

Pluvian and the Rats' Revenge

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Art by McFan (inkbunny.net/mcfan)

WARNING! WARNING! WARNING!

This is an adult story (readers 18 years and older only please) and contains acts of sex between rats and a bird. Kinks: Interspecies, feral, rats, bird, bondage, rape, cloaca, revenge, rimming, cloacalingus, butt plug, degradation, masturbation, bukake, edging, nausea.

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It was a warm, moist day down by the great river. The rain fell softly and etched the flat waters with millions of circular ripples. A solitary bird sat close to a tree trunk, perched on a fat gnarled root that faced the river. The grey-blue and white bird had a spikey arrangement of longer head feathers and big white eyes. His dark face band and long, pointed, slightly downturned gray beak gave him a serious countenance. Indeed, he was a serious bird and rightly feared by many other creatures who had been victimized by his sinister appetites for bondage and rape. He lived a solitary life, speaking infrequently and only to his prey, and he was seldom seen, or at least not noticed, until it was too late.

In the gray, wet dawn, Pluvian spread his wings out to his sides and turned his sullen beak up to the sky, letting the drops of rain slide down his face, neck, and body. In his cold heart he took pleasure in two things: The pleading of his hapless captives and, later, the cool cleansing of fresh rain through his feathers. He opened his beak slightly and closed his eyes, letting the water collect in his throat a moment before he gulped it down. As he did so, he imagined a refreshing wave of purity washing

through his chest, down his belly, and out to his wings and toes. He sighed and dropped his wings open farther, sagging down on his perch with dark joy. It was as close to a religious experience for him as he would ever venture. The passionless elements were the only innocents in his twisted view of the world—the only ones worthy of entering and cleansing his body and soul.

In the dark forest behind Pluvian, shadows stirred across the soft sand and mud. He did not see nor hear them approaching, nor even suspect any danger at this time and place. This was his secret and humble place to refresh himself alone. But two pairs of small pink paws moved quietly behind and under the dripping bird. The paws were tipped with small white claws and had long toes like tiny human hands. The hands were connected to soft, gray furry arms. The three creatures were Norway rats about a third the size of Pluvian with pink ears, pink noses, bare pink tails, and gray, tautly muscled bodies. They moved into position quietly and calmly as though they had rehearsed this moment many times. They were every bit the sinister professionals as Pluvian.

Suddenly Pluvian felt a tight clutching at his toes, holding him to the perch followed by a sudden deep jolt to his backside. His eyes bulged open, his wings twitched, and he jolted forward with a grunt. It was hard for him to breathe, such was the pressure in his belly. He looked down slowly, wondering if he was gunshot and about to die. He saw a gray rat with loops of yarn, quickly tightening nooses and holding Pluvian's toes down to the root. Pluvian tried to thrust down with his beak at his attacker when he suddenly felt a loop of yarn around his throat that jerked him back. As his jutting upward, another loop of string flipped over the tip of his beak and cinched down tight.

Pluvian hiccupped and panicked. Between the tightness at his throat, the bondage of his beak, and the enormous pressure in his cloaca, he couldn't breathe well. He flinched his wings but found that they were tangled in more yarn. He bucked with his legs and began to fight violently. He tumbled back off the perch into the sand, squirming and gasping and grunting. The rats lost control of the churning mass of feathers and dove about trying to grasp the yarn and draw it up tighter. Pluvian pecked and clawed at them and they fought tenaciously for several minutes. At one moment Pluvian drilled one rat with his beak and heard a sharp screech. Then he was the one gasping in pain when a pair of rodent teeth closed around his toe. He retaliated with a kick square in the face of another rat, sending him slamming against the tree. But then Pluvian felt a sharp jolt to the inside of his ass as the first rat kicked at the object they had wedged in there. The jolt hit his gizzard, jarred his organs, and sent him to his knees with an intestinal pang that he could not ignore.

