

Rite of the Fertile Moons

By Victor Waite

After a year of bountiful harvests, a village prepares for their yearly ritual to ensure it happens again. The residents bring their best dishes to a clearing in a field, where the priestess of a holy order consumes it on the gods' behalf. They in turn bless the crops through her, and a grand time is had by all

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains an Intersex Turkey, her Two Companions, Voyeurism and Exhibitionism, Hyper Breasts Cock and Balls, Body Painting, Teasing, Lactation, Feeding, Force Feeding, Rapid Weight Gain, Elements of Bondage, Milking, Excessive Fluids, and Group Sex.

The orange sun drifted below the horizon, painting the sky and clouds with brilliant pastel hues. Long shadows reached across fields of grain and wheat, and the windows of farmhouses brightened as night neared. A villager walked the cobblestone streets and lit torches with gestures of the hand, marking a path to the edge of the town. Villagers trickled from the homes, each carrying food, some on modest plates, others on towering platters, though all headed for the same destination. The assorted furs gathered and wove and wound their way to the edge of the quaint town, into a clearing cut from the tall grasses and grains. Numerous tables filled the space in anticipation of their arrival, all in view of a long stage. The villagers took their seats and laid their tributes before them, then mingled and murmured while they waited for everyone to arrive. Their conversations carried on the soft breeze and flowed through the small settlement, filling their air with anticipation of celebration. The very edge of a full moon peeked over the horizon by the time everyone assembled, the first of the festival's events began.

After claiming their places, the villagers helped themselves to barrels situated around the clearing. Some dispensed milk and honey, while others contained wine and booze, but regardless of personal tastes, there was something for everyone. Inhibitions loosened as mugs emptied and filled, dissolving the pretense of formality and creating space for revel. Quiet murmurs grew into laughs and shouts as the festival gained momentum, and their joyous songs carried into the night. Rounds of games spread across tables in the spaces between plates and platters, giving rise to light-hearted gambling and wagers. The more adventurous villagers shed their clothing in exchange for keeping their wallets closed, inspiring others to do away with their modesty as well. Despite the lewd activities, the celebrants retained restraint enough to avoid taking each other in carnal embraces, opting instead to save their energy for later. Still, more and more clothing fell to the ground as they toed closer and closer to the line of decency, until finally, the town's priestess and her entourage arrived. The calls and shouts of glee diminished in her presence, though she was every bit as home in the sexually charged atmosphere as anyone else. Given her figure and dress, perhaps more so.

The shapely turkey, flanked by her two escorts, strutted into the clearing with regal grace. Jewellery adorned her figure, from the golden tiara resting on her brow to the glittering bands wrapped around her ankles, comprising most of her outfit. Her figure-defining breasts reached beyond the cover of her robe and softly bobbed with her gait, dripping faint streams of milk to the soil below. Her soft belly supported and separated her chest, though remained largely eclipsed by her bust. The same could not be said for her cock and balls, however, which spread her thighs and slapped bounced against her legs with every step. Despite her size, she moved with unshakable poise and kept her arousal in check, remaining flaccid even as she stepped onto the stage. All eyes fell on her and her assistants as she approached the center of the large table waiting for her, then took her seat. The double-wide chair audibly strained around her broad hips and considerable weight, though miraculously held. Murmurs of bets over when the furniture would fail rose in the crowd, only to be dispelled by the pair of attendants. They motioned for silence while the priestess made herself comfortable, then took places at her sides as she began a speech.

"Friends, lovers, welcome to our harvest ceremony. The gods have been most generous this year, and it has come time for us to show our gratitude. Tonight, we offer back a fraction of what they have given us."

Applause and cheers swept over the crowd, and the gifted turkey waited for them to dwindle down before continuing.

"As is tradition, I will serve as a conduit to the gods, so that our blessings may reach them in their divine abodes."

The crowd fell silent once again as her attendants went to work, one starting a chant while the other fetched a basin of body paint. They dipped a brush into the thick fluid, then traced an arc between the priestess's shoulders and across her chest. The turkey squirmed under the brush's tip, but luckily failed to disrupt her assistant's handiwork. She bit her tongue and willed herself still, determined to preserve the intricate patterns spreading over her feathers. The crowd joined the other clergy in their mantra while the artist filled in details, covering the bird's arms and hands in complex designs. The symbols they scribed clearly held meaning, though linguistic barriers obscured it from all but the three on stage. Still, the villagers had firsthand experience of their power and expressed their faith in their voices. Their chorus grew in enthusiasm and volume as the painter moved on to the avian's breasts, drawing large crescent moons around her leaking nipples wandering lines everywhere else. The attendant lifted the priestess's breasts before they finished, however, taking the opportunity to cover her pudgy belly with similar designs. They let her chest drop back into place once finished, which also accomplished the task of painting their undersides. The robed priest covered the turkey's thighs next, a process complicated by her shivers of bliss and anticipation. Despite the bird's rising arousal, the attendant finished down to her ankles, and her balls and shaft were all that remained.

