

The Boss heard their arrival long before it came. From his comfortable chair he lounged, talons flexing upon a very expensive desk (that he'd gotten off of the back of a truck, how lucky) while the sounds of a struggle approached the thick door to his office. He knew what was coming, he knew who was being dragged his way... and that's why he continued to lounge. No preparations needed. At this point he could almost make out the words his newest guest was shouting as the group approached his door.

Knock knock knock

The peacock stretched himself out, each limb shivering for a moment before he curled back up into a comfortable roosting position. He waved his hand as he spoke, just for himself.

"Come in, come iiiiin~"

The door immediately burst open, a little bear shoved in by his escorts as soon as they had the peacock's permission to do so. He hit the ground with a thud and a groan, and had only a second to try and scramble to his feet before one of the men who hauled him in (a thick rhino named Sam, one of the Boss's favorites) had him by the hands and neck, his ursine muzzle smeared across carpeted floor. He huffed and continued to struggle, while the Boss leaned up from his seat and surveyed. The sort-of-silence was eventually broken, and by exactly the person you would expect.

"You might as well let me go or kill me," the little bear growled, partially muffled by the carpet fibers creeping into his nose and mouth, "because you're not going to break me. These dipshits couldn't and you won't either!"

The peacock's expression did not change. Instead, he shifted his sleepy gaze from the bear to the rhino holding him, as well as the powerfully pec'd panther standing near the door.

"This is him, I imagine? Willy, right?"

"Yeah Boss," said Sam, grunting the teensiest bit as he held the struggling bear in his grasp. It would have been a lot easier if he could break the little prick's neck like he was fantasizing about, but the Boss was very particular about how they treated guests.

"And none of the usual stuff worked, then?"

"No, it didn't! Nothing will, and I-mmfmfm!" Willy's voice was soon for the floor only, as Sam shoved him face-first into it. The big bird behind the desk gave him a smile and a nod (the rhino's heart fluttered), and then turned to the panther, who was ready to answer.

"No Boss," the feline said, trying to keep his gaze locked on the peacock even though he very much wanted to watch the bear's snout get creamed against the carpet, "None of the usual stuff worked. Not even the sphere."

"Interesting," the peacock cooed, pushing himself up from his chair. He strut his way around the desk towards the front, settling into a leaning sit while he resumed studying the bear. Willy caught a glimpse of his face for only a second while he

struggled, but those eyes made quite the impression nevertheless--he turned away himself, no head-twisting with Sam's massive hand required. The peacock smirked and said:

"Then you did the right thing, bringing him here," the Boss leaned forward from his perch, his massive ass spilling across the edge of the desk. Tall but lithe, all except that one particular place between his hips.

"No weapons on him right?"

"No Boss," Sam grunted, and the panther affirmed with a nod.

"You're sure."

"Yes Boss!" they both shouted in unison. The panther's dick shifted in the front of his pants, which the peacock pretended not to notice.

"Good. Leave us, then. I'll take care of him."

Willy could not believe what happened next. "Yes Boss!" ejaculated from both of the dumb mooks' mouths without hesitation; the rhino let him go a second later, speedwalking over to his compatriot at the door. Without a word they left, and it was only the bird and bear. This big, important bird, and the little bear his organization had been trying to hypnotize/brainwash/reprogram for an entire day, to no avail. A little bear who had been shouting threats and curses and the like at them, and at this bird specifically (even if they hadn't met until this moment). Said already, but it stood to be repeated: Willy could not believe the sheer arrogance. He was prepared to make this bird pay for it, though.

"Don't waste my time trying to leave, by the way," the peacock chirped as the bear shakily began to stand, "They're at the door waiting. So--"

"Stupid prick," the bear hissed, leaping towards the bird as soon as he was on his feet, "You're dead!" A dumb idea, to be sure. Not only were there several muscular (and armed) men waiting just outside, waiting specifically for the sound of a single distressed squawk, but the whole "little bear" and "big bird" thing wasn't just in reference to their social stature--the bear was hardly half the bird's height. Still, Willy had to try. This was an opportunity too good to pass up, and taking this guy out was the whole reason why he was here, after all. With one fist clenched and the other ready to grab a neck or some balls or whatever was most vulnerable and also in reach, Willy lunged. The bird snorted and shook his behind, a soft *fwt* sound heralding the most beautiful sight that the little bear had ever seen.

