



## Pascal Earns His Scars – Part 3

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When Pascal returned from his first quest with scars across his chest, everyone was impressed. It showed that he had faced an enemy rather than flee. The young braviaries all gawked in awe and his female peers tittered as he passed by. His father and the elder braviaries of the flock congratulated him and held a feast to honor his rite of passage. But Pascal's grandfather, Anek, had a different reaction.

Anek was happy, of course, but there was a mischievous twinkle in his eye as though he knew the truth—the fact that Pascal was shagged by the corvicknight instead of facing a mortal enemy in combat. Pascal often wondered if perhaps he saw through the flimsy tale he had concocted. But the tough old bird never let him get away with lies before.

One day Pascal approached his grandfather on the subject but Anek avoided the questions. Pascal pressed further, digging for details of Anek's first scars, until at last, out of exasperation, the elder swatted him to the ground and stared him fiercely in the eyes. He spoke with finality and Pascal knew

not to test him further. He simply said, “You know what happened. There’s nothing new in this world. Nothing! We do what we have to do to survive! Learn from your scars!”

Pascal thought on these things as he watched rain settle down on a little village in a mountain valley. Autumn was dropping down the mountains in a wash of gold and red. Pascal’s first summer as an adult was a difficult one. It had challenged him physically as he roamed all over Galar in search of honor and heroic opportunities. He had protected people, such as the village below, and had won most of his battles. He felt far stronger and more fit than he had in the spring when Rok had overpowered him.

*If that big bastard ever attacks me again, I’ll be ready!* Pascal thought to himself. He breathed in, puffed his chest, and his beak swelled into a smile of confidence.

But down lower, between his feathery legs, his vent was swelling too, throbbing with the memory of a deep and satisfying injection of corviknight seed. He shifted his legs and winked his moistened cloaca. He sigh as his beak blushed. *Maybe losing wasn’t so bad?*

Pascal shook his head and muttered to himself, “Dammit! Why did that have to feel so good? What is wrong with me?”

The filthy truth was that Pascal had been struggling to push his attraction to Rok out of his mind all season. It was his first summer as an adult—too young to take a mate but old enough to be full of raging hormones. He had rubbed his cloaca into a lather on many a smooth, sun-warmed rock or wave-polished log and all the while he couldn’t help but see Rok’s burning glare and taste his salty tongue down his throat as he croaked out in climax.

Pascal cursed and quivered as his vision blurred in tears of frustration tinged by the vinegar of needs he couldn’t fulfill. “Fuck!” he spat out loud as he slammed his talons into a helpless log and sent it crashing down over a cliff. As the tumbling disturbance echoed about the canyon and small birds fled in panic, Pascal resolved to find Rok and face his demon. “I will fight him. It will end in my domination of him, or my death. I cannot go on like this.”

And so Pascal set off that day to return to the scene where Rok had violated him. He flew through the rainy evening and the moonlit night, arriving early the next day just as the sun splashed the rocks with crimson light. He called out as loudly as he could, “Raaaawwwwwwwkkkk!” and spread his wings wide as a challenge to the corviknight.

Within minutes the booming wingbeats of the steely raven echoed down from a nearby peak. Pascal’s hackles flared and his jaw hardened. The wooshing of massive wings carrying that massive bird struck Pascal’s breast and throbbed within him, all the way down to his sex. His whole body had been taut and firm but suddenly his hole was tender and supple, as though only responsive to the raven as its master. When that dawned on Pascal, his confidence faltered. He lost his concentration for a moment, wondering if he had made the right decision. But there was no turning back.

Despite Rok’s strength, he was too heavy to outclimb a strapping young Braviary. So Pascal leapt into the air and pumped his strong wings into a straight-up trajectory. He would seize the higher sky and have the advantage this time!

Rok watched Pascal climb above him, blazing with the orange glow of the rising sun. He flew lazily about in a wide circle, projecting a sense of boredom, as though he was just out for a morning stretch.

