

"Your highness, it's time to awaken for the day."

Taburyk pulled his purple satin sheet over his head and wriggled underneath of the massive pillows that lined his bed. "N-no. T-too early."

Kevi'taal, the Prince's primary servant, shook his head and put his elongated hands on his hips, "Fine, have it your way." With a huff, and an unwillingness to fight with the Prince for the fourth time in a week, he descended the staircase that led up to the bed, and left the bedroom, coming back with not one, but two of the Royal Guard.

"He's at it again, get him up, we need to get him into his speech therapy session for the morning, his father has allowed him a free day if and only if he goes through the session," the servant shook his head and pointed to the bed, "and I've little time for foolishness."

Rae'daajuh and Dumaraan both nodded, "Understood," and surrounded the bedsides, each of the muscular Uragi'Sehkt crossing their arms over their broad shoulders. They looked to each other in mutual knowing, and then nodded.

Then, Rae'daajuh, the Royal Guard closest to the Prince and basically the only genuine father figure he'd ever had, leaned down, and scooped Taburyk up into his arms, including the satin sheet, like a stuffed animal.

The size difference still amazed those who bore witness to it, despite it being a daily occurrence. Taburyk, even if he stood up straight, barely stood tall enough to rest his head on the upper knee of his fellow tribesmen. How the Prince had managed to survive amongst the normal sized Uragi was a mystery to everyone, but he did, and he did it with flare, earning the respect of his fellow tribe members well before he would ever take the throne.

"Your majesty, this nonsense that you've gotten into is very unbecoming of royalty, now stop misbehaving and wake yourself up, please," Rae'daajuh growled, the deep rumbling of his chest vibrating hard against the Prince's body as he held the teddy bear sized Uragi close to himself.

The Prince shook his head free from the sheet and flipped his hair so that it wasn't in his face. He hated being seen without his jewelry by the guards, as it revealed the throat and more common appearance than he was used to presenting, and his hair was a ratted mess, which didn't help. "I d-don't w-want t-to g-go t-today," he stuttered, leaning forward so that the rumbling from Rae's body didn't shake him up too badly.

"Well, if you desire to travel outside of the palace today, you're going. Now, if you would, get cleaned up, and put your jewelry on, Dumaraan and I will be waiting for you outside," he set the Prince down gently by the bathing basin, which was hollowed out of the marble floor, with a carved set of stairs that descended into the crystal clear water.

Taburyk grumbled, tossing the sheet aside and allowing himself to be led into the bath by two of his avian servants, who took great care in making sure the Prince's four feet were firmly planted on the bottom of the tub before releasing his arms.

He moaned upon sinking his large rear half into the water, the extreme heat of the water enough to release the tension in his muscles all at once. He sank down so that his upper abdomen was just about halfway submerged, glancing at the servants who joined him, nude except for their slave jewelry, who quickly began to wash every fine detail that the Prince had to offer.

They were careful about pushing too hard, and made sure to hold his hair back so that they didn't get soap or fragrance in his eyes, fearful that one wrong move would result in their looming death. His Majesty was a protected, coddled commodity, and it had been deemed an honor just to be able to touch him at all.

They made quick work of cleaning every orifice of the Prince's body, and then quickly dried him off and led him to his jewelry cabinet to choose his pieces for the day.

Taburyk looked around at the multiple shelves of jewelry that he himself had both designed and created, nodding in appreciation of its beauty, "I t-think I w-w-will g-go rect-t-tangular for t-today."

Even though the servants were technically supposed to put his jewelry on for him, Taburyk rejected the actions daily, and took great pride in putting his own pieces on. The fact that he had made them made him glow happily as he snapped each of his neck coils on, and locked them into one another. Then, he clasped his breastplate underneath of the coils, locked everything into place, and then one by one put his earrings on, flipping his hair to test his neck's movement radius. Once he was fully dressed, he exited the jewelry closet that had been built for him, and paced his way over to the Royal Guards.

Rae'daajuh was the first to see Taburyk, and found himself turning his head for a second to wait for the blush in his white cheeks to disappear before meeting the Prince's gaze, "You look stunning as always, your highness. Are you ready to go to the speech therapist?"

Instead of speaking, Taburyk turned his head upwards to the massive Uragi and nodded his head, putting his hands up and making a grabbing motion, so that Rae'daajuh knew he was ready to be picked up.

The guard smiled warmly and knelt down to lift the Prince up, carrying him off to his appointment. Only one guard was needed since it was within the walls of the palace, so the others watched carefully over his room and his servants while he was absent.

