



50 Shades of Graves

An adult companion to the Trials of Graves-Beaks series by Hal Aetus.

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This story contains adult sexual content intended for audiences 18 years and older. Please do not post anywhere where the material may be accessible to minors.

Chapter 1: Stress Reliever

This scene happens during Chapter 2 of Trials of Graves-Beaks. Mark and Falcon are on their way to the therapist.

It was a warm, pleasant day in Duckburg. The kind of early summer evening that you want to stretch on forever. School wasn't out yet so there were few visitors from out of town. The fishing boats were already in for the night, off-loading their catches at the docks. And it was a weekday so things were chill and calm down on the waterfront.

It was slightly out of the way but Mark and Falcon had decided to take the scenic route and walk the boardwalk to the other end of town for his therapist appointment. When they first reached the boardwalk, Falcon leaned against the wooden railing, closed his eyes, and inhaled the warm, fresh breeze from the ocean. When he opened his eyes, Mark was there beside him taking pictures with his phone.

"Come on, Mark. Put it away."

"But Gravesie, you look so studly in this light. I had to capture the moment."

"Oh? Show me what you got then."

Mark turned his back to Graves and held up his phone so they could both watch the video he was reviewing. It was a movie of Falcon walking, taken just minutes ago. Falcon had gotten a little warm on their walk so he had taken off his suit jacket. To Mark it was a golden opportunity—at last he could fully document what a work of art his private tailor had made for him.

From Mark's low point of view, Falcon looked like a beast. His broad shoulders jutted forward and back, his thick lumbar muscles rippled under his white shirt, and his firm buttocks, pinched tightly together, rolled like two bowling balls in a sack. His tail swished back and forth over them and his undertail feathers bounced gloriously.

Falcon hadn't realized precisely why Mark had insisted on a tailored business suit. Until now. *Fwip!* The phone flew out of Mark's hands and plunked in the water.

"Gravesie!" Mark's jaw dropped as he stared at the pale image of his phone sink out of sight like a dead fish.

Falcon rolled his eyes. "Oopsie!"

Mark beat Falcon's chest with his pathetic fists. "No fair!" He continued pummeling, his fists sounding like a pattering of tennis balls against a solid slab of meat. "No fair, that was art!"

Something in Falcon's raptorial demeanor loved seeing Mark get angry. The fists striking him now and the angry scowl on Mark's hooked beak excited him. He looked like struggling prey.

Falcon reached down through the hail of fists and grabbed Mark around the middle. He hoisted him up and swung him towards the water.

“Wait! No!”

But Falcon stopped just short of tossing Mark into the bay after his precious phone. Instead, he held him up high and set his feet on the railing, leaning him far out over the water.

“Ahhh! Stop!” Mark’s arms shot out instinctively to steady himself. Then he reached back down to the hands around his waist for support. Those thick, warm hands, steady as stone, reassured Mark that he wouldn’t fall.

“Shhh, now. Don’t attract attention. I won’t let you fall. Spread your wings you little bird.”

Mark giggled. The quick change in perspective made him forget his anger of moments ago. He looked into the dark green water under him and his heart raced.

“Go ahead, Mark. Close your eyes and trust me.”

Mark pushed his beak out into the breeze and tentatively relaxed his grip on Falcon’s hands. He giggled again and then slowly raised his arms out at his sides. Falcon leaned him farther forward. His mouth was watering now because his beak was at the level of Mark’s red tail, poking out from the seat of his kakis. He could smell Mark’s warm undertail feathers, made warmer by the walk down the hill from Waddle.

Falcon tipped Mark a bit farther over the water and braced his belly against the rail. Perfect. He was looking straight up under Mark’s tail now and could see where the red undertail feathers gave way to fluffy white around his butt. Falcon’s crotch was pressed against the railing, amplifying the throbbing sensation that was growing there. He tightened his groin and the bulge in his pants swelled.

“How’s this?” Mark said in his boyish voice.

Falcon struggled a moment for words and cleared his throat. Then he hummed the theme from Titanic.

Mark started giggling. “Can I open my eyes?”

“Yes, open your eyes!”

Mark’s eyes opened wide and Falcon felt a shiver of panic ripple down Mark’s waist. He wobbled slightly but Falcon held firm, enjoying every squirm of his boyfriend’s body.

Mark yelled out, “Wow! I feel like I’m flying! I’m king of the world!”

Mark stayed there for a while, his wonderstruck, youthful gaze taking in the lovely golds and reds of the nearing sunset. Until he noticed that Falcon’s beak was against his tail. He glanced down with a smile on his beak and found Falcon with his eyes closed, savoring the smell of his feathers and their brushing against his beak.

“Gravesie? You have... needs. Don’t you?”

Falcon’s beak tipped up slowly, rubbing along Mark’s side. His hips shifted, grinding against the railing and his eyes opened halfway. From Mark’s elevated perspective, it was the quintessential raptor gaze—

the aggressive stare accentuated by the bony ridges above the eyes. Those eyes looked hungry right now.

“Poor Falcon. It’s been days, hasn’t it?”

Falcon grunted affirmatively and backed up from the railing while trying, delicately, to hide that he had a bulge the size of an ostrich egg in his crotch. He set Mark down directly in front of him and pulled Mark against his front. Mark could feel Falcon’s cock throbbing against his shoulder blades.

Mark glanced up at Falcon, smiling with half-lidded eyes. “We’ve got extra time. There’s got to be a private place we can bang.”

“You’re not serious...”

Falcon was normally a privacy nut. Not only did he not want undue attention for himself, he also wanted to protect his boss’s image. He took his employment very seriously. But being a boyfriend was complicated. Right now all he wanted to do was slide his fat meat deep into Mark’s ass until it stopped throbbing.

Mark pointed at a restroom sign. “There’s a spot. Right over there.”

Gravesie glanced over. “Hnnng... I dunno, babe. I never—”

Mark fluttered his tail against the inside of Falcon’s thighs. “Carry your little bird away and *eat him up!*”

Falcon’s eyebrows flared and moved closer together as he grinned.

“Fuck it! Your ass is mine, you little chicken.”

Mark and Falcon cuddled together and awkwardly meandered towards the restroom, trying not to look suspicious. There weren’t many others around and most were couples that were focused on each other. Still, it was an incredible naughty moment for both of them. Graves felt as if he had a sign painted on your forehead that read “Pervert” in big red letters.

As luck would have it, just as they came to the men’s room door, a teenage gull strode up to the door at the same time. Falcon slammed his hand against the door jamb to block the bird.

“Excuse me! This one’s taken. Go find another.”

The gull backed up from Falcon’s intimidating bulk. He sneered in a broken adolescent whine, “Hey what gives you the right?”

Falcon’s biceps swelled tight in his shirt and he snapped his beak.

The gull cringed and gave a shrill squawk.

Mark smiled smugly at the kid. “Shoo-shoo! Our bathroom!”

Falcon kicked the door open and pulled Mark inside. After the door closed he locked it and shoved a beat-up trash can against it. He turned to see that Mark was already unbuttoning the bottom of his shirt and dropping his trousers.

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It wasn't the filthiest of restrooms but it wasn't clean and new. The sinks were the small, porcelain variety common in gas station restrooms from the 50s. There were two empty toilet stalls and a urinal. The yellow, dated tile was cracked in places and covered in graffiti that bore testament to others that had found sexual release inside those walls.