The string tightened abruptly and Pluvian breathed in short panicking breaths, trying to overcome the discomfort and get enough air to continue the fight. His eyes bulged with fear as he realized that he was losing. Breath hissed out of his nares and the clenched corners of his beak which was tightly bound shut with string. He kicked and flailed a little more, rolling on to his back, and looked up at the tattered, muddy, bloody, rat faces that looked down on him. Their expressions were unkind and uncaring. Pluvian's beak looked down between his legs and he recognized what was wedged in his vent. It was a purple-colored, vibrating butt plug that he had enjoyed using on many of his victims. He grunted hard, trying to press it out. His cloacal membranes swelled up around the plug, reddening with the rush of blood as Pluvian strained to poop out the obstruction. He felt his cloaca clench and his guts press around the hard object, bruising against it, unable to move it at all. He chirped out in pain and exhaustion and coughed, sending more pain up through his mesenteries until his vision blurred and his head fell back, nearing the point of passing out from hyperventilating and struggling. He gave up for a moment,

concentrating solely on breathing and relaxing his insides to accommodate the huge plug as much as possible. He had to survive this.

The rats grinned and slipped each other some congratulatory hand jives on a job well done. Then they set about licking their wounds and tightening up the strings. Their victory had come at a price. One rat had a torn, bleeding ear. Another had a black eye. The largest, their leader, and the one who had garroted and bound Pluvian's beak, suffered a laceration to his nose and the tip of his tail. Pluvian had many feathers yanked and suffered small cuts and bruises where the strings rubbed him raw.

As the rats tightened up the strings around Pluvian's body, he mustered up another weak series of kicks. Suddenly he felt a shockingly strong vibration deep inside of his belly. It was so deep that it vibrated all of his organs and made his pelvic bones buzz. It was the type of intense vibration that tickles to the point of overwhelming the senses and prompting immediate escape as though being shocked by electricity. Pluvian's mind exploded in panic again. He writhed and squirmed, rolling around on the ground as though having a seizure. The rats laughed now, quite enjoying seeing their prey dance to their whims. One of them twisted the control higher and snickered out, "Oops!" Pluvian's eyeballs buzzed from the increased intensity. His brain squirmed and his mind went fuzzy. He couldn't utter anything intelligent, just muffled chirps and congested moans as he foamed around his beak like a madman.

Pluvian rolled one way then the other until he was on his left breast and side. At this point the plug's tip pressed up against his right testicle and epididymis, structures that are far up in the center of a bird's body. He had never felt such intense stimulation of his sexual organs before. His whole body stiffened and his feathers erected. He moaned out loudly and his pupils shrank. Pluvian did not enjoy this deep and tickling of his most sensitive tissues but he had no way to stop his nuts from tightening and his sperm ducts from engorging. His vent spasmed open and winked rapidly, spurting foamy, watery cum around the plug. Pluvian felt on the verge of tears, such was his dismay at losing his composure and control. He was jizzing against his will, his muscles forced to do it by this sadistic internal torture. And he kept jizzing, cramping up around the plug until he couldn't breathe. He whined out loudly and began to overheat and inhale in short ragged fits. His eyes bulged and veins pulsated in his eyeballs and eyelids. That's when the leader slapped the other rat's claws off of the control. He jerked the control knob to off and Pluvian collapsed in the mud, barely conscious.

The lead rat said in a slangy urban accent, "Easy, easy... we don't want him to die... yet!"

Pluvian's muscles relaxed and he spasmed hard to inhale. He took a few more jerky breaths and it became slightly easier. He rolled his head around, unable to focus and feeling like he was deep down in a hole, such was his oxygen starvation. His heavy breathing roared in his ears and the rats bantering echoed down into his consciousness like they were far away. He was still on his side and he could see his cum spattered on his legs and feathers. He smelled his sperm mixed with blood and mud. Normally it would be pleasurable but now it only nauseated him.

The rats continued speaking to each other but it was just background noise to Pluvian until the lead rat, with the cut nose, bent down low over him and said, "Hey, asshole, we're talkin' 'bout ya. Ain't ya lis'nin? Goocher here 'tinks we're bein' too easy on ya, considerin' how ya tore his ear. But see, he don't know ya like I do. I know what ya did to the boss. Eddie's a mean, tough old bird. Meanest raven I ever seen or even heard of. I don't know how you managed to catch and work him over, but it couldn't've 'bin easy." The rat smiled as Pluvian's eyes swung around and looked up at him with fear and

understanding. "Ya, you know who I'm talkin' 'bout, don't yez? Heh heh, yeah, you know 'zactly what I'm talkin' 'bout 'den. Be worried, pal, 'cuz he's got big plans for yez. But first, be fucked!" The rat grinned wide, "'Cuz we're 'bout to take our revenge 'foist!"