Taburyk, now free of his therapy, he had to figure out a way to shake the guards, who were *supposed* to give him time to himself to explore the "forests," as he often lied about, feigning ignorance in order to use the Sceptre of Rii'kaan to travel away from the dimension and be who he wanted to be.

He huffed at the edge of the marketplace, crossing his arms over his chest and looking up at Rae'daajuh, who watched him curiously.

"Prince, can I assist you in any way?" he chirped happily, "You know I will do anything you desire."

Taburyk blushed furiously and looked away, "I'd appreciate your absence today, Rae'daajuh. As m-much as I'd like to have you around, sometimes I just *need* to be alone. Okay?"

Rae actually looked upset, brows arched downward, "I see. Then, I must respectfully adhere to your wishes. You were granted freedom to hunt today, after all. I need to trust that you will be alright." He bowed his head and went down on one knee, leaning down so that he could nuzzle beaks with Taburyk, whispering in his ear in a deep, sultry voice, "Should you need of me, I will come, just for you."

The Prince rubbed his beak against Rae's and gave it a soft peck in a mock-kiss, "Thank you so much. I have my fanblades and my bag, I'll be fine. You know I will."

"Of course. Have a pleasant evening, your Majesty."

Great, I'll be out of here in no time. Heh.

"I'm gonna die of boredom, I swear to god," Airie, ready to escape the deadened study zone of his marine biology class, groaned, stretching his arms over his head and yawning wide enough that his cheeks wrinkled at the creases of his beak. He tugged idly on the strings of his hoodie, deciding to look out the window and spy on the quad. The blue jay had had enough for the day.

One of his friends, this one a sparrow, pointed his winged finger to the classroom door, "Dude, just leave, you already have one of the highest grades, it's not like you *have* to be here." He smirked, "Just go, I'll text you if there's anything else going on, alright?"

Airie rolled his eyes and picked up his books, standing slowly as to not cause too much of a commotion, giving his friend a thumbs up before exiting the class.

"Ugh, finally," he grunted, practically darting out of the science building and to the grassy edge of the college, which met a forest, a state park of sorts that was protected by the government. His classes occasionally took him into it to collect geodes and specimens to study. In the marine biology class, he just attended to get the points for it, as he'd done all his work ahead of time.

He climbed up on to a rather large boulder that sat at the edge, just underneath of a weeping willow, and laid back on his bookbag to rest, listening to the serene sounds of the forestry that echoed about.

However, he got about three minutes of peace before a shockwave blew through the forest, weird sounds of electricity penetrating the air and scaring the wildlife out of the way.

Airie snapped up, the shockwave having shook him to the core. His heartbeat sped up to the point he could hear the blood rushing in his ears and feel it throbbing in his fingers. "What in the hell was that?" Normally, he'd not venture into the woods without his classmates, given the type of animals that lurked about, but his curiosity got the better of him. He grabbed his bag, slung it over his shoulder, and headed towards the source of the noise. Likely, if it was something that could be an emergency, he could report it or call someone.

However, what he would soon come across, he was neither prepared for nor ready to believe it even had happened...

Taburyk dry-heaved upon closing the portal behind him, the adjustment to the air and heavier gravity always turned his stomach a bit, but he kept his upright and strong stance, regardless, managing to not throw up as he gathered the rest of his senses. He opened his second pupil, scanning the area for threats, and upon not perceiving any, he inhaled and exhaled slowly out of relief.

The last thing he needed was to deal with another lone samurai nailing him in the ribcage. The previous encounter he had with that man cost him a month of torture and training by his father and the Raah'natuu. Not that he did not appreciate having a far more athletic, muscular body, he just did not appreciate the manner in which it was executed.

He sighed, standing up straight and putting his hands behind his back, starting to trek forward into the forest. The relative silence, save for the few animal noises here and there, was rather peaceful, until a shrill cry traveled down his spine, causing him to turn his head and upper torso quickly, eyes focused on where the noise had come from.

It was a boy, a bird similar to him, but more humanoid in structure, having only two legs. He was blue, same as him, with bespeckled cheeks and markings near his eyes of a darker hue, covering most of his body with some form of clothing that he couldn't recognize. The boy had screamed, loudly, having stumbled upon Taburyk's odd, muscular form, "What in the hell are you?!"

