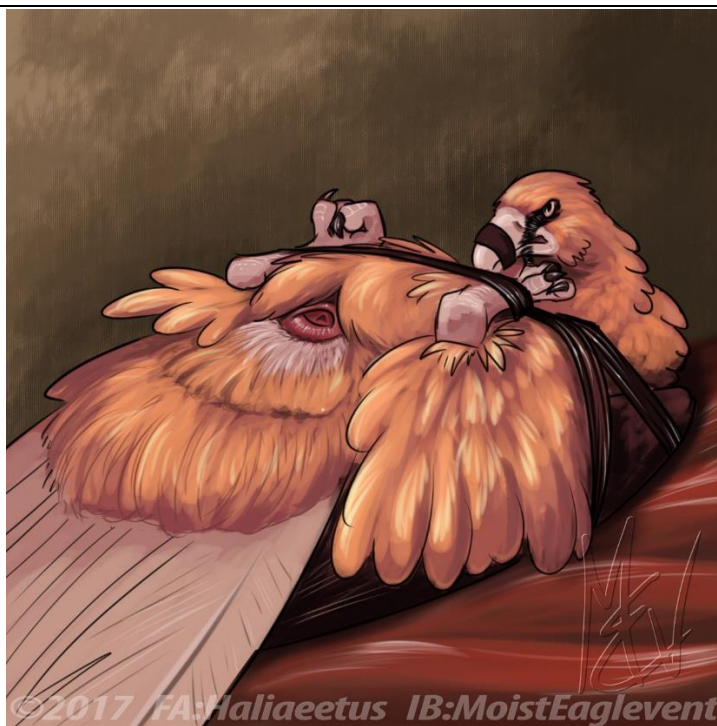


“Aidren Goes From Bitch to Boss”

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WARNING! WARNING! WARNING!

This is an adult story (readers 18 years and older only please) and contains acts of sexual intercourse between intellectually anthropomorphic feral birds.

Feral, male-male, gay, bondage, forced sex, oral, cloacalingus, cumshot, interspecies, size difference, domination/submission, scent, musk, virginity

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A massive bearded vulture sat on a white-washed rock atop a dry scrubby mountain. He was surveying the petite frame of a barn owl standing in the dust half a meter below him. The ground around them was littered with shattered bones as this was the vulture’s favorite ossuary and general hang out. A few other vultures were resting on rocks further down slope, giving their boss some privacy and keeping watch on the horizon. The vulture’s eyeridges furrowed in thought and his pupils spasmed as he looked up and down at the small bird. The owl peered up at him with a determined look in his pale facial disk and ebony eyes.

The vulture leaned forward and croaked out, "You say your name is Aidren and you want to join my gang, eh?"

The little owl choked briefly at the smell of rotten carcass that carried forth on the vulture's breath. "Yes sir, Boss Krall. You need a bird with good hearing and silent wings. I can crack safes and sneak into places. You need me if you're going to rob the bank next week."

Krall jerked his head back, "Who says we rob banks? Much less next week?"

Aidren replied, "Well, I wouldn't be much good if I didn't have my sources and I'd be even worse if I told you who informed me. Suffice it to say, I can keep secrets."

"Indeed." Krall narrowed his eyes, his pupils darting about, calculating which of his current idiot henchmen might have been bragging too much. "Those are excellent qualities, for sure, and it speaks to your ingenuity if you were able to surmise our plans. What references do you have?"

Aidren hopped up to a rock closer to the vulture. He was wearing a clean, black satin bowtie around his neck. He put his face closer to the vulture, despite the stink of musky urates and stale marrow fat that wafted from the bird. "Remember that jewel heist a year ago? I scouted the best route in and cracked the safe. We took 38 diamonds."

"That was you?! With Grendall?" Krall's neck ruff had flared and he pulled his cocked head back with wide, scarcely-believing eyes.

"Yep. Too bad his gang was so inept. Grendall and the others bought it a week later. One of them gabbed too much. I was lucky to escape and I've been hiding ever since. I want to pull off a job and make up for lost time."