The rats all laughed as the leader jerked Pluvian's beak down to his breast and tied it secure with a string around behind one knee and then the other. The rat also tightened the bonds around his wings and incorporated his beak. In this position, he couldn't straighten his neck or kick with his legs and he couldn't look away. He smelt the filth and semen again and saw his sore, red cloacal membranes puffing out around the tight plug. He felt a wave of salivation in his cheeks and an urge to regurgitate. His heart raced and he swallowed and closed his eyes. He didn't want to show weakness in front of these vile creatures so he swallowed and cleared his mind. He breathed slow and eventually the feeling subsided.

The rat with the torn ear came closer and whispered close to Pluvian's left ear, "Hey, hey, poor birdy. I'm Goocher. Don't listen to Cleveland. I'm ain't such a bad guy. Here, let me show yez." One of the other rats giggled as Goocher started to pet Pluvian's breast, his scarred paw coming tantalizingly close to Pluvian's beak. Pluvian huffed through his clenched beak and squirmed. He didn't want to be pet by these disgusting creatures. He wanted to bite that hand but he could barely move his beak. There was nothing he could do but take it as the rat worked its filthy fingers up under his feathers and rubbed his skin. The other hand joined in and moved downward. Goocher pressed a little and rolled Pluvian onto his back. Then he tickled the skin in the center of Pluvian's belly causing him to squirm and groan. His feathers flared out in an involuntary preening response.

Cleveland gave a short, high whistle of approval, "Hey, Gooch. Looks like ya found a sweet spot! Here, let me help..."

Pluvian saw another pair of rough paws enter his feathers and massage his belly. The rats were not very gentle and they pushed and patted against the plug that bulged upwards against his skin from the inside. This petting in turn pushed the plug down against Pluvian's hot squirming innards. Cleveland's paws slid down to Pluvian's pubic bones—a pair of thin bones that curve around from the hips to near the cloaca. It's a common erogenous zone for male birds.

Cleveland said, "Eddie told me that you'd like this. Yeah, right about here..." Cleveland rubbed the part of the pubic bones closest to Pluvian's stretched hole and it sent a stimulating tickle up around the massive plug, up his spine, and directly to his brain. He grunted, jerked his legs, and unclenched his toes. "Oooh! That's the spot!" Cleveland said as he rubbed the area more and followed with strokes up and down the pubic bones, then lightly dragged his fingers up to the red rim of Pluvian's cloaca and tickled the stretched vent lips. Pluvian jerked his legs and beak making short moans and grunts. Cleveland said to Goocher, "More! Harder!"

Goocher swung a leg over and sat his butt down on Pluvian's beak, facing away so that he could rub Pluvian's belly harder with both hands as though he were kneading bread dough. His huge rat balls felt warm and smelled musky to Pluvian. He could feel them sagging around the tip of his beak. Cleveland repeated his long strokes down the pubic bones, slowing down as he reached the exposed vent and red, moist membranes gripping the plug. Those membranes moistened intensely from embedded mucus glands and red and purple veins throbbed.

Pluvian's eyes looked directly at Goocher's pink tail and sweaty ballsack. He closed his eyes tight in disgust but he could still smell the rat's ass. He tried to not react, tried hard not to give his captors the satisfaction of a response, but they were stimulating him in ways he could not ignore. Goocher would press down and stroke his skin. Then Cleveland would stroke down his pubic bones, the stimulation increasing as his hands came together at the plug. At that point Pluvian's pudendal nerves and pelvic nerve plexus took charge and caused his tail to fan and curl towards his belly and caused his legs to stiffen. It was a coital response that he had incomplete control over and each time it happened, Pluvian could feel his nuts tightening against the plug, juicing up and preparing to release.

Pluvian groaned and twisted violently as he realized what they were doing. He didn't want to be controlled and forced to cum! Goocher and Cleveland worked as a team, rubbing his belly and pericloacal skin, over and over causing Pluvian's gonads to throb harder and harder for release. The plug began to slop forward and back slightly as Pluvian's sexual secretions built up and created a milieu of lubrication and urates inside his cloaca. The slipping of the plug in and out created additional stimulation of his cloacal membranes as they folded in and out slightly. He winked his ass and made the pink and red folds glisten smooth as the air sputtered out of his wet beak corners. "NNNNNNNNN..." Pluvian moaned trying to fight the ejaculation that was imminent but his control crumbled.

