

# Risky Beakness

By M. E. Vehnt



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## Chapter 1: The Need

Eva stared out of a small hole at the back of her and Raphael's hollow, watching a line of ants crawling down a branch outside. Raphael was out foraging and the fledglings were off in the school flock. The day was not too muggy yet—that time of day when she had finished cleaning up the hollow and preening her feathers and now there was little to do.

Then she saw a flash of blue feathers outside. It was Blu, darting through the treetops. He always rambled when he flew, haphazardly dodging one way, then the other, like a butterfly that's uncertain where to land. It's no wonder, Eva thought to herself, with how late in life he learned to fly. After a moment, though, it became clear that he was coming her way. She felt a thrill in her breast. It would be refreshing to have some company, especially *male* company.

Soon Blu lurched in mid-flight, right above Eva's tree, as though he had found something he was searching for. He flailed and spiraled down towards the hollow and landed with a clumsy thump on the landing branch outside.

"Raphael! Raphael! I'm here!" Blu poked his head through the entrance to the hollow.

Blu was surprised to find Eva standing just inside the entrance, leaning far over, picking up some unseen object from the floor. Her tail was high to avoid the wall and she leaned so far over that Blu saw a flash of pink among her crimson butt fluff.

Blu stammered and looked away, his beak corners flushed, “Oh! S-Sorry! I... uh...”

Eva raised back up and turned around, waving her long lashes slowly as she blinked. Her yellow-green breast was puffed out and the skin around her eyelids seemed more brilliant blue and purple than Blu had previously noticed. Her chestnut eyes were like polished nobs of warm hardwood. Her eyelids were at half-mast and she wore a mellow smile.

“Blu! What a pleasant surprise! Won’t you come in?” she said in a thick Brazilian accent. She stepped back to one side as an invitation for Blu to pass by her into the hollow.

Blu’s wide eyes and pinkened beak corners belied his flustered mental state. Without thinking, he followed Eva’s lead and stepped into the hollow, brushing her soft feathers as he passed. The scent of her washed over him as he penetrated her personal space. It was a different bouquet than that of his mate Jewel, probably born of the berries and bugs that her species preferred. But underneath the smells of her diet and habitat, he detected something that was just hers—an unctuous feminine odor that tugged on his beak like a ring in the snout of a boar, inexorably pulling his attention towards something unseen.

Blu glanced around and saw that no one else was at home. Yet, he asked the unnecessary question, “Is Raphael at home?” He turned back towards Eva, “We were supposed to...”

Blu stopped in mid-sentence because Eva was right behind him, pressing her beak unusually close to his face. It was smooth and shiny, freshly conditioned by preen oil, and it radiated more of her intoxicating fragrance. Blu followed the edge of her beak with his eyes, up until he met Eva’s sultry stare.

Blu puckered his vent and it suddenly seemed more moist than it was a moment ago. Eva saw his tail bob and knew she was on the right track.

“Senhor Blu, as you can see, I am alone. Raphael will not be back for several hours. But, please... Stay a while. I have so wanted to get to know you better.”

Blu swallowed hard. “I uh...” His eyes darted between Eva and the doorway, which seemed far, far away behind Eva’s shapely body. His heartbeat hastened and he felt tight in the chest.

“Won’t you please have some berries? The children picked them this morning!” Eva pointed her bill to a leafy bowl filled with black berries.

“No. Uh, no thank you... I licked some... already... this morning.” Blu’s tongue quivered in his open beak

Eva stepped closer. “Then perhaps I can interest you in other... desserts.” Eva stroked her beak down the side of Blu’s neck, down his back, then down around under his right leg and back up his front. He was surprised at how precisely she applied pressure and how the careful stroking electrified his senses. As her beak came up under his, she opened it and showed her pink, glistening tongue. He smelled her hot breath and found himself leaning into her beak. Before he knew it, he was locked to her bill and their tongues were touching.

For a moment, his brain came up for a breath of reality and he pulled back. "I, uh... we... can't... can we? What would our mates say?"

Eva smirked, "They will never know. They have no reason to suspect anything. You are a macaw. I am a toucan. How...?" Her pupils constricted and widened again as she sighed. "How could we possibly be mates?" She cursed something in Portuguese and wagged her beak to punctuate her following remark, "Wouldn't I like to know! Mmm... I bet a big bird like you could do such naughty things to a small hen like me."

