

Making of a Burd

Part 5: Free Burd

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August 27, 2013



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 awoke in the dark, in the smell of the leather hood again. It felt like he was on the padded seat where he had been several times lately. He and Sebastian lived together with little interruption for about 2 weeks. They had grown very fond of each other, sharing their minds and their hopes, and, yes, their love. Then Sebastian was gone one day and Mark was returned to a lonely cell again. He was kept in a drugged daze for weeks, occasionally waking up in this leather hood and padded seat for various artificial breedings (or so he surmised) and rough

probing and examinations. He hadn't encountered Chak and he hadn't laid any further eggs and he could make no sense of what was going on. Mark had lost count of the days and lost hope. Nothing really mattered anymore.

His head spinning from drugs, Mark realized he was in the seat yet again. He felt the familiar temptation to shake and rage against his restraints and scream at his captors, but where had that gotten him? He decided to play it cool and pretend to still be sleeping. He listened with his sharp ears, intently. There was a rustle of feathers from another big bird. A man with a raspy voice said, very quietly, "Is he awake yet?"

Someone laid a stethoscope head pressed to Mark's back for a moment. Then they reached under his tail and flicked a finger against the side of his vent, which caused it to flinch and wink. Another voice responded "Yes... I think he's listening to us."

The first voice said "Get on with it, Chak."

Chak growled back at them and flapped his wings brusquely, apparently knocking the people back because a clipboard clattered to the ground accompanied by a "Heeeyyyy! Fucking asshole!"

The bird flapped hard and lept up onto the seat, a leg on each side of Mark's mid-section. He seemed impatient and uncaring, even more so than before. He laid one foot on Mark's rump and gripped so that the talons poked and scratched but didn't penetrate. Mark screeched out and one of the scientists responded with an electric prod-- Zap! Chak screeched and there was a slap and a clatter as the prod was flung against the wall. Chak screamed out "Get the fuck out of here you perverts!" There was a shuffle of feet and a muttered "Goddamn primadonna..." as the scientists left the room and the door slammed shut.

Chak replaced his foot down to Mark's side and lowered his body onto his. He began to preen Mark methodically, gently. It felt nice but Mark was still bewildered about what was going on. Chak worked his way up close to Mark's ear and whispered very quietly "Act like you're enjoying this..."

"What the fuck??" Mark thought to himself. Chak preened a little deeper and nipped Mark's skin intentionally. "Yip!" Mark jolted. He got the message and started in with some low churrs.

Chak was a master. He used his beak to preen and massage Mark well from his nape to his mid-back all the while swishing his tail around on Mark's rump and tail. Mark had no doubt that those scientists were standing around with boners behind their video monitors. Chak reached up and whispered in eagle-speak to Mark again. "You are too important to them. Too important to lose. Remember."

"Oooooohhhh yesssss!" chittered Mark in response. Mark strained against his tethers and lifted his tail, panting and winking his cloaca. He hardly had to fake it... the massage and the clasping

of hot feathery thighs around him was very stimulating. He began to pant with his mouth open and his cloaca everted its glistening membranes, drooling precum.

“Come on! Scream for me bitch!” Chak wailed as he spanked his tail hard under Mark’s and slapped their plump vents together. He ground his balled feet into Mark’s sides and squeezed Mark’s abdomen hard. “Scream! Scream! Screeeeeamm!”

“KaaaaaaaaaaaaAAAAA! KaaaaaaaaAAAAAAAAA! KAAAAAA!” Mark whined louder and louder, lowering his head and instinctively everting his oviduct this time. Chak felt the bulging, soft, hot folds of Mark’s cloaca-- a fleshy, silky pillow and he pressed in hard with a loud grunt that trailed off into a spasmodic twitter as his vent pulsed and winked with the ejaculation. Chak stayed hunched over Mark for a moment, their vents winking and kissing with sticky meaty sounds and their breath coming in raspy pants from the exertions. Chak flapped and hopped off just as the door opened again. Chak’s talons clicked across the cement floor until it sounded like he entered a hallway and a large door slid down behind him.

The man with the raspy voice came up close to Mark’s right ear and said “How’d ya like that?”