The chants from the crowd wavered as their attention split between the turkey's rising length and their mantra, kindling an obvious blush in the bird's cheeks. The priestess leapt with surprise when the artistic attendant touched the brush to her sac, teasing her softest feathers with a teasing stroke. A mischievous grin spread across the painter's muzzle, and they deliberately slowed their pace to prolong her build-up. The turkey struggled to retain her regal poise in the face of such wonderful sensations, but her facade faltered in time with her stamina. She curled her toes and dug her nails into the wood as she concentrated on impeding a rising climax, entirely unconcerned with her growing spire. Her massive cock peeked over the edge of the table and climbed into view as her attendant finished the first half of her sac, and the turkey bit down on her finger to stifle her moan when they started on the second. A river of pre flowed from her throbbing tip and ran down the underside of her tower, filling the air with her lust. It mingled with the mixed scents of the feast in an enticing combination, which in turn brought stoked the villagers' collective need. The priestess rolled her head back and let her beak fall open in a soundless gasp of pleasure as the attendant placed the final touches on her balls, then turned their attention to her cock. The avian gripped the sides of her seat with all her strength as they painted a languid spiral up her spire, spurring her to writhe and send her spire swinging.

The robed attendant turned to their counterpart and requested help, who happily granted it once they ensured the audience would sustain their chanting. The second assistant wrapped her arms around the swaying length, then held it steady and subtly pleased the priestess. Every little slip of their grip translated into a rush of bliss, which only made it harder to keep their grip. Her freely flowing arousal threatened to wash the paint, though thanks to her attendants' quick reflexes, the need to repaint marks never arouse. The artist's counterpart adjusted their hold and directed the viscous flows away from their partner's work, buying just enough time to complete their task before the turkey's stamina gave out. The priestess only vaguely acknowledged their effective teamwork, far too focused on keeping her strengthening needs in check. She hardly noticed them place the final detail on the tip of her shaft, completing the map of runs and stars with a depiction of the full moon. The pair stepped away and gave the priestess a moment to collect herself, and she gladly took every bit of it. The enraptured audience watched her chest rise and fall, tracking her wobbling chest as her breathing gradually evened out. Her mind emerged from the needy fog of lust, and she let out a wavering sigh as she reclaimed control of her muscles. Her gently pulsing cock drooped just enough to fit under the table, where it throbbed out of her sight as she scooted to its edge. Her elevation gave the crowd a wonderful view of her sustained lust, but she paid her lack of modesty no mind and addressed them.

A shiver of bliss ran through the turkey's figure and ruffled her feathers as she ground against the underside of the table, but she reclaimed her breath quickly. "Mmm, I can feel the presence of the Harvest Gods with us, and I hope you all can as well."

Murmurs of agreement rose from the villagers, which was enough for the priestess.

"The time has come to show our thanks for the gifts they have so graciously given. We'll start by returning a small portion of their bounty out of respect, as we have hundreds of years before. Is everyone ready to offer their tributes?"

No definitely answers emerged from their mumbles, but the lack of a negative response was all she needed.

"Then let us begin!"

With that, her assistants stepped down from the stage and into the crowd, gathering plates and platters along the way. The robed pair stacked the tributes high and expertly balanced the towers, covering the priestess's table with the village's offerings. Her cock bobbed and smacked the underside of the table as she basked in the feast's scents, and her soft paunch audibly growled at the growing spread. The turkey gave it an affectionate pat, careful to avoid smearing her ink, which only earned more rumbles and growls in response. She drew upon her priestly training and summoned her self-control, biting her tongue and holding back until her assistants finished gathering the offerings. Though the process only took a few minutes, it felt hours too long for the turkey, but she survived until they fully

assembled the feat. She took a moment to admire the bounty, which outclassed the previous year's offerings, then uttered a short prayer thanking the gods for their generosity and hoping their efforts would please them. The congregation of villagers joined in as well, and once finished, she wasted no time diving in to her favorite part of the festival.