Pluvian's feathers fluffed on his forehead and his eyes opened, his pupils shrunken to tiny points. His toes twitched and his tail fanned and vibrated with tension. His breath stopped and his cloaca pressed outwards like he was taking a big dump. He bore down so unbelievably hard that the plug actually slid outwards half way, pulling his cloacal membranes outwards with it like he was laying an egg. As it reached the halfway mark, the tight, smooth ring of membranes sputtered out a flow of frothy cum that splattered Cleveland's face and forepaws. He jerked back shouting, "Jackpot!"

Pluvian wasn't quite done and he squinted his eyes and hunched up with a powerful cramping of his lower body. At first it was part of his strong climax but then it melded into an uncontrollable urge to bear down and expel the butt plug. His body was convinced it could clear the obstruction but Cleveland was holding it firmly in place with a foot. Finally, Pluvian whimpered out and released the air he was holding in his airsacs and lungs. His head fell back and he opened his eyes, which were bloodshot and tearing up at the back corners. He was drained, mentally, and his legs shook from strain and weakness. His thighs flopped open wide and Pluvian's cloaca relaxed around the plug. Seeing Pluvian's momentary relaxation, Cleveland put a hind paw on the plug and pushed it back in, twisting it back and forth. White bubbly cum farted out around the sides of the plug and drooled down onto Pluvian's tail and crissum. He felt the embarrassing flow and grunted with the fullness and discomfort as the plug stretched his cloaca and pressed right back up against his nuts and gizzard.

Cleveland walked over to Pluvian's side, grinning and shaking his head proudly. Pluvian stared back with hateful, bloodshot eyes. He hated contaminants on his feathers. He was covered in blood, cum, and mud not to mention the disgusting residues these rats were leaving on him with their hands bloody fur all over him. Now there was this asshole with yellow teeth and breath like sewer gloating over him. He wanted badly to turn the tables on Cleveland and Goocher right now but he was still completely powerless.

Goocher turned around, still sitting with his crotch on Pluvian's beak. Pluvian was horrified to see that the rat was stroking his long, thin dick. He reached forward to one of Pluvian's beak corners and rubbed off some of Pluvian's saliva. He went back to fapping with the spittle while Cleveland spoke.

Cleveland smiled tauntingly and said, "So, was it good for you?" Cleveland giggled and stroked his cock faster.

Pluvian wasn't sure what was grossest, the superior attitude and bad breath or the rat masturbating and rubbing his balls on his beak. His stomach gurgled and a wet belch escaped the corner of his mouth. He felt like he would throw up again so he closed his eyes.

Cleveland mocked, "Aww, you feeling queasy already?" He looked around to the others and said sadly, "Poor baby!"

Goocher and the other rat mimicked him saying in unison, "Awwwwwww... Poooooor baaaabyyy!"

Cleveland nodded towards the third rat and said, "Rusty, it's your turn! Give 'em hell!"

The third rat, with the black eye, rubbed his forepaws together and walked up to Pluvian's tail. "I've always wanted to do this!" Pluvian felt the rat grab the plug and tug. Pluvian felt it pull on his mesenteries and guts but this time it was actually welcome. His belly tightened and his ass loosened and the plug popped out followed by a loud bubbly gush of cum and droppings.

Rusty laid the dripping butt plug on Pluvian's tail and leaned in to examine his ass in detail. Pluvian moaned and breathed hard, inhaling Cleveland's rotten breath and Goocher's ball sweat. He choked and coughed, making his dilated, sagging cloaca bulge outwards and spatter out more fluids. As he breathed hard, his yawning hole pouted wider and narrower with each breath, oozing glistening fluids from deep inside his red tunnel of flesh. The cool air was soothing and Pluvian tried to suck it up into to his butt.

Rusty reached with a paw and slowly stroked the red swollen rim. It winked and contracted around his wrist then yawned open again, too stretched and too tired to stay closed. Rusty grunted approvingly and slid a grubby paw up inside the hot, mushy hole. Pluvian felt the invasion of his tender bits and wiggled his tail and legs again. He couldn't see around Goocher who was now beating off faster. Goocher had turned his head around and was watching Rusty over his shoulder as he methodically examined the bird's odd anatomy.

Cleveland spoke, "You see, Rusty here is curious 'bout yez. He don't get how birds only got one hole. He's a smart guy and he wants to figures ya out."

