were as an eagle in the sunshine gazing over clear streams, green trees, and summer flowers. Overhead was a blue sky and gentle white clouds. At his side was a warm companion, swaying together in a breeze as it lightly nudged their perch tree. He felt warm within and without and glowed with confidence about the future.