Without thought, the priestess reached for the nearest plate, a lovingly crafted cake, and lifted it to her beak. The villagers watched with mixed awe and jealousy as she opened wide and tipped the pastry into her cheeks, filling them to the brim and then some. The turkey relaxed her throat with gluttonous ease, allowing the dish to slide back into her gullet whole. She rolled her head back and thrust her beak into the air, coaxing it toward her belly a little more with each repetition. After a few strenuous seconds, she crested its diameter, and her inner muscles drug it down as they stretched back into place. The considerable bulge inched down her neck and vanished behind her bust, then plopped down in her stomach with an almost audible splash. A content sigh rolled over her lips as a sense of fullness filled her belly, though the relief from her gastric greed was short lived. Her attendants took the empty plate before she could toss it aside and provided her with another, allowing the priestess to focus wholly on stuffing herself to the brim. Considering the demands of the gods, she would need every bit of her concentration to fill their desires.

The turkey scarfed the second dish down with much greater ease, warmed up and limbered by her first course. She reached for a kettle of stew next and lifted it to her mouth, only for her grip to waver under the metal pot's weight. Her assistants rushed to her aid and stabilized the dish before she spilled it all over herself, earning a small nod of appreciation and thanks. The attendants gently joined her efforts and created a steady pour, and the priestess simply relaxed her throat and let the mixture pour directly into her stomach. Audible sloshing rose above the crowd's murmurs with her relentless chugging, both stunning and arousing her audience with the greedy display. One of her hands drifted to her middle as the weight of the dish diminished, where it lavished her gradually filling rolls. The turkey wiggled her fingers under her heavy paunch, indulging in the warmth of her valley and the weight pressing down in her palms. Intently aware of the patterns adorning her body, she burrowed her thumb deep into her belly button, and a blush spread across her cheeks when she realized just how much she grabbed. That heat in her face intensified when she felt the swell subtly grow, filling the space in her hand and her thoughts with hedonistic satisfaction. Her pleasure was apparent to everyone, especially her attendants, who took the opportunity to indulge and tease the turkey.

While one finished pouring the thick broth into her waiting belly, the other circled the table and gathered everything they could. Dishes were mixed and combined in a perilous tower of platters, and with a bit of ingenuity, they fashioned a decent portion of the feast in a single composite super meal. The turkey remained blissfully unaware of her impending stuffing as the other used an assortment of prepared fruits to distract her, holding them over her head and drawing her gaze into the night sky. They gently lowered them into her waiting beak while the other continued constructing the ultimate helping, until they had an entire buffet confined to one platter. They bent the sides of the plate up into a rudimentary funnel, then waited for their moment to strike. Mischievous grins spread across both of

their faces when that opportunity came, and the priestess opened her eyes to find herself at the business end of a stuffing. While the act was hardly unprecedented or unwelcome, its timing caught the turkey off guard, and she let out a yelp of surprise when the avalanche of food rushed toward her. One attendant held the narrow end steady while the other lifted, and the caloric landslide piled into her open mouth before she could hope to react. The mass lurched to a stop when her cheeks reached their capacity, though none of the trio were willing to let the show end so soon.

The turkey furrowed her brow and called on the gods for assistance, that they may help their vessel fulfill her duty. Their response was swift and significant, bolstering the bird's gluttonous capacity to a divine level. Her jaw stretched and sagged with newfound elasticity, allowing her to wrap her beak around the mound of food without effort. The avian's cheeks filled and swelled well beyond mortal limits and corralled the caloric avalanche to the back of her mouth, where it slipped over her tongue and down into the darkness of her throat. Her neck bulged grandly with the opulent feast, displaying every single one of its numerous lumps and swells, which she greedily gulped toward her belly. The priestess's progress was slow, fueled more by gravity than her own efforts, though also steady and constant. The crowd watched and cheered as the first of the colossal helping slipped behind her collar bone and vanished behind her breasts, pushing them out ever so slightly before her stomach swelled and lifted them upward. The meal's effect on her figure only grew more apparent as she charged onward, eventually reaching the halfway point of the massive helping. Its highest point reached her beak shortly after, and just when it looked like she would stall around her assistants' challenge, she focused her skills and proved herself worthy of her priestly title and tasks.