It took Taburyk a few minutes to discern what the smaller bird was saying, his mind having to focus to comprehend the language that was being so rudely directed to him, "I am what you see, little bird, nothing more, nothing less. And I'd appreciate it if you did not shout, as my travels have made me a little woozy."

Airie blushed hard at the depth in Taburyk's voice, finding himself uncomfortable at the blatant display of nude musculature that the Prince had to offer. "Oh...oh my, uhm, I'm sorry. I

didn't know. Who are you?" he asked, using a hand to block his view of the Uragi as he looked away, "...where did you come from?"

"I'm not sure. I know how to get back, however, so that is of little concern," he explained, tilting his head at the smaller bird boy and arching a brow, "Are you okay?"

"I uh...yeah, I'm fine, I'm fine," he cleared his throat and put his hand down, still unable to defeat the blush in his cheeks.

"Good, good, as for what I am, I am of Uragi'Sehkt descent, we are our own peoples, and we come from far away," he chuckled, making his approach towards Airie, each heavy step thumping hard against the ground.

Each vibration of every step made Airie's heart skip a beat, "Ura-what?" he shook his head, "That's interesting, so...uhm...what are you doing here?" *First sign of alien life and he's...hot as fuck. Jesus Christ, you can iron a shirt on his stomach.*

Taburyk leaned down and held his hand out to Airie to shake it, as was a custom greeting for most races, though the difference was that he held his other hand over his chest in a clenched fist, head slightly dipped in a bow, "I am Prince Taburyk, and I travel as a sort of exploratory vacation, it is a pleasure to meet you."

Prince? This...this can't be real. It's not, I'm hallucinating. Too much schoolwork, Airie thought, *the stress of it all must be what's making me see this.* He held his hand out, clasping it gently in the prince's hand, taking note of his long, sharp claws on each finger, and the thick, golden bands that wrapped around each digit, his forearms, his biceps, his neck...he had jewelry everywhere, it was striking, but beautiful. He couldn't think of anything to say other than, "...yeah. Same."

"Little one, I know this must be a bit odd for you, but you don't have to restrain your speech with me, I'm sure meeting an alien is an exciting experience," he chuckled at that, sitting his rear end down and leaning back on his rear thighs, "Though, I myself am well-traveled."

I'm sure you are... Airie thought, his tongue feeling thick, making him unable to really cooperate in the ways of vocal exercise.

Taburyk smirked, brushing his hair back with a strong hand, and took a step to close the gap between them. He towered over Airie by a good two feet, so that was fairly simple a task for the alien prince. Normally, he wouldn't take advantage of a situation like this, but it was pushing his patience. "You, boy, I need your assistance," he pointed down to his feathered skirt, the point of his tapered cock poking out from the brilliant green plumage, "the gravity affects my piercings, I need you to check them and make sure they are still straight and not tearing my member. Can you do that for me?"

Airie found himself tugging on the neck to his hoodie, feeling a ridiculous heat building up inside of him, obviously from the red hue that had nearly-permanently soaked his face, "Uh, your what?"

"Formalities," he grunted, putting a strong hand on Airie's head and pushing him down to one knee, "My cock, boy. You terrestrials and your slang. So *gritty*."

His beak was already cracked slightly open, ready to take on the likely too-big cock that Taburyk had to offer, tongue thick and wet with anticipation, "...wait...wait...wait a second, what is going on here, no!" he objected, looking up at the prince and glaring at him.

When the bird went to stand up, the prince grabbed his face and shoved him backwards, hard, so that he landed against a thick tree, "How disappointing, and I thought you were supposed to be *easy*," he joked, lifting his tail fan and spreading it as wide as it would go, its full thickness unlike that of a typical peacock. One couldn't see through the thick fluff, which was a combination texture of fur and feathers.

Airie's back ached, and he coughed a couple of times, having had the wind knocked out of him, leaning forward on his hands and knees as he inhaled sharply and quickly for air, "Who...the...fuck...do...you...think...you...are..." he managed to squeak in between breaths, gripping the ground so tightly that he thought his knuckles would tear through the hard scales on his hands.

He chuckled, setting himself down on all fours, an eerie glow starting to radiate off of his tail. The eyes of the iconic peacock feathers that he possessed made the air around them vibrate, pulsating with alternating colors and flashing with a beautiful display of color. "It is of no matter. Now...*relax*."

On the Prince's last word, Airie found himself staring at the eyes of the tail, entranced by them, desiring to be closer to them. His body was warm, and he couldn't feel the pain in his back any longer, and that made him crawl forward, slowly...with a crushing desire.