Blu glanced at the doorway again, then back at Eva and she saw his resolve melting. "Really? You want me to show you how I like to make love?" His tail bobbed again as he winked his moistened vent lips.

Eva continued, "Indeed I do. I yearn for a man to make love with the creativity of an artist. Mmm... darling, make me your canvas and I'll be your work of art..."

Blu swallowed and exhaled, his eyes caressing the shape of the fluffed hen before him.

Eva pressed her breast to Blu's and wrapped her neck around his while she rubbed the side of his tail with her bill. She gave a low, hungry, womanly moan and rubbed the other side of his tail. "Come, let us not talk... Eu quero fazer amor contigo."

Eva fluttered her tail and Blu heard her heart beat quicken. It sent a thrill up through his loins and made his mouth water, thirsting to explore under those tail feathers. He leaned into her beak and tasted her tongue again. It was delicious and there would be no turning back.

## Chapter 2: Esta cloaca está húmida por você

Eva's eyelids relaxed and she smiled larger than she had smiled in a long time. She forgot all about her boredom, her motherly worries, and her thousand other family responsibilities. She was as a fresh, young lady again about to have her first taste of mating. She leaned down to the ground, pulling Blu along with her eyes, until she was on her back, her legs spread wide.

Blu's head feathers fluffed up as he found himself staring straight at Eva's prominently displayed cloaca. The lips were plump and smooth and pink with just a hint of the shiny inner membranes showing. Surrounding this was a pillow of red plumage, parted for maximum exposure of her sex. Even the most clueless male bird would recognize that she was not just willing but was demanding to be fucked.

Eva batted her eyelashes. Her expression was warm and lusty but her eyebrows added a hint of desperation to her words. "Gostoso, esta cloaca está húmida por você, viu?"

Blu dropped to his breast between her feet, letting the smooth skin, plump slit, and soft feathers burn a permanent image of delicious sex in his brain. He closed his eyes, still seeing the spread before him, as he focused on the sensation of pressing his tongue to Eva's ripe egg hole. She stretched open her wings as she gave a heated groan and spread her toes. She whimpered as Blu's tongue traced slowly around her opening and she shuddered as he pressed his fat tongue into the juicy center.

Eva's cloaca tasted fresh and salty and carried the unctuous scent of an oviduct that was already secreting the juices to sustain sperm and build eggs. Blu's tongue probed her oviduct opening, tucked neatly away inside her folds, and as he tickled it, she moaned loudly and pressed out. Her cloaca blossomed like a flower and her vaginal opening swelled into view, a coital response reserved only for mating. Juices bubbled up around Blu's tongue and the sweet taste fogged his mind and made his vent dribble. He pulled his tongue out slowly and the sucking sensation made Eva churn and pant. Blu's tongue exited with a moist smack and he looked up at her beckoning eyes.

Eva was panting and frowning like a little girl that just had dropped her ice cream cone. She saw there was no longer any reluctance in Blu's hot blue eyes and mischievous beak. She saw her fluids dripping from the tip and wanted to taste it.

"Kiss me!" she pouted.

Blu shuffled forward and settled his fluffy breast down on hers and pressed his open beak to the side of hers. Their tongues entwined like the lewd dance of two mating worms, their pink fleshy lingua encircling, pulsating, and slathering together. His tail came down gently against hers and their vents softly kissed. He pulled his beak back slightly and rubbed his moist cloaca gently against hers making her flutter her long lashes and arch her back in response.

Blu smiled like the proud new owner of a Ferrari about to go for his first drive. His dear Jewel would never get this unhinged. For the first time ever in matters of love, maybe in anything, he felt like an expert. He was sure he could do no wrong. All his secret fantasizing would finally pay off.

"Now, my dear, I will show you how we macaws like to do it."

Hot membranes pulsed and slid together as Blu slowly gyrated his lower body in tender circles. Eva's legs and wings spread slowly, easing outward just as her vent was smoothed and widened by Blu's

expert cloacal kissing. She stretched her head back and arched her lower spine, not completely in control as her pudendal plexus exerted its impulses towards orgasm. Her genital eminence, the avian equivalent of a clitoris, swelled against Blu's caress and her oviduct gushed with a wave of sperm-nourishing fluid. Her beak and facial skin glowed pink and her pupils were like two starry holes in her narrowed, dreamy eyes. She began moaning with every quick breath and the feathers all over her body stood on end.