Falcon ripped off his tie and unbuckled his belt. He grabbed Mark abruptly, lifted him up, and set him into a sitting position on the edge of the sink, his tail poking up between his legs. He leaned in while Mark wrapped his arms around his massive chest. Their warm beaks pressed together in a kiss and their wet tongues caressed like thirsty slugs in coitus. Falcon gave a guttural, deep moan that reverberated in the porcelain under Mark's ass and made his legs tingle.

Falcon felt the tip of Mark's cock poking up under his shirt. The hot, moist rod rubbed smoothly against his belly fluff and tickled his belly button. His own cock stood stiff and tall, curving ever so slightly against the cool porcelain and up between Mark's tail feathers, mere centimeters from his warm slit.

Falcon pumped his tail and his cock swelled and bounced as it dribbled crystal-clear pre. Mark wrapped his puny around the shaft and rubbed the slippery fluid secretions its length. Falcon moaned and rolled his eyes back. His beak corners drooped and he inhaled sharply through his nares.

Mark's anus throbbed in unison with his cock. The need to be filled with falcon meat was growing unbearable. After stroking Falcon's cock, he pulled two fingers to his beak and sniffed them while Falcon watched. His expression was like that of a starving man smelling steak sizzling on a barbecue. He licked his fingers and let his tongue drool onto his palm. Then he reached back down and stroked Falcon's member light and slow, from tip to base, and back up again.

Falcon gave a wavering groan as his cock swelled even fatter and his thighs tightened like two tree trunks. "Ohhh Mark, you have the magic... uhhhhh... touch..." Pre oozed out of his tip and drained down over Mark's fingers in a long, glittering strand.

Mark tightened his thighs around Graves' shaft and the big bird responded with a sudden chirp and clenched beak. Falcon gripped Mark's thighs and helped squeeze them together while his hips moved his cock up and down. Falcon's breath seethed through his tight jaws and he tipped his head back as he fucked the soft feathers between Mark's legs.

Mark's own cock was bouncing and drooling with each of Falcon's thrusts. Each time Falcon advanced, their dicks bumped and rubbed against each other, slathering each other in clear, sweet pre.

Mark enjoyed controlling Falcon's pleasure but at this point, he was becoming insatiably hungry. He winked his ass, making his dick twitch, and alternated this with pressing out against his vent. It relaxed his passage but also fanned the flames of an internal desire, one that required Falcon's massive hose to put it out.

"Gravesieeee! Oooohhhh Gravesieeee!" Mark whined like a needy falcon mate. "Fuck meeeee! Fuck me naaaawww!" Mark slid down so that his head was against the mirror and his tail was over the edge of the sink. He lifted his legs straight up and dropped his tail, spreading his white undertail fluff and exposing his pink hole.

Falcon grabbed Mark's ankles and put them on his broad shoulder. He growled and pressed in closer between Mark's legs. His cock pushed up into Mark's clean fluff and poked at his soft pink vent lips.

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They were parted enough that he could feel the wet inner membranes throbbing in unison with Mark's thumping heart.

Mark winked his lips around the tip of Graves' tapered cock. Falcon gave a rough growl in response like a raptor mantling over its prey. His eyebrows rustled above his predatory eyes. His pupils spasmed and his nictitating membranes flashed, a feature he only showed when his primitive drives came to the surface.

Mark stifled a smile as his heart raced. He loved being Falcon's prey. He let out a screech like a distressed bird and Falcon's beak snapped as his pupils tightened. *Oh yeah... that got him!*

Falcon gave a feral screech as he yanked on Mark's ankles and buried his boner deep in his ass. Mark grabbed the sides of the sink as his head banged against the mirror. But he didn't care about the possible bruises. He was smiling like a kid on a carnival ride.

"Do me, Falkie! Do me! Do me! Eat me UP!"

Falcon pulled back and banged again, then again. His feral stare narrowed and he growled deep as his thrusts picked up pace. Mark's cock flopped forward and back, slapping against Falcon's belly then against his own. It stayed hard and drops of pre were slinging out as it swung around like a sapling in a raging river.

Falcon's thick hands move down around Mark's body and gripped the sides of the sink, trapping Mark inside a hot feathery embrace of sweaty hawk feathers and rock-hard muscles rolling forward and back while Falcon's tight shaft stroked every inch of his pelvic canal.

Mark felt the cliff-edge of climax coming. The blood rushing in his ears was like the crashing waters of a waterfall about to drop out from under him and carry him away. He whined out higher and louder while Falcon's laser-like gaze inched closer and closer.

Falcon huffed in and out like a raging bull. The scent of sex and prey permeated his brain right down to his most basal instincts.

Mark's whining faltered. "I'm... I'm... CUMMING!" Mark's cock spurting into Falcon's belly feathers. "UUUHHNNN!" His voice cracked in to a long high whine.

Falcon felt Mark's asshole wink in orgasm around his cock. He smelled the raw, warm scent of cum. The creamy, delicious smell swept him over that waterfall with Mark.

"HRGNN! GNNNN! HA—RRRRR!" Falcon shoved in firmly and shot his first load.

"Ah! Oh!" Mark's cock lurched from the hot pulsation of Falcon's orgasm. The thick meat pressed his prostate so perfectly that it forced out another spurt of Mark's seed.

Falcon jerked back and rammed in again. The sink creaked and there was a gritty snapping sound behind Mark's head. But neither bird cared. Falcon's cock erupted in another hot moist load deep inside Mark's belly.

"Oh Gravesie! Give it... give it all to me!"

"SCREEE!" Falcon jerked back and shoved again, his hands shaking and his beak pushed against Mark's, twisted in a sweaty scowl of effort. There was an accompanying pulsating sensation inside Mark's butt

and another wet delivery. Falcon's cock pulsed a few more spurts and Mark moaned as the throbbing cock stretched his passage.

Falcon's relaxed as the sixth spurt pressed out. His seed oozed out between Mark's vent lips and his own shrinking meat. His eyebrows drooped and his closed eyes relaxed and opened. His beak unclenched and formed an "o" shape as his aggressive side collapsed under a flood of tender affectations. He leaned closer to Mark and nuzzled his beak lovingly with his own.

"I love you, Mark. Kiss me."

Mark opened his mouth and took Graves' beak tip in his. Their tongues touched and they tasted each other's hot saliva, as wet and delicious as the fluids that dripped from their crotches. The small room throbbed with their beating hearts and panting beaks, punctuated by the hollow sounds of their moist kisses.

Mark stroked Falcon's chest fluff and nuzzled his neck. "That... was wonderful. You are some prime grade falcon, hon."

Falcon rubbed Mark's left side and kissed the top of his head. "You are the perfect prey, babe. I've never been able to let go with anyone else." He pushed his beak against the side of Mark's head and inhaled his smell mingled with fresh sex. "HMMMMFFFFF... you drive me so crazy."

Creeeak... Pop! The sink suddenly jolted and sagged. Water sprayed out underneath.

Falcon felt Mark dropping under him so he lifted him up in a tight hug, his cock still engaged in his butt.

Mark looked back at the ruined sink, the broken tile, and busted mirror. A fine mist of water was spraying their legs.

"Holy shit!" Mark exclaimed. He looked back at Falcon who was smiling smugly.

"Oopsie!"

They both laughed and hurriedly cleaned themselves up and put their clothes back on. Before they left, Mark pulled out a permanent marker and scribbled something on the wall.