Taburyk's tail slowly swayed back and forth, urging Airie to continue towards him. He smiled, cock having slid out of its sheath, extended fully, and drizzled with pre-cum, "*Easy*, as I said, now," he motioned to his moist, pierced taper, "get to work."

Airie had no control over his body, and barely had control over his mind, crawling over towards Taburyk, beak agape, tongue hanging out, thinking to himself over and over again: *stop, stop stop, what are you doing, stop....stop! I don't want this...he's so...hot...*

Taburyk's grin hurt his cheeks it was so wide, leaning back to enjoy the kitten-like lapping of Airie's sweet tongue to his tapered manhood. It was odd to begin with, being around fifteen inches long, and thicker than human ankles at the base. It was colored identically to his beak, light gray, white, and then darker gray at the tip, and it was pierced five times with heavy, golden barbells.

His little slave wasn't sure he could get all of the Prince's member into his mouth, but he had no control, mindlessly cramming his cock as far down his throat as he could get it, the tip of his lower beak clicking against Taburyk's second-to-last piercing.

"I'm impressed," Taburyk rewarded him with a deep moan, which made his body vibrate. He put his hand on the back of Airie's head with light pressure, "take all of it. I want to feel your beak against my stomach."

He was feeling light-headed as it was, trying to get what little air he could in his lungs before doing as commanded, his gag reflex starting to reject the cock in his throat. He swallowed hard, wiggling his tongue back and forth, and started to pull back, only to have his head shoved back down against Taburyk's stomach, a hard orgasm shooting ropes of hot seed down his throat. Airie swallowed all of it, putting his hands up against Taburyk's hips, looking up at him, begging to let him breathe for even a second.

Taburyk, body shuddering from the pleasure of it all, allowed Airie to whip back off of his cock so that he could inhale once more.

The boy damn near threw up, coughing frantically and rubbing his throat. It was sore, likely from the piercings that had scraped against his esophagus. He could officially count all of the time's he'd had metal lodged down his throat on one hand. Had he been allowed to continue to gain his composure, he may have been able to break free of the trance he was in, but, he was not so lucky.

The Prince stood up, this time putting one of his heavy, thick clawed feet on Airie's shoulder, shoving him into the ground, "I'm not finished with you yet. I have another area that needs your attention, now, get to it." He lifted his foot up, allowing Airie to see the swollen manhood that hung between his rear legs, tapered and colored and decorated the same as his front cock, but much, much larger, and throbbing, pulsating with the need to be released.

Airie was oddly drawn to it, doing as instructed, and crawling underneath of Taburyk's muscular ribcage, coming beak-to-tip with that rear organ. "Holy...fucking...hell...I can't get this in my mouth...I'm s-sorry..."

"It is not for your mouth, now, face my front legs," he spread his back legs slightly, waiting for the bird to do as he'd been told, rewarded with a soft moan, a gulp, and a tap on the back of his front leg.

"...okay, I am ready..." he said, words trailing off as he succumbed to the mind-numbing control of the hypnotism. He sat, controlling his breathing, and feeling a chill run down his spine as his pants started to slip off his hips and down his legs. *What...the...*

Taburyk's rear cock was an unusual thing. It split at the seams, separating into three long, muscular appendages, two of which grabbed hold of Airie's hips, the third, this one underneath, slipped between the boy's legs and coiled around his stiffening cock, squeezing it gently. *Now...to try this for real...* he chuckled, extending his breeding tentacle forward. It was soaking wet from being encased inside of his cock, so it slid rather easily up against Airie's pucker, teasing it by pushing on it and releasing several times. The long breeding tentacle was ridged at the tip like a rattlesnake's tail, about as wide as a human cock at the tip, then gradually increasing in size to the fourth ridge.

Airie's body stiffened, and he grabbed the ground beneath him hard, clenching his buttocks together, rather embarrassed at how hard his cock was at this encounter. "...please...d-don't...too big..."

"Breathe in, little bird," Taburyk hummed, controlling the two upper flaps of his rear cock to grab hold of Airie's rotund cheeks to spread them, rubbing the ridges of the breeding tip back and forth slowly over the tight, nervous entryway.

Airie did as instructed, beak agape, and no longer capable of closing, for as Taburyk pushed the ringed appendage into his ass, only a sharp inhale and a trail of drool escaped from his maw. He wanted to say something, anything, or moan, but he couldn't utter a syllable. *This...is weird...ffffuck...it feels amazing...* he thought, his mind starting to blank from the combination of pleasure and hypnotic haze that he was trapped in. He hadn't noticed it at first, but being fucked by Taburyk's rear cock had forced him to put his head down on the ground, his ass up in the air, cock dribbling cum into a lewd pool between his knees. And he, the entire time, unable to respond.

