

Short Feather Game

Part 1

Written by Septia.

Fyn brushed sand off of her beak in an attempt to be presentable, before entering the meeting room. “Anything for news from command?”

A fellow griffon looked up and shook her head. “That's a negative. Area's barren as it is, little reason for Talon to remain in the area,” she says.

The mercenary nodded. “Shouldn't be along before we're cleared to-... huh?” A mechanical whistle signal ruptured throughout the meeting room.

“Incoming.”

“What? Where?”

“South, a-and east? And north?”

“How far?”

-Bbkgkkdbbds- the wall tumbling quake that erupted around them served as enough response, and the forces of Talon went on the defensive.

“Phhffaaahhshaha,” Grease Pan celebrated with a hearty chuckle, retracting her vizor and clearing her helmet. “Whooo, that was a massacre, haha. Haven't felt so alive in weeks.”

“I hope it was,” a grey mare skulked up by Grease Pan's side as they walked through the Talon base. “Thought we agreed on avoiding needless harm to the merchandise.”

“Mercenaries?”

“I know what I said,” The grey mare smirked.

“Don't be a Buzz Kill, Zap, this place's full of capable feathery jerks.” Pan assured Bug Zapper. Bug Zapper' forces, aided by Grease's raider army looted the building and rounded up the surrounding occupants.

“I got to admit, your help has been invaluable, and there is a good fifty able bodied griffons to be put on the market,” Zap said and fished out a parcel from her satchel. “As for your payment, I got a hold of the upgrade chip you-.”

-Haaammofhp- Pan's maw closed around Zap's hoof, in one motion the unclothed massive mare enveloped her, a twitch from her shoulder, before drawing back to tug the parcel with her. -Glmogpsh- The bulge of the package shimmied down Pan's neck, then stopped... tucked into the mare's modified crop — giving off the air of a disjointed adam's apple.

“Predicate it, but you know what I really want outta this.”

Zap shook away the spittle. “Of course, I've already instructed ten to be set off for you.”

Pan hummed and wrapped a cybernetic hood around the mare.” Ten, and two just for us to enjoy, huh?”

Zap pouted. “So it's twelve, now?”

“Does it counts if we're using em on the spot? Come on pal.”

Zap rolled her eyes. “Oh, fine.”

~ 1 ~

“Hey, feather brains.” Grease pan called out into the storage where ten Griffons were shackled while their supplies were being captured.

“Allow me,” Zap said, “excuse the uninformed, on behalf of Zap Trading’s acquisition of your base, you, however, are being further delegated into the capable care of my associate.” She explained as they strutted in, stripped off their gear, with Pan shoving a pair of griffons ahead.

“And before anybird makes a peep,” she said and knocked the griffons over, “this's what's gonna happen if you step outta line.” Pan said and slammed her flank down on the Griffon just peering up. -Spphhgllpgshhrthc-. A compression of slim and tissue rung out, as Pan raised her hind with the mercenary hanging down from her marehood. “Mfms, Ophf, Could you just stick the other innnmff.”

“I am on it,” Zap responded as she hoisted up the other griffon by their hind paws and -Slfthhtptwhs- jammed them up the big mare's hind. The flanks parting -Sflfpfchbtht- -Thffslpthsj- as the fuzzy legs sunk into the rippling pucker.

“Alright and now you just-.”

“Just get into position, Zap.”

“Fmms, fine,” Zapper huffed out as she slumped to the ground with her hind hoisted into the air.

The larger mare wiggled with the mercenaries crammed in her holes, and swung her rear up to plunge them down, aimed straight for the buns. -Sppprfhthptslwth- “Mmfrwaoofos psfosh did you have to be so hasty mm, oo they are real squirmers, aren't they?”

“Heck yeah they are.” Grease pan huffed out as she ground her cheeks down towards Zap's; one mercenary each tethering them together by their ass and pussy, a mottled ball of feathers fluffing up between them as they rocked their hinds together. -Chghrlpgsh- -Clpbghrlpgshs- -Crrlrdeawmp- A symphony of squealing flesh, muffled protests, swabbing feathers and moaning mares from the mangle mashed between them. -Slfpths- -Twwmfp- Pan ramming her hind down onto to clasp over the fringes of Bug Zapper's cheeks, burying the Griffon butt plugs in blubber and bouncing back to display the web of liquid lust coating the double ended, fuzzy sex toys.