Inside Blu's body, his nuts were tightening already. He felt the pressure on the sides of his cloaca and a growing urge to press in and empty his paired ejaculatory ducts. He closed his eyes and winked his hole, heightening the sensation of pressure in his cloaca. His mouth watered and he felt the approach of orgasm, like reaching for the gunnel of an unruly rowboat rocking in the waves.

Blu looked into Eva's moist eyes and smoothly spoke, in a suave, manly tone that surprised Eva. "OooooohhhHHH, you are too hot for words... wink your lovely cloaca for meee... get yourself ready to take it all..."

Eva loved it and her pink gape juiced uncontrollably. "OOOooooOOHHHH! MMMM!" Eva squirmed energetically and her cloaca winked. "Meu amor, minha cloaca está com sede! Apague-o!"

Blu swiped his tail back and forth faster, smearing their joined, juicy membranes together. His cloaca spasmed and his tail twitched faster as he let out a gravelly squawk. Eva squealed too and their tails fanned and fluttered together in unison.

In the forever instant of climax, Blu's cloaca everted outward, pressing open Eva's lovely blossom. His paired, plump ejaculatory ducts, round and pale with burgeoning sperm, slid down into Eva's plump oviduct opening. They pressed tight into the circle of flesh and erupted with streams of milky seed, washing deep down into Eva's fertile passage.

Eva writhed and her beak bobbed up and down as she screamed out in the highest pleasure she had known for ages. The only part of her body that didn't move was her cloaca, locked in a tight kiss with Blu's.

Macaw moans throbbed out from Blu's gaping beak and his tail spread open and closed in concert with each unctuous pulse of semen. But soon they slowed and so did his calls of pleasure, and his beak sank down to earth again. He breathed slowly in and out, eyes closed, focused on the buttery smooth feeling between his everted membranes and the soft, supple hole that cradled them.

Eva looked up at him, catching her breath, feeling the wash of nurturing love that only a completely satisfied woman may know. Blu's everted cloaca lay in her opening like a bird snuggled in a nest and she wanted him to stay in her forever, if that were possible. She wrapped her wings up around his body and gently urged him to lay on top of her.

Blu succumbed to her petting and melted down against her, on the verge of snoozing, such was his deep state of satisfaction. They would have to part before Raphael returned, but that seemed a far-off threat. For now they floated in bliss.

## Chapter 3: The Fire has Not Gone Out

Days passed and Blu avoided Eva. As a consequence, he saw less of Raphael also. But he needed the space while he processed what happened. There were awkward moments during nightly flock gatherings, when Blu and Jewel bumped into Raphael and Eva. They both played their usual, expected social roles, however, and managed not to arouse suspicions that neither could put the steamy tryst out of their minds completely.

Blu knew he was a rotten liar though and eventually Jewel would figure it out. He just felt it in his bones and it gnawed at him. He loved her dearly and couldn't dream of hurting her. And, yet, there were certain parts of himself that could find no adequate expression. How could he ever measure up to the heroic, organized image of a male macaw that she had grown up knowing through her father? He simply couldn't. It was a lofty standard and just not who he was deep down. He couldn't even pretend to be that. He was never any good at pretending.

Sometimes Blu wondered if he should just tell Jewel his feelings and maybe she would understand and give him permission after all. But it felt safer, and kinder, to not bring it up.

Eva spent the quiet part of her days, the times when she was alone, looking out from her hollow not really seeing the steamy jungle below. She would close her eyes and see a mass of dark blue feathers raggedly huffing and shoving against her. She could smell his fruity macaw musk mixed with vapors of cloaca juice. She heard his grunts while her heart pounded in her ears. And most of all she could feel everted, hot membranes pulsing against hers and expanding her aching oviduct with forceful streams of seed. Sometimes she would play it all back out in her mind, laid back on a pillow of moss, quietly stroking herself with a smooth-ended pleasure stick held in her talons.