Mark sat panting, not moving. He was thinking about what Chak said and knew better than to give his captors any satisfaction.

“What did you guys talk about, hmmmmm?” asked the man and Mark could tell he had moved his head a little closer. Mark nipped out with his beak and found flesh and clothing. “AAAAHHH!” the man screamed. Mark held on tight as the man struggled. Then came a stab in his breast which caused him to let go. The man fell back with a thud and cursed emphatically, “Why the FUCK are these burds so testy?! ... Oh God! Someone get the goddam first aid kit!” came the shout to Mark’s echoing ears as he swirled into the ether of drugged blackness. As his head sank and drool ran down his beak, amidst the gathering darkness he heard a woman’s voice say “Maybe if you didn’t treat them like criminals they’d trust you...”

Mark awoke back in the nest in the apartment he shared with Sebastian. The sun was rising outside, judging by the angle of the light. He had slept since the previous day’s mating. There was a big puddle of drool when he lifted his beak and shook the sleep out of his eyes.

“Sebastian?” he chirped. They had been together now for a few weeks and had grown very fond of each other. His absence was disturbing. Mark rose out of the nest and stumbled to the sun room. The pool was mirror-still and the room was warm-- no sign of Sebastian. Mark peered around the corner and could easily see that he wasn’t in the kitchen. His head feathers slicked down as his countenance fell.

“Why do you guys treat me like this!!” he screamed. “FUCK!” He lept onto a perch and flapped his wings hard and started to peck and rip at the branches but he was weak from his drug hangover and fell over onto his back, his wingarms at his sides. A wave of pain wracked his

head and arms. After a few minutes of clenching his eyes tight, the pain began to subside and Mark slowly opened his eyes again. The pain was similar to what he felt during his initial transformation, weeks ago. Perhaps he was changing yet again. He remembered that they provided pain medications before so he rose up slowly and stumbled towards the kitchen. He found fresh salmon and a huge pill that an eagle his size could easily swallow. He took the pill and a few bites of the salmon... then shuffled back to the pool for a drink of water. On the way, the pill started to have its effects and Mark began to stumble from dizziness. He tripped on his big bird toes and fell breast down beside the pool with a thud. His arms were pulsing and throbbing, but didn't hurt anymore. He scooted forward on his breast, kicking with his feet, until he could lap water into his throat. Then he rolled over to his back, his head away from the water, just in case he lost consciousness.

Mark raised his head a little but was too dizzy and weak to hold it there. But his eagle eyes, being so far apart, had a very wide angle of view and he could see something was changing. His thumb was moving away from his fingers. His index finger and middle finger were stretching out while the other two were shrinking. His arms and hands were shaking and tight as he felt the muscles and tendons lengthening, bones straining, and feathers erupting from the skin. He brought his wingtips closer to his face as he laid there on his back and watched in wonder, like he was watching it happen to someone else. It wasn't long before his hands were no longer recognizable as hands but instead had become the tapered shape of a wingtip. Feather sheaths had erupted all over the tip including additional large flight feathers. The feathers lengthened quickly and Mark felt extremely hot and feverish-- his metabolism no doubt cranked to the max for this feat of rapid growth. He began to feel extremely giddy and started cackling in laughter, which progressed to convulsions, his beak flopping back and forth and scuffing on the stonework. He laughed so hard that he was having trouble getting enough air and for a moment he began to lose consciousness. But then, slowly, his body started to obey him again and he relaxed and he heaved heavy breaths on the floor, slowly blinking his eyes open and closed. His beak was open and panting, saliva and nasal secretions running down the corners of his beak and his cheek feathers to the floor. He slowly rolled over and dipped his beak back in the cool water. He took several drinks and then pushed himself into the water with his kicking feet until he was able to pull his legs under him and brood in the water.

As Mark was cooling down, he studied his new wings. He marveled at how they felt and raised them up and flapped slowly. The thought of possibly flying like an eagle was thrilling and he smiled. "If only Sebastian could see this..." he thought, but the smile faded from his beak corners as he realized his friend was gone, possibly for good.