Willy stopped dead in his tracks, not that he told his body to do so. So many eyes stared at him, their sparkling beyond simple iridescence; the vision of those shimmering tail feathers was divine. So gorgeous. The way they swayed, the way they looked at him, so lovingly. Their light made him feel warm, his whole body kind of tingly. There was a song in the air, he could swear. It made him feel like he was floating towards, amongst the feathers. They lapped at his bare fur, and each touch was electric. His dick was hard, flexing. He just noticed that each eye had a color, and all for him; each one

wanted to show him something special. If he looked close enough he could see it, and he'd never have to stop...

The bear blinked and shook himself. An Eyehook script, definitely. Wait, they were in meatspace--those didn't work. Well it had to be something like that, and that sure made it all make sense. All the rumors about the peacock being able to overwhelm anyone, no matter their preparations or willpower; all that talk about people finding themselves close to him forever as soon as he "sets his eyes on them"; the fact that he could supposedly get anyone anywhere to suck his dick, no matter how much of a top they were; that wasn't even a quarter of the hearsay, but Willy already had enough of a reason in all of that to go through with this. Imagine all the adulation that awaited him when he took down a guy this scary! He could see it now, all his hacker buddies begging to know the secret of how he bested New Fornia's Bluebird of Bliss, as he was called. He could scarcely hide his smile as he imagined it, so instead he leaned into it, remembering he was supposed to be performing subterfuge here.

"Pretty..." Willy said as he stared, really laying it on thick. He didn't need to know exactly how this trick worked to know how to beat it; if it worked like every other kind of Eyehook script all he needed to do was focus on the fact that his gaze was stuck, but the rest of him wasn't. The mind tended to follow the eyes, but as long as he let his glaze over uselessly his brain could continue to plot, and pretend.

"Why yes, I am," the Boss said, his feathers swaying gently while the sound of fluttering silk filled the air, "and you'll get to appreciate the prettiest parts of all. Aren't you lucky?"

"Lucky..." Willy responded dumbly. Seemed like the peacock was buying it, and was moving onto his next completely predictable action, revealing his dick. Yup, Willy could-wow, what a scent. Presumably all the Boss did was open up his robe, and yet suddenly the smell of his sweaty cock was flooding Willy's nostrils. He really wanted to get a good look at the thing, for posterity, but the tail feathers wouldn't let his gaze go. That's fine, he knew what the peacock was going to do next--yup, there was the sound of some slight rubbing as the bird made sure his dick was as hard as possible. All according to the little bear's plan... blunder an assault attempt, and then lure the bird into a false sense of security by pretending he got enthralled. He licked his lips, to make sure he was amply prepared.

"Open wide, Willy," the Boss cooed, and the bear's jaw dutifully dropped, "Taste bliss."

It was, oh holy shit it was. The dickhead was of an average enough size, but the whole thing was long, and covered in so many lovely ridges and bumps and textures as it slid into his snout, deep into the back of his throat. The peacock yanked it out so he could whap Willy's nose, splashing a bit of saliva upon it--the bear would have minded, but it gave him an excellent opportunity to lick up and down the length a few times, really enjoy every feeling this long dong had to offer. The taste was superb, emboldened

by the scent of testosterone that was peeling off of it in waves that seemed almost visible. Speaking of, those tail feathers had finally fallen, and it was easy to see why.

“Ahh, ahhh~”

The peacock was leaning back on the desk, spine bent, eyes closed, and beak full of soft little songs; luxuriating in it. Willy let an evil smile curl around the dick in his mouth, for just a moment, as his opportunity inched ever closer. Soon the peacock would cum, and the electrical-signal-emitting-diodes embedded in Willy’s tongue would activate. The appropriate signals would be shot into the bird’s brain, and the process would begin. All he had to do was make this big bird cum. Easy.

Still... was it enough? Yes, the Boss was cooing endlessly, the praise falling constantly upon Willy’s bobbing head, and yes, his cock sure was hard, throbbing. The bird’s body and brain were clearly alight with pleasure, practically putty in Willy’s paws. Yet, the little bear was not one for taking chances, now more than ever. He would make this bird cum, harder than he ever had in his life, really get him good. But how? Willy rubbed the bird’s ball sac while he sucked on the tip, scheming away in the meantime.

“*That’s it!*” the bear thought, almost able to feel the heat from the lightbulb that turned on above his head, “*That ass!*” That ass, huge and wobbling right at the edges of Willy’s periphery; something the bear wasn’t even touching but the bird was still enjoying plenty, grinding it on his equally wobbling desk. Clearly this bird loved to have his butt played with, and considering how big the damn thing was, the bear couldn’t blame him. Going to town on those cheeks was a surefire way to make the bird cum, but even more than that, his sensitive asshole would be just as receptive to the little bear’s tongue signals as the cock. Probably more so, Willy had to assume, even if he couldn’t think of an especially good reason why at the moment. Either way, it was definitely a good idea.

