

The Black-Feathered Monk

Chapter 8

By Draconicon

Satres was still shocked at the fact that one of the villagers was slowly stripping down for him, too shocked for the raven to be able to respond to the hawk's question of whether monks were allowed to accept this kind of 'thanks.' His eyes were locked on the other man, his beak hanging open as his ability to think took leave of him. The insanity of the last few days, the near-death encounters, the way that the other villagers had looked at him and decided that he wasn't worth their time if he wasn't going to give them what he 'owed' them: it had all been too much.

The raven had never been particularly 'active', as one might have said. The other members of the temple had been in varying degrees of abstinence, with some of them declining any of the attentions of the flesh, while others had merely declined any that would lead to a family. Most fell somewhere in-between when they had the opportunity.

Satres, on the other hand, had been almost entirely the other way. As soon as he had been allowed in the temple, given a place, he had all but forgotten the urges of the body. He had drowned himself in the training, in the schooling, and had done everything that he could possibly do to make himself the best monk that he could be. He had almost forgotten that such urges existed.

However, they were coming back in a rush as the hawk continued to pull his tunic over his head, showing off his muscular shoulders, his strong chest, the bulges beneath the feathers that would have marked a long day in the field, or more. The black-feathered monk blushed beneath his feathers as he felt his clothes stretch ever so slightly below the waist, turning to look away.

"This is not required," he muttered.

"It never is," the hawk said. "But that does not mean that it is not wanted."

"I shouldn't receive a reward for these tasks."

"Then think of it as appreciation."

The hawk walked forward, his brown feathers shimmering slightly in the sunlight as he approached. Satres shook his head, looking away. He started to turn, only for the hawk to grab him by the wrist. Scaled hand on scaled hand, they made contact, and Satres's blush grew a dozen times worse.

He glanced back at the other bird, at the farmer, and he saw an invitation there. Nothing more, nothing less. This was a chance for him to have someone else show him what it meant to be appreciated, to be wanted. It was a chance to be thanked.

"...Fine."

They moved into the temple, towards the room above the meditation hall. Satres sat on the edge of a table, and the hawk helped him out of the lower part of his clothes. They gathered around the raven's ankles, and his shaft slowly started to rise. He blushed to himself as it came up, the tip already damp and wet, and his scent started to fill the room.

"I'm sorry. There's been very little chance to bathe," he muttered.

"No different from the farms," the hawk said, curling his fingers around the raven's shaft. "Just relax..."

The first pump was surprisingly pleasurable, and Satres bit his lips to avoid making a comment or a fool of himself as he wanted to moan. For someone that had gone far too long without touching himself, Satres had forgotten just how intense it felt to allow someone else to touch him. He clicked his beak softly, closing his eyes as he tried not to let the feeling get the better of him.

Soft hands, soft, for all that they were covered in scales. The hint of claws, shredding things that were turned just enough to avoid actually pulling on his flesh. He blushed worse as he realized that the other bird was nuzzling against his thighs, dragging a sharp, shredding beak so near to his parts, and knowing that it was only being done in affection.

A soft nip against his left leg, a gentle tug on the flesh, a slight flash of pain that melted into pleasure. The raven groaned under his breath, his hips twitching, his cock throbbing as he felt his urges growing.

One hand cupped him between the legs, and the beak, that hard, deadly beak, rubbed gently along the side of his shaft. He gasped, opening his eyes again.

The hawk was so close to him now, and Satres's cock was hard as it could be. His shaft begged for attention, begged for release, and he knew that he had only been touched for a few minutes so far. If that. The room felt hot, and the raven's talons clenched and clutched at nothing as that scaled hand bounced up and down along his cock, tugging him, pulling him.

"Ah...ah..."

“You are loud...”

“I can’t help it...never had...this...”

“Heh...”

The other bird tilted his head, bringing it down low. Satres thought for a moment that it was going for his thigh. He was wrong.

“Ah!”

He arched his back, the other bird’s tongue pushed hard from its beak. It dragged along his taint, moving along the small, almost too fine feathers down there, working along his crotch and back to his cock, teasing him all the way. His shaft was throbbing hard, twitching, oozing in the other bird’s grip. Satres leaned his head back, his fingers gripping at the table, desperate for something that would keep him grounded to this world.

“Are you close?” the hawk asked.

“I...I think so.”

“Do you want it somewhere...else?”

“What do you mean?”

The hawk smiled, opening his mouth slowly. Satres looked down, and he imagined his cock sliding down that throat, imagined the feeling of his shaft being encased in something so hot and wet. The idea of giving the other man his load, his seed, was not something that he had imagined when the stripping had started, but he wanted it now.

