

Asset Merger and Acquisition

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A Vignette

A window washing blue jay peeks into a private business meeting and becomes part of the deal

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains A Male Blue Jay, a Male Dragon, a Female Dragon, Hypnotic Contests, Domination, Oral Vore, Non-graphic Digestion/Absorption, Asset Theft, Female to Intersex, Unbirth, Implied Transformation

Sunlight glinted across the glass-clad skyscraper. The sounds of the city below struggled to reach the lofty heights of its penthouse, trailing off into the faint murmur by the time they reached the roof. The sounds of nature claimed the avian's senses in their absence, surrounding him with the sounds of pleasant breeze. The steady rhythm of ropes clanging against railing formed a beat for the ambiance, occasionally broken by the soft squeak of his squeegee. The blue jay took in a deep breath as he dipped the tool in his soap bucket, then let it out as he stroked down the structure's side. Window washing was lonely work sometimes, though he couldn't deny the quality of his view. Plus, it only got better as the day went on. The bird stood on his hanging platform and clipped himself to a guide, then sidestepped to its far edge. A careful pattern of stepping and wiping interlaced with his movement, measuring his progress to the platform's edge. He leaned back to check his work once at the limit of his reach, satisfied with his efforts. With his work on that floor completed, he returned to the console on his perch and ascended to the next.

The bird turned his back to the building and watch the city drift ever so slightly farther away. His break ended mere seconds later however, and the platform lurched to a stop. Another deep breath and sigh brought the blue jay back to his work, and with a degree of laziness, he spun to face the expansive window. The glass was just as slick and pristine as that on every floor below, but what laid beyond proved far more interesting than the usual sight. Normally the bird tried not to pry on the workers within, especially when it came to the penthouse, but he couldn't tear his eyes away that time. A pair of dragons, one abundantly male and the other generously female, stared at each other over a colossal desk. Their postures were arched with aggression and contest, though their muzzles never moved. Whatever discussion taking place was on a wavelength beyond the bird, though he found the exchange endlessly captivating. He could only join the male in staring deep into his counterpart's eyes, nosing into matters far above his pay-grade.

Still, the longer he watched, the more their dual made sense. Mental images of mergers and acquisitions filled his mind's eye, piquing a sense of business he never realized he had. He mouthed his answers without realizing his responses, eventually butting his way into the negotiations. The lady dragon's eyebrow arched with mischief, and a subtle nod of her head blew the blue jay's cover. The male dragon followed her gaze and he scowled at the avian, then waved him away with a swing of his arm. The window washer remained motionless however, and dragon joined him the instant he turned back to his competitor. A subtle gesture imparted a powerful wave of hypnotic energy, sapping the strength from the dragon and nearly knocking the bird from his perch. With a small amount of luck, both avoided a nasty fall, and the blue jay found himself enraptured as the dragoness made her move.

By exerting her will she commanded the dragon to strip, and he did so without hesitation. His expensive suit fell from his figure piece by piece until only scales remained, revealing his toned figure. Those muscles rippled and flexed with grace as he climbed up onto his desk, raising his tail and flashing the bird with his endowments. The blue jay's desires mirrored the dragoness's for a moment, and a strand of drool fell from his beak while he watched that thigh-spreading sac sway. The bird leaned into the window as the

enthralled dragon's cock slipped from its sheath, until its tip brushed the desk and left a trail of pre in his wake. That strand of lust wandered back and forth as he crawled toward his mistress, saturating contracts and documents with a much more primal pact. The dragoness joined him in nudity when he reached the edge of the table, teasing both him and the bird with the slow reveal of her figure. Her form-fitting suit left room for few surprises, though that failed to dull her unveiling. Perfectly polished scales showed between intricate lines of tattoos, which wrapped around her form like lace and lingerie. Those arcane marks pulsed and glowed in time with her breath, projecting her hypnotic aura beyond the cone of her gaze. The blue jay idly pawed at the window in an attempt to join the dragon, and the dragoness smirked and opened her jaws.