"What are you doing?" Falcon asked as he straightened his tie. He leaned in closer and examined Mark's graffiti.

It was a heart with the words "MB + FG 4Ever" in the center.

Falcon's protective nature twitched. He opened his mouth to protest but he stopped himself. The smell of sex was still heavy and he felt like he's just woken from 10 hours of deep sleep. He filled his chest with the moist air and exhaled loudly with a grin.

"Perfect! Now let's get outta here."

Shortly after they left, the young gull came back and gingerly stepped into the restroom. He gawked at the scene: A flooded floor and water hissing from the wrecked sink. But he sniffed the air and felt a warm tingle in his tail that made him grin. "Somebody scored..."

Chapter 2: Dominatrix

This scene would have occurred between Parts 3 and 4. After Mark consults therapist Sid Fisher, Sid goes on to have an intimate meeting with another notorious character...

Crack!

A whip snapped on Sid's tail and he jolted. "Stop! I told you! He's meeting up with Gizmoduck on Tuesday night!"

Sid was clad in a tight black latex suit, bent over a wooden wine barrel. His hands and feet were bound in shiny metal cuffs and he was hooded. The brick room was dark and dingy with a cement floor and smelled like rat turds. It could have been the basement in any of a few dozen businesses in the older part of Duckburg. A single spot of light illuminated Sid's black shiny buttocks and his stiff, erect blue-gray tail feathers.

The soft light reflected barely enough to illuminate a dark, shapely figure in the shadows and a cool feminine voice replied, "Where?"

Sid was panting. At this point the hood was completely unnecessary as his eyes were closed anyway in anticipation of the next blow. He'd been here before. He counted in his mind to three, four, five, but nothing happened. His thighs vibrated and his tail bobbed and he could feel himself getting erect from the sexual tension but he didn't dare let his captor see. He clenched his legs together and his ankle cuffs tinkled as he shook from the effort to contain himself.

Slap! A smooth black hand smacked Sid's right butt cheek hard and the surprise made him screech and almost launch off the barrel. There was a glimpse of his half-engorged cock, a slender taper of pink, moist flesh dragging on the rough-hewn wood of the wine barrel he was hugging.

"Bad Bird!" There was another hard smack of Sid's opposite cheek and he jolted and twisted the other way.

His captor stepped fully into the light. She was a heron but shorter and darker in the beak and tail than Sid. She was dressed in similar black latex from head to toe except for her beak, eyes, and tail. She wore a harness of black straps that intersected at her crotch. She held a riding crop in her right hand as she stepped closer to Sid.

Sid didn't need to hear her high heels scrape on the floor. Or see her lithe, athletic frame bending down. He felt her presence hovering over him like a storm cloud about to release a bolt of lightning.

"Heron, I— Ouch!" Sid's plea was cut off by a snap to his beak with the riding crop.

"That's 'Miss Heron' to you! I'm not gonna warn you again! Fuck up once more and you're finished!"

"Yes Ma'am! Yes Ma'am! I'll be good."

Black Heron clutched Sid's long neck and jerked his head upward so his beak pointed into the light. At the same time she slid the fingers of her other hand up the inside of Sid's left leg towards the warmth of his crotch. His back arched and he moaned, his cock pulsing and moistening. She grasped his cock in her hand and softly stroked it while she spoke close to his left ear.

"You know you belong to us, right? We put you through school. We bought you a pretty little office. We put you into the confidence of all the best people in Duckburg. We only require some information now and then. So... why can't you just give us... something... back?"

"I did, Miss Heron! I regurgitated his cellphone for you!"

Heron's fondling fingers suddenly gripped Sid's member tightly. At the same time her other hand tightened around his neck.

"You fool! You waited too long! The phone was practically useless!"

Sid gasped and choked, a slight smile on his beak. Heron smiled too and gripped tighter. Sid stopped gasping for a moment, then his smile disappeared and he began kicking and struggling. His cock stiffened in her other hand and she gripped it harder.

Inside his mask, Sid's could see nothing but hundreds of purple blotches pulsing and shimmering. As his hunger for fresh air increased, the purple blotches throbbed and grew until they overlapped. He tried to groan but couldn't even muster the air for that. His arms and legs shook and he bucked on the barrel like a fish out of water. Sid's feet scraped the cement in desperation until his toenails were ragged and began to bleed. Heron kept his neck tightly pulled up and his cock sharply pulled back like she was stretching a chicken across a chopping block for the executioner.

But then something changed. His bucking slowed down as his vision faded into a deep red blur. He became dizzy and euphoric, feeling less and less of a need to fight or even breathe again. But his cock was still hard and pulsed in Heron's hand in unison with bobbing and flexing of his tail. He felt like his dick was ten feet tall and as wide as the barrel under him.

Heron felt Sid's throat bulge slightly, a feeling she had known from her sinister dealings. It was the last wave of deep, primitive efforts to widen the gape for breathing, often felt just before a victim would suffocate in her clutches. Sid's tail lifted and his abdomen contracted, spurting out a stream of warm, white urates down his cock and onto Heron's hand.

Heron whispered into Sid's ear, "Gooood bird... you can cum now."

She barely gave half a stroke to Sid's cock and released his throat. His legs stiffened and his beak opened wide. He let out a long, ragged moan as his dick spurted creamy seed three feet behind him onto the floor. He inhaled slightly then moaned again and his abdomen contracted in another arch of coital pleasure sending another splat of cum down the barrel's side.

As he lay coughing and heaving in recovery, Heron pet the smooth latex of his neck and back. "And what do we say?"

Sid coughed and replied between gasps, "T-Thank you... Master Heron... Thank... you!"

"And?..."

“They’re meeting... at McDuck’s... auxiliary lab... 22 Water Street around the back.”

“Very good!” Heron chuckled as she stepped out of the light. “Very good.”

Sid laid limply over the barrel like a bar rag at the end of a long night—moist, filthy, and completely used up. He was physically and mentally exhausted from what had already been a long and tense session. But it was worth it. He listened carefully in anticipation that Heron would be satisfied and let him out of his restraints.

But Black Heron wasn’t finished yet. After a few moments she stepped back into the light, a huge red horse dildo arching forward from her crotch. It was partially supported by the harness but had a portion that nestled deep into her crotch fluff where just a hint of pink could be seen gripping the bulbous base of the fake cock. She tightened her buttocks and the dildo lifted.

She stepped close up behind Sid, gripped his tail, and yanked it straight up. His dark red heron hole yawned open.

Sid lifted his head. “M-Miss Heron? Um... Miss Heron?”

Black Heron didn’t reply but Sid did hear the flirty squirt of a generous blob of lube. A moment later the flat end of that cold horse cock was pressed against his hot ass. He puckered in response and a drop of sweat, as cold as the head of that dildo, trickled down his scalp. He breathed hard and waited in the darkness of his hood, a tingling sensation prickling down his neck feathers. *She can’t be serious!*

“NOOOOOOO!”

Chapter 3: Substitute

This scene would have occurred between Parts 4 and 5, shortly after Mark and Falcon arrived home from the meeting with Fenton. Mark was in a tense, emotional mood after having his fantasies over Gizmoduck harshly shattered.

Mark had been very quiet on their ride home from the meeting. And whenever Falcon touched him he tensed and closed up. His eyes were red and his beak blushed. It was clear that he was in distress but Graves couldn't get him to open up about it. He really knew something was wrong when he didn't touch his phone for the whole ride home. Falcon had begged Mark to let him massage his tense muscles, hoping that his boyfriend would open up about what happened. But Mark declined and just rolled over on his side in bed and seemed to pass out...

