

Mugpie

Some Corporate Espionage

Version 1.2

2020

Chapter One

The plan seemed to be simple. José and Rae – two avians of rather questionable freelancing and odd-jobbing around the sector – were contacted by some unnamed client with Li Song Corporation ties. Of course, they wouldn't know that as entire job was briefed by a toneless distorted voice, along with several modifications that wouldn't even allow telling if it belonged to a male or female.

When both birds undertook the job, they received two tickets that no fellow citizen would ever get: some corporate party between some corporate folks funded by – what is so surprising – some corporation. That, of course, had some connections to the underworld and crime rings. It was a common knowledge that Karasu Conglomerate was all but a law-abiding firm yet any trial or police raid ended up with empty clues, witnesses missing or entire case being protected by army of lawyers. Maybe that is why the unknown client wanted to deal with it in less legal ways if necessary. Or just to steal their secrets – but whatever was that reason, Rae and José cared only about the credits which would hit their account as soon as they would deliver the info.

José was a slim toucan with blue eyes, darker feathers and a lot of blue parts on his body, including hands, legs and the beak – as well as hidden cock. The latter and face, along with neck, held some flaming yellow-orange hue. His top-headed longer feathers that somewhat resembled hair were also yellow. The toucan's belly and the crotch had a few shades of red.

Rae was a total opposite to his buddy: screaming contrast of blue and

yellow, in all honesty pretty usual for a macaw. Additional green in form of feather-hair and smiling (yet fierce) eyes added even more pastel coloring – only the taloned hands and feet were dark black. White spots on the sides of his face perfectly fulfilled the usual look of any given blue macaw. Rae was also quite muscular... Or at least was in his normal form.

Said two tickets, to their surprise, were for a male and female. They couldn't use it for two males as these were somewhat biologically bound to their fake owners and not even a simple crossdressing would work in that case. One of them had to be altered by quick hormonal process that no public or private practice would do as it would take up to a year due to horrible fail-safes in case of side-effects. Instead, they had to search a black-market equivalent that wasn't always safe or would hold its effect for too long. Yet they didn't need so much time. And it was Rae to pick the short straw.

After a few weeks and million credits under the red line – for sake of two dozen million after the job would be well-done – the blue macaw could present himself – or rather, herself – as a nice bird girl with proper shapes and sizes in certain places. Sure, her breasts were small – but avians couldn't enjoy the big ones due to obvious anatomical differences than these underling mammals being present here and there around the galaxy.

Not that José would whine at all. It was weird to see his buddy in a new form but his male senses usually won over common sense. Especially if the change was so good Rae – as a girl – even had that specific smell tainted with sublime yet obvious pheromones.

“How do I look?” Rae had a hard time to pronounce certain words due

to his – her – new voice. It took the bird a while to hit a proper tone given how far that procedure came and how deeply it influenced him afterwards.

“Well, you’re asking about this one of the best babe magnets in this damn sector!” José shamelessly noted with a trill that turned into some weird whistle.

Rae didn’t even start to get up from the medical bed or even get dressed when her toucan friend took his own pants down. “Wait, what are you doing? I am not one of the--”

“If there’s anything on that corporate yacht you don’t want to end up as a virgin in that place. They would suspect something if you were too tight if one of these corporate assholes would lay you for whatever reasons.”

“But we can blood entire...”

José kissed him – *her!* – deeply, beak to beak, as they rubbed close. That silenced the skeptical blue macaw as their tongues danced around. Rae had to close her green eyes and allow the horny dark toucan to rub against.

“There will be no blood,” José added and slowly spread the macaw’s legs. “You don’t have these funny things so it will be clean and...”

“Ah you fucking cunt! *Careful!*”

Rae yelped when José’s manhood penetrated her but the virgin pop still affected their “new first” time.

“...painless. Oh well. Mm... You are rather warm in there,” the toucan finished his statement and slowly licked across Rae’s beak. His cock slowly wandered deeper into the blue macaw girl and went as deep as the bird could, only to make his new-old female friend to shiver out of slight pain and

pleasure. Rae took his legs around the toucan and held him tight. “Oh?”

“Shut up and go ahead with it,” the blue macaw yelped and closed her eyes, deep inside wishing for more. That was new – both mentally and physically – and even if it was very weird to Rae, it quickly became very natural to think in way more feminine ways.