For Eva, it had been an almost perfect sexual moment. Like the ones she had once enjoyed with Raphael. He was the real love of her heart, for sure, and for reasons far beyond sex. He was loyal to her, always tending to her needs, and wonderful with the chicks. He was a good husband and father and he did it all with an innocence and joy that reassured her that he really, truly loved her also.

The problem was that life had become routine. Physical passion had withered like plucked flowers. And Raphael's innocence meant that he had no creativity when it came to matters of physical love. He was also a natural sub, as she saw it. The idea of him commanding her around in sexual play was ludicrous and actually made her giggle when she imagined it. She adored him just as he was and wouldn't ask him to do something so unnatural.

But across the jungle was another male bird who was perfect for that role. He wasn't the toughest bird in the flock, but that wasn't what excited Eva anyway. He was smart, creative, and mischievous. She couldn't see being mated to him for purposes of family. But for play, those qualities were more than enough.

One sultry day, Blu and Jewel took the kids to the clay lick, a cliff of exposed red earth where the macaws gathered to supplement their diet with minerals and bathe in the waterfalls. It was a fun, active time and soon enough, everyone was dozing in the shade, hiding from the heat of noontime.

Only Blu couldn't sleep! The day's friskiness had awakened a need inside of him and all he could think of was Eva. It was foolish, but he had to find an excuse for parting company to go find her. At last, he

leaned over towards his love and whispered, "I'm feeling pretty antsy, Jewel, hon. I'm gonna go fly around. Are you ok here?"

Jewel was dreamily sagging her head and the chicks were huddled against her. "Mmm? Oh, yeah, Blu. Go have your fun."

Blu blushed slightly at those words. "Hehe, yeah. I'm just gonna go have some fun for a while."

Jewel tucked her head into her back feathers. "See ya later, hon..."

Blu flapped off into the hazy sky and stuck close to the treetops. He didn't need anyone watching his flightpath. Soon, Raphael and Eva's hollow was in sight. He had no idea if either of them were there but he didn't care. If Raphael was there, it would be a friendly visit. If Eva was alone, it could be more.

Circling the top of the nest tree, Blu couldn't see that anyone was home so he dropped closer and landed at their front door. Blu's heart was fluttering hoping to find Eva all alone, spread out on her nest, ready to fuck. But as he stepped into the doorway he saw immediately that the hollow was empty and his heart sank.

He looked around and squawked out "Hello, anyone home? Hellooooooo!"

There was no answer and Blu was about to leave. But he caught a scent from his dreams... a flowery smell that Blu had noticed during his copulation with Eva. It was pleasant jungle flowers that she had rubbed on her beak and vent. Blu had forgotten about it until now and he was pulled inside like invisible hands were tugging at his beak.

*I guess nobody will know if I go inside and for a bit,* he told himself as he stepped in hesitantly. It's a strange feeling being in someone else's private space when they aren't around. But having had an illicit sexual episode there, it was even more exciting for Blu.

He approached the nest, his heart pounding as he recalled the moment when Eva exposed her glistening opening to him. He wanted that so badly now. He stooped down and pressed his beak into the moss and inhaled deeply. It was her. The feathers, the carefully picked flowers, and the delicate, unctuous scent of her feminine cloaca. His hole throbbed and he shut his eyes, dreaming that he would open them and find her there.

"Ahhemmm!"

Blu exploded in a swirl of feathers and feet and crashed on his back in the nest. There before him was Eva, looking anything but surprised. Her eyes were half open and sultry and she was poised like a Latin hooker on a street corner in Rio de Janeiro.

"Eva!" Blu exclaimed. "What a surprise! What are you doing here?"

She stepped forward, swaying her tail. "I live here, you silly bird." She smirked. "And what are *you* doing here, meu pássaro do amor?"

"I'm uh... uh..." Blu blinked. *Isn't this what he had wanted in the first place?* He cocked his head quizzically. "Are we alone?"

Eva walked closer as Blu rolled to his feet again. They came face to face, breast to breast. "Yes, I am. And we will be for a while... long enough to... foda-se como pássaros." Her beak opened and Blu slipped his tongue into her maw. They both sighed and smiled. Their hidden desires could finally come out and play again.

Blu reached his wings forward and stroked Eva's nape and back as they pressed together. "Mmm... perfect. I couldn't stand it anymore... I had to get close to you again. There's just things that I can't do with Jewel."

