

A Bird Gotta Breed

Kirisha knocks on the door to a small summer home out in the countryside. The warm wind blows across her green scales. Her leather jacket creaks, her black leather attire with fishnet bra is a teasing delight for any who would lay eyes upon her. The anthropomorphic Utahraptor, grins, her yellow predatory eyes ready to gaze upon her friend when she presses the doorbell.

A few moments pass, the door opens a short four foot and a half nevrean, standing in the door frame. Their wild blue and purple feathers are a delightful mix with soft green eyes. His beak yellow at the base but tipped with a light blue, he lets out a soft chirp, wearing some rock band clothes, which included a black lace fishnet shirt. He smiles upon seeing her, "Kirisha! How wonderful to see you. Thank you for taking the time to come visit my private summer home. And for not telling anyone where it is. Last thing I need is the paparazzi to know where to find me."

"I've known you before you hit it big, deary. I'm glad that you took the time to want to see me."

"And I bet you're curious about what I got you."

Kirisha lets out a soft chuckle, "I would have come, gift or no gift. But you could say I am tickled pink with curiosity. But first, how have you been?"

"Been busy but my little vacation time off tour has been great in getting my bird juices going again. In a few weeks I think I'll be ready to hit the road again," he says, taking a step back motioning her to come in.

Kirisha towers over him at six feet tall. Her open toe high heels click against the hardwood floors of the entrance way, "You're a hard-working bird. And glad you managed to get some time for yourself. Where should I keep my things? I left them in the car."

Dasaki peers down his driveway seeing the sleek automobile. A smile creeps across his face, "Don't worry about that for now. We can get them later. Why don't you take your shoes off and meet me in the living room? I have my special gift for you in there," he says, closing the door.

She reaches down unstrapping her black shoes, her claws twitching, tail raised, giving Dasaki a nice view of her tight leather covered rear, which creaks under her movement, "You are eager to show me this, aren't you?"

The bird's feather's rise up in enjoyment but quickly he pats them down, his long tail with a spade end bouncing as he walks over toward the living room, his claws tapping across the ground, "Well you can say I am very eager to see how this is going to turn out. I had to pull some strings to get this made to fit my exact specifications, and I just wanted you to be the one to try it out. As if I am to be honest here, you are a perfect fit for it," he says with a trilling chirp of excitement.

The raptor lets out an inquisitive purr, stepping onto the hardwood floor, her claws tapping while her sickle claw remains high. Her hips sway as her hefty bust bounces with each step, the fishnet helping them keep them aloft. She sees him hop onto the couch; the soft leather

cushioned seats barely register his lightweight body as there's a large white box on the middle cushion. He sits on the far end of the couch, looking at you with eagerness, his black claws drumming across the box, "I hope you like it."

Kirisha walks over to him, sitting on the other end of the box, "I have never seen you so eager before. What is it that you have in here that has gotten you this worked up?"

"You'll see, open it and it will all become clear," he chirps.

"Alright, alright, just hold your horses and let me get a look," she says, cracking open the box, the soft scent of rubber floods the room. Though something about the rubber smell that is different than the rubber she's used to, but she just can't put her claw on it. Regardless, inside she sees a large green striped rubber suit of some kind. She pulls it out of the box, parts of it are heftier than they ought to be for a rubber attire. She pulls it along the couch, watching it extend, and smooth out automatically, as if it's ready and wanting to be worn, self-preparing itself as she unfolds it, eventually revealing a full bodied sleek feral rubber raptor attire based on her own colors.

She runs her claws along the rubber outfit feeling how slick it is, eyeing Dasaki who can't help but give an avian grin of delight, feathers rising up, "What do you think?"

"Leather is more my jam, but rubber is good too. Though, you got me a feral rubber raptor attire? Based on my colors?"

"Ah yup!" he chirps.

"You knew I wanted to try out a feral raptor suit for a while. Get something fun toward my ancient heritage."

"I did, though any kind that would be non-rubber would be far more difficult to obtain. I thought if you wanted to see how it goes, a bit of cheaper rubber would go a long way."

"Dasaki... the one thing I know about you, is that you aren't cheap."

"Guilty... but this provides far more balance and options than other suits."

"Does it now?"

"Oh yes, just slip it on, and let the suit auto adjust around you, and you'll be a feral raptor in no time."

"Well dear, I can't say no to a thoughtful gift like this. Is there anything I should know before trying this on?"

"According to what I've been told, it works best on full skin contact."

"Meaning?" she asks, shooting him an inquisitive look.

"That you'd have to be naked while wearing."

Kirisha sighs, "Really?"