The medical bed slowly started to creak, meaning it wasn’t so greatly connected to the floor but they both didn’t seem to care. The toucan somewhat lost himself in these “simple keeping appearances” as he then started to pound against the young macaw girl Rae had become. The macaw didn’t seem to mind at all, as she yelped and wanted more and more, what José didn’t need to be told about. His blue manhood rubbed rhythmically in and out of Rae’s welcoming chambers, the latter’s leg talons almost plowing through José’s feathers down to his body.

They both didn’t know how much it had passed after they finished, panting and with a lot of ruffled feathers. The toucan’s shirts became slightly torn and his boxers were... somewhere else in a small dark lab. They had way too much fun and almost forgot about their job in the mutual bliss.

Both birds were still laying down on the medical bed, unaware that they should be gone by now. Yet the doctor wasn’t coming yet to hush them away.

“That was...” started José with a dreamy voice.

“Shut up. Now get up from me and let’s get out of here. We have a damn job to do,” She-Rae said, deep inside not wanting to leave at all. But, in the end, they still had to return that million they sunk into that black-market thing. But it was damn worth it so far.

Chapter Two

José and Rae had to borrow a private two-seat starship in order to avoid unnecessary interest from some people they could come across. Sure, nobody from the Karasu would recognize two almost-fugitive freelancers yet they wouldn't risk their own ship to get recognized – or worse, scratched in the process.

They took a deep look into their fake identities and whereas they didn't switch their names, they got into a new respective jobs: José became some low-rank corporate clerk from one of the Karasu allied companies that won a fancy party invitation while Rae acted as some celebrity who wrote a few plays about nothing – that anyone would claim to know but nobody would have any idea about or even check it on the interstellar service at all. So both had pretty strong backgrounds that were straightforward, obvious and reasonable.

Their small ship was something between a fighter and racer, although not so spacey and meant rather for quick journeys from system to system, as the fuel tank wasn't that generous without making quite a few stops as well. The elongated shape that could look like some kind of speeder without wheels was also meant for quick planetary landing and atmospheric glide, aside of some artistic vision not necessarily needed in void of space.

Of course it was José to pick such a ship what the blue macaw had to agree with, given it would make sense for her to have a nice looking ship with a fang. It was a good choice.

Once they made rendezvous with the corporate yacht that belonged to

the Karasu Conglomerate, they were met with pure lack of any restraints when it came to how classy that vessel was. Sure, still abiding to basic laws of physics with a relatively small rotational ring around it, but still holding plentiful of golden lining over the marble-white hull. The black letters proudly presented its name: *Saigakura* – both in the common alphabet and strange symbols Rae never really cared about.

The *Saigakura* also seemed to have a small dry dock that could fit their small ship. Since they were expected, it still had one empty bay so they didn't need to rely on old-fashioned ship-to-ship connection made of cylindrical corridor, pressurized and relatively safe. Also a better option if something went wrong. José and Rae didn't want it but every option needed to be considered.

Once they stepped down from their almost-racer, they were welcomed by a little bigger artificial gravity than on their own vessel. Since the meeting was half-official, they were dressed in more relaxed clothing that consisted of two kimonos: Rae a blood-red robe with somewhat low cleave only to express her small breasts. José kept to a black kimono with red dragon on his back, retaining the wide pants – which contrasted with white shirt and a fancy cybernetic-style tie.

“Rae Makwak and uh...” the corvid in blue kimono peeked into the datapad as if looking for the proper name.

“José Baptist Tunak,” the toucan said, quite believably presenting some sort of typical corporate annoyance. In fact he didn't need to fake it: José had always been annoyed by unnecessary paperwork. Seriously, their client

picked up the worst surnames but these worked so far.

“Right. My superiors told me that you two should be taken into the deck number seven where party is,” the jackdaw pulled his taloned finger around his own tie as if loosening it. The black bird was obviously new as presented by his nervousness. “Please follow me.”

Without any further ado, all three crossed the tight corridors from the cramped dry dock into more open areas. Once they were welcomed by a pair rotating doors, they felt zero-g right away and so they carefully slid into the area that seemed to be connected with the rotational ring. Once they sat down on the wall – that became floor to their new positioning – the gravity welcomed them again. For someone from a planet it would become very confusing but since José and Rae were hardened spacers they felt nothing. The blue macaw was glad he didn’t need to imitate behavior of someone not accustomed to such changes – otherwise she, as a singer, wouldn’t be able to cope with a small fast ship.

“Here you go,” their welcome party said in the same official tone once the second pair of doors opened. “Welcome to the *Saigakura*.”

