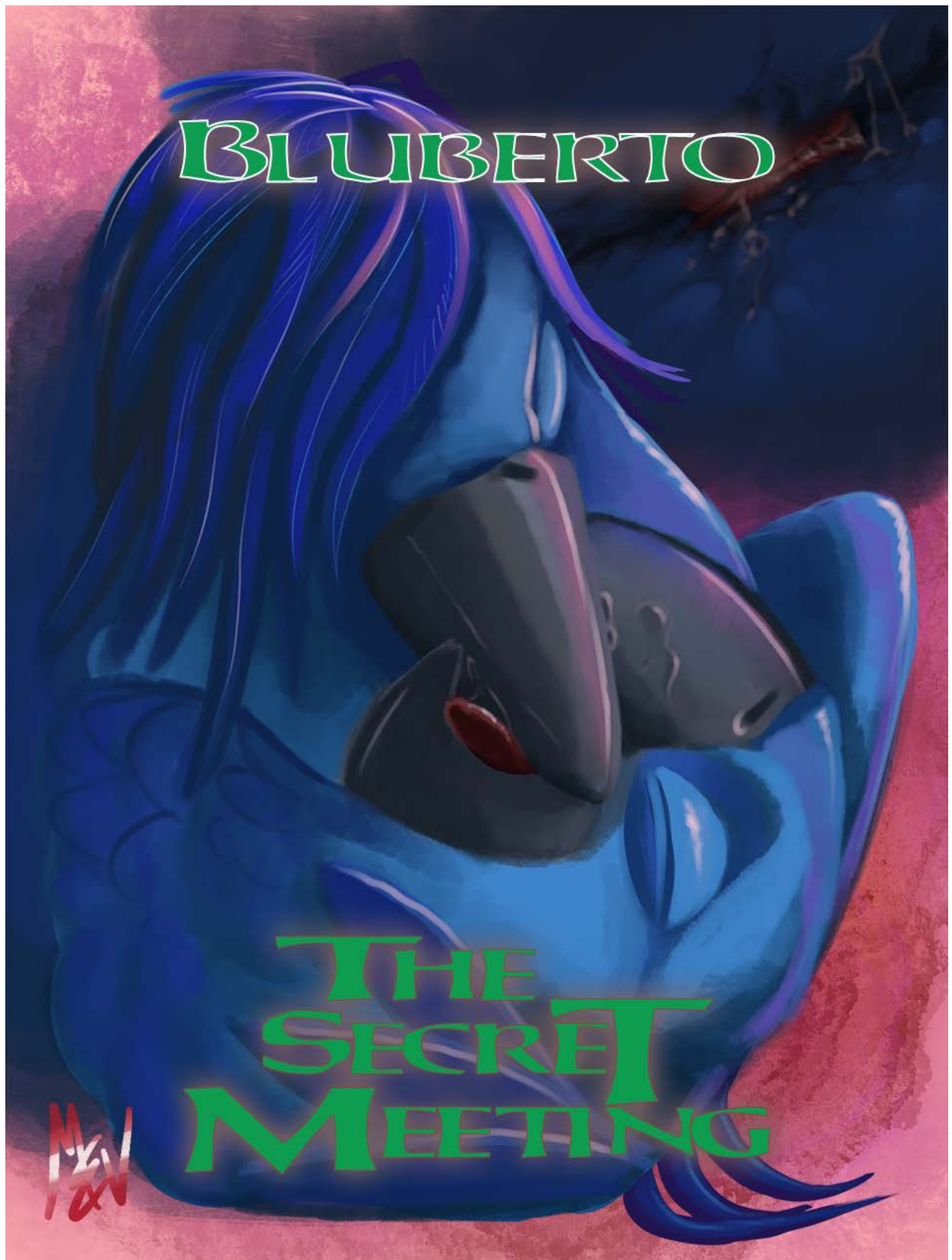


BLUBERTO

THE
SECRET
MEETING

M&N



“Bluberto: The Secret Meeting”

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WARNING ADULT CONTENT

This is an adult story (readers should be 18 years or older) containing fantasized sexual intercourse between sapient feral bird characters from the movie Rio.