Rusty pressed his forearm up deep into Pluvian now, fishing around with his hand to feel all the folds, the pulsating membranes, and the connecting ducts. Beyond the obvious wrinkled ring of vent, there were two more inner rings and finally, way up inside, a smaller, tighter third ring. Inside of the first inner ring, he could feel four little lumps of tissue, two towards Pluvian's belly and two more spread out to the sides. When he poked a finger into the openings at the sides, hot white slime oozed out on to his hand. He pulled his hand out and spread his fingers admiring the tenacious gooey urates. He wiped it off on Pluvian's feathers and then shoved his hand back in. Pluvian squirmed at the roughness against his sensitive membranes. He winked his vent weakly and grunted. When Rusty felt the other pair of openings, he found that they were plump and oozed clear fluid and cum when stroked. Pluvian's genital tissues were very sensitive after two climaxes and stretching from the plug. The manual stimulation now sent a wave of heat through his face. His pupils pinned and his head feathers flared out briefly. His cloaca contracted and pushed the inner folds outwards again so that his ejaculatory ducts, with Rusty's hand upon them, rolled outwards and spurted some watery cum. Pluvian sighed out and relaxed,

drawing the tissues back inside. He winked his wide vent several times, creating sticky, hollow, body cavity sounds.

Rusty said thoughtfully, "Aaaah, I see. He ain't got no dick like us but I found where he jizzes from. It's all puffed up and he sure likes that touching. So he pushes that part out and rubs it when he fucks. That's how that ass-kissing thing works when birds hump. Well, well, boyz, ya ain't livin' 'less your learnin'."

Cleveland grimaced and scratched his head. "Yeah, yeah, too much info. And we ain't here to go site-seein'. Get busy!"

Goocher had his tongue out the corner of his mouth and he was fapping quickly, making wet sounds as he worked himself up into a lather. His tail flailed around behind him and his hairy scrotum rubbed around on Pluvian's smooth beak. Cleveland shouted to Rusty, "Hurry up and show Cleve here something to make him cum already. Can't stands watchin' him rub his boner raw."

Rusty picked up the butt plug again and held it in front of him. He positioned the blunt tip against Pluvian's saggy hole. Pluvian squirmed when he realized what was about to happen. "NNN MMMMfff" he moaned but there was nothing he could do. Rusty heaved and shoved, twisting this way and that to grind the tight plug all the way back into position. Pluvian was sick of this so he bucked and fought hard again but it all stopped when Rusty hit the switch and a bolt of ass-clenching, high-frequency buzzing shot right up through his middle. His beak lurched in its bonds and his eyes clenched shut. He heard Goocher moan with his mouth open and tongue lolling. Pluvian opened his eyes just in time to see the rat grimace in a strong orgasm and shoot thick stripes of cum up his beak and forehead.

Cleveland clapped his rat claws in approval as Goocher stared down triumphantly. Pluvian's gizzard squirmed against the anal plug and then contracted hard. Saliva foamed out around his beak corners. "Huuuunnnnggchh..." Pluvian's body lurched in a dry heave. He swallowed loudly and his stomach gurgled. He looked maliciously up at Goocher who was now stroking his flaccid penis, milking out the last strands of cum and wiping it on his beak. "Hooorrrppptttthhh..." Pluvian heaved again, bursting capillaries in the corners of his eyes from the effort and adding to his eyes' bloodshot appearance. Goocher laughed and gave Pluvian's beak a mocking kiss as he swung his legs over and hopped off.

Cleveland gruffly said, "Nice one, Gooch. Looks like he loves you, heh heh. Now get him up on his feet. We got a bit more work to do to get him to the boss."

Goocher and Cleveland rolled Pluvian over to his belly, the plug staying in place and still vibrating in short pulses to remind him it was there.

Goocher shouted, "You heard him. Git up, asshole!"

Pluvian tried to rise but his beak and legs were still bound together and he couldn't raise up very far.

Cleveland said to Rusty, "Git this jerk's attention."