Both toucan and macaw weren’t really prepared on what they had seen. The rotating section of the ship was a bigger room that went up and ended up behind them in a perfect circle. The external walls of that ring were the floor and the inner – its top, curving upwards. There were tables made of jade and bamboo wood with a lot of different drinks and foods presented proudly on them. Group of three magpies – dressed in what seemed to be an ugly but industrial smash between traditional robes and official uniforms – stopped

talking and looked at the entering pair. One of the magpies walked to them and gave two glasses of champagne.

“We are sorry for starting so early, but we were not sure if you two would come on time,” the magpie bowed his head a little bit. “We have heard about some bandits lurking around here so we started to get worried, too. Thankfully, you are here, Mister...?”

“José Baptist Tunak. And this girl is--”

“Rae Makwak, the fancy drama writer! I have read all her plays since she released that one about two pirates!” the black-white bird trilled in excitement. That proved they were right about not giving a damn to check any information if it came to celebrities.

“Yes, that would be me!” the macaw trilled with her high voice. The excitement was true as well, since Rae felt very weird around so many males. There was one or two females but for some odd reason the girl’s senses quite ignored that. “So, when do we start eating?”

Both guests were dragged into a chat with the fellow magpies, pretty unaware on whom José and Rae were. If only they knew the chat would quickly slide from “bill” to “kill”. The toucan couldn’t stop eyeing the farther group that stood not so far away from them. If they needed any access to computer on the ship to steal data, they needed the “big brains” of current group. And since it was a small party thrown by the bird in question, José quickly noticed the taller raven in green kimono and with scar on his face. That was the guy: Kinji Shuko – one of the Main Beaks of the Karasu Conglomerate.

The toucan poked carefully at the She-Rae and pointed his beak at Kinji. Rae looked at José with some visible annoyance as she really appreciated all the praise but it was still about the job. The macaw excused herself from the magpies and walked towards the subsidiary boss.

The blue-yellow bird didn't get unnoticed by Kinji. He smiled a little bit and pushed one of his thugs-in-tie aside, giving place to the girl. "Hello there, I hope you do enjoy our little party?" As expected, his voice was a bit crackly, even for an old raven.

"It is! I expected something out of the boring business meetings you guys usually have," Rae returned the smile and pulled out a small fan to wave at herself. The bird just hoped that would give her a little more charm.

"A blunt yet proper description for what is happening on the vast Karasu Conglomerate parties all over the sector. I cannot blame you, sometimes – only if my boss isn't watching – I try to disappear and avoid all that boring mess."

The surrounding corvids – jackdaws and an another raven – laughed from the good joke. It didn't seem so unnatural but the macaw could tell it was somewhat artificial given how stuff in such places worked. Especially when it came to criminals acting as a law-abiding citizens. You didn't laugh from the boss? *The airlock.*

"I am so glad this party is a little different, so I could be here!" Rae smiled and slowly pressed against the older raven. Even went as far as carefully touching Kinji's chest. "Say, what can we choose as attraction in here...?"

José was still involved into the bothersome chat with the magpies. Not that they were boring or anything, but he was overburdened with recalling all the special chit-chat to keep himself inside the role. Sure, he worked hard on it once Rae was doing his procedure, but a lot of very corporate terms and slang could explode the brain of a banker. This was bothersome until one of the magpies started to give him some weird hints. The toucan tried to ignore it, but for sake of the mission he had to improvise.

“Do you have more sake?” José asked in a casual tone as if to change subject. The hitting magpie picked that up right away.

“I can show you where, it seems that we exploited the keg we had over here. I am so sorry, in the name of the Conglomerate.” That official tone and bow pretty quite well hid true intentions and the black-white bird quickly led José from other two magpies, leaving them to their overzealous chatter.

The party-breakers went out of the main room on the ring, for the toucan to discover that, unlike he expected, the ring wasn't entire leisure room. It seemed that that entire thing was likely kept as a stable gravity-bound place for all of the corporates – with the main room they seemed to had party in being a repurposed conference room.

“I never saw a toucan before,” the corporate magpie whispered as the doors closed. They were in some small room which seemed to be an office. Likely the one that exact magpie worked in.

José felt the black taloned hands onto his sides, quickly declaring intentions of the corvid. Not that he didn't like it but it seemed that was one of these necessities he needed to conclude. “So... First time with a such?”