Pascal shrieked and pulled his wings in close so that he plummeted like a spear. He dropped into a trajectory that would bring him right up the Corvicknight's backside so he could sink his talons into the old bird's ass. The distance closed rapidly, the landscape becoming a fuzzy backdrop against the sharp black tail before him. Pascal twisted his wingtips ever so slightly and his primaries buzzed with the strain of the screaming wind. He arced into a flatter trajectory as he thrust his feet forward and screeched out his cry of battle.

Pascal's feet didn't strike anything remotely soft. Instead he pounded haplessly into Rok's back, the raven flipping over at the very last millisecond to bear his armored upper feathers. His mass was easily ten times that of Pascal but the colliding bird's inertia was high enough to tumble Corvicknight for few end-to-end flips before his wings grabbed air again and he laughed heartily back. But his laughter was cut short by the sight of the battered Braviary spiraling limply towards the valley below.

"Ah Faaaawk... must not let this young, dumb bird dieeee, must weee??" Rok pushed his beak down through a trail of fluffy white downy feathers, the debris from Pascal's failed melee.

An unconscious mass of spinning feathers, Pascal's eyes were closed and his beak flopped about in the slipstream. He cracked an eye just in time to see the blurry image of spruce trees growing ominously large. He felt heavy and breathless, unable to move, so he shut his eyes and braced for impact.

Instead, he suddenly felt strong talons grasp his body and halt his fall. The roar of rushing air turned into the deep wingbeats of a raven and he opened his eyes to see himself floating over the trees. Above him, Rok was huffing and puffing, his hackles up and his eyes ablaze.

A lightning bolt of relief shot through Pascal's chest and he weakly admired the image of his dark savior winging him along. The wind was knocked out of him so badly that he couldn't draw one breath, so he floated in the bliss of accepted death. *This is it... not so bad... this angel of death is handsome in fact...*

Then Pascal's chest spasmed and he inhaled a small airsac-full of air. He exhaled and jerkily inhaled again in a slightly bigger gulp. And then another. His vision sharpened as oxygen returned to his brain and he smiled, weakly rasping out, "Thhhaaank you..."

Rok only looked down momentarily but his stern visage did not change. In a moment he tilted his wings into a flare and the two landed gently atop a rocky outcrop splattered with small bones and whitewash. Rok released Pascal and stepped back. The Braviary was no longer a threat, if he ever had been.

Pascal rolled on his side and coughed as he raggedly inhaled a musky mixture of urates and raven castings, spruce needles and decayed bones. He didn't care. It tasted like life and he was thankful for the air filling his body.

After a few minutes, Pascal rolled onto his breast and rose shakily to his haunches. All his parts were there and, thankfully, nothing was broken except one of his talons. He had a new scar on his breast though—where many of his feathers had torn loose from striking the Corvicknight's armored feathers.

Rok stood a couple of meters away preening his own feathers back into place and it was obvious that he was completely unscathed.

Pascal felt a wave of shame come over himself and he sagged back down and dropped his head to the ground as tears filled his eyes. He closed his eyes and meekly uttered the words he felt in his heart, "Thank you, Rok."

Rok stopped and glanced. He was not accustomed to a crying Braviary. Nor having much conversation with them. He gave an awkwardly soft corvid croak.

Pascal's eyes stared downward into his own failures. "I'm not worthy. I... try. But I can't even win my honor. And... I can't stop thinking about you."

Rok shifted his stance. Pascal had unknowingly found his weakness. The young Braviary was foolish but incredibly brave to attack him. And now it was clear that this bird, who should hate him, was actually admiring him. Corviknights are not known for vanity but any strong bird appreciates the adulation of a foe. And in this case, from a Braviary, no less.

"Cawwww... Noooo flattery necessary, younnng onnnne. There is no honooooorrrr in lettnggg you dieeee." Rok kept up his rock solid visage but his eyes stirred and he looked away at the horizon as a breeze tugged at his feathers.

"No... I owe you my life... master."

That word "master" struck Rok's mind like a stone and sank down to a lump lodged in his throat. His eyes shifted as he swallowed. What had he started here?

Pascal drew a few ragged breaths and continued, "Teach me your ways. Please? I will do anything. I owe you my life."

Rok turned and his eyes blazed. He breathed faster and his hackles and ear feathers erected briefly and settled. His armor was not enough to stop this young Braviary from penetrating his heart.