Satres shivered, nodding, and that beak spread further. He could see it coming for him, felt the tongue under his shaft. It was hot, yes, hot and wet, and he shivered as it slowly pushed forward, tugging his cock past the end of the beak and into the mouth. His talons curled again, his eyes rolling back in his head.

Bit by bit, the tip of his dripping shaft slid past the hawk’s throat. He could feel the tight, firm clenches around his shaft as it started to drift further back, sliding into the other man’s neck, into the hawk’s throat. Clench, swallow, clench, swallow, each one making him harder and stiffer than he had been.

He moaned under his breath, gripping the table still more firmly, feeling the lines that he left as he clawed at it. His toes strained for something to grip, clasp on nothing.

He was on the verge of cumming when Silra showed up. The songbird was there, standing in the doorway, and her eyes were wide. In shock?

No, Satres realized in a moment of clarity and humiliation. In recognition.

“Chi-La.”

The hawk stopped, slowly turning his head. As the muscular bird popped the raven’s cock out of his throat, he looked back, narrowing his eyes at the songbird.

“Silra...and here I thought you were dead,” the hawk said, his voice dropping by an octave, becoming deeper, harder, more of a roll of thunder than a voice. “Why is this one still alive?”

This one. Then the hawk had come to kill him, or at the very least, remove him from his post here on the mountain. Satres hissed softly as the demon hawk squeezed at his cock, the various feathers on the other man shifting to a deep black rather than the soft browns that he had been. He stood up, and Satres’s dick was pulled up with it. The raven groaned under his breath, hissing, but any movement only made the pressure on his dick worse. The demon gestured at him.

“I thought that the assault would have killed everyone. Why is one of them still alive, Silra? Hmm?” Chi-La asked.

“He was away from the temple when my King attacked,” the songbird said, narrowing her eyes. “Put him down.”

“Why? Is he your food source, now?”

“Put. Him. Down.”

“Is that a threat, Singer of Pain?”

“I will *not* ask again...”

Satres could see the slight glow of the *chi* marks on Silra’s side as she stood in the doorway. They were barely there, but they were there. She was not allowed to cause harm, but she had always said that meant that she could not allow harm to come to pass, either. He grunted as he was held aloft by his shaft, panting softly, huffing as the hawk chuckled again.

“Then make me put him down. I was here for an easy meal, and now, you’re disturbing me.”

“I warned you. Satres...cover your ears.”

Satres had always been one to take warnings seriously. He covered the sides of his head, and not a moment too soon. The songbird opened her beak, red and black striations running through her feathers. She moved her head like a warbling bird, like the singers that the wealthy men kept in the valley.

Yet, even though her song could not be heard, the effects were obvious. The walls began to stretch, and the doorframe cringed, crumpling like a man wracked with pain curling in on themselves. The shelves cracked, and the table beneath him sagged, breaking down like one who could take no more.

The hawk slumped down, falling to one knee, and he finally released the raven's shaft. Satres rolled as he was dropped, hitting the ground and spinning in rapid succession towards the far wall. He kept his ear-holes plugged until Silra closed her beak, shaking his head as he got to his feet.

"Singer of Pain?" he asked.

"It was a once-name," Silra said with a shrug.

"Certainly an intimidating one," he muttered, looking around. Everything in the room looked as if it had suffered from the song, as if it had been aged, cracked, worn down by the 'pain' of whatever she had released. "Why didn't you do that before?"

"Mortals cannot stand it for long, and other sounds make it less...effective."

In other words, it was a purely sound-based attack. Anyone that couldn't hear it correctly would not be as affected by it. Worth knowing.

Chi-La dragged himself upwards, shaking his head. The hawk demon's ears were bleeding, red running down the sides of his face. He slowly turned to look at them, shaking his head.

"He must have great pain for you to defend him, little Singer," the hawk muttered, getting to his feet. "Hmmp. You begrudge me a meal so much?"

"It's not my fault this time, Chi-La," Silra muttered. "He's bound me. He's forced this on me."

"Him? This little whimpering...heh..."

Satres shook his head, slowly pulling his clothes back up. He tied them together, settling himself in a more familiar stance. His hands were held low and open, defensive as he tried to understand what was happening.

I thought that demons fed on pain...

That was what Silra had told him, but perhaps that was not quite correct. Perhaps, he thought, there were other things that demons fed on. Other demons that fed on different things. They were unstudied, after all. There was much that no-one knew.