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Blu sat alone in the shadows on a thick branch of a manduvi tree. It was a younger tree, far away from the cluster of grander, older nest trees that made up the social core of The Flock, the last of the Spix's macaws left in the wild. His eyes darted up and down, back and forth, ensuring that nobody was watching. He had approached very quietly, walking most of the way through the forest to attract less attention. And despite stalling for an hour after arriving, his heart was still beating loudly in his chest.

Blu closed his eyes for a moment and reviewed his plan. He was going to confront Roberto, directly this time, to tell him to stop flirting with Jewel. Competing for Jewel's heart was difficult and he couldn't help but feel he was losing.

Roberto and Jewel shared common chickhood experiences. They had built memories and relationships with the flock that Blu was only beginning to learn about. Jewel insisted that her heart belonged to Blu but he noticed how her beak blushed or her eyes sparkled whenever Roberto made an obvious gesture of kindness that, in familiar company, could pass for friendship. A choice palm nut, a pretty flower, or a special song with an extra warm stare into her deep blue eyes.

Roberto was a good “uncle” to their chicks too. He made sure to spend time with them almost every afternoon, excitedly listening to their stories of what they explored and the new things they saw. They enjoyed Roberto's attention and Blu feared that they, and Jewel, might think him a better father than Blu.

Blu stared at his feet and winced as he remembered one of the recent flock dances. Because of the small size and near-extinct status of their kind, extra efforts were made to encourage romance and families in the flock. There were social functions every night in the grand tree. First there would be recitals and skits put on by the younger birds. Then a story time by Eduardo and other older birds before the youngsters and their parents retired for the night. After that would come the singing and dancing that encouraged macaws to pair up and drift off to private branches for romance. Roberto invariably sang a smooth ballad that melted the heart or a spicy rumba to encourage tails to swish. His amazing singing was the stuff of legends and the girls, mated or not, swooned to his voice and made all manner of advances, some most obvious and unseemly, but Roberto never seemed to pair up. The only bird he gave more than a casual, flirty response to was Jewel.

Most times when adult dances began, Blu would return to his family hollow with his young ones and Jewel. But sometimes he would stay with Jewel while their young were watched by Eduardo. Jewel loved to dance and snuggle with Blu under a fresh moon while Roberto's voice

vibrated her heart strings. Blu loved those moments also as he swayed to the music and embraced the one he truly loved.

But this one particular night, Roberto sang a new song about a heart-broken macaw whose mate had disappeared. The song expressed the lost mate's virtues— a love-worthy female who was strong, determined, beautiful, and sweet. And just when the pining male was about to give up on life, she returned to the flock and they lived happily ever after. It was obvious to Blu that Roberto was singing of Jewel. During the passionate climax of the song, Roberto stared directly into Jewel's eyes, those deep pools of blue, and Blu could see that her heart was melting. Blu intentionally stumbled, exaggerating his usual clumsiness, and drew her attention back to him.

The next day, when the flock napped and preened in the mid-day shade, he heard the females gossiping in the shadows, discussing Blu's borderline quality as a mate and Roberto's virtues. It wasn't the first time he had heard such opinions. And with each such incident, Blu's fragile confidence crumbled more and more. Blu wasn't sure how much longer he could hold on to his love and he wasn't sure if he would ever be respected as her proper mate by the rest of the flock. He knew that he had to do something that would stop Roberto's advances.

Blu looked about one last time and sighed. He preened his breast and fluttered his tail to shake out the loose bits. He clicked his nails as he walked along the branch towards the trunk and a shady opening there. It was where Roberto taught private singing lessons to other members of the flock. He also often retreated there during mid-day to be alone while he worked on new songs and dance routines.

Blu saw Roberto enter the hollow an hour earlier but hadn't heard any singing. He peered around the corner of the entrance and saw a colorful glow within. He stalked inside quietly and entered a dark space punctuated by irregular patches of green, yellow, blue, and red light.

Holes had been chewed through the wood of the trunk and filled with flower petals, thin leaves, or bits of colorful glass that transmitted a bouquet of light into the room. The floor was covered with fresh flowers and soft moss and grass. These were piled extra generously in a colorfully-lit corner of the hollow. Blu chuckled, wondering if Roberto ever conducted extra credit there with his pupils. He closed his eyes and inhaled a long breath of floral perfume. He held his breath a moment and exhaled it with a dreamy sigh.