Krall sighed out heavily and the corners of his beak turned up as his eyes furrowed. This little owl seemed to know his shit. Not only that, he was pretty cute and Krall had a kinky appetite for small cute birds. "Impressive." His excellent sense of smell could determine the owl's recent whereabouts. He leaned forward and sniffed deeply. There was pine tree from the forest to the north. There was a hint of tree mouse and meadow vole. Then the feral smell of well-groomed, soft feathers. Under all of that was a touch of warm owl vent, moistened at the corners with purest cloacal mucus. This bird smelled like a virgin. He had certainly never been violated by a vulture. Krall inhaled again and focused on the cloaca smell especially. His own cloaca relaxed and its glands juiced up. His ejaculatory ducts began to pulse and swell. "There is a test that all of my gang members must pass. For your initiation, you must serve me for a day and do everything I tell you to do, no matter how odd or degrading. If you do this, you will be one of us. It begins right here, right now." Krall licked his beak as he calculated the exact sequence of kinky adventures he would commence if the owl agreed.

Aidren narrowed his eyes and looked directly into the eyes of his new boss. "Yes sir, I had heard that you had certain... appetites. I knew that that was your price. I only ask that you not damage my feathers, otherwise I won't be able to fly silently and I won't be as useful to you. Also..." Aidren pushed his face closer and smiled his beak and eyes, "I think that we could have a lot more fun in a more private place. I'll do anything you want!" He flirted by batting his eyes, puffing up his chest, and flashing his tail back and forth.

Krall felt his vent spasm and he dropped his beak forward a bit, drool dripping from the tip. He clenched his vent to keep the pre from dribbling out. His beak blushed slightly and he replied, "Oh, yessss... I have a private cave right over there..." The vulture nodded with his beak.

Krall galumphed heavily over to the small cave entrance and waited as Aidren silently glided over. Aidren stepped inside as Krall rolled a tumbleweed across the entrance to screen them from peeping eyes. "That'll signal the boys to stay away while we conduct 'business.'"

Aidren looked around the cave, his eyes immediately able to see everything in the darkness. There was evidence of Krall's crimes all around—jewelry, gold coins, keys to safes. In the middle of the room was a padded nest made of fine silk. Aidren stopped and rubbed his face into it, enjoying the cool, slick feeling. "Mmmm... you really know how to live, boss."

Krall's beaky grin was bigger now and his eyes were wide as he adjusted to the dim conditions. He grasped a match in his beak, struck it on a rock, and lit two candles on a ledge. He shook the match to put it out and dropped it on the sandy floor. "Why steal if you can't enjoy the spoils, right? Nobody dares touch us up here." He patted the nest, "Go ahead, little owl. Hop on up there."

Aidren knew that the vulture was turned on so he made a show of it. He fluttered his wings and hopped onto the tallest pillow so that he could give the vulture a show. He stretched his right foot and wing, slowly, then his left foot and wing. Then he pulled both wings over his back and lifted his tail. He lowered his head and peeked back at Krall from between his legs. The vulture was fixated with wet beak opened wide and equally wide eyes. Aidren winked his cloaca open and closed and clear fluid collected at the corners of the soft, clean, pink slit. The vulture grunted softly and shifted his legs. Under his feathers, a trickle of pre leaked down onto his belly feathers. His beak blushed brighter and his eye ridges lifted, conveying a disarming desire to please. He moved his wet, drippy tongue as though he wanted to taste the owl's pristine ass. "Mmmfff... m-may I?" he asked beseechingly.

Aidren lifted his tail higher and said, "Of course, boss. Anything you want!"

The vulture shook his head and furrowed his eyes, realizing he'd lost his perspective for a moment. "Yes, or course, I meant... Stay right there!" Krall pushed his face forward, licking his beak in anticipation. He felt the softest downy feathers brush his bone-white beak and bare forehead. His dark mustache feathers tickled Aidren's bare butt, causing him to giggle and pucker his vent. Krall's mouth watered as he watched the ring of pink membranes kiss the air and heard their sticky sounds. The warm feral scent drew his beak closer and his tongue pressed into the center of Aidren's vent. Aidren let out a long sigh and wiggled his butt against the vulture's tongue until the tip entered. The rough edges of the scavenger's tongue made Aidren pant with pleasure as his cloaca spasmed momentarily.