He startled at the sound of clinking in the other room. Then some soft brushing as the door swung open. Mark was woozy and weak from his convulsions on the floor, but he stumbled as quickly as he could up from the pool and up the steps to the nest area. His hopes were dashed as he came around the corner and saw that it was not the return of Sebastian. Instead there were humans in Tyvek suits and hardhats coming towards him. Two were in front with long electric cattleprods. A woman was behind them and two more guys behind her, each with a catch pole... a long pole with a closeable noose on the end.

So this is how real eagles must feel when confronted by people... a mixture of fear and loathing. Mark backed up, spread his wings, and hissed loudly, ready to do battle.

"Wait!" shouted the woman as the men prepared to defend themselves. "Mark! Calm down! I'm here to talk!"

Mark recognized the woman's voice. She was the one that had made some sympathetic comments during his last mating session. He lowered his wings, tentatively, slowly and cocked his head to study her.

"Where's Sebastian?! You can start there!" Mark cackled.

"Sebastian is... safe." she replied.

"Bullshit! Bring me Sebastian! NOW!" Mark screamed as he lunged forward causing the guards to raise their prods to attack position.

"I will, but not yet!... but you do want to hear what I have to tell you!" the woman fired back sternly.

Mark wanted to grip someone by the throat and squeeze the life out of them... he could scarcely hold himself back from exercising the new power he felt in his claws and wings. But his human mind stopped him... he could see that intimidating them would not help him get his questions answered. He looked down at his feet and closed his eyes... sighed deeply and let his feathers slick back down. He was a bit dizzy from all the events and the drugs..

"OK...ok" Mark chirped, settling back a little and falling on his haunches. "ok... I'll listen" Mark murmured as his head was spinning again.

The guards relaxed some and the woman stepped forward between them. She said calmly and quietly, "Mark, I am not your enemy. You've been treated poorly. That will change now. I took over operations and things will be different. You'll see."

Mark shook his head and tried to look at the woman. But the world kept swinging on him and so his head tracked side to side to try to keep the image steady.

"Sorry to have to talk to you while you're in this condition, but I thought it would be good timing in case you weren't in a receptive mood" she said. "You've been inducted into a top secret genetics program. We've been conducting this work for years with the goal of creating espionage agents that could fly undetected into enemy territory and conduct operations. You, Mark, have the potential to be our crowning achievement. But we need your help."

"Heh..." Mark snickered weakly, his eyes half open. "You people just take what you want

without permission.” He rolled his head around and stared at her with his intense eagle gaze, his hackles lifting. “What can I possibly do for you that you won’t just help yourself to anyway?”

The woman stepped forward and the guards looked incredulously at her. She stooped down, reaching out her hand. Mark was weak, but his eagle reactions began to arouse, adrenaline squeezing into his bloodstream and his heart rate shooting up as fast as his feathers and wings lifted to a position of defense. It wasn’t until he hissed loudly and stumbled back a bit before his human will caught up with him and he noticed the compassion in her face. Somewhere between his fast feral survival responses and his human logic and restraint, Mark found a point of control. He sat panting, his beak open, his golden eyes staring at this slowly advancing human female figure. It was harder than she could imagine, but slowly Mark began to rule his two halves... he wanted to believe her. Her vulnerability made it tempting to believe her... and tempting to attack. She had obviously studied eagles before, for her body language was perfect. It was as if she had approached wounded, cornered eagles before. Mark closed his eyes and concentrated hard on calming his body. He thought hard on the times when he was a human. Then he realized that she was speaking to him softly.

“Mark... Mark...” she said quietly. Finally a more emphatic “Mark! What are you thinking?” His eyes popped open and he leaned forward a little, shaking with the struggle to control himself.

“I’m... “ Mark heaved and sighed. “I’m trying to think of when I was human.”

The woman said “Mark, you are still human. Ultimately, you have control over what you are. Think hard on it Mark. Think about a time when you felt strong human emotions. Concentrate on it! Hold on to it.”

Mark closed his eyes again and concentrated on people he had known, that seemed so distant now. It didn’t take long for his thoughts to focus on his father, who had died from a heart attack when he was young. He always had felt strong emotions about it-- how suddenly one day his dad was gone. He remembered the unrelenting heartache and the days spent inside of himself wondering what he had done to cause this outcome. It always brought tears to his eyes and as he felt that mist coming to them now... he sagged his beak to the floor.