“Mmfsm aawh you show off,” Zap huffed out as she slammed back, the mares taking turn pounding the mercenary meat between them. -Gbrhhgglgs- Their barrels, branded by the bulk of the birds, gradually subsided: frantic outlines flattened to smooth vistas. Pan and Zap clasped up to one another, gyrating into each other's hold as the captives stared, any sight of their comrades blotted out by the flank fat submerging one another. Until... -Shflprrhhtsrllrpsths- The two separated with a guttural pop, and from each mare, instead of Griffon, now decant a curdled slurry of bowel batter and neather nectar. -Sfhlpcbhflprrhhtshts- Right below where their hinds separated quickly rose a heap of molten Griffon sludge streak, an auburn streaked in swirls of pearly mare lust congregating in kilos and kilos upon itself, where two whole Griffon had stood few minutes before. The Talon mercenaries could only watch as the enhanced mares funneled their friends into fertilizer.

“Fmmpshaa oopsh, haaa. Told you it was gonna be good.”

“Mmfwf,” Zap responded as her pucker -Sbhrruflfpfstth- belched out a crumbled skull to add to the sludge heap amidst a gust of fuzz and feathers,” certainly worth it, I gotta admit.” she casually chatted back, before looking at the captives. “Think you lot will behave now?” she said, still huffing in satisfaction of their friends clogging her drain ducts.

~ 2 ~

Once the base had been thoroughly looted, and the garage was emptied, the mares herded the Griffon into the enclosed hall.

“You are both sick. Talon won't stand for this.” one of the Griffon protested.

“Tsk, thought we made things clear earlier besides, Talon should be afraid of me,” Pan proclaimed and kicked the Griffon in with the crowd of naked, or camo-lining dressed mercenaries.

“That was the last of them,” Zap said as she sat down.

Pan inspected the lot. “Gal, gal, lad, gal, lad...” she counted off as she went, but then hesitated, and circled them again. “Five gals, four lads... hey, this is only nine?” Pan called back to Zap. Who simply shrugged.

“We’ve loaded the rest of the cargo, those are all the ones I saw, I know they were ten before.”

Pan waved it odd. “I’m not worried about a straggler, phe, but it won’t do to have them an odd number of participants.” She hoisted up the naked Griffon who turned up his beak at her at the door. “Shame, but I’m gonna have to even the teams.”

“Teams? Where the hell are oh nongmmfo-fmfpghs.” The Griffon screamed out as his pleads were muffled by Pan’s encompassing lips swathing over his head, Pan arching back as her gullet bloated out her neck, and in the steady gulps cocooning the squirming upstart in her throat, billowing down to inflate her gut.

“Phe,” Zap huffed out as she wiggled her cheeks back -Sflphts- -Clfprhhtptsh- the squelches muffled behind the cloak of her fuzzy deep brunette tail floof, shielding the Griffon her bum was engulfing from view.

“That’ll show you for haggling the price, post-mission,” she mumbled, as the missing participant wormed up her rear.

“Mfpgh mfpsgh.”

“Shhh,” she hushed them, -Slfpths- and scotched back to scoop them up her flank, “You’ve got some beautiful cobalt feathers, be a shame to ruffle them too much, so just be a good bird and coup up my hind till I can let you out safely, deal?” she murmured back as Pan was distracted with chocking down her next meal.

“Mmfpght? Mmfpwh.” Came from the caboose tenant.

-Flspthtpwhwt- Zap slammed her hind down, scoffing the lodging the rest o the Griffon up her trunk. “Deal.”

-Glmpgghs- “Phaa...,” Pan sighed, rubbing down her gut as the thrashing silhouette -Slfpths- surged along her bloated midsection.

“Well if that is all,” Zap said, with tush to the wall shuffling towards the exit, “I’ll leave you to enjoy yourself while I check on the cargo.”

“Gotcha, I’ll be awhile.”

“Take all the time you need.” She ensured before sneaking out.