Krall whispered against the wet hole, "You ARE a virgin aren't you?"

Aidren was a virgin in the sense that Krall was asking. He had never received anything into his cloaca. But he wasn't inexperienced in sex. Including knowing how to maintain the appearance of virginity. He had his head down between his legs, looking back at the vulture as he drooled and probed deeper into his soft butt. He lied, "You're so smart boss. You deserve to be the first to enjoy my tail hole!" Aidren sighed hotly, "Go on, boss... taste all you want."

Krall moaned and shoved his slimy tongue in, the skin and membranes folding inward. Aidren's forehead felt hot as he felt his cloaca stretched by the firm, wet appendage. The inner sphincters of his cloaca gripped the tongue then relaxed and allowed it to sink deeper until it reached far enough to rub the innermost reach of his cloaca—the anal sphincter. Then the vulture pulled his tongue back out slowly, watching the pink rim evert around it and seeing his tongue laden with clear, slimy owl juices. Aidren's facial disk flattened and his beak blushed as he closed his eyes. His cloaca quivered and he couldn't resist pressing outwards. His tail lifted and fanned and he bore down like he would take a shit. Krall fluttered his third eyelids with lust as he saw Aidren's cloaca puff out around his tongue like a pink donut. His tongue was pushed out like an egg being laid followed by a flow of hot, watery pre that slid down into his maw. He emitted a lusty chuckle of approval and clear pre-seed spurted out of his own throbbing vent and onto his toes. He repeated the process a few more times and whenever his tongue slid out with that ring of membranes wrapped tightly around it, his cloaca winked and drooled another ample load of pre that dribbled down onto the silky linens. And each time his curled tongue tickled deeply, Aidren cooed with delight and gripped it with his throbbing innards like a mouth sucking on candy. Krall inhaled deeply and savored the passionate smell of moist, pure cloaca and damp feathers.

Krall was so distracted by the luscious sensual treat in his face that he failed to notice that Aidren had slipped off his bowtie. The band of his bowtie was far longer than external appearances allowed to be seen. Aidren secretly unwound the band and wrapped it around his wingtips while mesmerizing the grunting vulture. Each time he moaned and squirmed he was also wrapping his wings around the vulture's body, surreptitiously enveloping Krall in the strong ribbon. He did it slowly and loosely enough that Krall was not prepared for what came next.

Aidren began screeching softly and panting, his vent puckering and unpuckering rapidly. He hooted out, "Oh! Oh! I'm gonnnaa cuummm! Pleeeeee boss, can I cummmm?!"

Krall's third eyelids flashed and his pupils constricted. "Mmmfff... Fucking haaawt! Yes! Lube that fuck hole with cum! Nnnf! Nnnff!" He continued to fuck the little owl deep with his firm tongue.

Aidren was right on the edge. He wanted to spurt his seed across that vulture's face but he was disciplined and held off from cumming. He closed his eyes and let out a grunt of determination. His cloaca loosened and allowed the vulture to bury his tongue up to the soft barbs at its base. Then Aidren puckered his vent so tightly that the vulture could not withdraw, not that he was in any hurry to disengage. His salivary glands juiced and he drooled down Aidren's belly feathers, anticipating a hot salty load to be blasted down his throat. Instead, Aidren flapped his wings and yanked the ribbon tight.

Krall felt the ribbon tighten around his wings, body, and inner thighs and finally realized what was happening. He tried to pull his tongue back but couldn't. Each tug only stretched it painfully. "Whaaa zhuuh fffuggg?!" He squirmed and struggled, only managing to roll and twist his tongue painfully. He screamed with pain while Aidren churred with delight, the tongue firmly fixed between his clenching inner and outer cloaca sphincters. He pulled the ribbon tight through his beak, using his legs to brace against the vulture's squirming shoulders. He twisted it together and made a tight knot. The result was that Krall's legs were pulled forward and his wings confined against his body.