Someone cleared their throat, "Ahem."

Blu choked at the end of his sigh, eyes wide, heart pounding. He spun around and flailed his wings out into a martial arts fighting stance. But he tripped on his own toes, his tail whipped up a storm of flower petals, and he fell flat on his beak.

As the petals settled back down like snow, Roberto stepped out of the shadows into a beam of rosy light. His Latin accent trickled down into Blu's ears like soft rain. "I've been waiting for you, Blu."

Roberto wore a wide, closed-beak smile. His half-closed eyelids conveyed warmth beyond mere friendliness. Blu was suddenly aware of his very awkward sprawl across the floor. *This is all wrong, I'm screwing it up! I'm supposed to stand up to him!* Blu wrinkled his forehead with determination. He pulled in his wings, and started to rise to his feet. To his surprise, Roberto bowed his head and offered a wing to help him up.

“Please, my friend, I do not wish to fight. And I know why you are here.”

Blu’s pupils widened and his right eye ridge lifted quizzically. “You do?”

Roberto nodded smugly. “Yes... but it took you so long.”

Blu’s pupils staggered. Thoughts chaotically bounced in his thick blue head like molecules colliding in a nuclear reactor. *Long enough?*

“Let me tell you why you’re here, Blu. You want Jewel. You know I want Jewel. And you think that I’m trying to steal her from you. You think this, because I’ve been wanting you to think this...”

Blu’s pupils riveted like laser beams onto Roberto’s face. It made sense now. The gifts that Jewel received were always given in plain sight. The music and other overtures too. His beak flushed and his eyes narrowed. His nape and head feathers flared. “You played me? Why you!”

Blu’s usual meek and mild demeanor vaporized. He stomped forward and Roberto raised his wings in defense as he backed up. “No, no, no, my friend!”

“Friend? *Friend?*” He continued forward, pressing Roberto until his tail was pushing up the curved side of the hollow. He lunged and Roberto stepped easily to the side. Blu smacked the wall with his face and lurched back.

Before Blu could regain his balance, Roberto jumped upon his back smashing him flat on the floor. Roberto grasped his beak tightly in one foot and yanked his head back firmly. Blu was so surprised, and incapacitated, that he lay still while Roberto pressed their foreheads together and sternly shouted “Stop and listen!”

Blu’s eyes trembled in shock, then his body stirred in renewed anger and his forehead feathers furrowed. But Roberto pulled Blu’s head back a touch further and sent spasms of dull pain down his neck as the muscles were pulled beyond their usual tolerances. Blu’s squirms died and he gave a dull moan of capitulation.

“Very good. Now listen carefully. Jewel is a lovely mate, but she loves you, Blu. I’ve known her since we were fledglings and I’ve never seen her so completely happy. You were made for each other.”

Blu stared back blankly. “Uh?”

“That’s right. You heard me correctly. I think you are the right mate for her. But I am a young, virile macaw and I have desires—such complicated desires.” Roberto’s eyes relaxed and became soft pools of blue. “They make me do such crazy things.” He rubbed his beak softly against the side of Blu’s.

Blu’s eyes followed the stroking beak, mystified. Then Roberto extended his tongue and gave Blu’s beak a slow, succulent lick.

“Woah! Woooooah now! Hey!” Blu protested. Roberto paused and pulled back, a strand of saliva still connecting them. “Uh, now, we’re both males and, hey, that’s cool if you, uh, like boys but, uh, I’m not so sure...” His voice trailed off as Roberto gave his beak another lick.

“Shhhh, my friend. The price for me revealing this information to you, and for backing off on my pursuit of Jewel, is that you spend the afternoon with me here. If after that, you still do not like my attentions, I will honor my promise to stop. On the other wing, if you do not give this a chance, I will become more relentless in winning her heart.” Roberto swiveled his beak under Blu’s and tickled his throat with delicate preens. “’Tis a diabolical thing to do, I know. But you have stolen my love. You mated her and fathered her chicks. The least you can do is give me one afternoon of love-making.”

