*Quote the Raven: Hot Bird Summer*

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Shade belongs to Wyraachur of FurAffinity

Patron Story done for Danuki

 “Dammit,” Bryan grumbled, stepping out of the changing booth, “Of course. Of course, I wouldn’t notice the damn tear until I got here.”

 The trip to the beach had just taken a rocky turn for the man. After half an hour's drive and struggling with finding a good parking spot, Bryan had rushed over to one of the changing booths near the beach to switch into his swim trunks. However, after pulling them out of his bag, he found a big hole right in the back.

 *How did I even miss that when I packed them?* He rubbed his face. *Doesn’t matter. What now?* He looked at the normal shorts he wore. *Ugh, don’t want to swim in these, but it’s not like I can just go home and grab another pair either.*

 Rubbing his face harder, he let out a very audible groan. *Goddammit! What the hell do I-*

 “Hello there! Are you have clothing problems?”

 A voice called to him from the left. There was a makeshift stand a few feet away, a curious attendant within it. It was a lovely anthro raven with shining, silvery white hair. She wore a purple bikini and had almost a purple hue about her gorgeous coat of black feathers. She was tapping her feathery hands down on the counter, a sign beside it reading, “Swimwear Available here!”

 Bryan stared at her and then at the stand. *Wait… was that even there before? I don’t remember. Maybe I just was in a rush or-*

 “Heeeeeeey!” the raven called, waving him over, “Come on over! You look like you need some help, sir!”

 “Oh, ah, I suppose.” It didn’t matter if he saw her booth originally or not. He decided to approach her. “Yeah, I do have an issue. My trunks have a big hole in them and… I don’t have any spares on me.”

 “Oh, that is a problem!” she said with a nod. Her smile grew wider. “Well, lucky for you, my booth just so happened to be near that stall, eh?”

 A soft giggle left her as she bowed. “My name is Shade, proprietor of this lovely stand. I run it every year at this time. After all, it’s that special time: *hot* bird summer.”

 Shade teasingly winked at him, the man blushing embarrassingly. She went on, “So, swim trunks? I have what you need, hun. One size fits all.”

 She bent down below the counter and came back up with something, laying it out for him. It was a pair of faded red swim trunks, rather similar to his from a glance. “Here we are! Give them a try and if you like them, we can discuss payment.”

 *Seems fair to me.* Bryan thanked her and took the pair back into the changing booth. Putting his bag to the side, he shimmed out of his shorts and slipped the swim trunks on over his underwear.

 Bryan smiled, adjusting them. They fit perfectly. *Hey, these work after all! I can definitely use them.* He stretched his arms. *Glad that worked out. Thank god, she was here, eh?*

 He chuckled softly. *Real good luck. It was almost like she was here on purpose.*

 The smile faded from his face. *Wait… nah.* He shook his head and rolled his eyes. *I’m being weird here. Better go let her know I’m taking these.*

 Bryan went to take his bag and leave. As he did, he suddenly shivered. An odd, but delightful, internal warm feeling began blooming. It felt… invigorating.

 Shivers turned to trembles as the sensation grew. *What’s… that?* The feeling was emanating from below, bringing his attention downward.

 He flinched. His swim trunks were bulging. It wasn’t the usual kind of bump he had below the belt but something else. It was bigger, much bigger with the fabric gently conforming to part of its shape.

 *What the hell?* He wasn’t always that big. Now, he never really paid attention to his dick size before. That kind of thing was pretty silly in his mind. He wasn’t self-obsessed or egoistical to think about. Still, he was sure he wasn’t that packed down below.

 *I must be imagining it.* Bryan rubbed his eyes. *Just imagining it. It’s probably-* “WHAT the fuck?!” His trunks were physically shaking and vibrating on their own now.

 And as they shook, they began to shrink. The shorts legs pulled back up into the body, the string laces merging into the nylon material. The stretching hemline and pockets vanished as it continued to compact further. He could briefly see his underwear as his trunks shrunk before they were suddenly pulled in and absorbed.

 Once shrunken down enough, the material transformed into a stretchy polyester/elastane blend. The sight of his newly changed swimwear made Bryan blush. *A speedo?! I’m wearing a speedo! What the fuck is going on?!*

 He tried reaching for it but began shivering as that pleasurable feeling came back to him. His bulge pulsated and swelled again, growing larger and bigger than an orange. The wonderful sensation increased with it, his speedo stretching as the bump extended out. The excitement had awakened it.