“Mark... what are you thinking of?” The woman asked kindly.

Mark whispered out, with a crack in his voice, “My father’s death... when I was young.”

“I’m so sorry Mark” the woman replied, “but such painful memories are key to you helping yourself. Keep your eyes closed, and concentrate on those memories. Talk me through it if it helps you to concentrate.”

“I was 9 years old and my father was my world. We went fishing together, he shared his love of photography with me. I... I still can’t understand how someone so full of life... could just be dead so suddenly.” Mark’s eyes began to tear up.

"Mark, look at your wingtip!" the woman said calmly.

Mark opened his tearful eyes and through the blur could see that the new feathers had fallen out and that his hand was resuming its previous shape. He could feel it happening but the pain was dulled by the drugs. Suddenly he understood. "I can control this?!" he asked as his eyes swung from his wings to the woman and back again.

"Yes!" The woman smiled and brushed her hair over her right shoulder. "That's why you are so important to us! You are the first candidate to show such promise. Concentrate now on your eagle emotions... on the urges to fly, nest, or... see Sebastian again."

Mark looked at her intently, anger and fear growing in his eyes as she said Sebastian. He felt his hands changing again, feathers re-emerging and his core temperature shooting up. He panted as a wave of dizziness and excitement surged through his head. He studied his wingtips as they began to take shape again. "HOOOOLLLLLYYYYY FUCK!" Mark said with a big beaky smile.

"Do you trust me now, Mark?" The woman asked. Mark moved his excited gaze back to hers and closed his excited beak, his eyes softening at the corners and his head feathers fluffing partially to a position of comfort.

"Yes" Mark replied.

The woman looked around at her companions and said, "Guys, leave us and wait outside, but first, show the other subject in." They hesitated so she added "It's ok, I know what I'm doing... go now!"

After they had left and shut the door she turned back to Mark and said, "I've turned off the video feeds in here. We won't be watching you without your permission from now on." Mark could see someone moving in the dim hallway beyond. It was a dark-haired young man with bluish-gray eyes. He walked past the woman and slowly came towards Mark, bending down a little and holding his hands down at his sides, non-threatening.

Mark saw something familiar about how he carried himself. He moved closer, reaching out his hand towards Mark's beak. Mark jolted a little as the man's soft fingers made contact and slid smoothly down the side of his beak and cradled his right jaw. The fingers were kind and soft. He looked Mark in the eye warmly and smiled. The smile and those eyes were somehow familiar. Suddenly Mark knew something...

"Sebastian?" Mark asked, cocking his head a little. The man smiled bigger, affirming Mark's suspicions. "But... how?!"

"I didn't lie to you, Mark." Sebastian said softly. "I really was abducted and put through this

whole program. And it really did suck, until just after that last time you and I mated. The love we shared did more than give me hope. Your semen, well... it reverted me back into a man!"

Mark stood there flabbergasted for a moment tears welling in his eagle eyes. His feathers began to fall out of his arms again and clatter to the floor. "Oh Sebastian!" he said as his wings wrapped around his missing mate. Mark clutched his friend hard and his bones and joints pulsed and throbbed, transitioning back to wing-arms. He rubbed his friend's back with his yellow hands and buried Sebastian's head into his crop feathers.

Sebastian reached into Mark's deep feathers and stroked him on the sides of his chest. "I'm so happy to see you again my friend" said Sebastian, muffled under Mark's feathers. He pressed his head back out of the fluff and looked Mark in the eyes. "I've missed you so much... my mate!" Sebastian broke his gaze with Mark and looked back towards the woman and then smiled back at Mark. "Let me introduce you to Ms. Bradley. She is the researcher who has been the primary figure in the science, NOT the deployment, of this project. That dickhead that nearly lost his right forearm to you yesterday..." the two friends smirked at each other "...he was the reason we were treated like shit. You can trust her."

"I trust you, Sebastian, more than anyone." Mark replied, studying the woman carefully. "If you say she's ok then I'll believe it." Mark reached out one of his wingarms towards the woman to shake hands and make eye contact. She didn't hesitate a moment and returned the handshake firmly.