The last thing to confine would be the Krall's large beak. Aidren relaxed his buttock and moaned as he felt the vulture's fat tongue anxiously slip out. He ignored his pre-orgasmic shudder and quickly gripped the vulture's beak with a foot while he lashed a bit of ribbon around it.

Krall heaved and bucked, foaming through the seam of his beak and shooting a deadly glare at Aidren. Aidren only smiled and checked his handiwork to be sure that the vulture was tightly secured before he proceeded. Satisfied that the vulture wasn't going anywhere, he kicked him over on to his back. Krall came to rest breast up, his legs pulled forward and strapped to his breast, his wings bundled to his body, and his beak tied to his neck ruff. He looked like a feathered Thanksgiving turkey about to be stuffed. Krall protested violently, cussing and mumbling through his clenched beak about how he was going to eat Aidren alive in vulture fashion—starting at his asshole. Aidren giggled as he watched Krall's fluffy ruff feathers blow in and out around his brightly flushed beak.

"Really, now? And just how will you get free? I'm in charge now!" Aidren hopped up onto Krall's belly and turned his tail towards the vulture's face. He spread his tail feathers and winked his perfect pink hole, waving it back and forth as he spoke. "You like my ass, don't ya? Well, I'm going to rub it all over you until you beg to be my bitch. Do you like the sound of that? I hope so, cuz then I'm going to fill you with my seed until you leak cum for a week. But you won't have time to leak much cuz I'll be filling you three times a day until you decide to be the perfect owl hen. What do you think of that?"

Krall swore unintelligibly and struggled but quickly ran out of breath staring at Aidren's fluff-rimmed sexual opening. He was hypnotized by the weaving bird butt, his pupils tiny and his eyes riveted to the winky orifice. After a long while of watching it go back and forth, and listening to Aidren hum a gentle tune, the great vulture mumbled, "Mmmmmmmmmmm..." and Aidren knew he was succumbing to his charms.

Aidren backed up and pushed his fluffy backside to Krall's beak tip. The vulture moaned and crossed his eyes to look down his beak at every detail. Aidren gave an owly snicker and wagged his tail back and forth, wiping his moist orifice on the vulture's beak. The vulture's buttohole throbbed and puckered and unpuckered repeatedly, building up clear slimy fluids at its crusty, furrowed corners.

Aidren lifted his hole from the vulture's beak. "Who's a good bitch? Show me it's you by pushing your sex out for me to see..."

Krall wasn't used to taking orders and he hesitated a moment. Then Aidren teased him by starting to squat onto his beak again, then pulling away, leaving a sticky strand of pre connecting his hole to Krall's beak. He taunted again, "Come onnnn... who's a good little bitch? Who wants more owl hole, hmmm?"

Krall's vent quivered and dribbled fluids from within, which ran down his undertail fluff. He stuck his tongue out between the seam in his beak, struggling to get just a taste of Aidren's hole once more. He looked like a dog anxious to get a bit of bacon from his owner's taunting fingertips.

Aidren lifted away, making Krall strain to follow with his pink tongue tip. "Nu-un-uuh! No tail hole for your tongue until you show me who's the bitch! Come on, be a good hen."

Krall held his breath and his eye ridges furrowed, as though trying to hold in a tremendous dropping. The skin on his head turned crimson and his eyes flipped back and forth from looking at Aidren's face with petulance to looking at his soft owl hole with passion. Finally, his puckered cloaca quivered and widened. He let out a tremendous sigh as his inner sexual membranes bloomed into the light. Two little polyps of plump tissue were prominent and pulsating, surrounded by glistening red, capillary-rich membranes that ached to be satisfied. They steamed in the cool air and the chilly sensation made the vulture's eyelids flutter.

Aidren churred, “Good bitch. Gooooood burrrrrrd.” He slowly squatted back down and everted his own cloaca, excreting a sweet, salty drop of his pre-cum onto Krall’s flicking tongue. The vulture groaned and tensed, then shuddered and let out a long, deep moan. Aidren spun his head around to watch the eruption as the vulture’s vent winked and the pair of plump polyps shot out two streams of steaming spunk that arced up onto Aidren’s beak and face. Krall was still resisting but as he felt the bliss of ejaculation he finally let go completely, allowing a wave of pleasure to ripple from his eyeballs, down his spine, and out his ass.