The turkey's lower jaw dropped with a soft pop, freeing her from the limitations of her species. Her hands left her middle and clasped together on the far side of her meal, then hauled toward her greedy maw. Only a few crumbs fell into her cleavage as she shoved the composite dish over her tongue, and once fully confident in her grip, she tipped her head back. She unintentionally showed her divinely enhanced throat to the audience as she gobbled everything down, her gullet visibly rippling around the shifting mass. Her constricting muscles broke the meal apart and sent its pieces splashing down into her belly one by one, pushing the soft roll to the edge of her knees. Seconds blended into minutes as she conquered the flavored mash inch by inch, and eventually, she asserted her gluttonous supremacy. Her cheeks filled to the brim as she stuffed the last of the dishes between her lips, then cleared her mouth with a single, massive gulp. The tabled skittered away from her seat when her middle squished against its edge and mustered the force to move it, and the turkey let out an indulgent sigh at the release of pressure. The surviving portion of the feast clattered against itself with the rough motion, almost taunting her with just how much of it remained. The turkey stifled a belch into her fist in the following awed silence, and a blush tinted her cheeks when she felt the eyes of the village scrutinizing her every curve.

For better or worse, she forgot her moment of self-consciousness when her attendants scooped up the rest of the food and repeated their feeding. They were not content to let gravity do the work a second time, however, and they braced themselves against the wall of

calories and rammed it into the priestess's gullet. The avian's obvious arousal undercut any sympathy she may have garnered, and her cock leaked and bounced against the roll of her belly with each lurch. The swell of her middle rolled over the base of her shaft and restricted its motions, though in exchange translated every gurgle and slosh directly into pleasure. Beads of milk leaked freely from her sensitive breasts, shaken loose by her attendants' ungentle motions. The turkey squeezed her eyes shut and concentrated solely on not cumming then and there, devoting every bit of her extensive willpower to holding shut the floodgate of her lusts. Her task only became more difficult as her attendants aggressively lavished her with affection, both teasing her and setting her gullet in automatic motion. The priestess squirmed in her increasingly tight seat and squeezed her thighs together as a river of lust flowed from her bouncing cock tip, which created a puddle of need that gradually encompassed the stage. Her attendants watched their footing as they crammed the last of the tributes into her cheeks, and they luckily avoided an embarrassing fall as the turkey gulped down the tail end of the feast.

Despite their zealous feeding, hardly any crumbs littered the stage by the time they finished. The robed pair tracked down anything larger than a scrap and dropped it into the priestess's beak, then gathered the emptied plates and brought them before the turkey. Dunk on arousal and gluttony, she hardly noticed their presence, though they piqued her attention when they held a plate to her face. Confusion crossed the turkey's eyes before she remembered the fine details of the ritual, and she reached out for the platter and licked it clean. Her assistants brought her every single plate on the table over the following minutes, pushing through her encroaching food coma to clean them, until there wasn't a calorie left before her. The priestess's chair groaned and creaked under her bloated weight when she slumped back in satisfaction and pushed her belly out for the crowd to behold. It's taught mass levered her cock to the ground despite its bucking, draining her building lust out in a viscous pool. Her breasts wobbled to either side of its soft peak, dribbling a consistent stream of milk down her rolling love-handles. The turkey's jiggling rear threatened to crush her chair with every tiny shift, though thanks to its girth, she likely wouldn't feel the fall. The robed pair gathered the clean plates and set them aside, then massaged and groped her tight curves until the moon rose high overhead. Both acknowledged its presence, and both left her side to begin the next phase.

One of the attendants took a place at the front of the stage and addressed the congregation, while the other moved to the back and retrieved a bundle of tubes. They collected three hoses, tipped with rounded cups, one considerably longer than the other two. The combined voice of the audience diminished as the priest-in-training took charge, leading them in an ancient chant that filled the air with a bristling presence. Everyone gathered felt it, but none more so than the adorned and stuffed turkey. The markings scrawled across her body glowed with accumulating energy, illuminating the stage as the unseen Harvest Gods gathered around her. The light receded into her form, and an ominous growling filled the stage. The priestess curled over her groaning belly and trembled with overwhelming arousal, spurring the other attendant to act swiftly. They drug the cups and hoses to the avian's sides and pressed them against her bare figure, where a weak vacuum held them in place. She moaned and lurched with bliss as the first two tugged on her chest,

already drawing bountiful rivers of milk. Her composure slipped entirely when the robed figure placed the third over her cock, tipping her over the edge into relentless climax.