"Finally...this is how it is supposed to go," the Prince noted, throwing his head back and releasing a deep moan from his body. His frontal cock was still hard, even after his first orgasm, so he gently grasped it, running his now-slick hands up and down the length, taking care around the barbells and tracing around them with his claws.

Suddenly, Airie snapped up, "OUCH!" banging his head against Taburyk's wide rib cage, trying to wriggle out of the grasp of the rear cock. "Let me go! It hurts!" Something had released the hypnotic grip on Airie's mind.

Taburyk shook his head, pulled from his pleasurable haze, "What? Wait a second..."

And with that, a thick, gushing fluid sound was heard, as the rear tentacle's spike, roused from its slumber inside of the alien organ, extended, forcing the tentacle itself to go rigid and shoot forward. There was no warning sign, an instant impalement.

Airie, still alive for a few seconds as the spike from the tentacle shot out of his mouth, tearing through his body as easily as a knife through butter, screamed, choked, and cried in excruciating agony. Blood oozed from his mouth and pooled underneath of him, soon mixing with the ropes of thick, white seed that painted the grass beneath him. Even in all of the terror and pain, the little blue bird had managed to finish, the one saving grace in what quickly became a gruesome situation.

Taburyk, upon realizing what had happened, spread his front legs and leaned down to take in the gore that laid beneath him, the only thing keeping Airie's body solidly on its hands and knees was the rigidity of his breeding tentacle. He gasped, and looked up to the sky in disbelief. How did this *keep* happening to him? What was wrong with him? Why couldn't he copulate properly?!

For what it was worth, Airie did draw a single tear from Taburyk, though it was short lived. The Prince released his member's grip on the body's rear, slowly withdrawing the

tentacle. Airie's limp, still oozing body sank to the ground and tipped to the side, splattering in blood and cum.

Taburyk lifted his rear leg and stepped over Airie, examining the scene that he'd once again managed to execute. He shook his head, "I can't just...leave him here...can I?" he looked around, not really seeing or hearing anyone else, but not wanting to test the limits of the new planet that he'd landed upon. While he couldn't necessarily clean up the blood, for that he'd have to wait for a rainstorm to wash the mix of orgasms and death, he *could* get rid of the body.

He shuddered, rolled his eyes, and then groaned, pulling his fanblades from their holsters at his hips, opening each of the intricately designed, though incredibly flamboyant set of weapons. "Forgive me, little bird," he said, leaning down to pick up Airie's limp, still warm corpse, chucking it forward, and in a graceful, swift flurry of strikes, sliced him to several pieces, no doubt an ode to the Uragi Prince's harsh training. There were several wet thud's against the ground of the large, bloodied pieces of the little bird's body.

He spent the next few moments slicing what he could into medium sized pieces, deboning them, and popping the soft, warm sinewy chunks into his toothed maw, tearing it up and swallowing them. Though he felt guilty for the express manner in which his meal was gained, he couldn't deny the taste of a freshly executed bird. Something about it made his mouth water and his cock harden. "You know...you should work out a little more next time," he chuckled, holding a larger piece to his beak and snapping it onto the meat, only to yank it in half, "...muscle is so much better than just being scrawny..." he burped, excused himself, "Oh my, I really shouldn't talk with my mouth full. I apologize."

His rear cock, though not able to get a release, still aided in breaking down what it could of the corpse. The breeding tentacle took the larger pieces that Taburyk couldn't swallow easily and wrapped around them, receding into the textured grip of the cock's sides. It wrapped around the meat and tentacle slowly, like a flower closing its petals, slowly beginning to digest the carcass.

The Uragi Prince made short work of what was left, holstering his bloodied blades to his sides once more, waiting for the swelling in his rear cock to recede before continuing his travels. He didn't want to go home quite yet, especially not with a swollen set of balls, which his servants would immediately notice. He felt he still needed to practice before he could perfect the art of being an amazing lover with *both* of his members. *I'll get it...one kill at a time.*

To any who would come upon the scene, there would be nothing but a pool of blood and cum, a darkened stain on the grass, and single peacock feather, which was shed as Taburyk's glorious tail dragged behind him in his departure as a calling card to who was responsible for the horrible sight.