Grease pan patted her cheek. “Hear erhem, -Bghhaauurrrlsp-” she belched in a Griffon’s face and smacked her lips. Listen up, we’re gonna have some fun.” she said as she headed up to the ramp by the entrance to the deeper base, fishing out a diaper from her bags whilst explaining. “I came here to see some carnage, some rough-housing, and some and a touch of sexy ass.” she said as she threaded her legs through the diaper, looking out over her 8 participants. “where eight of you enter, only one lucky bird’s gonna get out of here with their life to their name, I want only the toughest candidate with the most self-control to have a -ghruaalrps- chance out of this.” she said as her gut gurgled, receding inwards to mulch the mercenary to muddy marmalade. “Five rounds one on one, and a special treat for the finale, the one who caves to their body, or lust, first is as good as cat food.” She mused, savoring the disturbed glances the Griffon exchange at this prospect.

-Ghrbhgpggsh- Her gut churned, and she wiggled her tail with a grunt.

-Brgbflpghs- -Crlrprsthchst-s with a crinkling splutter of fresh fudge, Pan’s pamper pants padded with portly pudge, -Chlrpghhts- swelling to slough and surge full of solid sludge, dangling down from her dump truck of a derriere, just in time for her to sit back -Slfpthtpthtwbhs- with a crumble of manure and bones creaking, planted back in her impromptu throne reeking of charred feathers and putrefaction, swelling up beneath her to raise her up on her throne as she gazed out upon her entertainment for the evening. “Mfms, you better be ready, but if you aren’t...”

-Fppfbbprrrhts- a faint mist of pickled chicken feet swept through the garage, “I’ve overstocked on diapers anyway.”

"I've got enough puffy toms to spare."

~ 3 ~

Eresh took in her surroundings, to her right was the staircase leading to the ramp which connected the garage to the rest of the facility, where the rest of her comrades and that psycho unicorn was sitting. The unicorn was shuffling into a new pair of pampers, the first pair stuffed to the brim with Seripo's remains, and by the smell of it, she wasn't done. Further ahead on the ramp were six fellow Griffon, serving as audience, pinning them with unease. And right ahead of her, was Fyn, who she was supposed to fight. Fyn Stripped naked, unlike herself, still clad in the latex camo, this could prove an advantage for her: to even think of it in that way, was sickening.

"Ding," Pan called out, "round one's already begun, and I wanna see some action now, got it? If you drag it out Then I'll remind you, my gut's big enough for two."

Eresh shook her head, this was it.

"What? That's absurd," Fyn said, turning to Pan, "and how exactly do you think we'd be in the mood if we're being threatened?"

Fyn was distracted. Eresh pounced as the Griffon complained, knocking her to the floor. Eresh hissed as she struggled to keep her co-worker still, meeting claw by claw as Fyn rebound, launching the two into a tumble across the ground.

"That's the spirit, till they give up or cum, those are the rules, but good luck getting them to throw in the towel." Pan mused and sat back in her new diaper, gradually unleashing the spoiled remains of Seripo, the -Pprhrbbrlffph- putter of steamy muck brewing at her rear only further incentiviiing the Griffon.

"Gaah, you traitor, Eresh."

"Shut up just, shut up, I'm not gonna end up as some frilly freelancers fertilizer."

"Bitch, do you think I wanna?"

"Shut... Up." Eresh called out and knocked her head into Fyn's, knocking a fist into the auburn coated aggressor.

"Phew, Think this would qualify as a Cat fight, or a bird brawl?" Grease Pan mused to the other captives.

Eresh struggled to stay back on top, Fyn snapping after her with their beak; Tufts of feathers torn away and discard around them, falling like a sprinkle of dandruff. Fyn was tough, she wasn't going to give in that easy. But the longer they tumbled, the less that unicorn paid them any mind. Eresh leapt off Fyn, taking to the sky. But Fyn darted after her, but with a swirl Eresh spun around her, right to where she wanted. She clutched her arms around the Griffon's hind, brandished her fist... -Spflthhtw-.

"Mnghryaagmngf..." Fyn squealed in disharmony with the slick squelch of Eresh's fist burrowing into her snatch. -Spfhhtptsh- The lips undulating around the scaled forearm as Eresh wrung her fist to and fro, screwing it into the exposed mercenary's birth canal.

"OoohoWOoo, things are getting interesting." Pan mused.

Eresh panted, clutching a hold as they descended, the strain of veins and tissue wearing around the Griffon's fist making her vulnerable, landing on the ground, splayed out before her.