"I know, love, I know. Sweet Raphael is a good bird but there's things he just doesn't do for me." Eva rubbed her beak down Blu's back. "Meu amor, let's have fun! But, I have something new. Something I've been saving for the right moment."

Blu was lost in the beak rub on his back but he lazily opened his eyes as his tongue hung out. "What is it, passion flower?"

"I have always wanted to try this... to have a male tie me up so I can't move... and have his way with me any which way he desires."

Blu's eyes widened and his brain buzzed with new thoughts like a busy beehive.

Eva smoothed Blu's head feathers back with a wingtip. "But we cannot do this here."

Blu had questions, and needs, in his child-like Blu eyes. His loins ached to be wrapped around Eva's supple rump. The delay would be worth it though. "Where can we go?"

Eva narrowed her eyes. "I have a perfect place. And, meu amor, I have hidden fun toys there for us both. Let's go!"

## Chapter 4: Playing Like Grown-Ups

They flew low along the river, Eva leading the way. The plan was that if either of them saw a familiar face, they'd veer into the forest while the other bird continued straight along. Fortunately, they didn't cross paths with any of their flock mates.

After a few miles the river widened and piled up behind a weir. There was a broken water wheel and generator shed on the bank of the river with dense forest beyond. Eva lifted her bill and soared up over the tall trees before plunging abruptly again. As Rio followed, he glimpsed where she was heading.

A long metal roof lay below them with the canopy of tropical forest billowing up around it. It was like a stick of butter sinking into a bowl of green soup, soon to be engulfed.

Eva ducked into a hole in the roof and disappeared in the darkness beyond. Blu followed but the quick change from bright sunlight to darkness blinded him temporarily. He squawked and flailed his wings into a hover until his confused eyes settled on a bright patch of sunlight in the corner. He landed clumsily, winded from the effort.

Eva wrapped her wings around Blu and nuzzled his neck. "Here we are, meu amor. Catch your breath a moment before I take it away again!" She kissed his beak with hers.

Blu looked around at the dilapidated surroundings. It was an old factory, abandoned for decades by the looks of it. There was a faded blue sign on the wall and Blu recognized it as a symbol he had seen on trucks when he lived in Minnesota. It had been a Ford factory!<sup>i</sup>

The room was vast and filled with pipes and machinery, made almost unrecognizable by decay and jungle vines that broke through the filthy, algae-stained windows. Blu recoiled at the thought of what scary things might be lurking in the black shadows and under the rotting boards below. It was definitely not up to his standards of cleanliness. Indeed, the only clean spot was the top of a huge desk in the corner of the room where they were now perched. A shaft of sunlight illuminated it like a stage and Eva was scattering fresh pink flower petals over it—the same pleasantly-scented petals that Eva loved to decorate her home with.

It wasn't much, but Blu had to admit that it was very private. There would be no need for any birds of The Flock to come here. He admired Eva's seductive, violet-lidded eyes as she scattered the petals and swayed her shapely hips. His vent throbbed to life again and his mouth watered. Satisfaction was approaching.

"Lovely, uh, place you found here, dear."

"Mmmhmm." Eva moved out of the bright light and pulled at something in a draw of the desk.

"Are you sure it's safe... here...?" Blu's voice trailed off as he saw what she was dragging out. It was a tangle of leather, buckles, and a red ball gag.

"I have an arrangement with a lovely ocelot here, dear. This is her home, see?" Eva pointed a wing up at the metal beams in the rafters.

Blu strained his eyes and shaded them with a wing. His eyes widened as his vision cleared and he saw a lanky, mottled cat staring right back at him. His heart raced but Eva simply waved and smiled. The cat grinned and swished her tail.

“I bring her information, and other things. In return, she makes sure this place stays off-limits to everyone else but me.”

The cat rose, stretched her body with a yawn, and stalked off in the opposite direction. Blu relaxed as she moved out of sight.

Eva nuzzled up to Blu’s side and held up a leather harness in one foot. “Time to play! My cloaca is ready and it aches for you. Please put this on me. Mmm... me mostre como é feito na Amazônia.”