 Bryan huffed and panted. *This is embarrassing…* He bit his bottom lip. *I’m fucking hung and horny. I can’t go out like this.* His heart raced, body trembling. *Everyone's gonna stare… everyone's gonna look. All those sweet babes are gonna see the goods.*

 *They’ll see this fine meat and want a piece of th-*

 Bryan huffed, shaking his head furiously. *Where… where did that come from?* His mind was blurry, thoughts jumbled. He stared more at his impressive bump. *So weird, dude. Gotta… should take this off before it’s too late…*

 Bryan took a deep breath, calming himself as best as he could. He began to bend over, reaching down and sticking out his rear. *Just grab and pull down… just get it-*

 All at once, his body jerked back before pushing him forward. He stumbled, nearly tumbling over. Goosebumps broke out across his skin with that sudden burst. A weird, warm feeling had come to him along with an odd sensation against his bottom.

 He looked over his shoulders and gasped. Elegant, long, black tail feathers had sprouted. They were two feet/sixty-one centimeters long, extending out of his lower back and away from his keister. *No fucking way…*

 Bryan shivered and trembled. Suddenly, from around those tail feathers, regular feathers began to sprout. They flowed down over his rear and along his hips, blackness blotting out his human skin tone. The coating cloaked his crotch before moving onto his thighs and then even further.

 “Stop! Stop! Stop!” He rambled quietly, reaching down and grabbing at the feathers. Tugging on them just made him wince. That stung more than he expected.

 As the feathers reached his calves, the coating stopped. There was no more movement or growth. For a moment, Bryan’s heart rose.

 However, it was only for a moment. His skin darkened to black, just a slightly lighter shade of it compared to his feathers. Any leg hair or blemishes vanished, his skin texture turning coarse and dry.

 The darkness flowed down to his ankles and onto his feet. His feet shook and bulged, bubbling on the sides before narrowing. His heels began stretching out in the back, forming an avian digit with a talon at its end. The front of his feet lengthened, toes merging into three much longer digits. Their toenails became talons too, breaking his sandals fully.

 *This… this is…* Bryan thought, his jaw hanging wide open now. *This is…* He rubbed his head, trying to find the words. *This is cray-Zeeeee! Like, this is wild, bro! All I did was try on some trunks from that cute chick and-*

 Suddenly, a new thought came to him. *Wait… that Shade chick, like… she just appeared out of nowhere. She definitely wasn’t there before and just happened to show up when I needed something she just happened to have. She must be-OOOH!*

 Bryan’s eyes wandered downward, and he nearly stumbled back. The floor was farther away than he remembered. He seemed so high up, almost making him dizzy.

 After a moment, it clicked. He was taller now with longer legs. Said limbs were also looking buffer as well. They were toned and well-defined with strong calves and dense thighs. It was like he worked them every day to sculpt their fine shape.

 “Now that some swollage there!” Internally, part of him cringed, but the rest beamed. A smile creeping onto his face, he reached down and stroked his thighs. “That rippage is totally awesome! Look at dem sweet legs!”

 A low groan came from deep in his mind. *What’s… what’s wrong with me? Why am acting, like, weird? And… why is this so right?*

 Concern was fading fast, even as the changes flowed upwards. His heart raced as he saw feathers flow from his hips and onto his waist, crawling over his navel. Warmth spread throughout, watching as his stomach toned. The area turned tight and muscular, an impressive set of abs appearing. Despite the feathery cloak, his musculature was still easily defined and visible behind it.

 He placed a hand down on his tummy, running his hand over his beefy bumps. *Whoa, so ripped.* Bryan smiled. *I’m getting shredded! Like all-powerful!*

 *It’s… nice.* He blushed, shivering. *It’s really nice.* He had to admit it. No part of him could deny it any longer. The pure fitness and strength, plus the plumage, were wonderful.

 The feathers continued creeping up. They cloaked his chest and went onto his shoulders. His chest began to widen and bulge, growing into a mighty fine set of pectorals, just as visible and big as his abs.