The woman looked at Mark in the eyes and said "I'm very sorry for your treatment... and very grateful for what you've taught us. This is a very complicated situation and I know that you probably have a lot of questions. You really should rest today-- transformation is a major stress to your body. We will visit further tomorrow. I'm sorry I can't just release you but it wouldn't do you or us any favors. And I won't bullshit you... we are hoping to convince you to join us in our efforts. We can discuss more details tomorrow..."

The woman's babble was fading into the background-- Mark had turned back to his partner halfway through her response. Mark had been through so much these past weeks. With all the drugs, confinement, and loneliness, he had really lost perspective. His prior life seemed like a movie he had watched years ago. All he knew is that it felt really good to be in the embrace of his friend again.

"...ok, well, I'll leave you two alone then. Good bye for now!" She said with a wave as she walked out and closed the door. A bolt slid over the door on the outside and Sebastian and Mark were alone together.

"Well, I guess we won't be going anywhere." Mark said with a soft look to his golden eyes and fluffy head, a mild smile on his beak corners. "...and for once I don't care. Now I have you back here and I have hope. I'm afraid I'm going to wake up from a dream and I'll be strapped to that fuck seat again!" he said with a sarcastic chuckle.

Sebastian looked at him with a serious but tender look, grasping the sides of Mark's head. "Don't joke about that stuff. It's terrible what they've done to us. There's no need to make light of it and hide the tears with laughter." Mark looked down in thought, listening. "I don't want to dampen our reunion, but I honestly don't know where we belong anymore. I'm all mixed up inside. I'm in human form again but I'd been an eagle so long that I miss that too. And I miss being able to relate to you too. And after all of this, how can I just go back to my life and pretend it never happened? And, to tell you the truth, I don't know how they can just let us go back to our lives... we'd look like crackpots and the government will never admit to this shit."

Mark was cradling Sebastian's face in his avian hands now, and his empathy was growing for his friend... he could feel his feathers loosening and his limbs and skull straining to return to human form. He didn't want to go there right now. The mood was too intimate and he knew his friend as an eagle.

"I'm with you, Sebastian. Whatever comes, I'm with you. We will stick together to the end." Mark hugged Sebastian tight.

"God I've missed you. It's only been a few weeks, but it was the longest few weeks in my life." Sebastian said as he stroked Mark's breast feathers and then reached around and tugged at his left tail feathers. His hand fondled those feathers as he kissed the left corner of Mark's beak. Then that hand wandered down into the deep, dark, warm down under Mark's tail. Mark grinned back at Sebastian. Then Sebastian's fingers found the moist, plump folds of Mark's vent, sending a tingle up from the base of his tail to the top of his head.

Mark responded by closing his eyes and sighing out a satisfied "Hmmmmmm..." This awakening of his mating passions was very primal and it awakened the eagle within Mark. He wondered what this was going to be like. He knew it would be hot. Not just because they were different species at the moment, but mainly because he was having sex with someone he really, truly cared about. At that moment, Mark honestly felt like he would lay down his life for this friend if it came to it. Sebastian and Mark were brothers in adversity and had shared enough of their hearts and lives to become bonded mates. Sex was the natural consequence of two beings that were committed to the core to each other.

Sebastian felt the same way. Mark was the first person that Sebastian had ever loved in the way mates are meant to love. They had met under very unusual circumstances and some might argue that being eagles at the time confused things. Or did it? Perhaps the simplicity of eagle relationships is the very essence of love? Two otherwise selfish beings giving up their own wishes to serve each other and finding the rewards better than what they could have attained on their own. As Sebastian's fingers sank into the hot folds of Mark's vent, it was as much for Mark's benefit as his own. Giving love was the best way to receive it back again.

"Mark" Sebastian whispered low, "I have an idea here... trust me." Sebastian slipped off his trousers while kissing Mark's beak. Mark was getting excited, his head feathers were flared out

and he was panting hot, salty eagle breath. He used his hands to help strip his lover's shirt off up over his head and then he hugged him close into his feathery breast. Sebastian slid down Mark's front as he stood there, bending at his knees until he was under Mark's feathered legs. He dragged his head down Mark's belly and into his crotch, his nose touching Mark's pulsing cloaca.