Rusty turned the selector to steady and spun the intensity up. Pluvian's legs jerked hard and he lurched upwards, stretching his bonds and making them bite into his skin. His tail fanned and pressed downwards and his legs bucked, making him spring and bounce around between Cleveland and Goocher who tried to stead him. Rusty turned the intensity back down and Pluvian stood there wobbling on his feet. He wiggled his toes and took a few small steps forward unable to walk normally because of the

strings tethering his legs to each other and the vibrating plug tightly wedged in his ass. Cleveland carefully loosened some of the bonds and allowed Pluvian to lift his beak up and forward so that he could balance and stand just well enough to walk slowly. His wings were still bound tightly and his legs hobbled to prevent him going anywhere quickly. Also his beak was tightly wrapped with string and there was a pair of loops of string, like reins, to steer his head.

Cleveland handed the reins to Goocher and said "Git up there and keep him under control."

Goocher climbed up onto Pluvian's shoulders and jerked the strings this way and that to test his new steed. "Git along, fuckface!" He kicked in with his heels and slapped the strings against Pluvian's neck. Pluvian stumbled forward and tripped onto his beak. The plug pulsed hard again and Pluvian gurgled out in surprise. He quickly rose to standing again in a futile attempt to jerk away from the penetrating plug. He lurched forward three steps.

Cleveland said with mirth, "I think he's got this shit down! Maybe we can teach him to dance too." He grabbed the plug's control from Rusty and turned the dial to "manual pulse." The plug went quiet and Cleveland chuckled as he twisted the intensity knob to maximum. He nodded to Rusty, "Keep that plug in place if starts to shit it out. Let's dance! Here we go... And a 1 and a 2 and a 1, 2, 3!" He pressed the pulse button and Pluvian jerked forward while his tail and hips clenched hard. This shoved the plug hard against his organs again and intensified the deep tickling. He blurted out a primordial caw through his bound beak. The shock was only a second but before he could recover there was another cloaca-contracting vibration and then another, making him hop and jerk around the little muddy clearing. Rusty stayed close enough to hear each squeeze of Pluvian's ass and see the drooling fluids slinging out around the tight plug.

Cleveland kept the game up for a few minutes, keeping time by saying "1-2-3-and-1-2-3-and-1-2-3..." over and over, swaying side to side and following Pluvian's rump with his eyes as though dancing a waltz. Gradually his own cock grew and slid out of his prepuce halfway. His eyes misted over and his cock bobbed and drooled a clear strand of pre. He set the butt plug's vibration selector to medium and continuous and said to Rusty, "I wanna make this fucker cum once more before we take him to the boss. See what you can do to get him there but stop just before he cums."

Rusty grinned and knew just what to do to drain the last drops of spunk from Pluvian. He pulled the plug all the way out and Pluvian grunted and his cloaca flopped outwards, partially prolapsing. The membranes throbbed and dripped. Rusty pressed the wet plug up against Pluvian's belly feathers and rubbed it back and forth slowly between the two pubic bones. Pluvian jerked his head and tail back and forth, trying to avoid the stimulation. But then Goocher jerked on the reins and pulled his head back thereby forcing his ass downwards and bringing him under control. Pluvian could tell that Rusty was, indeed, smart and had learned quickly how to pleasure a bird. He was as smart and methodical as Pluvian was and he hated him for it. Rusty moved the plug back a little so that the tip rested between the tips of the pubic bones and right up against the lower lip of Pluvian's vent. Pluvian let out a moan and his knees shook. He couldn't help shoving his vent down against the plug now and his vent lips pasted up with glistening copulatory mucus already. Then Rusty pressed the plug up into Pluvian's butt until the widest part was wedged tightly between his tired vent lips. He angled the base upwards slightly so that the tip would rub downward against the ejaculatory ducts and their sensitive surrounding tissue just inside of the lower lip.

The vibration against those tissues sent a wave of pleasure up Pluvian's spine which then rebounded down and made him squat and press his tail down in coitus. He grunted and his cloaca swelled outwards around the plug's girth, then winked back in and he lifted his ass. Rusty stroked the skin of his belly and slid a hand down along a pubic bone and with his other hand he twisted the plug back and forth across the ejaculatory ducts again. Pluvian emitted a muffled chirp and his belly tensed again, pressing the plug outwards against Rusty's staying hand and making his squat. He stifled a cry of protest, his brain unbelieving that he was being forced toward climax yet again. When his hole relaxed for a moment, Rusty rammed the plug up farther. He then began pulling it in and out slowly while twisting it to pulse stimulation to those super-sensitive genital tissues that lay just inside the lower vent lip. Pluvian began to moan longer and louder. His vent contracted with each moan and spurted clear strands of mucus, indicating that his cloaca was hungry for release.