The turkey howled with divine bliss when she finally came, sending a surge of mixed fluids through the clear tubes. Pumps beneath the stage struggled to keep pace with her initial surge, whining and churning around her virile output. The pause between her first and second pulses gave them time enough to recover, though that hardly meant their trial was done. Unseen tanks audibly sloshed and filled through her third and fourth bursts, and only began to stabilize with the fifth. The priestess's iron grip on her seat relaxed as the peak of her climax rolled through her, though no one on present had any intention of letting her down from her high. One of her attendants massaged her chest and sustained her flow of milk while the other lavished her balls, and with the help of the Harvest Gods, propelled her into a sustained release. Her body convulsed with unforgiving rapture, unleashing gallons of life-giving fluids each time, until the containers under their feet reached a critical mass. A loud thunk briefly overpowered the hum of the pumps, and the scent of the turkey's lust filled the night when the tanks changed and released their payloads. Three white rivers rushed into the fields in pre-dug channels, carrying the gods' blessings to every plant they'd sowed and harvested. Her contagious arousal spread to the villagers while her fertility rolled across the earth, inspiring some to give offerings of their own.

The fog of lust that overtook the crowd went largely unnoticed by the holy trio, far too focused on their own pleasures to care. The robed pair took turns groping and massaging the virile turkey, doing their part to ensure her constant orgasm and stealing their own pleasures where they could. A throbbing cock emerged from the shelter of a robe and rubbed across the avian's bare thigh, and the other snuck a hand between their thighs as they planted kisses along the priestess's exposed sac. If the turkey had the presence of mind, she would have gladly returned their carnal advances, but it was all she could do to simply remain conscious. Seconds turned to minutes and hours while she endured her rapturous duty, ensuring not a single square inch of ground escaped the will of the gods. The robed pair indulged her with praise and pleasure until they sensed the departure of the gods, marking the completion of their divine task. Still, the divine influence lingered, and neither were fond of the idea of letting the chance for fun go to waste. The priestess anticipated their mischievous tendencies and allowed them to proceed, despite the fact she was in no position to stop them. One stayed at her side while the other stepped down below the stage, and the villagers shed what little clothing they may have retained in anticipation of what was to come.

The attendant huffed and grunted with effort, dragging out one of many barrels beneath the platform. Members of the crowd took a break from their carnal indulgences to assist them, in exchange for the first helpings. They gathered their cups and mugs and dipped them into the ivory fluid, collecting a generous helping of the turkey's overflowing milk. They rushed to partake as quickly as she produced to prevent spilling more than was needed, and with great gusto, they succeeded. Her milk was sweet on their lips and sat pleasantly in their bellies, and gradually, it imparted the gods' blessings to them as well. In line with individual desires, it swelled their figures with virility and vitality, ensuring none

would be able to comfortably fit in the clothing they wore to the festival. Such issues were hardly pressing in that moment, however, and the villagers eagerly drank the container dry while the attendant brought out the next. The fluid of the second barrel matched the hue of the delicious nectar, though that was as far as the similarities extended. Its surface wobbled with thick waves when the robed figure set it down, hinting at its great viscosity and weight. Regardless, the crowd helped themselves to her cum just as eagerly, drinking it down and using it to facilitate their own lustful desires. The supernatural effects of her blessed seed were even more apparent, endowing the villagers with figures that could rival the priestess's, given enough time. Their enhancements did not include self-control, however, and within minutes, their desires simmered and boiled over into a frenzied orgy,

The songs of their combined delights and satisfactions filled the air and rose to the moon, thanking the gods for their excessive generosity. The villagers abandoned the priestess's ivory reserves in favor of each other, and when it became apparent the supplies wouldn't be missed, the attendants shut down the milking equipment and freed the turkey from her blissful bondage. She slumped in her chair and shuddered with resounding afterglow while her milk and cum continued to flow, though not nearly the rivers they were previously. The rapid rise and fall of her chest slowed as she caught her breath, and with the help of her attendants, she rose on shaky legs and beheld the crowd. Her arousal rekindled in the time it took her to rediscover her balance, and she stepped from her assistants toward the increasingly lewd celebrations. The villagers eagerly helped her from the stage and swarmed around her, eager to sample her bounties from the source. The robed figures started to pull the overzealous revelers from the bird, but she stopped them with a wag of the finger and a gasp of delight. The priestess instead invited them to the orgy, and after a brief moment of consideration, they eagerly joined her. They jumped to the ground and shed their robes, revealing figures well on their way to rivaling hers, and let the revelers take them.

The villagers clustered around the trio as they migrated to the center of the clearing, rapidly ascending to the life of the party. The exposed attendants started to take notes on the crowd's techniques before pleasure overwhelmed them, and they dropped the pursuit shortly after. Their duties were done for the moment, and it was time to celebrate and honor the gods like everyone else.