Mark moaned low and leaned forward, lifting his tail. Sebastian rolled over onto his butt as he nuzzled that juicy eagle hole. Mark grunted and winked his vent tight around Sebastian's tongue... and thick, clear pre dribbled out as a tasty reward. Sticking his tongue into Mark's vent was delicious and smooth for Sebastian. He reached up with the index and middle fingers of both hands and gently caressed the edges of the vent, all around the rim from top to bottom, finally coming to rest near the middle of the lower lip. Sebastian carefully folded that lower lip out to expose the tenderest tissue of all, an area rich in nerve endings and lymphatic vessels that rests just within. Mark could feel the cooler room air hitting what was currently the hottest part of his anatomy. He churred long and low... then transitioned to a high chitter and a closed-eyed head waggle as Sebastian's tongue flicked and lapped against that tissue. The inner sphincters of Mark's cloaca tightened slowly as Sebastian worked his orifice... and then another load of pre drooled out onto Sebastian's tongue. Sebastian's cock was hard and leaking sticky strands of precum. Mark licked at the exposed pole and ballsack a moment, but Sebastian tenderly waved him off.

"Let me finish this first" was his excuse as he blew into the wide hole and flicked his tongue in and out along Mark's "g-spot."

"ooooooo" Mark moaned, as he slowly collapsed down to his hocks and he came to rest straddling Sebastian who lay on his back, face engaged deep in Mark's pillowy, velvet-smooth vent. Sebastian's cock was erect and bobbing up and down with his beating heart, the tip brushing up and down through Mark's soft crop feathers. Mark churred long and low and his tail flexed. Sebastian knew what he was doing... concentrating on sucking the erogenous zone within Mark's cloaca, and encouraging him to engage the male part of his being. Sebastian feels the subtle difference in Mark's sexual tensions... the urodeum, or second chamber of the cloaca, presses down against his face and two nodules press around his cheeks. These nodules are the opening of the vas deferens which deposit sperm into the female's oviduct. They are firm now and preparing to fire. Mark is thumping his tars around Sebastian's sides and chittering with high short screeches. It's time for Sebastian to give the finale-- he gently sandwiches the openings closer together and suck on them with his mouth, working his mouth up and down so that his chin is rubbing the g-spot. Mark gasps deeply and opens his eyes... his head pressing down to the floor in a spasm of coitus... he screeches out loud and long, his cloaca pressing into Sebastian's lips. He gasps in raspily and his eyes close as he spasms again, his tail pressing downward to the floor and his everted cloaca pressing deeper into Sebastian's gently sucking mouth. Mark shakes briefly and grunts as a load of cum gushes into Sebastian's throat. He gasps in and screeches as he powerfully ejaculates a second and third time into Sebastian's mouth. Sebastian strokes his friend's tail base and licks and sucks as the cum slathers around the relaxed, pulsing pink cloaca everted before him. His own dick is bright

pink, erect, and dripping with pre.

Mark pants for a few moments, smiling, eyes closed. It was the most erotic moment he had experienced so far. He sensed that Sebastian had more in mind. "That was... amazing, my mate. How can I satisfy you?" Mark gasped as he lifted his body carefully upwards.

Mark looked down and was stunned at what he saw. Sebastian's body was covered in bumps as feather follicles began to form. His legs and arms were already changing shape. "Oh NO!" he shrieked. "Let me get help!"

"Wait! No!" Sebastian shouted, a pre-occupied, somewhat pained, but smiling expression on his face. "It's exactly what I wanted!..." Sebastian gasped as he felt his insides churning and changing. The transformation process was less painful the second time, but still a dramatic change. "I love you, Mark. Remember, friends to the end. I knew you could transform me. There's only one thing left to do though, before I lose this" Sebastian said as he pointed to his dick with his chin. Mark hesitated, concerned for his friend. "It's ok" Sebastian said. "Obviously my cock wouldn't be so hard if this didn't turn me on!"