"Would I lie to you about such a detail Kirisha?" he asks with a soft chirp, leaning on the empty box.

"Alright, alright, but you will wait in the other room. I'll call you when I'm done."

"I'm sure you will," he says with a soft chirp, walking off into the other room, his footsteps clearly heard growing softer.

She shakes her head, “He’s such a great guy but a real perv sometimes. Still can’t accept that I like women. Not that I can blame him, with a body like mine? Who man or woman could resist,” she says with a domineering grin, opening the front of the suit, slipping the tail into the back. The rubber softly squeaks and creaks as she tugs herself into the suit, stepping into the leggings, feeling her sickle claw match up with the suit’s reinforced sickle claw rubber toes. Her feet popping in, with a gentle squeeze around her ankles.

“Well, this does feel rather nice,” she mutters to herself, reaching into the suit, slipping her arms into the suit, the rubber grinds against her back, along her thighs, shifting around her, almost as if it wants to be worn. The attached head is heavy, she feels it dangle behind her back while she pulls the rest herself into the suit, the front chest wraps around her breasts squeezing them slightly but as she seals the front, she feels the suit begin to fill out a bit, hiding her anthropomorphic features.

“Oh that does feel weird yet nice, how much did this cost to do this?” she comments, slipping her head into the suit her muzzle slipping in first, head popping into the cavity, her mouth filled with rubber, feeling the latex grip around her head, filling around her moments later as the suit seals itself around her, her body slowly beginning to be forced into a T shaped standing position, the tail gaining weight to counterbalance, providing stability to her awkward position that begins to feel natural

“So far so good,” she says the raptor mouth moving with her own, “Oh that is interesting,” she says, the suit gripping her head tighter, soft white noise filling her ears, making her gently rub her head, “Am I hearing something?” she says looking through the suit’s eyes, seeing the room around her, but then starting to see soft swirls across her vision, making it hard to see the world around her.

“What is this?” she mutters, shaking her head, feeling her body beginning to relax. She shakes her head squirming, but soon she starts to her words within the white noise.

“Relax.”

“Breath in...”

“Breath out...”

“Don’t resist.”

“Just relax.”

“Good girl.”

Kirisha took slow deep breaths, feeling herself grow ever more relaxed. Her feral body laying across the ground in a feral like pose. She shakes her head again, rubbing her head with a soft squeak, “What is happening? I need to... relax. This feels nice... good,” she says softly, groaning feeling the rubber suit squeeze her tighter. Gently massaging her breasts, rubbing her sex, causing soft tingle of pleasure to run through her. Her body drawn deeper into a soft rubber abyss that surrounds her.

“Breath in...”

“Hold.”

“And out...”

“Good girl.”

“It’s good to be a good girl.”

“Isn’t it?”

Kirisha shivers, groaning trying to claw herself away from this growing trance, her eyes dilating, the words “Obey.” “Relax” “Serve.” “Good Girl” appears over her eyes, which are driven deep into her mind.

“I... what is... so... good...relaxing. So very relaxing.”

The soft hypnotic voice continues, “That’s it. Relax. Breath in... and out. Relax and obey. Let all your worries just melt away.”

“No worries...”

“Good girl. You were tired.”

“Yes. Tired,” she softly purrs.

“Listen and obey. No need to have any worries when you obey. And you don’t want any worries, do you?”

“Yes... no worries,” she replies, slowly breathing in and out, taking in that soft rubber scent that seems to further relax her, drawing her deeper into the trance. The rubber embracing all around her, starting to feel like a second skin.

“As long as you are safe with Master. You don’t need to worry. Do you?”

“No need to worry... safe with Master.”

“Good girl.”

Kirisha lets out a soft moan upon hearing the words.

“You love it when you are called a good girl? Don’t you?”

“Yes...”

“Good girl.”

Kirisha moans again.

“Being called a good girl, makes you so aroused. Doesn’t it?”

“Yes...”

“Good girl.”

Kirisha shivers, purring in delight her sex growing warmer, hotter, beginning to moisten.

“Good girl. And good girls love to breed. You want to breed, don’t you?”

“Yes... I want to breed.”

“Good girl.”

Kirisha shudders in delight, her body twitching, squeaking.

“You love to breed with Master. He’s the best to sire your eggs.”

“Yes. Master is the best to sire my eggs.”

“You want nothing more than to have his eggs.”

“I want nothing more than to have his eggs,” she purrs in a soft monotone voice, being drawn deeper into the trance.

“You never want to leave his service. Eager to obey Master.”

“I am eager to obey Master.”

“Good girl.”

Kirisha moans out in delight her sex twitching, almost drawing her to climax from the words alone.