 *I’m so cut now, bro!* Bryan trembled, feeling his chest. *Yeah… wh-who wouldn’t want to be this jacked?* His appreciation was growing by the second.

 And why shouldn’t it? It wasn’t bad or anything to worry about, was it? It was pretty cool. Sure, he knew he was becoming more inhuman. However, that was a worthwhile trade-off, wasn’t it? He was going to be so hawt.

 More and more of the old him faded as feathers moved from his shoulders, which had broadened to fit his chest. They went down his arms and onto his hands, cloaking his fingers. His hands began to widen and grow, digits getting longer and stronger. There were a few pops and twitches, but soon, his hands were longer and limber.

 *Heh, like one of those birds from Breath of the Wild*, Bryan thought, looking over his hands. Part of him wondered if he flapped them, he could fly. However, such thoughts were interrupted when he felt a new tingle go through his upper limbs.

 At once, both of his arms bulged. Muscle growth came to them at last, bulking them up significantly to match his form. He instinctively flexed his arms at the sight, watching his biceps bulge in a way they had never done before. *Awwww, yeah! Check out dat beef!*

 Bryan quivered again, feathers crawling up his neck. *I’m sooo beefy and handsome.* His neck and head grew, no longer looking so tiny on his form.

 The coating reached his head, slipping through his hair. His old locks faded, either falling out, shrinking into his scalp, or converting into more feathers. The sensation was numbing, his mind fuzzy and hard to focus. All he could do is moan blissfully as the numbing spread to his entire noggin.

 *I’m so hot now…* he thought, his eyes darkening. *So fuckin’ hot! What babe or bro wouldn’t want a piece of this?*

 The remains of his humanity officially faded as the feathers cloaked the rest of his skin. His jaws creaked and cracked as his face pushed forward. His nose melded into his stretching maw, everything hardening and turning black. It pushed more and more forward, forming a raven’s beak.

 The numbing faded as his eyes went crossed. A loud, happy caw left Bryan as his beak formed fully. The rest of the heated, enticing sensations throughout his body faded as well, leaving him behind with only a faint feeling of the happiness he just experienced.

 “Whoooooa.” He rubbed his head. “That was trippy, man.” He looked to his side, noticing the dusty mirror hanging in the booth. He looked into it and instantly smirked. A sharp, impressive raven man gazed back in the finest feathers and most impressive physique.

 *Yes!* Bryan chuckled to himself, stroking his beak. *I am perfection.* Everyone’s eyes would be on him certainly. A fine specimen in his mind would have all the attention. He was ready for… what was it again? Yes, that hot bird summer!

 There was a sudden knocking at the door. “Heyo! How are those swim trunks treating you?”

 The new bird shivered, looking to the door. It was an admirer! That was the voice of that lovely raven woman who told him about the summer event. Surely she would be impressed with him.

 It was time to show her the newest hot thing on the beach! He opened the door, finding Shade waiting for him with a smile already on her face. *Eager to see me, of course!* The raven man boasted, “Hey hot stuff. Came to see the goods?”

 “Mmmm, yes!” Shade moved in right away, stroking his chest. “Yes. Yes, this is all very, very good. You are quite the raven, if I do say so myself.”

 “Yeeeeeeessss.” Bryan quivered. He loved her touching his chest. She needed to see more of his fine muscles, yes? He lifted his arms and flexed his biceps. “I am fosho! Soak it in, dudette! This bro has all the beef and hot bird you can eat!”

 “My my! Such a big, full of himself, broey personality too!” She giggled, playfully stroking his face. He could see it in her eyes, a growing hunger. “Those trunks really did some work on you, didn’t they? Well, I’m happy with the results.”

 She cooed softly. “I am going to enjoy this *very* much.”

 “Not more than me, babe.” Bryan winked.

 “We’ll see about that.” Shade stepped inside the booth. She whisked a hand and flicked a finger, the door closing automatically. In the shade of the room, a purple aura could visibly be seen radiating off of her.

 However, Bryan cared not. His eyes were on the girl’s chest, watching as she removed her top and exposed her breasts to him. His speedo bulged. He was in love.

 The raven man could show off the new him to beachgoers later. Right now, he was right where he wanted to be. Things were going to heat up in ways he never expected when he woke up this morning. This would be his first hot bird summer and it was going to be awesome!

*THE END*