Blu’s neck tingled with the soft attention. His eyelids fluttered as he considered a few hours of secret passion with another bird. Jewel was lovely and they had satisfying sex together. But she was also the only bird that Blu had ever mated. He found himself curious what another bird would be like, particularly one as suave as Roberto.

He opened one eye again and watched Roberto’s face, eyes closed, sighing and licking his neck with hunger. *It’s been a long time since Jewel looked that hungry. But! He’s a male!*

Blu was about to push back but he became distantly aware of a throbbing in his cloaca. It had been months since his last mating—the usual dry period between breeding seasons. Now that he was reminded of sex, it was hard to ignore.

Blu cleared his throat. “Ahem. Mhmm. I, uh, I guess we could try this. For a while. If it means you’ll start riding me—uh! No, I mean start rising me—Uhhh, stop, riding me. Me and Jewel, that is...”

Roberto released Blu’s beak and shifted his weight on Blu’s back. Blu could feel Roberto’s hot belly and the bump of his plump cloaca through his fluffy butt feathers. Roberto’s beak moved up to Blu’s and he extended his tongue to trace its edges all the way back to the corner of his mouth. Blu smelled the hot, clean saltiness of Roberto’s breath. It was such a savory scent that he opened his beak and tilted it towards Roberto’s. Their black, thick tongues met, quivering and they both let out a simultaneous sigh.

Roberto advanced his tongue into Blu’s mouth and Blu caressed it with his own as it probed across his choana and circled towards his gullet. Blu’s brain was alive with new sensations and his feathers flared and pricked all over his body. *Jewel never did this before! What else does Roberto know?*

“Blu, open your mouth. Wide.”

Blu obeyed as Roberto opened his beak wide too. Roberto pressed their mouth openings tightly together and slid his tongue into Blu’s throat. For a fraction of a second, Blu shuddered from the deep intrusion and throat tickling. Then his salivary glands moistened and he felt a wave of relaxation sweep down his throat. He wasn’t prepared at first but as he swallowed Roberto’s tongue, the wave of relaxation continued down into his breast, through his belly, and washed through his cloaca and down his tail. He let out a thin whine and melted as the tongue wiggled in his esophagus. Roberto had found some magical switch it seemed, tapping into Blu’s thinly concealed submissive side. He was completely under Roberto’s control now.

Roberto felt the transition in Blu as his sexual prey sagged under his tongue insertion. Blu's throat was tight and dry at first but now it was juicy and compliant. He moved a finger down to Blu's soft hole and casually circled around the opening. The compliant lips lazily opened with soft plipping sounds under the gentle traction of Roberto's stirring finger. Blu moaned like a needy submissive and Roberto thought to himself: *It worked! Just like it does with the females I secretly mate. I knew it! Blu's not just unconfident because of his upbringing among humans. He has feminine tendencies too. He's not completely straight. Excellent.*

Roberto eased his tongue back out of Blu's throat and lifted his head. Blu's eyes were closed and he let out a long deep sigh, sagging his head back into Roberto's crotch. "What... wuzzz... thaaaat?"

"That is just the beginning, my lovebird." Roberto rose to his feet and stepped off of Blu's body. "Please, though, have some of this refreshing tea with me before we continue."

Roberto reached to a ledge and came back with two small cups, made from nut halves. He pressed one of the cups into Blu's winghand and then clacked his cup against it in a toasting motion.

With saucy eyes Roberto took a deep drink. "It's a tea of Damiana, known to relax the body and stir the passions."

Blu was always suspicious of new foods since he had come to the rainforest. He had been accustomed to dry formulated nuggets from a bag, rich macadamia nuts, and occasional human food treats. The raw foods of his new flock did not always agree with him. But as Roberto sipped his cup, Blu obediently followed. Maybe the tea would help this all go less awkwardly.

It was spicy and caused a warm sensation in his forehead. He swayed with the fuzzy sensation that oozed down his spine and out through his wingtips. The room had been cozy before but now he felt completely at home as though he were back inside an egg being brooded by the mother he never knew. He tipped the cup back and let it all slide down into his crop, washing away more fragments of hesitation.

Roberto set his cup down and pointed to the corner of fluffed moss and colorful splashes of red and amber light. "Please, come with me to the nest."