"I'm sorry, but I'm not letting you get the better of me, just lie back, least I can do is make you enjoy yourself, al, always a slut for this stuff, aren't ycha?" Eresh huffed out, -slpfthhtptwhsltch- Her arm delving past Fyn's depths, an oblong bulge sailing up and down Fyn's belly.

"Gmrngs, gns, W-why..." Fyn lamented, straining herself, pinching her legs together, but Eresh leaned in further, -Sflpfhths- the humid clasp of the Griffon's cloaca wrecked by her thrusts choking through the garage, nestling between Fyn's thighs, so she could plough her fist up to the mercenary's cervix.

"Just Shhh, just let it happen..."

“Mmfng wh-why...” -Clpthhdd- A sharp thud echoed in Eresh's head as Fyn's thighs clamped over her.

“Why don't we see how you like it, whore.” Fyn twisted her pincer combatant to the ground. -Sthrlpffrrwhpt- Drawing herself off of Eresh's fist and launching a claw at Eresh's latex clad hind. -Srrrtchs- The black Griffon shredded through the suit, tearing a wide gouge across cleaving to unveil Eresh's cheeks.

“Hey,” Fyn called out, “let me show you some real fisting.” she declared, and with one hand grasping each of Eresh's thighs, reeled her head back to crash into head first into the exposed crack. -Slfchhrlpffhths- the moist smack of dropping a boulder into a swamp covered in rim frost echoed through the hall.

“Fmgbhgyraaf. fmmghs. Hhaaa.” Eresh howled. Their comrade's head dunked straight into her ass, their head surmounting the the libated orifice's limits, worming her way forwards whilst drawing Fyn's legs down over herself -Schfrrlpchrsths-, packing the inexperienced Griffon full, and by the displacing mulch of mud, she wasn't alone in there.

“Boohoo, we've got a feisty one, Bold move if I ever saw it,” cheered with enthusiasm, whilst Eresh struggled in the ache of a fellow Griffon testing the limits of her body.

-Fhsphghths- -Cfhphfhrhrstslp- Fyn's form called in backed up constipation warping her bowels, hot fudge, the wedging struggles, massaging the compact sewage into her strained walls.

“S-sto-stop it, what do you g-think you're...”

“Shhs, just let it happen, right?” Fyn spat out from within Eresh's muck duct.

Eresh was wearing down as her pit crawled over Fyn's shoulders, the Griffon packing her arms up through the brim, and with a swing... hoisted herself standing.

“Mghyragmg.” Eresh was left strung up on Fyn's frame, dangling with the jolts of tension rending her legs limp, — thrashing and tumbling as a ragdoll. All whilst gravity provided the extra push, drawing the Griffon below deeper up her packed cloaca, the rocking trembles rattling up Eresh's snatch and all the way through her spine, drawing in and chirping after breaths as her mind was addled in the rush of sardonic pressure. The Griffon arched her head back, and with a cry, gave in to the that primal tension surging through her. “Mmfggaaammfmffs.” -Slpthchs- Gushes of hot, liquid lust spurted from Eresh's crotch, painting the floor ahead in trails of her nectar, her body admitting defeat.

“Ding ding, that's round one in the bag, or up the bird more like.” Pan announced and trotted down the steps to meet them, her horn glowing in a luminance shrouding the auburn mercenary, unzipping her suit whilst she approached with her maw agape.

“You gotta give her credit for flare, she won fair and square.”

“W-wait I didn't, th-that wasn't I didn't -Fmmfpwhghs-.” Mmfpwfhhtps-.” Eresh Cried out as the pale maw descended, the Griffon's head reduced to a bulge in Pan's cheek which migrated to a dome in her gullet as the mare guzzled down the contest's first loser.

-Chrrfwelrlcsht- And whilst he unicorn hauled her in. A frantic crinkling bubbled at Eresh's other end. Her pucker warping and splaying as it retracted over -Chrrlpfths- bales of doughy manure caked into Fyn's plumage. With the bird moving down Pan's billowing neck the winner was gradually unveiled, -Clrpghhchts- from her neck upwards the Griffon laid spackled in a carapace of steaming fudge, tessellating into as routing pattern of fractures giving in the guise of scale armor, though morphing and sloping free in droves after being free from the gutters.