Rusty pulled the plug back slowly, edging Pluvian so close that he was groaning and shaking, wanting to bust a nut and end the torture. The plug was yanked out and pressed up against his belly skin again. He licked the roof of his mouth and swallowed, letting out a groan of frustration and disappointed climax. Then he felt a pair of paws rubbing the firm knot of the underside of his tail base. The hands rubbed his vent lips and then a hot wet tongue stroked up and down the sides. Pluvian moaned and stumbled forward slightly, his knees getting weak from the stinging urge to blast out a final watery load of cum that distended his aching ejaculatory ducts. There was no pleasure, just the bitter denial of urges and painful cramps that saw no end. He was losing his pride. He absolutely needed now to spurt his load and be done. The tongue licked deeper and he felt a wet rat nose probe into the soft red folds of his cloaca. There were hollow licking sounds and the sound of mucus being sucked and lapped. Pluvian groaned and everted his ejaculatory ducts, which swelled and dripped. Cleveland's rat lips wrapped around this delicate tissue and sucked and kissed, then the tongue stroked again, each lapping timed to stop just as Pluvian started to squat and the tissues swelled close to maximum—an indication that he was almost going to cum. It was pure edging torture and it caused tears of pain to build in the corners of Pluvians reddened eyes. Cleveland made one more long, hard, cum-drawing suck on Pluvian's lymph-plumped ducts while reaching his paws slowly up and wrapping his fingers around Pluvian's tail. Pluvian gasped and huffed through his bound beak, his eyes clenched, concentrating to try to produce his long-delayed orgasm.

Suddenly, Cleveland hoisted himself up and shoved his fat rat cock up Pluvian's bung and started fucking rapidly. His huge testicles bounced forward and back, bumping against Pluvian's lower belly. Pluvian's eyes shot open as he realized what happened. He squeezed his vent shut but that only intensified the rubbing against his primed tissues. He tried to pull his tail down and block access but Cleveland held tight and the butt plug against Pluvian's belly skin kept him from squatting very far. Pluvian's pupils shrank and his wings shook. His cloaca spasmed, conflicted between jizzing and resisting. Pluvian's beak corners turned down as though he swallowed a sour fruit. He felt his testes tighten and his sperm ducts surge. "HHHHNNRRRRRRNNNNNGGG!" Pluvian grunted out and watery, joyless cum blorted out against Cleveland's plump nutsack and dribbled to the ground.

Cleveland gripped Pluvian harder and fucked quicker, trying to reach his own climax in this stretched, loose bird ass. His pumping made flirty, slapping sounds as his crotch and nuts smacked into the puffy bird hole over and over. He slapped Pluvian's rump, "Wink it! Wink it! Rusty make him wink it!" Rusty shoved the vibrator up against space between Pluvian's pubic bones and cranked up the intensity. Pluvian lurched and his ass tightened. Cleveland grunted approvingly, "Unh! Unh! Yeah! Yeah!

Yeeeeeahhhhh! HUNH!” Cleveland’s tail arched and lifted. His taint and tail pulsed several times and white pasty rat cum welled up between his cock and Pluvian’s hot ass membranes.

Pluvian felt the rat spunk dep inside his tingling, throbbing butt. His own climax past, the intense distaste of the situation came back to him in a wave of nausea. “BBLLRRRGGGG!” he belched out and extended his neck. He swallowed and tried to push the grossness of the situation out of his mind. It was hard to ignore the cock that was still softly prodding his tender hole though and the feather-pulling, filthy rat claws gripping his rump. “HUUUNNNHH!...GaaahhCCH” Pluvian heaved again and fluid dripped from his beak. His guts boiled and then unclenched. Pluvian hung his head, drooling into the dirt.

Cleveland was breathing hard and his cheeks shown pink around his eyes and whiskers. “Whew, yeah that was ok. A bit too loose for my taste. But I’m gonna ride right here and fuck him more if he loses motivation.” He kicked the sides of Pluvian’s butt, “Now get movin’ ya loose-assed whore. We’re takin’ yez to see Boss Eddie now.”

Goocher slapped the reins and jabbed his heels into Pluvian’s neck. Pluvian took one shuffling, uncomfortable step forward, hanging his head and breathing hard. Then he took another slow step and another, up the muddy path through the forest to his doom.

THE END