

Risky Beakness

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

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 faster. 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.

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 camião, não. Minha cloaca está esperando por você.” (You thought that I was I 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 no 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)