“Yeah...” the corporate dreg snuggled into José from behind and started to bird-kiss the neck. His hips slowly ground against the other bird in a slow rhythm as they were all alone. The toucan could hear some additional sound that likely was lock in the door. That black-white bird really wanted some hot action.

And José didn’t mind at all, given it would bind magpie a little easier to reveal some info. After all, what kind of a bored corporate worker wouldn’t share some dirty secret or two? Especially given such lovely circumstances.

The toucan slowly placed himself onto the desk and unbelted his kimono. The other bird’s black hands slowly explored at José’s belly, inch by inch, as if feeling the shapes and feathers of the toucan that seemed a bit more silk to the corporate magpie. The toucan replied with some slight yelp, reassuring that the black-white avian got into a good trail.

José groaned a little bit when his pants were let down and there was another shuffle of the magpie’s pants that hit the ground, still onto the corvid’s feet.

“The first time with a toucan must be something new then, I guess?”

The corporate didn’t reply and slowly pushed himself inside. Since it was slightly dark and José couldn’t see a thing, he groaned and snapped his own beak tight. The magpie was a little thicker than expected and it took some time for the guy to penetrate until the hilt. The guy wasn’t as big as Rae before his gender-swap but the magpies weren’t usually known for great tools between their legs. This one seemed to be a little bit more gifted by the fancy nature. José almost taloned deep into the desk when the pounding started.

The magpie was straightforward, not even using anything to lube, in the end making entire intercourse a little bit more rough. The yellow-headed toucan muffled the moans as he could, but likely there was no need for that, as given how bored members of the corporations – especially those with criminal background – could be. So a little fuck or two wouldn't ruin anyone's reputation.

It seems that the robed black-white corvid took him for some low-rank dreg as well, since there was a clear dominance between the toucan and the magpie. José gritted his beak and moaned heavily, as the other's cock rammed deep inside as if he was some sort of inferior. When the fancy-beak tried to straighten himself up a little bit, the corvid slammed him against the desk and pounded while holding hard against it by the shoulders. José had no choice but to obey, as far as it wouldn't be finished.

Not that he whined or something, but that was a little too much at times.

“Such a tight male cunt,” the magpie taunted him a little bit while thrusting harder onto the toucan that had nowhere to run. To him, José seemed like some “quick rank up” wannabe and treated him as a such. Tenshi Kono, as it was the magpie's name according to some tag on the desk, likely had such boys before and had a lot of experience.

That gave a few ideas to José but lack of proper beak assistance or other funding from unexpected death made him quite unwilling to work for any corporation in this sector.

The toucan felt how the magpie pinned him down, almost breaking his arms. His bum was quickly filled with the cursed bird seed that would mark

the end of entire lay for now. To pump up the corporate a little bit, José tried to slightly oppose and move as if to try to break out from his grasp. The magpie gladly welcomed it and slammed harder against the toucan a few more times while still producing some of that white spunk. It was Tenshi to be dominant in here, him fulfilled in his current position.

“There, you little boy. I feel that you could be some use for our allied company in the future,” the magpie whispered into José’s earhole and released the grip. The toucan finally could stand up and once he had done that, his own talons started to caress his own clothing. The black-white avian started to do the same.

After a while José looked around the room. “Is that your office?” he asked with pure interest. The magpie smiled and nodded, clacking his own beak a little bit.

“Yes, I work here. It’s rare I bring anyone in here.”

“Especially for some hot bird-on-bird action, eh?” José joked and laughed alongside the other male. “So, it’s connected to the mainframe on the ship or something? I always wondered how the Karasu guys can operate from any ship in their sector.”

A little bit sugarcoating wouldn’t hurt, given the ill-fated reasons. After all, the toucan was all after the data wanted by the client.

“Sure, you see, our Conglomerate is entirely ran by high-tech devices that *all* our ships have, including the yachts like these. That’s our secret,” the magpie smiled proudly.

The toucan clacked his beak. “Tell me more, that’s very interesting.”

Chapter Three

It wasn't hard for Rae to seduce the old raven. As soon as he and the macaw got away from the main part of the rotating ring, they tossed their clothes away and went straight to the business. Before the blue-yellow bird became way too busy with the raven, she could notice that Kinji's place was humongous given how relatively small the ring was. If anything, it would be a mixture of a small palace and a place where such an important guy could invite equally important guys.