Blu’s eyes pinned with delight. His fears melted in the wash of lust that boiled up within his breast. He took the harness in one foot and studied it as Eva watched with flushed beak and fluttering eyelashes.

“Spread it here, in the flower petals, love. It will smell so wonderful.”

Blu dragged the harness over to the bed of petals and draped it out in a way that seemed logical.

Eva strutted closer, her tail swaying wider than usual and nodded her approval, “Are you sure you’ve not done this before? You’re a natural!” She squatted down on one of the thick leather straps and lifted her tail.

Blu looked like a boy on Christmas morning. His eyes sparkled from the glinting buckles as he wrapped the leather strap slowly around Eva’s feet, wings, and body. Eva laid her beak on the desktop and purred with her tail straight up in the air. As Blu tentatively tightened the strap, she moaned and pressed her vent outwards, kissing the air with her steamy vent lips.

“Tighter, my dear! I want to be a poor little bird caught in your trap.”

“But I don’t *want* to hurt you.”

Eva turned her face to Blu and she had the cast iron look of a seasoned dominatrix with high expectations. “I *want* you to *hurt* me!” Her eyes were glistening and her beak was red at the corners. Blu wasn’t sure if she was panting from the heat and confinement or from unquenched lust. Either way, it made a deep impression on him that this was serious business. He blinked and his boyish expression melted away leaving the mature expression of an adult that knew exactly what his mistress desired.

Blu’s voice dropped low and he whispered, “Then prepare to be hurt, my love.” He placed a heavy foot on Eva’s back and stepped up, shifting his weight slowly.

Eva felt the building pressure on her back, a very pleasurable region with female birds, and she arched her tail up higher and moaned with closed eyes. Blu took the strap in his beak and placed a foot on the buckle. He gave it a hard pull and Eva moaned out loudly. Her breathing became faster and shallower. He walked up and down her back slowly, pattering his feet, making Eva squirm and moan with every touch until her tail was shaking and her eyes were moist from effort.

Blu hopped down then and approached Eva’s beak with his face. “Are you uncomfortable dear?”

Eva's eyelids were heavy and her eyebrows canted back in that crossover expression between the tragic and the orgasmic. She nodded her beak and her eyes warmed as she nuzzled Blu's cheek feathers. "Taste me, lover, and then muffle my screams of pleasure." She nodded over at the red ball gag laying nearby.

Blu bent down and slid his tongue slowly along Eva's beak until he tasted her mouth. He slipped his beak between her massive mandibles and tickled her palate with his tongue. It sent an intense tickle right between her eyeballs and through her brain. She cried out and huffed, her cloaca bulging and drooling clear droplets of fluid with each vocalization. He could hear her vent kissing the air as her tail fluttered and he knew she was already close to bursting. But she would be edging a long time yet because he had just gotten started.

## Phrases Used in the Story

This is where I'll put some translations of phrases used in the story. Most of these are from a Portuguese friend of mine and he based them on the Brazilian dialect/culture. Some I invented or looked up on my own.

“Gostoso, esta cloaca está húmida por você, viu?” (Hottie, this cloaca is moist for you, see?)

“Esta Carioca safada está pronta para transar/fuder!” (This dirty Carioca[=citizen of Rio] is ready to fuck)  
Transar is a milder language than Fuder but they mean the same thing

“Não sou muita pena pro seu caminhão, não. Minha cloaca está esperando por você.” (“You thought that I was of your league? My cloaca is waiting for you.” This is a play on words, when you think that someone is out of your league you say that they are too much sand for your truck. Here I literally say, “I am not too much feather for your truck.”)

“Posso voar bem mas quando você me chupa, aí sim, eu vou ao céu.” (I can fly well but when you suck me that's when I go to heaven).

“Metete este caralho em mim e mostra como se faz na Amazônia.” (Put that cock in me and show me how it's done in the Amazon).

“Meu amor, minha cloaca está com sede! Apague-o!” (My love, my cloaca is thirsty! Quench it!)

## Endnotes

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<sup>i</sup> Yes, indeed, Ford built a rubber plantation and latex factory in the Brazilian Amazon. It was built in the 1920s, a time when all rubber was made from trees. A town was also built and named Fordlandia.

<https://www.businessinsider.com/fordlandia-henry-ford-city-brazil-rainforest-ghost-town-photos-2018-12>