-Ghoommfphs- A hefty swallow sealed Pan's lips around Eresh's torso, hoisting then off of the comrade. -Shfltwwhlch-, letting them tumble back to the ground, face caked in the guise of a haphazard clay replica of themselves. The Griffon shook off tatters of grime to watch as Eresh's splayed cloaca sunk down Pan's throat. -Glhrorgmpshllrk- -Ooomgsh-

Pan leaned in and patted Fyn on the back. “Show-off showing. Keep that up and Ah lahk yah hcahmches...” Pan mumbled out with Eresh's legs flailing at the sides of her maw. “Ahrwshgt,” -Ghulgmgps-, “Round two, get ready.”

“Ding ding, lets go feather butts,” Pan called out.

Rodge and Greger wasted little time clashing, coming to blows in close combat, tearing and snapping at each other’s feathers.

“Ooo, those are my boys, get ehm,” Iabi called out from the viewing seats.

Greger peeked, Rodge peeked up at them, aside form himself and Greger, Iabi was the only remaining male in the unicorn's clutches, must have a lot of confidence to be cheering. Rodge dodged a swipe from Greger, stumbling backwards. It was bothersome to be matched up like this.

Greger swung around, sprinting into flight honed in on Rodge's ass.

“Oh, heck no,” he shouted, before the clash -Dddwtthsph- the two tumbling into one another and rolling across the floor to stir up dust and feathers. Greger taking off to leave Rodge primed and vulnerable...

-Srrrcctcsllch- The sweep of the rend churned. Greger's upward thrust serving only to enhance the strength behind Rodge's claw, a diagonal streak over his abdomen blooming in red. -Pfrbrpths- the gouge tented, and bulged, the torn sliver protruding and gaping over a tangled expanse of peachy sinew, the Griffon managing a single other flap of his wings, before-. -Flpfhhtpts- Dropping to the ground like a rock, bending over to reach for his gut... -Shlrptughthss- With a smatter of mince meat the conglomeration of tubes ruptured out through his tear, links of the mercenary's bowels drooling out with a cascade of crimson in its path. Greger gasped, breath quaking, as he clutched towards the gouge, turning over to keep it in his bowels, cupped in his body.

“Phaha, haa, think you could get my ass? Well I sure tore you a new one, huh?” Rodge gruffed out and sauntered up, digging his beak into Greger's guts and hauling out a loop of intestines. -Chhrhrhch- the beak sliced through the flesh, leaving marks of red embossed as the opened bowel tumbled back down. “See this, you think I wasn’t gonna play hard?” Rodge shouted and rammed the opened tube down Greger's cock, squeezing his dick to life as he massaged the greasy, moist flesh hose down the limp shaft.

“Think you are gonna get to have some fun now huh, huh? Come on and cum for me, think I was gonna give up to that whore faced pony scum you degenerate-.” Rodge grunted and scowled as he jerked the fleshly husk over Greger's cock, chocking the membrane taut in the jerks of greasy, soaked innards -Sfhfpsth- -Sflpsfhghtpts-.

“Alright, cut that out,” Grease pan growled, a dark stern tone rung out to deafen the atmosphere.

Rodge squeezed down on Greger's dick, feeling the meat throb in his grasp as Greger wheezed and twitched. “W-what? I'm following the rules, you were the one who-.”

“I didn't say you could kill each other.” Pan held her voice monotone as she stared down the Talon agent. “That's not exactly exciting.” She huffed and descended down the steps.

“All the excitement's zapped out,” she said and cocked her head with a murmur, “and limp meat just doesn't do it for me.”

Rodge swallowed. Unleashing his grasp on the pile of shaking Greger, curling up below them.

Pan placed a hoof on his shoulders, ... -Dldpthsth- and slammed him to the ground, -Clckrt- his beak chipping across the concrete. Pan huffed, and looked on the heap of twitching meat beside them.

I'm not in the mood to even out the teams again, I was already robbed of one round today, you win by default, round's over.” -Ghrhbrghglsp- down at ground level he could see the unicorn's gut hanging low, smooth and burbling as it processed the failed candidate of the first round. She unleashed him and whipped back her cyan mane. “Some bird help these two up, I've gotta take a dump.”