Falcon didn't give up. He petted and massaged Mark, under the covers, working his shoulders and neck as he slept. Mark was tense and squirmed while Falcon worked so he finally paused and simply hugged Mark from behind and buried his beak into Mark's ear feathers.

Mark melted like butter in Falcon's toasty embrace. He sighed and mumbled something that sounded sweet so Falcon stroked a loving hand down his front. Falcon's fingers brushed against something prominent in Mark's underpants and he paused. With all of Mark's tension and distress, he still managed to have an erection.

Falcon marveled at Mark's bizarre mental workings. But he didn't need to understand him completely to know what he needed right now. He decided to help Mark in whatever fantasy dream he was having. After all, it was probably about him anyway.

Falcon rubbed his hand over Mark's bulge and let it slide along the silky underwear down to his crotch. As he brushed Mark's inner thighs, the skinny bird moaned and swiveled his left leg up to open his crotch. His beak and closed eyes were smiling.

The bulge in Mark's underwear was tight and his ample cock began to protrude from the waistband. Falcon had always been impressed that for such a small bird, Mark had a disproportionately large dick. It seemed a cosmic shame that he could rarely be coerced to use it, preferring instead to be railed in the ass by a bird several times his size.

Falcon gently teased Mark's waistband down to expose the throbbing member. He brushed it with a soft, feathery forearm and Mark squirmed and mumbled something pleasant but unintelligible. The cock bobbed and moistened Falcon's fingers with precum.

Falcon became aware that his own cock was now paying attention too, its glistening tip brushing Mark's soft butt crack. Falcon rubbed Mark's cock with his broad hand, gently using his flat palm while biting Mark's ear feathers and petting his head with the other hand.

Mark inhaled sharply and his cock swelled against Falcon's hand, followed by a slick flow of precum as Mark exhaled with a high whine. Mark's tail stiffened and fanned in unison with another bob of his penis

and release of pre. Mark had been clutching the sheets but now his hands jerkily shot up to Falcon's hugging forearm.

"No! Don't! Stay here!" Mark pleaded in his sleep. Mark's hand guided Falcon's fingers back to his tail. "Here... do it here."

Falcon wondered if Mark was really dreaming or just making a good show. It didn't matter as it was clear what he wanted.

Falcon slid two fingers into his beak and lubed them up with his saliva. Then he pressed them up under Mark's tail.

The gray bird inhaled again and his beak blushed. "Uh huhh... oh yeah, right there baby. Totally."

Falcon's warm fingers found Mark's plump, soft vent and easily slid inside. Mark's mouth opened and he panted. Falcon felt Mark's cloaca relax as he entered and then spasm and grip his digits as they stroked his prostate. Falcon spread his fingers inside and massaged Mark's lower back at the same time.

Mark gave a high whiny moan and his cloaca tensed while his vent lips sucked on Falcon's fingers. Falcon realized that he was panting too and stifling a feral growl in his throat. His cock was rock hard and leaking against Mark's tail feathers.

Falcon slid his fingers out of Mark's hole and rubbed the slippery mixture of saliva and cloacal mucus onto Mark's ample shaft. After the prostatic massage, there was a puddle of precum and strands connected Mark's cock to the bedsheets. Falcon wiped up the fluids with his fingers and held them to his beak as he closed his eyes. He tasted it and his forehead feathers fluffed at the scent of sex. He moaned against Mark's ear and felt a spontaneous spurt of pre ooze out of his dick.

Graves sank his wet hand under the covers and slathered his pink member in the delicious concoction of bird fluids. He guided his tip up against Mark's relaxed vent as the bird panted and begged penetration through his sleepy mumbles.

"Plug it in there. Riiiiight theeeeerrreee. Oh nowww pleeeeee." "

Falcon pressed in slow and steady, a smile growing wider on his beak as his cock sank deeper into Mark's body. Mark grimaced and held his breath. His cheeks flushed bright red as the wave of pleasure from the penetration washed up to his eyeballs.

Mark panted through his clenched beak, "Uhn! Uhn! Ohhhhh!" His legs trembled and his cock danced as it spurted spontaneously. Inside, Falcon felt the cloacal contractions and prostatic pulses of Mark ejaculating. It made Falcon shudder with pleasure to have his cock squeezed by Mark's hot passage. He seethed through his beak and gave a few long, slick thrusts as Mark continued to spasm and twitch. It only took a few and Falcon groaned and hugged Mark tight as his tail bobbed.

Mark's cloaca filled with the hot sensation of creamy goodness. He panted through his drippy beak and moaned out softly, "Mmmfff. S-ssssorry I couldn't help it..."

Falcon flexed his butt muscles and grunted, pressing out every last drop of his love into Mark. He kissed Mark's ear feathers and whispered dreamily, "No apologies. That was perfect timing, love."

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Falcon's hand rubbed down Mark's front and encountered a sizeable puddle of cum. The smell wafted up to their nares from under the silk sheets and they simultaneously inhaled. The decrease in sex lately had left them both very pent up.

Mark smiled and giggled with his eyes closed, "Haaaawwt interface... Waddee."

Falcon smiled and continued petting. After a moment it sank in... Waddee? Who is that? Falcon's brows rustled as he weathered a moment of jealousy. But then he hugged Mark tight and pressed his groin against Mark's backside, trying to keep his detumescent cock inside his lovebird's delicious passage as long as he could.

As Falcon faded into sleep, he recalled to himself how people have all kinds of crazy erotic dreams. They don't mean anything. Mark can have his dream fantasy. He had Mark in the real world, where it really counts.

Chapter 4: Jeff and Kurt

This scene would have occurred between Parts 8 and 9. Jeff, the friendly, young janitor at McDuck Enterprises, saw Mark and Gyro working together in Gyro's lab. He texted his boyfriend—someone else that knows Mark.

“No waaay, dude. You’re pulling my tail! There’s no friggin’ way Mr. Beaks would help McDuck unless there’s something big in it for him.” Kurt drew a long bubbling draft on a blue glass bong shaped vaguely like a helical duck penis. He set the bong on the table and exhaled slowly as he sat back on the overstuffed couch and sank into Jeff’s side. The smile on his beak said he felt at home in Jeff’s wingpit.

Like Jeff, Kurt was a young gull, working a shitty job to make it through college. He was the Sno-Cone vendor at Waddle. It didn’t pay well but the schedule worked, it was an easy job, and he hoped that it would be his foot-in-the-door for the software engineering job of his dreams.

Jeff wrapped his arm around Kurt’s head and ran his fingers under his beak. Kurt sighed and closed his eyes. Throat rubs felt so good.

“I’m tellin’ ya, dude, it was totally him. I mean, really, why would I make this up?”

Kurt rolled his eyes under his feathery lids. “Welllll...”

“Okay, okay, yeah, I might make that up. But I’m not! Totally not.”

“Hmm... I know Mr. Beaks hasn’t been at work. Ever since the big news. Man, can you imagine suckin’ that robot’s dick?” They both started chuckling. “I mean, wow, what’s he got in that can?”

Jeff chuckled out, “I’ve told you, dork, it’s not a robot. Fenton Crackshell pilots Gizmoduck. I’ve seen him.”

Kurt opened his eyes and waggled his eyebrows. “Ohhh... you’ve seen him, eh? Did you do a little extra credit at work?”