Blu lazily stretched his neck and back. All the tension of the past days was gone. He was a new bird. It was so startling and welcome that he now looked forward to learning what other pleasures awaited. He sauntered over towards the nest and Roberto followed, watching Blu's tail brush back and forth.

Roberto stepped up close behind Blu and brushed a wing over his head and down his back delicately. "Please, lay down on your back. I learned this position from people-watching. Sometimes they mate in the woods near the research station."

Belly-up is a very vulnerable position for a bird so Blu hesitated. But his throat still tingled in tune with his pulsing cloaca. The room was lovely and quiet, save for the smooth breathing of Roberto and himself. He sank down into the nest rolled onto his back. He stared back at Roberto, wings closed and feet clenched over his belly as though trying to grip a perch.

“Good, good.” Roberto lay down beside him, propped up on one wing admiring Blu’s fluffy curves. “But relax your wings and spread your legs. Play the good hen and relax your whole body now.” Roberto punctuated this by softly stroking his fwingers down Blu’s front, tracing his feathers from throat to belly, over and over. “Relaxxx my friend.”

Blu’s eyelids closed and he concentrated on the soft stroking. With each pass he felt the new position become more and more natural. Soon his wings were sagging at his sides and his legs were extended loosely to the sides. He murmured softly as though in the moist fog of a wet dream.

Roberto’s beak brushed against Blu’s face and Blu opened his mouth, hoping for more delicious tongue swallowing. Roberto started in teasingly slow with a soft licking of Blu’s tongue and choana. Then he went deeper and as he inserted his tongue into Blu’s throat again, Blu’s belly feathers fluffed up and exposed the yellowish pink skin surrounding his vent. He felt himself fall under Roberto’s control again and he welcomed it this time, like sliding into a hot bath.

Roberto reached up with a closed foot and softly stroked Blu’s belly. Blu moaned out as the toes rubbed the area just forward of his vent, the region that normally rubbed Jewel’s rump when he mated her. He stretched his legs wider and squirmed his tail. “Oooooohhh you know... just where to touch meee...”

Roberto stroked again, slowly, and moved lower until he touched the soft, plump lips of Blu’s opening. He wiggled his tongue into Blu’s throat deeper and at the same time, stroked a knuckle around the orifice, teasing the vent lips back and exposing the throbbing pink membranes within. Blu’s tail twitched and flexed upwards in a coital response as his cloaca everted and wetly kissed Roberto’s digit. He felt that normally invisible mental path, the way that normally opens when alone with his mate, open up in his mind. It was the trail towards orgasm that only reveals itself when everything is clicking just right in the mind and body. He arched his back and winked his hole, trying to draw the toe tighter into himself.

Roberto sighed out hotly. “Mmmm... you’re a good hen aren’t you?”

Blu mumbled back around Roberto’s kiss, “Mhmmmm...”

Roberto lifted himself slowly until he was standing beside Blu. He pulled back from the kiss and smiled down at Blu. “Trust me, dear Blu. You’re going to like this...”

Roberto turned around and straddled Blu’s breast, his tail up over Blu’s beak. Blu vibrated with anticipation, his vent wide and wet, kissing the air in expectation. He closed his eyes and waited while Roberto brooded down upon him, their hot skin and soft feathers mingling and pressing like Blu had never known before. Then he felt a moist lick on his cloacal membranes and it sent a bolt of pleasure up through his spine. He moaned out loud and fanned his shaking tail.

Roberto licked again and let his tongue hook the upper lip and spread it out farther exposing Blu’s deeper cloacal space. With the orifice fully open, his ejaculatory ducts pulsed outward, primed to play their fatherly role. Roberto licked them and slid his tongue over and past them, probing deeper into the innermost chamber of Blu’s cloaca.

Blu’s wings twitched and his breath spasmed into rapid panting. “Oh! Oh! Uh! Hhhhhh...” He closed his wings around Roberto’s body and opened his eyes to see a peek of Roberto’s pink vent lips. He pushed his beak into the butt fluff and inhaled the delicious scent of lusty bird ass.