“Hgnnrg...” -Ppbfbrrrwwft- A thick burst of putrefied vinegar fumes funnelled through the mare's pampers, a spluttering grind of fresh manure painted onto the back padding, which inflated and broadened the fabric's stone textured surface, as her pucker relinquished kilos worth of mulched Griffon wax into the diaper. -Sfhlrlplhhcs- -Chlrpfhts- The mercenary's tomb inflating as the muck chugged downwards, drooping between her merchandised hindlegs like a tear droplet before its breath engorged under the sheer onslaught of manure...

“Mmfpfh mpah... Aww yeah, that slut feels smooth on the way oughs och, euhc. I think her beak just pricked me,” Pan scoffed as she discharged the Griffon's muddy remains in her engorging bloomers, the grey sides matted in splotches of umber as the heap dipped and sagged from her hind.

-Chhthc- she strapped free off the brim, -Sbdbphts- the diaper meeting a heavy fall from a short drop as it pancaked into the ground, bottom pancaked, rising behind the mare like a sack of grease. -Spfphhturhthts- whilst the broad pout was gaping around a fat coil of Eresh, coiling into the displaced batched of mare gruel in the bowl of a diaper behind her. Thin steam emanating from the bubbling muck. “Phaa, ok... toss em in.” Pan ordered the Griffon next in line, undoing her shackles.

“What?”

“It is like you feather brains won't listen,” she mumbled, “heave that meat bag in the diaper before his blood becomes a hazard on the arena. Rather, let him suffocate than chowing down on a limp sausage,” she explained before strutting up to Fyn, clutching Eresh's suit.

“I'll be needing this:” Pan said and snatched it up, levitating the latex hood for the head down over her pucker. -Pfpfhthhrprtwp- a dense miasma flushed out and inflated the suit in steam, before the remaining load of gut brewed Griffon sloughed out of her pit to fill the latex innards -Fhfplgbs- -Chrlpghstbstsh-. “Haa, I'm not wasting another diaper on half a load,” she said before checking in on the Griffon.

-Sfhphpts- The Mercenary was hoisting Greger into the diaper, pushing down on his chest to watch him descend I in the bile with a clench of wet dough -Ghrrlflpfschts-. Tepid manure oozed over his torso and clotted over the gouge in his gut, the Griffon winching as the rancid muck invaded his open wound.

“Ride em.”

Irune looked up.” What's, the point? He can barely feel anything by now.”

“Ride him down or you're going in with em” Pan snapped.

Irune winched, and fished out Greger's cock, it was stiff, though, jerking out of rhythm. She squatted down on him, quivering as the lukewarm Griffon meat was warmed by the surrounding mare sludge. She rutted into him. -Shfflspths- a rustle ran up throughout the labyrinthine pattern of cracks along the musk, sloping in over him. Another thrust, and the gutter glue claimed another stretch of him. -Sltpshp- -Cphtps- -Crlrpfhtswwp- Irune rode the stilted mercenary's dick, ploughing him in deeper to bring him into a blanket of burgeoning bowel bog. The patches of his face and chest were gradually shrinking, -Sflpwhptps- as the aperture of manure crept ever inwards in the bird's thrusts, swallowing him in the sea of sludge -Shhfrlpcbghptsh-.

-Thtp- Thtpw- The Griffon kept bounding on his dick, even as he laid submerged with all but his legs cast limp from within the mound of filth.

“Phaa... that's about good enough, but keep it up as long as you wish, might wanna give my gut a moment's rest before round three.” Pan huffed out as he wiggled her cheeks into the opening of the suit.

-Fphrhhrrhts- a gale of putrid brine fluttered into Fyn's face, the Talon agent holding the muck inflated suit of her comrade, -Flpfsht-fspthth- Pan fumigating her bowels of the former combatant, as the ballooned suit squealed and shifted beneath her, bones bumping up to bulge the bodysuit in bundles beneath its barrier, -Slpfthts- and a firm pressed creasent of clay tobogganed through the crescent tear at the bottom at the crotch. The mocking imitation of Eresh soiling themselves... with parts of themselves. “Mumps pha... Hope every bird in here's gotten the gist of

the rules now. I want you to fight dirty, but not bloody,” she said, casting a glance off towards her packed satchel. “... I have other plans...”