Jeff swaggered his head, “Well you know how it is.” He smiled, “Any head to get ahead.”

“I bet you love polishing it.”

Jeff shoved him playfully and they both broke out snickering, beaks and rosy cheeks pressed together. The fog of duck weed smoke filled their minds and time drew out like a center line on a midnight highway.

Kurt’s eyes focused on Jeff’s beak tip as he traced it with a finger. “Mark’s bodyguard was real grumpy today, calling each of us in for a third degree. He looked real worried. Those two totally bang ya know.”

Jeff’s voice was distant and dreamy, “That big falcon guy? Wow, that’s hawt. Little shrimp like that getting’ railed by that huge dude. ‘Guess money buys anything...”

Kurt's smile faded and he moved his beak closer to Jeff's, his mouth open slightly as though he were hungry for a taste. "I think it's more. He's never that tense. I think he's really worried... like he's in love." He licked Jeff's glistening pink tongue. "I should tell him about this."

They were already hugging and the repetitious beat of EDM at quarter volume drifted their souls closer together. Their tongues made contact again and it was salty and satin smooth. They sighed in unison, making a hollow sound between their beaks. Their beaks gently clicked together and their nasal glands tingled in their foreheads as their hunger for each other piqued.

Jeff's fingers traced the edge of Kurt's bill and when they reached the tip, he gently pried it open. Kurt relaxed, eyes closed, feeling the heat of Jeff's bill slide within his. Jeff's tongue moistly slipped out and pressed into the back of Kurt's throbbing gullet.

To gulls, courtship often includes feeding each other as though caring for chicks, with the female taking on the role of the begging chick. The feeding stimulus is triggered by the young pecking at the tip of the bill and, when very young, inserting their bill into their parent's throat. But even if mates didn't feed each other, the process of roleplaying and billing into their partner was a powerful and intimate way of pair-bonding. Kurt's eyebrows wrinkled with vulnerable emotions and he moaned out as Jeff's hot bill slid deeper and filled his gullet.

Kurt squirmed and his left hand reached down between his own thighs, reacting to a sudden, moist ache in his cloaca. He squealed out a higher note and his throat gulped around Jeff's tongue that seemed to be reaching forever into the depths of his body. His stomach gurgled and his mouth watered, not with queasiness, but with desire to lovingly care for his mate.

Jeff had been with Kurt long enough that he knew just how far he could go in the edging game. He pulled back his tongue slowly and Kurt gave a gentle, quavering gull cry as Jeff's tongue slid back up his esophagus and his bill slid out of his throat. Jeff caressed the side of Kurt's head and moved his tongue to the roof of Kurt's mouth and then along his tongue, finally parting the deep kiss with a connecting strand of saliva between their beaks.

Kurt only let them separate a few inches before he gave a chick cry and pecked at Jeff's lower beak. Jeff's throat bulged and his stomach growled. He smiled at Jeff and opened his beak wide to receive Jeff's probing beak. Kurt slid into Jeff's throat and flicked his tongue in and out, tickling Jeff so that he squirmed and his tail twitched. Kurt moved his hand from his own vent over to Jeff's and fingered the fluff-rimmed, soft, delicate opening in unison with his tongue massage. Jeff shuddered and pressed his cloaca against Kurt's hand. He ground into his mate's hand firmly, giving a lusty, grunting sigh, until the hot, soft tip of his phallus poked out and oozed precum into Kurt's palm.

Jeff took a deep breath and swallowed around Kurt's bill, stroking it with peristaltic waves. He fought the urge to disgorge his pizza dinner. While it added a delicious dimension to gull sex, this was not the place to make that mess. So he focused his arousal down lower, winking his wet vent against Kurt's hand, making his cock swell firmer and press out into his mate's hand.

Kurt pulled his head back slowly. Jeff swallowed as his friend slid out and left his throat empty and his cock erect. They looked at each other with dreamy, smiling faces, each with their hands on each other's crotches lovingly fondling their awakened genitalia.

Kurt was hungry but not only for the pizza in Jeff's belly. He gave a submissive gull cheep and slid down to the floor, his eyes riveted on Jeff's glistening pink erection. He kneeled on the floor and spread Jeff's thighs with his feathered hands. His beak drooled as though he was about to swallow fresh meat.

Jeff groaned and his cock flexed and drooled pre down its underside. It throbbed and danced as he tensed and relaxed his groin muscles. He slid down into the couch further to bring his shaft up to Kurt's yellow beak.

Although almost always the top, Jeff was also very attentive to Kurt's mood. If his partner wanted tender affection, he softened the action. If he was hungry for assertiveness, Kurt could deliver. Right now, Kurt could see in Jeff's eyes exactly the emotion he needed. They said *I love you so much and I'm going to reward you for this.*

Kurt pressed his beak under the base of Jeff's cock and gently prodded at his soft vent and taint, a ticklish sensation that Jeff particularly enjoyed when he was erect and edging. He moaned and moved a hand to Kurt's head feathers, massaging his lover's scalp gently. His cock bobbed with the wondrous massage and pre flowed down onto Kurt's forehead. He inhaled sharply and his right knee quivered as his vent tightened and his cock jolted. His beak dropped down giving himself a more assertive expression. He nodded approvingly and tightened his fingers in Kurt's head feathers, urging him to continue.

Kurt extended his tongue and licked from the base of Jeff's cock, slowly, all the way to the tip. Jeff closed his eyes and his knees shook. He clenched his buttocks and tightened his cloaca while his breath steamed through the corners of his clamped beak. "Hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh... oh cod that's good, love." His cock was red and moist as it oozed strands of glistening pre. He pulled Kurt's head closer and looked down with a hard stare. His heightened lust was making him more demanding. "Swallow it!"

As anthrogull cocks go, Jeff's was average, which is more than ample according to human standards. It everted from a pouch just forward of the cloaca and was covered in sensitive, slick membrane. Engorged with lymph, instead of blood, it throbbed just a little slower than its owner's heartbeat and it exuded clear, delicious lubricant. Jeff's six inches of salty delight slid easily down Kurt's beak and into his throat. He took it as easily as swallowing a fresh caught herring.

By simultaneously pulling gently on Kurt's head and rolling his buttocks forward, Jeff fucked Kurt's gullet. He huffed and moaned, pausing occasionally to flex his tail, pucker his vent, and spurt another stream of pre into Kurt's foamy esophagus. The submissive bird gripped his master's knees and closed his eyes, going with the rhythm to maximize his partner's pleasure.

It wasn't long before Jeff's moans became tense cries and he was panting with open beak. His hands gripped Kurt's head harder and more insistently as he approached his orgasm. The firm grip and trembling hands, yanking on his head feathers, sent an electric shiver to Kurt's tail making his cloaca relax and moisten and his cock drop down and swing between his legs.

The pace hastened when suddenly Kurt yanked his head back and ripped free of Jeff's hand. Jeff stared down with pathetic eyes, panting hard and scarcely believing he was denied his prize of a throaty orgasm. He looked at the handful of feathers in his hand then back at Kurt in confusion.

Fifty Shades of Graves

Kurt put his beak down, staring back up with submissive, but chastising eyes. He wagged his beak back and forth and gave a thin piping call as he rolled over to his knees and raise his tail in the air. He gripped a floor pillow under his elbows and flagged his tail to one side, continuing to call out insistently like a female gull wanting to be fed. As he called, his vent pressed open, then retracted and puckered closed, like a female winking her readiness to breed. Jeff was crouched over him in an instant, his wet cock poking against Kurt's feathered taint.