Suddenly, Chi-La moved. Satres saw it coming, ducked, but it was barely enough. He lost three feathers in the sudden arm-sweep for his middle, and the hawk still hit the wall behind him with enough force to crack it. The raven hit the floor, spinning, one leg glowing -

CRACK!

His leg collided with the hawk's, gold *chi* light hitting red demon energy. Their energies clashed, and then pushed them apart. Satres managed to turn his rejection into a spin, throwing himself round and landing on his feet, while the hawk flew across the room and collided with another wall.

There was no time to waste. Satres extended his still-glowing leg, and as he focused, the *chi* surrounding his limb extended. He forced it out, drawing on his reserves to make it grow until the brilliant talon had become as large as the hawk. Clenching his toes, the glowing talons wrapped around the other avian, lifting him out of the hole in the wall and pinning his arms and legs together.

"I forgot you could do that," Silra muttered.

"It takes some time..."

He leaned on the songbird's shoulder as they walked out into the main garden of the temple. Maintaining the technique without further training was difficult, but he managed to keep a grip on the hawk while Silra dug a hole. It was just deep enough to reach up to the hawk's chest, but that would do.

Lowering the hawk into the hole, Satres held him as tight as he could while the songbird filled the hole back in again, pinning the demon's arms and legs together with the pressure of the dirt. Satres gave one last clench, then finally released him.

Chi-La immediately set to fighting, straining to pull himself free, but the hole had been filled tightly. There was no easy escape. Satres panted as he walked down to the demon, looking him in the eye.

"You called me a meal," he said. "Why?"

"Hmmp. Why tell you when I will eat you later?" the demon growled.

"Because there is a way to learn control."

"Heh. An optimist, even after what happened to your home? I can see how this temple was destroyed."

Satres shook his head. This one was too angry to be bargained with, too deep in just being a demon to want to be different. He shook his head, pulling one of his feathers from his arm, filling it with his *chi*.

“This is your last chance. Tell me, and I will not have to use the Order of the Quill’s techniques to force it from you.”

“Spare me the offer. If you’re going to do it, do it. You monks are all the same...”

Perhaps they were, to the demons. Satres was not yet convinced.

He hesitated for a moment, looking at the glowing feather. Had Chi-La been a person, this would not be allowed. It was nothing more than pure control over another person, a way of forcing them to obey and do what the scribe or monk in question wanted. It forced them to be different, to be other than what they were. It was theft of free will.

They had freedom to use it against demons, against other creatures of thought and desire, other creatures that had the ability to think and know what was right and wrong.

If you were not so dangerous...

Satres shook his head. It had to be done. He took the glowing feather, scrawling out the letters to bind. The demon screamed, shrieking at the top of his lungs until the golden letters appeared on his head.

Obey the Black-Feathered Monk, was what the letters said. Satres stood up, looking down at the hawk.

“Why did you call me a meal? Answer.”

Chi-La gritted his teeth, twisting his head from side to side. More than once, his mouth opened only to click shut again, his beak working against itself in annoyance and anger. Satres waited, knowing that the technique would eventually force the other man’s mouth open with the answer.

It took nearly ten minutes, the hawk surprising him with his stamina. Regardless, it did eventually happen. He grunted, spitting out his answer.

“There are...various demons,” he grunted. “We are distinct...by what we feed on. But we all...all feed on...what overwhelms others...”

“Pain. Pleasure.”

“Anger. Guilt.”

Satres nodded. The world of demons kept growing, he supposed. There were things that would continue to surprise him.

“Satres?”

He turned, looking back at the songbird.

“What are you going to do with him?”

“...The door.”

Silra gasped, her eyes going wide, and Chi-La grunted, looking up at him in confusion. Obviously, the other demon didn't know what it was. Good. That meant that others probably didn't know, either.

Cutting the earth with his talon, the raven gave the other bird space to pull himself free. As soon as the hawk was free, however, Satres held up his hand.

“Follow me, and do not attack.”

The hawk did as he was told, and they circled around the back of the monastery, going to the cellar door that he and Silra had descended not that long ago. They all descended it again, and the songbird continued to mutter to herself as they went down the ladder. Chi-La said nothing, probably thinking that there had to be a way to fight his way to freedom, to escape from the raven so that he could go back to his demonic lifestyle.

For all that he was not keen on the idea of tossing the demon into a prison with other demons, it had been proven to be secure. Nothing had escaped it in years, and the demons were changing. The only other option that he had was to kill Chi-La, and for all that the demon had been about to eat him, he didn't feel right about that. There was something...

