



## Prison Break

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*Falcon Graves and Steelbeak make unlikely partners in prison. But each has something that the other needs.*

**This is 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.**

**G**raves was fed up with his cell mate and it had only been a few hours since they were forced together. The idiot wouldn't shut up. To Graves he was just a big, yellow, dumb rooster with a need to make himself look important. Which probably meant he was pretty low on the totem pole in the crime organization he claimed to be a part of.

“Hey! For the tenth time already. I don’t give a fuck! So unless you want a beating, shut your beak!”

The bottom bunk made a steely squeaking sound as Steelbeak sat down on it. Falcon stared out the bars at the front of their cell, his eyes closed, listening to the background noise of brooms sweeping, inmates whistling, and random footsteps and quiet conversation in the large hall that all the prison cells faced into. It was his first day in this joint, having been convicted of multiple counts of theft and scams. He mind was swimming with how quickly it had all come down after being apprehended at the “It” event. If it hadn’t been for some kids and the detestable Mark Beaks, he would be soaking in tropical sunshine sipping fruity cocktails and getting a blowjob from an exotic duck that could barely speak English. He adjusted his crotch at the thought of it.

Meanwhile the bed started squeaking rapidly as Steelbeak nervously jiggled his leg and chewed on his nails.

Graves punched the bars, “Goddammit! You really want me to kick your ass don’t you?”

“Just try it, asshole. I’m an experienced cock fighter I tell ya. I’ve taken on bigger pricks than you!”

Graves turned around, cracking his knuckles. He pulled up his sleeves and bulged his thick arm muscles.

Steelbeak stared in awe, but not at Falcon’s arms. He broke into a snicker, staring at the huge bulge in Falcon’s pants. “Jeezuss! Look at the size of that thing! Who were you thinkin’ about, hmm?”

Falcon blushed and reached down to adjust his pants and calm his trouser snake. “No one! Nothing! Forget about it!”

Steelbeak sprang to his feet and stood in front of Graves, a teasing look on his metallic beak. “Ooohh must be a hottie. Or are you sweet on ol’ Steely?”

Falcon leered with disgust. “Please! Behave yourself! You annoy the piss out of me.”

“Oh really? Then why is your cock still hard?”

“Er. It’s not! I—” Falcon quickly turned away, reaching in his pants to adjust his underwear. “It’s the new prison underwear. It’s too tight, dammit.”

Steelbeak dropped his voice to a husky octave. “Hey, big boy. It’s not a sin ya know. We’re gonna be together for a while... we might as well be friends.”

Falcon’s eyes darted around the hall, wishing there were an escape. “Leave me alone.”

Steelbeak crept up behind Falcon and spoke very quietly, “You can gag me while ya do it. You know, shut me up for a while?”

“Grmmff!” Falcon crossed his arms. “Keep yappin’ and I’ll beat you until you can’t speak.”

Steelbeak’s voice dropped to a whisper and he put his beak very close to Falcon’s ear fluff. “Tell ya what... I told you I’m with F.O.W.L. and you claim you don’t know that that is... but we’re very powerful. I’m getting’ outta here soon. Treat me right and I’ll make sure you get your freedom too.”

The rooster’s whiny voice had dropped into the backwaters of Falcon’s mind as he imagined his tropical tryst again. Just as his cock was swelling again, he heard the word “freedom” and it snapped him back.

“What was that?” Falcon turned his head slightly and looked at the chicken’s grinning face.

“Yeah, really! Ain’t my first time. They’ll have me outta here in a month or less. Just takes a little spin by the lawyers and, if that doesn’t work, a jailbreak does. You show your value to me and I guarantee I can get you a job with us.” Steelbeak put his hands on Graves’ shoulders.

Graves spun around, clutched Steelback by the throat, and shoved him up against the bunkbed. His other hand was around Steel’s clamped beak. He pushed his face close to the chicken’s ear and whispered, “You better be serious! I’m about two heartbeats away from flushing you down that toilet over there.”

Steelbeak nodded his head quickly and spoke with a muffled, hollow sound through his clenched metal beak, “Honest. I mean it. No bullshit.”

“I don’t trust ya.”

“Hey, big fella, what’s the problem? All I ask is that you fuck my brains out. Not askin’ ya to suck my cock or anything... unless, of course, you wanna do that too. In which case...”

“Shut the fuck up!” Falcon smacked Steelback on the side of the head and tightened his choke hold. He felt something touch his dick and looked down. He had a huge throbbing erection that was almost tearing his orange jumpsuit. Steelbeak’s crotch was equally bulging and moist, apparently encouraged by the rough treatment. The two men’s bulges were touching and the fabric moistening already.

Steelbeak smirked and looked like he might say something but he wisely thought better of it. The truth was obvious anyway.

“Shit!” Falcon seethed through gritted his beak. “I should be in the Caribbean right now poking my cock into the fluffy tailfeathers of some beach bimbo. Hrrnnngggg... but you’ll have to do!” Falcon released Steelbeak’s throat as he unzipped his own jumpsuit and began shrugging it off. He dropped his clothing around his ankles and kicked it into the corner. He wasn’t wearing any underwear.

Steelbeak was enjoying the spectacle, his wattles and comb a bit redder than usual. When he saw Falcon’s splendid member bounce into view he jeered at him, “You Liar!”

Falcon’s eyebrows lowered and his beady eyes shifted. He was focused on fucking and let the smart remark go. He grabbed Steelbeak’s front and tugged hard enough to unzip it in an instant. In an exhilarating instant, the rooster was laid bare with his jumpsuit wadded around his ankles. Falcon’s eyes dropped down from the rooster’s stupid grin to his fat cock, pink and glistening as it hung in mid-air out of his feathery sheath. He wasn’t wearing any underwear either.

The rooster started explaining, “Hey, ya know, it makes it quick and easy to have sex if you don’t—”

Falcon spun him around and kicked his legs apart. “Let’s just get this over with!”