The submissive gull was eager to have the hot, full feeling of a dick deep in his cloaca. He squirmed and shifted his hips, anxiously moving his hole to the tip of Jeff's cock. When they made contact, the coitus reaction was strong. The slippery taper of gull meat slid smoothly and quickly into Kurt as they both gave a simultaneous cry and grimaced with orgasmic joy.

Jeff stayed locked for a moment, struggling to hold himself from ejaculating and also enjoying the tight, perfect confines of his mate's cloacal canal. He mused that it was always just the right, snug fit. He loved the feel of Kurt's throbbing pulse and the rhythmic wink of his vent as he tried to swallow Jeff deeper and pull the seed from him.

The feeling of Jeff's member deep inside him where no one else was allowed was absolute heaven to Kurt. It gave fullness to his emptiness and radiated warmth and well-being straight to his soul. Sometimes, during his day, he would remember that feeling and immediately get aroused. But it also stirred another emotion. Something akin to what a desperately horny hen gull must feel when her nest is ready for eggs. He imagined he had ripe yolky egg follicles inside him, waiting to be basted with Jeff's fatherly seed. But that wouldn't happen until they consummated their mating.

A tingling built up in Kurt's nape and he arched his beak straight up, tickling Jeff's throat. He gave a quiet peep and winked his orifice around Jeff's penis. This in turn sent a tingling to Jeff's pleasure centers. His mouth watered and his cloaca moistened. His cock oozed precipitously as his testes contracted in preparation for ejaculation. He lifted his tail and pulled his cock out most of the way then slid back in quickly. His tail slapped against his buttocks and he punctuated the thrust with a gullish grunt.

Kurt's cock swung from the jolt and leaked clear strands. His back stiffened and he moaned approval. He pointed his beak up again and churred out, "Mate me! Mate me! Mate me!"

Jeff gripped Kurt's sides firmly in his fingertips as he pulled back and thrust again. He bottomed out with a slap of his tail then pulled back. He thrust again and again, faster, rubbing Kurt's prostate until his cock was drooling generously.

On the fourth entry, Kurt's cock throbbed and he chirped. It spurted its first load of cum onto the pillow. His cloaca spasmed and caressed Jeff's member. He moaned out loudly with open, glistening eyes as though watching the heavens open up before him.

Just like wild gulls, anthrogulls spend a lot more time in prenuptials than they do in coitus. But the teasing and edging only build up the endgame pleasure. By that fourth thrust, when Kurt's cloaca spasmed tightly, he was already at climax. He planted his cock firmly into his love and snapped his head over his back letting out a loud, raucous call of salty sex as his cock gushed out thick salty seed.

Perfectly timed orgasms were easier for Kurt to control while high. He pictured those eggs again, ripe orange-yellow being bathed in Jeff's milky fluids. His cock spurted again and then again, each ejaculation

causing his cloaca to spasm and make Kurt jolt and scree with another ball-emptying coital groan. Jeff's reaction fed back to Kurt and made him react again in a positive feedback loop that seemed to go on forever in his drug-altered perception of time. By the sixth and seventh ejaculation, Kurt was dry and his cock simply throbbed and oozed.

Belly muscles firm and delightfully sore, Jeff felt his last cloaca-clenching delivery go dry at the end. His balls felt drained and his throat was hoarse from involuntary copulation cries. His head was pounding and he felt dizzy, such was the intensity of his duckweed-enhanced super orgasm.

But then Jeff realized that there was a real pounding happening in the ceiling above them. It was the elderly landlady that lived above them, rapping on her floor with a broomstick. A muffled voice shouted out, "Keep it down you horny kids!"

Kurt moaned and sank down onto the pillows under him. Jeff rode down with him and his detumesced cock slid out of Kurt's hole. The feeling of that sliding cock made Kurt give a final groan and though he tried to clench his stretched hole, he couldn't prevent a gush of cum from blurring out with the exit of Jeff's member.

Jeff and Kurt lay on the soft floor pillows, feeling the cool air on their junk and floating in the aroma of cloaca and cum. Jeff slid his hand down Kurt's back and under Kurt's tail. He fingered the soft, loose, creamy mess of a bird hole that he had created.

Kurt moaned and squirmed and turned his smiling beak towards Jeff. He fondled Jeff's sated cock in his fingers. It was goeey and soft, slick with their combined fluids. Jeff pushed a finger deep into Kurt's ass and the gull's pupils pinned and he gave a huffed cry of pleasure as his prostate contracted once more.

Kurt rolled over and locked beaks with Jeff and drew him down on to himself. They hugged tight there on the floor adrift in dank duckweed smoke, a mighty post-coital high, and the steady beat of EDM music in the background.

Before he faded into sleep, Kurt finished his motherly fantasy. He and Jeff were a gay couple and he was a nobody with a shitty job. But he could see more for himself and Jeff. He couldn't lay eggs but someday they would adopt one. They would incubate that precious egg and hatch it together. They would lovingly feed and warm the chick—a little female gull perhaps. Later they would walk her to school, celebrate her hatchdays, and take her on family vacations. And maybe, someday, she would have a mate as good as Jeff.

Chapter 5: The Power of Lust

This scene is the continuation of the last chapter. Falcon was working out but during a break the moment was right and he proposed to Mark...

Mark smiled with open beak, his eyes welling up with loving tears. "Of course! Yes!" He threw his arms around Falcon's neck and they kissed long and earnestly. Huey Lewis' Power of Love started to play on the radio. The two didn't notice though. They laid back on the floor embracing, lost in their own world of tender affection.

It wasn't long before Falcon shifted position and leaned over Mark for a deeper kiss. Mark found himself delightfully pinned between thick arms, massive pecs, and the gym mat under him. His head was against the mat too, trapped by Falcon's ardent beak lock. He was in a world of soft feathery love and there was nowhere else he would rather be. While Falcon was busy dancing his tongue across Mark's tonsils, he wrapped his fingers around Falcon's wide shoulders and his fingers sank into sweat-dampened plumage on his back. He inhaled the sweet musk of sweat, aftershave, and feathers and savored the aroma like a cup of hot chocolate after a long walk in the snow.

It had been three weeks since he and Falcon had made love. Their love was strong and Mark had felt the need, but he did not push Falcon for sex. He was concerned that it might be too painful or too rigorous for the recently injured bird. And his guilt over Falcon's act of self-sacrifice didn't help either. He had decided to let Falcon tell him when he was ready. But then, Mark noticed that Falcon's biceps were quivering more than usual and all of his muscles seemed uncharacteristically knotted and tense. Maybe he was telling him it was time after all.

Squirming and snuggling under him, Falcon detected Mark's craving for skin on skin contact. He was happy to give it but it was awakening feral desires within him. His nares flared and he keenly detected the scent of Mark's fancy aftershave mingling with his own warm body odors. It was a familiar odor, like rich comfort food beginning to cook when you have an empty stomach. But it wasn't food that he craved right now as his cock throbbed as stiff as a flagpole and the tip of his beak tingled as he salivated. He suddenly became aware of how his balls, thick and heavy, deep inside his bird belly, ached for release. The combined scent of their bodies was the catalyst that pulled his mind from pure love straight into the gutter, borne of the olfactory memory of countless episodes of bedsheet-wrinkling, sweat-drenched sex.