“You never want to disobey Master.”

“I don’t want to disobey Master.”

“You love Master.”

“I love Master.”

“You exist for Master and his children.”

“I exist for Master and his children.”

“You want to have Master Dasaki’s children with ever fiber of your being.”

“I’d love nothing more than to have Master Dasaki’s children.”

“Good girl.”

Kirisha gives a raptoric chirp in delight.

“You will never want to leave this trance.”

“I will never want to leave this trance.”

“Each time you hear the words good girl. You will be driven deeper into this trance.”

“Every time I hear the words, I will be driven in deeper into this wonderful trance.”

“Good girl.”

Kirisha moans again.

“You never want to leave Master.”

“I never want to leave Master.”

“You are horny for Master.”

“I am horny for Master.”

“Submissive for Master.”

“Submissive for Master.”

“You are a good girl for Master.”

“I am a good girl for Master.”

“Good girl.”

Kirisha moans.

“Master’s word is law.”

“Master’s word is law.”

“He is your everything.”

“Master is my everything.”

“You are in heat for Master.”

“I am in heat for Master.”

“You are always in heat for Master.”

“I am always in heat for Master,” she says, her sex burning with unending desire. Her loins dripping with lust and desire.

“Good girl. You will now beg for Master.”

“Yes... I will beg for Master,” she chirps, letting out a raptoric purr. Her head shaking finding herself on the ground, body squeaking, burning with need. Her nostrils flare, the suit gripping her fully, allowing realistic feral raptor movements. Her nostrils flare, sniffing out for Master, “Master? Where are you Master?”

Dasaki steps into the room, his purple cock out and throbbing, dribbling with pre cum. The bird’s claws are covered in slick pre-cum as he was slowly teasing and rubbing himself as he listened onto Kirisha’s moans and groans, falling deeper into the trance, “Here I am my pet,” he chirps, “Do you like your gift?”

“I love it Master,” she purrs, hiking her tail, “And I can only think of one way to repay you for something so wonderful.”

“Oh? And what would that be?” he asks, walking up to her, the nevrean looking even smaller compared to the rest of her body. He looks up seeing her dripping wet cloaca, eager to have him take her.

“Please Master. Breed me. I want nothing more than to have your eggs.”

“But you're a raptor. And I’m a nevrean. I don’t think we are a compatible species,” he says with a soft chirp, reaching up to give her sex a soft and tender stroke, diving his digits into the rubber sex, feeling Kirisha’s real sex just underneath.

Kirisha lets out a soft moan, squeezing his digits, “We don’t know till we try Master. And we can try several times till we get it right,” she purrs.

“That’s a good girl,” he says, seeing Kirisha visible shudder, hot juices dripping out of her sex.

“Yes Master. Anything for you.”

“I know my darling pet. Now get onto your back, submissively show that belly and tender folds to your Master.”

“Yes Master!” she says with a raptoric chirp, laying onto the ground, rolling onto her back with a squeak, spreading her legs, showing off her sex, eyeing up at Dasaki who is a fraction her total size with submissive need, “Like this Master?” she asks, pulling her claws against her chest, adding to the submissive pose.

“That’s it. Such a good girl you are for Master,” he says with a chirp, climbing onto her body, his throbbing cock grinding against her sex.

His words sent a squirm of hot female juices over his member, her body aching to be taken. To be fucked by him., “Please Master. Breed me. Take me. I want nothing more than you to have me.”

“Well, if you insist. How could I say no to such a sweet good clever girl like yourself,” he says, spreading her legs wider. Slipping himself into her hot folds, letting out a soft grunting moan as her flesh and rubber squeeze his length with equal tightness. His pre-cum dribbling into her.

Kirisha groans, arching her back, keeping a submissive pose like a well-trained dog, eager to have a bone. She pants heavily, milking master’s length. Looking up at him with wanting need, so very eager to be taken by him. Her body driven into a deep hypnotic over drive

of lustful delights. Her body churns out into a full heat, ready to ovulate and take his seed. His member burns a pleasure mark into her body and mind, a symbol of her need to have him in her. A hole being driven into her soul that could only be filled by his cock.

Dasaki with eagerness and a week's worth of pent-up delight slams himself into her. The much smaller and overall weaker bird, having total control over the large and powerful raptor. His smaller stature at this moment meant nothing to the power and control that he now wields over Kirisha's body and mind.

Each thrust is an explosion of pleasure that further straps Kirisha down into a status of housewife servitude. Her body bucking up against his thrusts, only enough to add to his pleasure, and partially her own, having his dick be driven deeper into her. Her folds ready to explode with female cum, ready to be taken and flooded by his seed. Already as the buildup grows, a heavy addiction to his cock is burned into her mind.