There was something that was changing. His understanding of the demons was becoming something different, something stronger. He didn't know what it was yet, but he knew that a demon did not deserve a death sentence for merely being a demon.

They reached the bottom of the ladder, Chi-La growling through his beak. He flexed his arms multiple times, obviously straining to try and fight, but the demon could do nothing. Instead, he looked around.

“What is this place?”

“A place for demons to learn control,” Satres said.

“Impossible.”

“On the contrary.”

He gestured towards the far end of the room and the metal door. The hawk stared at it for a moment, only for his eyes to go wide.

“Impossible...”

Satres and Silra guided the hawk to the door. The songbird opened it, and Satres gently guided the hawk to the hole.

“There is a ladder here. You will descend. There is a demon on the way down, one that feeds on pain. He will allow you passage if you have suffered enough to pay. Otherwise, you’ll be trapped,” Satres said. “Have you been in pain during your life?”

Chi-La said nothing, so he looked to Silra. The songbird sniffed the air around the hawk, then nodded.

“You will pass. Go down the ladder, and then, you will be free of my control.”

“Lies.”

“Truths,” he muttered, patting the hawk on the arm. “Pass through and learn control. It will be your only way out.”

The hawk had no choice but to follow Satres’s orders, going through the door and taking up the first rung of the ladder. The hawk glared at him, eyes red in the dark for minutes until they disappeared into the darkness deeper down. Shaking his head, the raven closed the door, sealing him in.

He slumped back against the wall, the adrenaline finally dying down and letting him feel the discomfort of the wrenched skin around his groin. It really did feel as if someone had tried to pull him off the ground by his groin, and he had never realized that would hurt as much as it did. Even now, trying to relax was hard, considering that his muscles were as tight as they were down there.

Poke. He opened his eyes as Silra poked him between them a second time.

“...Yes?” he muttered.

“You’re in pain.”

“And?”

“I didn’t cause it this time,” she said, smiling. “You said you would let me feed. Let me feed now.”

“...Fine. Go ahead.”

He leaned his head back as she dropped to her knees. There was something almost sensual about the way that she dragged her beak along the outline of his crotch, and he hissed as

she pressed the sharper bit between the folds of his clothes. She sniffed and snuffled at him, almost like she was tracking the pain by scent.

“Ooooh, yes...”

The hunger in her voice as she gently opened his pants, pulling them down to expose his groin, was so great that one would have been forgiven for considering her a prostitute. Instead, she was seeking his pain, and as she dragged her tongue along his groin, over his feathers and near to his shaft, he could feel the pain easing. It was not complete, and he still ached, but it was dull rather than harsh.

She pressed her beak just under his shaft, giving one long lick around the base before finally pulling back. Her eyes were gleaming red, and she looked somewhere between satisfied and drunk. Yet, she still pulled his pants back up.

“Pain...true pain...”

“Control yourself.”

“Hmmp. You control me, Satres. Nobody else.”

She stood up, making her way back to the ladder. He shook his head, shifting his weight to see how the muscles in his groin felt. At least he could walk without feeling like everything was out of place.

As he made his way to the ladder, following behind the songbird, he couldn't help but think about what she had said. There was less anger to it this time, but there was a feeling of something else. Something...trusting, perhaps, as if she had changed her mind in some way about the control between them. He shook his head, putting his hands on the ladder and focusing on the climb.

However, despite everything, he wondered if he was forgetting something. There was something in the back of his mind, something that he was supposed to do besides taking care of the temple and searching out the different techniques. He had already dealt with the farmers, but what -

“Satres!”

Silra. He climbed faster, jumping the last few rungs to land on his feet at the top. The raven whipped his head back and forth, trying to find the problem, but saw nothing. He tilted his head back, and -

And there was Silra, hanging from a web the size of a small bed, her feathered arms pinned to her side. She groaned, grunted, but could not get free.

“Satres, you bastard! You didn't tell me that you brought one of them out!”

“One of - oh.”

A spider the size of his head dropped down from the web, bobbing up and down in front of him. It was a golden color, almost metallic in the way that it reflected the light. Its many eyes blinked slightly out of sequence with one another, and it spoke in a chittery voice, where the words were half mush and half echo.

“Thank you for carrying me to the world above, Father,” it said.

“...You hatched...from that tiny egg?”

“We grow quickly, Father. In a year, I will be your size.” The spider looked up. “Is she not permitted as food? I wish to know the rules.”

“...Yes. Rules. Let’s go over those.”

A spider demon...and one that knew control. It. Was. Possible.

The End