Mark moved one of his skinny legs up between Falcon's thighs, checking coyly on his mate's state of arousal. He wasn't disappointed. His knee bumped softly into the crotch bulge of Falcon's sweatpants. He felt the meaty shaft of Falcon's cock within, already creating a moist spot in the fabric. Falcon's inner thighs were equally firm and quivering. It felt like Falcon's entire body was taut and ready to ravage him. He thought to himself: *Falcon is holding back!*

Mark tapped Falcon's back with one hand. In a brief pause between deep-beak kisses, he whispered, "Gravesie?" But Falcon didn't seem to notice as he moved down and nibbled on Mark's throat. He breathed in slow and heavy and his pecs tightened as his hands clutched the mat under Mark's head.

The vinyl squeaked and the internal foam begged for mercy. Deep down he growled and Mark felt his belly muscles spasm.

Mark tried again, louder this time, "Gravesie?" Falcon growled and pressed his beak under Mark's. He licked his throat feathers and his right hand gripped his hair. "Gravesie!" Mark exclaimed as he plucked a shoulder feather.

Falcon lurched and jabbed his cock against Mark's belly. He pulled his beak back and his eyes were wide with wild lust. He sat up straighter, his thighs still gripping Mark's legs. He had a huge tent in his sweatpants with a dark wet spot at the tip. Slowly, his eyes softened from slate gray to their warm brown again and his eyebrows sagged at the edges into a look of concern for his frail mate. "Huff-huff-Yes-Mark?"

Mark saw that Falcon was, indeed, struggling to control himself. The hulking bird was probably but a breath away from turning into an unhinged beast and it aroused Mark perfectly. His own sweatpants had an obvious bulge in them, pressing up against Falcon's matching tent. Mark smiled up at his fiancé. The word made him swim with excitement and passion every time it passed through his mind.

"Gravesie... Listen carefully. This is an order from your boss. I want you to rip off my clothes, and yours, and fuck me." He pointed up at Graves' with a serious smile. "Three simple words: Don't. Hold. Back."

The permissive words bounced around in Falcon's thick head for a moment until they unlocked a door that was rarely opened. Slowly his open beak corners lifted into a smile and his eyes creased into the piercing glare of a hawk staring at prey.

Shriieek!

In one raptor-like swat, Falcon's thick right hand grabbed Mark's sweatpants, jerked them off, and sent them like a filthy rag into the corner of the room. Normally Graves was very careful with his well-manicured finger talons but he knew how to use them when he had to and now was the time. His left hand clutched Mark's shirt and shredded it down the front. He grabbed the collar with his beak and finished it off with a sharp snap. The tattered sweatshirt gaped open in shreds exposing Mark's slim gray body.

Even Mark was surprised at the quick flash of sharp nails and beak so close to his soft body. The rush of cool air down his front was exhilarating and the tickle of Falcon's feathers against his erection made him clench his beak and seethe hungrily.

They paused for a moment, each savoring the dish set before him. Falcon's thick, brown-plumed thighs pinned Mark's legs to the floor. His sculpted abs and pecs were dotted with perspiration and ruffled feathers. As he breathed, his bulging biceps rolled forward and back and his cock bounced up and down. Above this magnificent mountain of avian flesh, Falcon's face glared down and his hungry eyes wildly darted over the tender morsel that was Mark. He growled with each hard exhale. He cracked his knuckles slowly and flexed his fingers. There was no holding back in his eyes.

Graves wanted to jam his fat cock into Mark's feathered hole immediately but he had just enough self-awareness left that he knew that wouldn't be comfortable for Mark quite yet. Besides, some little part of his sanity was still in charge and it wanted to draw the moment out just a bit longer. Like a Cooper's

hawk calculating a circuitous route to close the distance on unsuspecting quarry, so Falcon chose a less direct approach.

A master of self-control, he redirected his passion away from his cock and into his fingers and beak. He would feast, metaphorically, upon Mark's genitals to prolong the pleasure for both of them. He grabbed Mark's thighs and tugged his ass up towards his face and pressed his beak into Mark's taint as he inhaled long and deep, filling his head with Mark's sweet scent.

Mark's brain tumbled between primitive fears and the mouth-watering proximity of sexual gratification. It had been too long since he had seen Falcon this way and he didn't want the moment passing too quickly. As Graves beak burrowed deep into his crotch feathers, he snapped a picture with his phone.

Graves heard the camera sound and his beak lifted with a start, a downy feather clinging to the moist tip. His eyes were sharp as daggers and he chirped an angry warning as he swatted the phone out of Mark's hand. It skittered across the floor, far out of reach.

Mark's beak dropped open but he didn't protest. Instead a grin came across his face as though a diabolical scheme was brewing behind his eyes. Falcon's eyes and beak corners creased into an equally evil smile and he darted back down into Mark's privates.

Falcon's thick arms wrapped around Mark's thighs and he dug his fingers into his sides, stroking and scraping his love handles to elicit squirms and moans from his prey. His open beak followed Mark's leaking erection around in tantalizing circles until his tongue and upper beak trapped it and took it into his throat. He closed his eyes to concentrate on the delicate act he was attempting. For a small bird, Mark had an enormous, heavy cock and it always pleased falcon to feel that hot throbbing package in the back of his throat. He swallowed again and again, milking it with peristaltic waves that elicited a streaming flow of sweet precum. His tongue slowly slid in and out as he slowly swallowed, stroking the underside of Mark's dick. Meanwhile, Falcon's right index finger pressed against Mark's buttock, sensing the alternating current of contraction and relaxation in tune with the pleasuring of Mark's member.

The moaning parrot clutched the exercise mat and arched his back as he moaned out and thrust his crotch up and down against Falcon's face. Mark's lower body and thighs tensed sending a fresh dose of precum down Falcon's gullet. Falcon felt Mark's hole soften and allow his finger tip to enter. He was ready for the next phase of pleasure.

Falcon's throat relaxed like he was disgorging prey remains and Mark's bright pink member flopped out in strands of sticky fluids. Falcon's beak immediately darted lower and pushed against the moist, pulsing hole. He gave a long, slaking lick to Mark's delicious pucker and then pressed his tongue into the soft, pink center.

Falcon's tongue always seemed perfect to Mark, whether he was wrapping his tongue around the soft, juicy middle during a kiss or, like now, feeling the firm, flat tip slide into him like a medical instrument. Mark looked down his front and saw Falcon's head plumage fluffed out like an eagle raptor mantling prey. His eyes were closed and his beak open wide as his pink and gray tongue pushed in and out, performing delicate sexual surgery on Mark's passage.

Fifty Shades of Graves

Mark worried for a fleeting moment that Falcon was being overly careful, worried for his safety. But then he noticed Falcon's tail bobbing behind his clenched buttocks, an indication that Falcon was getting off on this too. And as his lover's tongue pressed into the deep recesses of his cloaca and slid against the backside of his prostate, he realized he was powerless to resist anyway.

Mark moaned out as his pleasure shot out up like an ascending rocket. "Hnnngggg... OMG!" The climax was taking him by surprise. "F-Faaaaalcon! Hunh!" Mark's cloaca tightened and his cock twitched and spurted a thick stripe of jizz into the air and it splattered on his crotch feathers and Falcon's forehead. Falcon gave a soft raptorial whine and jerked his tongue in and out of Mark's spasming hole, in tune with his rock-hard prostate. The enormous parrot cock bounced and creamed again and then again while Mark's finger claws tore into the exercise mat under him as he writhed and groaned.