A smile came across Mark's beak. He couldn't argue with that logic. Mark turned to assume a breeding position. As he placed his breast on the nest and lifted his tail high he chuckled "Now why didn't I think of this before you!" Sebastian was changing fast but he had learned that strong emotions dramatically alter transformation speed as well as direction. So he concentrated on his love for his mate. He bent down behind Mark, his knees just inside of Mark's hocks. Mark's loose vent was moist and plump and smelled of sex. Sebastian pet Mark's rump and sides... the areas that a male eagle would contact during mating. Mark's female sexual persona was naturally aroused and he sank closer to the floor, spreading his wings slightly to flatten his back. Sebastian's face was elongated and becoming beak-like, his eyes enlarging and moving outwards. His vision was distorted but he didn't need it. He closed his eyes and concentrated on one feeling... his cock sliding deep into the pulsing eagle vent before him. It winked and sucked on his dick and relaxed, then winked again... Sebastian flexed his cock and groaned pleasurably as pre trickled out.

Mark moaned long and low everting his cloaca differently this time. The left side of his urodeum folded outward and a juicy, raspberry-like circular organ pressed outward slightly, swallowing Sebastian's erect cock. This organ, the opening of the oviduct, was red and smooth as velvet-- it was ready to receive Sebastian's seed. Once again, nature was taking over and Mark could scarcely control his body's coitus response to the loving attentions Sebastian was giving him. He wailed long and high and each time he wailed, his oviduct bulged out around the base of Sebastian's penis and lapped at his balls. Sebastian moved in and out slowly and moaned. He was already close, but transformation was making things a little more complicated. He pumped faster and harder against Mark and the tingle of sexual excitement helped him focus for a few more moments. He slid Mark's tail under his left wing and reached his hands up Mark's back and grasped some of his longer mantle feathers and thumped his elbows around on Mark's rump. This increased Mark's wailing and cloacal eversions-- obviously the right move. With this

grip, and the feeling of an approaching orgasm, Sebastian began pumping his cock in and out of Mark's oviduct.

Mucus spurted out with each thrust and drooled down Sebastian's shrinking scrotum. It was shrinking as transformation progressed, his testes ascending into his body cavity where they belonged in a bird. Sebastian had almost reached orgasm when he felt another distracting wave of transformation. He opened his eyes and could see that his hands were gone and his flight feathers were half formed. His vision had cleared and his beak was formed. He knew his cock was starting to shrink and yet his sexual tension was not subsiding. Then he looked down at Mark's everted cloaca and his cock sinking deep into the hole. "Oooohhh my Godddd..." was all he could gasp out as his eyes closed and his head fell back. It felt so good and now seeing it was almost too much. His eagle sensibilities were taking over now and he felt an urge to hop onto Mark's back to complete the mating. But Mark's pulsing, winking vent, sucking on Sebastian's pole, kept this one last vestige of his humanity alive. He pressed it into Mark again, pulled almost out, pressed in again, out again, in again... panting and then chittering, his completed wings spreading and fanning the hot air. "Yess... Yessss!..." he screeched. He pressed in one last time screaming "YESSSS!" Mark wailed in unison, his vent winking in a female orgasm. Sebastian's prostate and cock emptied a large load of passion into Mark's oviduct, three loads in fact.

As Sebastian collapsed back and rolled onto his side, gasping, his cock pulsed and shrank. He looked at it in wonder... the human penis had become a pointy, smooth, glistening avian phallus, drooling thick white semen. He winked his vent and could feel it kissing and sucking around the base of his phallus. But eagles don't have such equipment and as he expected, the phallus shrank down into his feathers and he could feel it finally draw up into his cloaca.

He blinked his eyes and looked up at his mate. Mark was also watching the end of Sebastian's transformation, an amazed expression on his face. He looked into Sebastian's eyes and said "Wow... I could get used to this shit." They both chuckled wearily. Sebastian sidled over to Mark and they wrapped their feathery necks and wings around each other.

Mark and Sebastian began a new chapter together. They decided to stay and cooperate with the program. After all, they'd found a perfect match in each other and their old lives were not really something to which they could simply return. They had many adventures in their new occupation and confronted both danger and triumph together. And their passions also produced a new generation of naturally produced anthro-eagle offspring. Chak also found his place in the story, shedding some of his grumpiness to be a nurturing uncle and tutor to the boisterous young that Mark and Sebastian raised. There are many chapters that could be written about this unusual, but loving, family... perhaps their stories will yet be told.