Willy gave the Boss’s cock one last loud slurp (and then a few more for good measure), before pulling off of that rigid dick with pop. It smacked his forehead as his snout traveled down, down to the balls, sniffing them and licking and then moving even further down, down that hot taint and into the cheeky crevasse beyond. The peacock didn’t even try to resist, and was moaning and pulling his cheeks apart without any prompting at all--it was just too easy. Willy smirked, and haughtily too, not that anyone could see that with him being snout-deep in bird taint. After a little more shifting, a few more encouraging licks, and two bear hands on two bird thighs, the Boss was on his back atop his desk and crowing away. His dick slapped wetly against his exposed tummy, thick string of pre connecting both.

As soon as Willy’s gaze caught sight of that winking bird asshole, he dove, tongue first. Sure it was enticing--a meaty sight to feast upon just as much as that lengthy dick, sensitive pink flesh to kiss and thick cheeks to nuzzle and everything else to lick--but the bird was getting close, he could feel it, smell it, sense it. He just needed to go to town on this hole and *he’d* be the boss around here; so he did. His big tongue

dragged across the creased flesh, long strong licks that probed hard against the spasming ring, the space between the Boss's cheeks soon so much more slick than his dick had gotten. Snuffling fat cheeks that clapped hard around his head; kissing that birdhole with as much gusto as his eventual husband on their wedding day, tongue included; pressing his face so hard and deep into that *thick* space that when he finally pulled out his vision was tunneling. Willy did more, he was sure of it, but it was all lost in the humidity that swirled around his head as he slurped up that bird ass.

It was around the third counterclockwise swirl of Willy's tongue that the birdsong fluttering out the other end started to get a lot more frenetic, and his cheeks really started to quiver. The bird's limbs were stretching out, and despite the fact that his cock was entirely untouched it was leaking like a faucet. Willy couldn't see any of that (all he could see was ass feathers), but he could feel it, and hear plenty besides. He stopped with the teasing and just went for it, lick after lick after lick punishing that flexing bird asshole, going hard and deeper and sloppier with each one. The avian responded immediately, the spasms in his ass spreading to the rest of his body in no time. Willy really took his time with one of the licks in particular, and as he did, those cheeks flexed around his head.

"Ahhahh, ff, fuck!"

The Boss's body quaked. His dick shot like a rocket, and his ass smothered Willy's face. The bear pushed on his hole as much as he could with his tongue the whole time that the bird orgasmed, because he didn't come this far just to fuck up at the end. He came here to get close to the Boss, and there wasn't any closer than this. Long, loving licks, feeling the flesh shift beneath.

Eventually the quivering stopped, and the bird's breathing began to normalize. His cheeks, which were oh so tight, finally relaxed, and released the bear. Willy more or less fell out of that downy ass, shaking his head as breath returned to his lungs. He smiled at the sight before him: a tranquilized pile of feathers, that was surely feeling the effects of his tonguefuck at this very moment. Willy's ears perked when he heard a knock at the door.

"Ahh, hahah, come, come~" the bird barely managed to warble. The door slowly opened, and Sam peeked his head in. For a moment Willy was worried, but his fears were quickly assuaged.

"Dang Boss, got him already?"

"O-oh, yes," the bird groaned, slowly pushing himself up from the top of the desk, "he's done. And he's good, too."

"But that was only fifteen minutes!"

"Did I fuckin' stutter?"

"No, Boss!"

The little bear couldn't believe his luck. Not only had the bird not noticed what Willy had done to him, apparently the rhino couldn't tell either--his plan had gone better

than he could have ever dreamed. Just before he got too lost imagining what all this newfound power could afford him, he shook himself, and rejoined the conversation.

“Yes, he’ll be staying close to me. I haven’t had a tongue fuck that good in awhile.”

“Really? Somebody this new?”

“Look at him. You think that’s someone capable of betraying me?”

Sam shot a glance at the little bear, and Willy could swear he saw a flash of pity in the rhino’s eyes while he looked at his face. What a rube.

“Heh. Well no, Boss.”

Willy couldn’t help but smile, and smile big at that. Why not? They thought *he* was under the Boss’s control, when he knew deep down it was the opposite. That gorgeous ass was his, now. He’d get to kiss, and lick, and worship it all he wanted, just like he came here for. In fact, why not give the bird another taste of who was calling the shots here? Willy slid back under those tail feathers, and started giving those cheeks a kiss. The bird cooed, and his train shook.

“Wow, you’re right Boss. He’s gone.”

“See?”

Willy chuckled to himself, before going in for a big smooch on the right cheek. Eating out of the palm of his hand, and they didn’t even know it. He could get used to being in charge.