A moment of hesitation stalled the dragon's advance, until her needs overcame his preservation. He squeezed his eyes shut and leaned into the dragoness's open maw, letting her breath wash over him until her tongue wrapped around his muzzle and drew him in. Her neck bulged with the tip of his snout as he inched over the entrance of her gullet, where she sealed her lips around his neck. She savored his flavor only briefly before taking her first swallow. The wet gluck echoed through the room and ushered his muzzle deeper into her throat, where her gluttonous muscles set their grip. The second slurped him up to his neck, and with his lethargic assistance, she claimed his shoulders with the third.

The blue jay watched with rapt wonder while she swallowed him whole, walking her lips down his chest and over his waist. The scales of her throat parted and revealed the elastic hide beneath, which glowed like opals in the sun's light. The dragon wiggled and squirmed his hips between her lips, only faltering when she coiled her tongue around his cock. Every muscle in his body locked in lightning bliss as she explored his ridges and squeezed his knot, coaxing out a deluge of pre that flowed between her breasts. Streamers of lust arced across the desk when she reached the root of his cock, trapping it between his thighs. Ivory rain spattered across his business when she devoured his hips, and his shudders of bliss only guided him down her gullet faster.

Gravity took hold as his center of mass slipped over her tongue, eliminating what little possibility of escape he may have clung to. The dragoness sighed with delight and slurped up his tail as her belly spilled out across the desk, shifting her balance. Her own appendage lashed across the office as she adjusted, and a hearty belch shook the windows and announced her victory. The outburst nearly rattled the blue jay from his stupor, though she swiftly reclaimed her hypnotic hold. A flash of her colorful gaze was all it took to bring the window washer back under her command. She licked her lips and rubbed her squirming belly while she issued her nonverbal order, bidding the bird to join her. He couldn't refuse, even if he wanted to.

The avian helped himself to a maintenance door and stepped into the office, then approached his mistress. His steps fell slowly and deliberately, echoing the weight of his commitment to the hungry dragoness. Each one brought more of her features and details into his perception, especially the ones that shifted before his eyes. Her belly gurgled and shrank by the second, absorbing both the dragon's nutrients and features. His

color pallet mingled with hers and mixed with her opalescent hues, and his stature added to her height. Muscles bugled beneath soft layers of flab, and horns sprouted from her brow in an ornate crown. Most noticeable of all however, was the towering spire rising from her crotch. The dripping length lifted the roll of her belly and revealed her blossoming sac, and the mixed scents of fertility and virility filled the office. The bird's arousal peaked with hers, and he threw himself at the hedonistic eikon.

The enhanced dragoness embraced him warmly, hugging him to her cock and matting his feathers with her need. When she finally spoke, her words wrapped around his head like a siren's song. "You were in the right place at the right time," she hummed. "Would you like to be my new protege?"

There was, of course, no answer other than yes.

"I knew you'd answer correctly," she smiled. "There's just the issue of your form."

The blue jay didn't understand, though he didn't need to. The enhanced dragoness traced a claw under his beak and drew his gaze to the desk, where she sat down and spread her thighs. An wave of lust washed over the bird when she lifted her sac and revealed her feminine sex, enticing him closer with unmitigated need. Acting on lustful instinct, he squeezed between her thighs and massaged her needy lips, drawing a low groan of appreciation. As much as she relished the foreplay however, the dragoness's need could not be stalled. Her tail snaked across the floor and rose behind the avian's back, then lunged and shoved him into her slick passage. A short squawk tumbled from his beak before her softness muffled his cries, and her rippling walls claimed his shoulders and chest with ease. Intense warmth and saturating fluids flowed over him with every clench, which only built as he approached the gate of her womb. Her cervix flexed and yawned wide just before he squished against it, and her innermost chamber accepted him with delight.

The dragoness's cock bounced against the swell of her belly as she clenched her thighs and rode out a small climax, carving furrows in the floor as waves of pleasure lanced over her. The bursts of bliss tapered off too soon for her liking, though the satisfying weight in her middle thankfully lingered. Flutters of pleasure sparked across her nerves as the blue jay got comfortable, curling up before the heat of her lusts lulled him to sleep. She spent a moment savoring her meals, rubbing a claw over her swollen middle and reflecting of possibilities.

"Soon you'll be ready to challenge the world with me," she murmured. "And if not, I'm sure you'll make a satisfying meal too."