"Oh Master. Please... harder. Faster. I need you in me. I need you to fill me with your eggs. I want it more than anything," Kirisha moans, her eyes glazed over with delight. Her body milking and squeezing his delightful cock, her feral raptor claws twitching. The sickle claw digits going into "kill mode" over and over again, but harmlessly away from her Master as she is brought to the abyss and wants nothing more to dive right in.

Dasaki could barely contain himself. He's wanted this moment more than the hypnotized and brainwashed Kirisha now does. Not that he'd ever tell her that. He slams himself hard into her. Bouncing off her crouch, the rubber adding to it, allowing him to pound faster and harder into her. He pants loudly, claws rubbing and squeezing her body, finding purchase on her form as he takes her for all she's worth and then some. Soon climaxing hard in a trill of delight.

The moment her folds feel the hot bird seed feeding her folds, she hungrily accepts it. She trills in delight, climaxing hard, brought over the edge by the mere fact that Master is finally filling her with seed. A chance to have his eggs overtaken her mind. Her instincts to breed and have children completely wired to this one bird. Her one and only Master.

She doesn't relent, and neither does Dasaki as he continues to pound into her, having her drain him of his first of many loads....

Weeks later Kirisha, still trapped within the rubber outfit, which was now in an anthropomorphic mode, looking exactly like Kirisha's normal self except now looking like a rubber raptor. Her belly was round, her tail hiked. Wearing the bare minimum of a skirt, as she worked around the house, keeping it clean. Getting ready for when the little ones will arrive. She can feel them moving in her belly, those wonderful eggs, ready to be laid. Her breasts swelling a full size, in the steady preparation of the needy mouths that they will need to feed.

Suddenly she felt a contraction, her sex squirted out, "Master!" she exclaims, rushing over to him as he fiddled with his guitar in his private practice room. She looked at him with delight, her sex clenching.

Dasaki looks up with a smile, "What is it love?"

"It's time!" she says with a soft pant.

“Wonderful. To the hatchery,” he says, getting up, reaching up to Kirisha’s wonderful bulge of a belly, feeling the eggs within, the rubber smooth and delight, squeaking softly against his claws, “Such a good girl.”

Kirisha moans, almost climaxing, “Not now Master, we need to get to the hatchery first!” she pants following Dasaki to a room upstairs, that is designed for temperature control and egg storage. The room big enough to fit several dozen eggs and the resulting hatching. Kirisha moves over to a soft bed where there is a catch shoot that will tenderly and gently catch the eggs and move them down to a soft individual bed storage.

Kirisha positions herself, feeling her sex clench, while Dasaki climbs up beside her, gently rubbing that belly, feeling himself grow in eagerness, eyeing her lovely pet growing so close to her first laying.

“Such a good girl, so eager to have the first clutch of mine.”

Kirisha moans, almost climaxing again, “Thank you Master,” she purrs. Dasaki goes over to give her hefty breasts a soft and tender squeeze as she pants, feeling the eggs build up, lining up in a row within her, pressing against her folds, spreading them slowly.

“You know pet. I should quality control these,” he says, his claws running across her nipples, giving them a firm and tender squeeze, tugging at them as white raptor milk drips out of her real breasts, through the rubber coating, giving the perfect impression she is a lactating rubber raptor.

“Master...” she moans, watching him lean in and give the milk a soft tender lick.

“Hmm, I need more to fully quantify how good it is,” he says, leaning in, giving her breasts a soft suckle, while keeping one hand on her belly, feeling the eggs shift and move within her, as she pants and moans, the first egg slipping out of her. The soft green and blue shell of the first youngin, glistening in her juices as it rolls down the shoot, gently being taken and put into its spot, the machinery designed to take it, preparing for the next.

Kirisha gasps in delight, her belly shrinking in size as each egg pops out of her, Dasaki drinking down the raptor’s fine mother’s milk, tasting its sweetness, knowing it’s not needed yet as the eggs have plenty of time till they are ready to hatch. At the end of it, there are five eggs in total that were laid, leaving Kirisha exhausted but feeling a warmth of delight. Enjoying Dasaki’s tongue on her nipple, watching him slowly pull away.

“You know my pet. If I don’t take you out of the suit now. They say the effects might be permanent and you’d be better off in there, as my rubber raptor pet. What do you think about that?”

Kirisha looks at her Master and only one thing comes to mind, “Next time... can I lay the eggs as a feral?” she asks with a soft chirp.

Dasaki chuckles leaning in to give her snout a soft and tender kiss, “Sure. Anything for my good girl.”