“MMMF! HUUUUMMMFF!” the vulture sputtered out through his clamped beak as his body arched and wracked with an orgasm made all the more intense because it didn’t require any cloacal contact. He had never been teased and treated this way. He was seeing, for the first time, how red hot enjoyable it could be to get dominated by a subordinate.

Aidren rubbed his cloacal juices against Krall’s beak and tongue and repeated over and over, “Goood hennnn... yes, give me all your seed...” He caught several shots of seed in his beak before the vulture’s ejaculatory ducts spat bits of watery foam and began to detumescence, his deeply hidden balls completely drained of semen. Krall’s head was spinning with post-coital euphoria. He tenderly licked the owl’s hole and then sagged back into the silky sheets of the plush nest.

Aidren turned around, face to face with Krall, and scooted back on the big bird’s belly. He held his vent just high enough that as Krall breathed in and out, their vents would make moist butterfly kisses with each other. The vulture’s spent sexual tissues were very sensitive and he gasped and writhed his grey fuzzy neck. “No! No! Too much!” he mumbled through his clamped beak.

“Oh?” asked Aidren. “How about this then?” Aidren emitted a lusty owl sigh and everted his cloaca as he squatted down and mushed their hot folds together. Krall let out an uncharacteristically high-pitch moan. He tried to stretch his legs, wings, and neck and his eyelids fluttered with the intensity of the sensations. Aidren pulsed and winked his vent and the vulture moaned and convulsed so much that he had to dig his talons into the deep feathers to keep from being flung off.

“Stahhpf! Staahhpf!” Krall protested.

But Aidren didn’t stop. He was only getting started. He rubbed forward and back, thrusting his hole faster and more firmly while digging his talons in deeper. Krall’s eyes rolled back and he foamed at the beak, his entire head crimson with excitement. His balls were drained and his testosterone depleted so estrogen was ruling now. All the naughty, musky vulture could do was whine like a hen in egg-lust, his wide, slick hole up and ready to be bred and lay fat eggs.

Aidren stroked faster, his fluffy body jostling and his puffy hole smacking on the vulture’s upturned ass with each thrust. As Aidren neared his climax his expression changed from the sweet owl he had been at the start. His dark eyes slanted in and his forehead feathers flared out. He had the look of a cock that hadn’t blown his load in a long time and was struggling to control his passion just a little bit longer. He screeched out hideously at Krall, “Be a good burd! Tell me who’s my bitch?! Whooooo’s my bitch?! Say it!!”

Krall huffed and strained against his creaking rope restraints, “I AM! I AM! FUUCK ME! I WANT IT!”

The mighty bearded vulture had fallen from boss to bitch and his screams of capitulation took Aidren over the edge. His chest puffed out and his beak turned up in an orgasmic scream. He mashed his tail down tight and it shuddered. Krall's ass spasmed and drank in the owl semen, deep down to the innermost reaches of his throbbing cloaca. He moaned and writhed in a second dry orgasm but it felt every measure as good as the first. Aidren bobbed his tail and clutched Krall hard, driving every last bit of his fierce seed into his little vulture bitch.

When at last he was drained, Aidren caught his breath and sagged down on the ass of his bitch and looked down with his dark eyes. The vulture was a moist, bedraggled mess but still fastened its eyes upwards at Aidren with adoration and capitulation. Aidren rubbed his hole around on the vulture's pasty vent and Krall winked his vent back. Now was the perfect time to ask questions—questions about his connections, his crimes, his plans. Aidren's comrades would soon be along, the ones that provided him with backstory that convinced Krall to trust him. The sexually smitten vulture looked up with eager eyes, willing to do anything to keep this sexual play going, unaware that he was heading for jail. Aidren smiled down, perfectly willing to keep the play going. His job had some pretty fantastic perks. Oh yes, Aidren was definitely the boss now and could do anything he wanted to the vulture.

THE END