Rae wasn't bothering about it anymore once Kinji invited her over. To her surprise, he didn't start but brought one of the other corvids to watch how the macaw would be fucked on his view. It was strange but not uncommon, given a lot of male birds wanted to do that. The younger raven, which bore the mask likely out of some fetish for Kinji's sake, plowed through the young girl. Rae wanted more and more, holding the fellow raven down with her legs, screaming and wincing around the silky bed. All that for the old raven's amusement.

"Out."

Kinji sudden ordered made raven to obediently pull himself out, grab the kimono and to disappear from the room leaving girl on the bed. It seemed like it was Kinji's turn now so he went onto Rae and started rubbing her beak with his own. His tongue slightly slid into the macaw's beak and somewhat forced the kiss.

Rae didn't object - quite the opposite. She wanted him. The female macaw wanted to *fuck with him so hard* she only pulled Kinji closer.

The old raven was gentle but it was obvious he wanted the macaw so hard, yet given his professionalism – and age – the black bird wasn't really into a quick fuck like all other younger corporates, as seen with the younger raven just mere minutes ago. Sure, he also would have such stages but it wasn't that time. Not around the known celebrity – which was as genuine as some cargo packets they shipped time to time.

“Please do not stop,” the black-yellow girl pleaded and held Kinji hard. The corporate sub-boss had nothing like that on his mind, so he went on with slow but hard thrust that drove Rae into some kind of sexual madness. Her yelps filled the room, echoing across it thrust after thrust, out of second or third – the macaw lost count – orgasm. The breasts became main point of interest from Kinji too, as he licked them once his cock wasn't inside Rae – only to return with more slamming against the bamboo bed.

The raven felt good with such a young macaw girl, likely awakening his naughty blood too, sort of forgotten among the rows of tables and numbers. As the male started to slam even harder, Rae started to lose her trill as she took more and more of that slamming. Her internal walls were hot from the friction and sexual heat, demanding more and more from Kinji.

After a longer while, the old corporate bird dropped down next to her, as Rae still panted heavily. “I know what you two came for.”

That was enough for the macaw girl to shift from utter delight into coldness that would be matched only by the space outside hull of this yacht.

“Don't make such a surprised face, Rae,” Kinji continued and slowly touched her beak with a chuckle. “I play that game long enough to notice

how some people do certain plans in order to gain more and more money, especially when it comes from the outer spies and corporate espionage. You two were more obvious to me than to that group of bird-brains they sometimes seem to be.”

“Are you going to space us?” Rae asked after a longer and very uncomfortable silence.

“Corporate espionage, like I mentioned before, is a crime. Over here it’s a crime they punish with death. But,” he added, seeing how the blue macaw’s face seemed to turn even whiter despite the feathers. “There will be nothing like that. I am the one who ordered your mission.”

Rae looked at the old raven with utter confusion. She heard words but they didn’t seem to hit the brain.

“You see, I told you already I play that game, the corporate game, for long. Sometimes it feels way too long. You see, I am old and sooner or later Karasu Conglomerate is going to crash down in a year or two. I want to speed it up, then turn all the resources into Li Song Corporation’s hands. You don’t need to understand, neither does your toucan friend. You will receive money...” he touched the girl’s beak. “...and I will be a happy man. For now, however. Let’s enjoy time we have on this ship, shall we?”

He didn’t need to repeat that. Rae was still in the unexplained heat, horny and very needy. The bed started to creak again, reassuring Kinji that the case – or at least part of it – had been understood by the girl. Like he noticed: it was nothing of their, José or Rae’s, worry.

In bliss, they could forget about it until the payday. Rest didn’t matter.

Epilogue

Rae slid onto her toucan friend's lap, naked. Her, because she and José decided not to revert the process, at least for some time. And the macaw didn't seem to care at all, given how needy she had become after the process.

"So all of that was a ploy?" the toucan murmured into the girl's earhole, slightly whining as it was their third time in the last five hours.

The macaw girl didn't seem to be bothered by eventual fucking. "Seems so, I guess," she said and strung back like a string, as she felt the toucan inside her. "Oh yeah, do me more..."

"But that's the third time--"

"Shut up, even if I'm a damn girl now, I will make you listen to me. Now, fuck me like you do all these space port harlots."

José whined but didn't object. Who would think that the hormonal change – along with very weird mission that turned out to be even more confusing – would bring so much positives? In the end, it was José to end up with constantly horny girl with whom he would share a lot of money...

...until they wouldn't spend it all and ending up forced into another, maybe equally wild, mission to conclude. Against the law, but true to themselves in the end.

Characters belong to their respective owners.

~Mugpie on Weasyl

2020