As Roberto pulled his tongue out and rimmed him again, Blu opened his dreamy eyes and felt hungry for the pulsing orifice pressed against his beak. Bird hole had never looked more luscious to him and he could no longer resist tasting it. He opened his beak and slide his tongue out against Roberto's vent lips. The salty lips parted and strands of moistures adhered between them and Blu's moist beak. Blu's tongue probed and wriggled, building a map in Blu's mind of what lay inside his partner's sexual opening. There were folds gently constricting and pulsing. There were two swollen bumps pulsating and leaking sweet fluid. Deeper still was a narrowed passage, just at the extent of his reach.

As Blu's tongue found its way through the vent and into the dark interior of Roberto's rear, Roberto's nape tingled and he felt an irresistible urge to stretch his legs and push his rump down tighter around the probing flesh. He had never had another bird give him a rim job and so he paused his work on Blu's cloaca and focused on the sensation. He felt the warmth down deep between his legs. He winked softly and felt Blu's hot breath collide against his tensing vent. Roberto smiled knowingly. *Blu is the slut I hoped he was!* He pushed his tongue deeper into Blu's depths.

With the next thrust of Roberto's tongue, Blu gasped and huffed against Roberto's hot skin. He felt that path to orgasm widen into a superhighway and he perceived the steep chasm of pleasure rolling towards him. He moaned and gripped Roberto harder, pressing his forehead to Roberto's wet orifice.

"Oh Roberto! Roberto! UUuuhhhnnnnNNNnnn!" His voice cracked and thinned into a long needy whine.

Roberto tickled Blu's ejaculatory ducts with a rapid flicking of his tongue and when he felt Blu's legs clench around his neck, he knew it was time. He shoved his tongue into Blu's cloaca and pulled it out slowly as the deeper folds tightened and the outer folds relaxed. The juicy tissue welled up into an open fertile rose of membranes and cum arced over his tongue and into his throat.

"UHN! UHN!" Blu squeaked and jolted as his careened over the cliff of orgasm and his genital tissues soared in ecstasy. Because of the increased tightness with a tongue in his cloacal canal, the orgasm was far stronger than he expected. After three hard spurts he felt a fourth so intense that he squawked and his wings and legs shot out and hit gripped the sides of the nest. A few more less intense ejaculations followed before he sagged and lay panting, his head pounding as hard as his cloacal membranes.

Roberto's tongue moved around the skin of Blu's softened vent sending aftershocks of pleasure through his lower body. Blu felt the creamy mess between them from the coolness. Amid sticky sounds, the rich scent of cum and cloaca drifted to his nares and filled him with accomplishment. "Oooohhh Roberto... what a mess I made."

"Yes, you did. A very lovely mess. Good birrrrd." He resumed licking the skin around Blu's opening. Blu followed suit and licked Roberto's vent, now throbbing and moist with sexual anticipation.

Roberto rose and turned, standing between Blu's spread legs. Blu's cloaca was relaxed and wide, a pool of cum in the center. "Now it's my turn, love. Are you ready to be my hen and take my seed?"

Blu's electrifying orgasm had transformed him into a giddy pool of feminine tendencies. He smiled back, a twinkle in his eyes. "I'm yours, Roberto. Fuck me like one of your fan girls..."

Roberto bent his grinning beak down slightly and his eyes riveted into Blu's like a predator about to pounce its prey. He moved in and erected his belly feathers to completely expose his cloaca. He sat down and rubbed their pink, hot, wet skin together. Their cloacae met and they moaned in unison as their lips kissed for the first time.

Blu stared into Roberto's blue eyes and squirmed his creamy hole around Roberto's wet lips. Their membranes melted and slid around each other like butter on a hot frying pan. Roberto rolled his rump to Blu's rhythm. His breast feathers fluffed, his head tipped, and his eyes rolled back. "Mmmmm... hhhhhh..." His thighs tensed and he rode Blu's cloaca forward and back in dreamy humping motion. Hollow squelches emitted periodically from between them as their sexual openings smooched, oscillating between puckering to draw essence from their lover or unpuckering to give all they could deliver.

The thrusts became harder and faster and Roberto's tail pressed down, mingling his feathers between Blu's, which was rising from the floor as an approaching second orgasm cramped his abdominal muscles. He arched his neck up and pressed his beak into Roberto's chest fluff. He heard his partner's heart thumping rapidly. It was faster than the feather ruffling thrusts that rocked their bodies. He felt another pre-orgasmic contraction wrack his thighs and tail base and channeled the urge into a tight hug. He was close to cumming but wanted to hold off just a bit longer. "Do it, Roberto, do it. Give me your seed! Fill my like one of your fan hens."