Falcon withdrew his tongue with a moist, hollow squelching sound as he exited leaving Mark's hole relaxed and gaping. His cock sagged in a pool of salty-smelling bird seed.

Falcon looked up and smiled at Mark's face, which was sagging in an exhausted frown. His eyes were melting into tears combined with the trickling sweat from his forehead. It was the pathetic look of lovesickness so acute that his heart ached. Falcon thrilled inside to know that he was Mark's cure.

Mark was never so vulnerable with anyone else and he shook as his tears welled up and ran down his cheeks. He laid back and held out his hands, inviting Graves to take him. "Gravesie!"

Graves face was flat, but kind. This was serious business. Not a time for playful smiles or teasing. His prey, in a sense, was giving itself up to him and it was time to take it. More than that, he loved this man with all of his heart and he wanted to show it. His muscles rippled under his plumage as he crawled forward over Mark like a hungry beast. He placed a hand on each side of Mark's head and laid his hefty man meat down upon the puddle of cum on his belly. It slid and smeared around as their two panting bodies came together.

Falcon dropped to his elbows and Mark's legs wrapped around his middle as their beaks locked in a kiss. Mark could taste his own fluids mingled with Falcon's and in his hot, sweaty embrace he floated in a world of unctuous odors that he wanted to swim in forever.

Mark hugged back and pushed his beak into Falcon's ear. He moistly sniffled and sobbed out, "I love you, Gravesie. Oh how I love you... Fuck me! I need you in me!"

It was a honey potion that trickled deep into Graves' mind and softened his heart even as his cock grew harder and slid forward and back along Mark's belly. "Hnnngggg... Sweet Mark..." He growled and rolled his hips back far enough that his cock flopped down into Mark's underfluffies and pressed against his taint. When his cock pressed into the hot, sweaty, cummy region, so close to Mark's hole, Falcon felt his nuts tighten and his buttocks spasm. His mouth filled with saliva and his dick drooled precum against Mark's soft hole. He so badly wanted to ram his dick into Mark's little body now that he was almost going to explode before it could happen.

Mark felt how close he was to being penetrated and lifted his ass to help his mate. No sooner had his hole moved an inch upward than Falcon plowed forward. Falcon moaned long and deep as his fat phallus sank deep into Mark's cloaca. He breathed faster and sweat trickled down his beak and dripped on Mark's face.

“Ohhh... gawwwwds... Mark. I... I don't want to cum yet. I just... hnnnggg... I just want to be like this for a minute... deep inside you.” He pushed his throbbing genitals out of his mind for a moment and delicately rimmed Mark's sweet beak with his tongue and licked the tears from his gray cheeks. “I love you too, Mark... more than anything in my life.”

More tears welled up in Mark's quivering eyes. He sniffled and nuzzled his beak back into Graves' ear fluff. “That's all I need to hear, love.”

Mark winked his vent, stretched wide around the girthy falcon dick. His cloaca throbbed in time to his love-stoked heart and his cock began to awaken again, twitching and leaking against Falcon's belly. Mark wrapped his legs around Falcon's middle and he wiggled his tail against Falcon's, sending a pleasant tickle up his tail and spine.

Mark cleared his throat softly and whispered, “Now fill me up you big stud... give me all the seed you have...” He bit into Graves' ear fluff and licked his ear hole.

A broad smile grew on Falcon's beak and his cock swelled and oozed into Mark's rectum. He salivated again and clenched his jaws. Now he was the one hurting. His heart hurt but so did his bursting nuts, ripe and heavy within his belly. At last... his lover was ready and he was engaged deep inside. He could do as he pleased and finish big.

Falcon lifted his upper body and rested his massive hands on the floor on each side of Mark's head. He pulled his cock back, and Mark's passage sucked and slid perfectly around him as he exited. Before he completely slid out, he grunted and shoved back in firmly, his sweat-glistened buttocks clenching in like those of a rippling, sweaty stallion pegging a wild mare.

Mark flopped his head back and pressed his ass down against Falcon's thrust. He loved every inch of the meat as it slid moistly in and out of his eager hole. As an added bonus, his cock was tickled and stroked by Falcon's belly plumage until it was streaming pre again, mixing with the lather of foamy cum already between them. The smell swirled around them and filled their heads with thirst for each other.

“Hn! Hn! Hn! RRR! NNG! Oh! Oh! OH!—Chirp! Cheep! Chup! Chup! Ch-Chup! -Up! Up! Tk-tk-tk!” Falcon's voice changed from manly groans to the feral chirps and chups of a tiercel in love. It was a copulatory cry that Mark rarely heard and he was proud of himself for having brought Graves to this point. It was a sure sign that Falcon was letting go.

Falcon's tail bobbed lower and lower with each thrust and his beak grimaced harder and harder as sweat profusely dribbled down his brows. The steely predator gaze and bird screams were the final straw for Mark. He screeched back like a wounded animal as his cock blew its load into Falcon's feathers.

As Mark's asshole spasmed in the throws of his orgasm, Falcon crested his climax. He shoved in deep and hard so that the sticky exercise mat slid an inch across the floor under them. His falcon voice cracked and he hissed as his glottis clamped shut and nature stole control from him. Falcon's tail pulsed in unison with his spasming butthole and clenching gonads as he delivered his sweet love into Mark's butt.

A feeling of heavy, hot fluid filled Mark's insides as they were basted with falcon cream. The big bird shook and clenched his moist eyes tightly as he lost control of his cramping muscles that were driving

load after load of cum into his partner. After six powerful contractions he drew a breath and tried to move, his arms and legs quivering with exhaustion. But moving only made him chirp and jizz again.

Mark played with the process and winked his hole causing Falcon to jolt and chirp again as his sore loins shook with another thrust. He did it once more and the response was weaker. And he tried once more but this time Falcon just sagged and sighed long and heavy as he nearly passed out on top of Mark.

Falcon's beak landed in Mark's throat fluff and his upper body shook as he raggedly inhaled and choked.

Mark was scared. *Had he broken his love? Was it too soon for sex after his injuries?*

"Falcon? Are you ok?"

Falcon sobbed and lifted his head. His cheeks were wet and his eyes were red. Mark had never seen him cry before.

"Oh love, it's ok. Come 'ere."

Falcon scooped his arms under Mark's shoulders and hugged him tightly. He sniffled against Mark's ear and his body rocked with another sob. Mark hugged back and stroked Falcon's back gently.

"What's wrong, my big, brave Falcon? You fucked me perfectly. Don't be sad."

"I'm not, Mark. Gawds, thank you. That was so beautiful. The most beautiful moment in my life. I love you so much..." He gave another soft sob.

Mark was at a loss for a moment. He loved seeing this side of Falcon—a new depth to their experience together. But he wasn't sure how to handle what was sure to be a painfully vulnerable thing for Falcon. He hugged him tight and whispered in his ear, cooing tenderly in a way that conveyed no shame, no shred of ridicule. Tears welled in his eyes again as he recognized that Falcon really was the only one he would need for the rest of his life.

"It was the most beautiful thing for me too, love. It was a perfect moment and I'm so happy to have it with you. I'll love you forever, Gravesie."

As though by some magical hand, the radio transitioned to a mix of soft vaporwave as they hugged and nuzzled into the night, not wanting to leave the warmth of each other's bodies, and secure in the realization they would never part again.