Roberto growled deep in his breast. It was uncharacteristic from his usually silky smooth voice. His eyes closed, his head back, he bellowed raggedly. He wallowed in the muddy pit of raw, filthy, feral lust and his animal grunts intensified it. His grunts gained speed as his thrusts turned into a pounding against Blu's spattered hole.

Blu tried to hold off but his moan turned into a long squawk as he came first. It was a low-intensity, drizzly, draining orgasm. His feet gripped Roberto's flanks and he pushed all of his fluids out in a feather-muffled caw.

Roberto's thrusts continued and whipped the strands of cum between them into a fragrant froth. Pink membranes flared between their entwined blue feathers. Roberto's thighs tensed making his thrusts shorter and faster until at last his wide open hole could take no more. His ejaculatory ducts were protruding and fat when he shoved them down deep into Blu's gaping cloaca and emptied their load. He cawed out loudly and his tail shook as he pumped out a second dose of seed. There was a brief, tense, shaking pause as he involuntarily held his breath. Blu could hear Roberto's heart pounding as though it would explode. Then there was a moist squelch between their locked lips as another load spurted deep into Blu's cloaca followed by a sharp inhale. A few weaker pulses followed as Roberto took ragged, raspy breaths of cum-laden air.

Blu sagged his legs to the sides and relaxed his hole to drink the fluid in deep. Two more spurts delivered the last of Roberto's ball-emptying ejaculations into Blu's deepest folds.

Roberto sat there, head up, eyes closed, while he panted and recovered. His tail feathers slowly relaxed but were still tangled in Blu's. Spatters of white fluid dotted their tail feathers and the nest around their conjoined butts.

Blu lay back, his beak wide open and his brain buzzing. He was so thoroughly relaxed that he could have easily slipped into a dreamless sleep. But he was also deeply grateful and his heart ached to tenderly show appreciation to the one who made his bliss possible. Euphorically he raised his upper body, reached out with his beak, and tugged playfully at Roberto's lower beak. When Roberto snapped his eyes open and looked down, Blu rolled his head 90 degrees and stole a long, wet, tongue-locking kiss. He sighed and wiggled his tingling, cum-soaked hole against Roberto's as they moaned together.

Roberto sank into the beak kiss and simultaneously puckered his vent against Blu's cloaca, squeezing out the last drops of his cum. As they parted beaks he sighed out heavily, "Oh, Blu. That was choice, my friend." He brought his head back forward and reached down to tongue and kiss with Blu again. Their mouths were extra moist and salty from the work out. As they kissed, Roberto spread himself forward then slowly rolled to cuddle at Blu's side. Thick strands of cum connected their two red, swollen vents. He pet Blu's front with a foot while Blu preened his forehead tenderly.

"I never knew you were like this, Roberto. I never stopped to think that males know how to please other males. It felt... so dirty and yet so... so perfect." He kissed Roberto again for a moment.

"And now you're wondering what to tell Jewel, aren't you?"

Blu stiffened slightly at the mention of his mate's name. He looked down at the moss in the nest.

"Hey, you know that there are no written rules in the flock about love. We treat each other with kindness and respect and stick together. The rest is up to what two birds agree between each other. You didn't betray your mate. After all, neither one of us can deliver eggs. And though this was..." Roberto pulled Blu's beak up so they locked eyes again. "...utterly amazing... we do not share the depth of love that you and Jewel share. You need not tell her and I will not either. No guilt, my friend. This was just an awesome thing between friends."

Blu smiled and he nuzzled back against Roberto's fwingers on his beak. "You're absolutely right, Roberto. But that's not all I was thinking..."

Roberto's prominent cheeks sagged just a bit and one eye ridge lifted quizzically.

"I was also wondering if we might do this again some time. I think I might need to explore this more. Ya know, get more singing lessons from the master?"

Roberto's cheeks lifted again in a warm smile. "I'll make you a virtuoso, my friend."

THE END