"Myyyy waaaays are not Braviarry waaays. Ha! Youuuu do not have armorrrrrr. Youuuu do not have a beak of steeeel."

Pascal lay in a submissive position, his eyes swiveled up to meet Rok's face. "I can try, can't I? Even if I do not have your strength and your armor, I can learn from the attempt, can't I?"

Rok cocked his head and his fiery eyes relaxed into a warm glow. "Therrre is some wissssdommm in what you saaaay. But... I haaaave no use for a stuuudent."

"I will be your servant, master. I will do all that you say. I will serve you and pay my debt of life. My only request is to watch and to learn." Pascal's eyes quivered, hanging on the acceptance of his new master.

Rok really did not want another bird in his life. He was content to live alone, going where he wanted whenever he wanted. Perhaps there was yet a way to convince this irritating Braviary to leave him alone. Rok sighed and cocked his head, a mischievous smile turning the corners slightly. "Anyyythingggg, hmmm?... Lift your taaaaailll!"

Amazingly, Pascal seemed unphased and quickly jerked his tail into the air. "Yes master!" His tarsi thumped the ground and his back arched as his tail stiffened.

Rok frowned. This was not working. He would have to be rough. “You impetuousssss younnngg sllluutttt! ILL am not going to be gentlllle. I willlll riiiiide you lllliike the conquered preeeeey you are!” He flapped his mighty wings and kicked up a swirl of dust as he jumped onto Pascal’s back.

The wind squeaked out of Pascal’s mouth with a chirp as he was crushed into the ground. The Corvicknight’s claws sank deep into his feathers and scraped his skin sending bolts of spine-arching stimulation that raced up to his soft brain and down to his soft hole. His vent gaped open and gulped eagerly at the cool air.

Rok felt the Braviary quiver under him, not in panic but in pleasure. He hadn’t had a willing partner in ages and it excited him in a way he had forgotten was possible. His armored belly feathers parted wide and exposed his soft pink opening rimmed by downy circlet feathers. His heart raced and his eyes glowed excitedly. For a moment he forgot his strategy of raggedly fucking Pascal into hating him. He felt the lust of a male raven for his mate, wanting to tenderly reward her and baste her eggs with his fatherly desire. But Rok shook his head and anger swelled in his forehead. He would teach this bird a painful lesson.

Iron talons clenched hard into Pascal’s back and scraped open new scars. He screeched out in surprise and it crossed his mind that perhaps he had made a mistake. Rok’s beak stabbed into the back of his head and his vision filled with starbursts from the blow. He squawked out and fluttered his wings in a jerk of panic. He quickly came to his senses though and realized he was fulfilling what had been his secret desire for months now. He was under the lusty attentions of Rok! If he survived, it would be the hottest fuck of his life. *Ok, this pain is not bad. He just saved my life. Surely he’s not going to maim me now.*

Closing his eyes, Pascal redirected the pain into pleasure. The thumping tarsi on his back hardened his thighs. The prickling, armored feathers against his rump stiffened his tail and he pushed it to one side. The huffing beak pinching his nape, tugging at his feathers, made his wings spread in the dust in surrender. And the deep growls reverberating against his back were a call to press out his tender cloaca, seeking the hot kiss from the plump lips of his new master.

The Braviary under Rok was obviously in enjoying his roughness and he found himself powerless to resist where it was taking him. His cloaca swelled and pressed leaking streams of pent-up precum into his throbbing canal. It drooled down his belly feathers and he hadn’t even made contact yet. He teetered between hate-fucking him like an upstart “bitch” and treating him like a prized, loving mother Corvicknight. As a wave of lust, like the prickly sensation of a cold sweat, closed his eyes, Rok stopped thinking and let his gonads, screaming for release, take control.

A smooching, hot bulge of membranes pressed into Pascal’s ass and rubbed back and forth firmly. He pressed back and felt his cloaca dilate, reflexively welcoming the invasion as though he were a fertile hen. The massive raven croaked out long and deep as his vent lips twitched and his body shook. The vent winked closed tightly and opened again with a drool of slippery fluid that oozed down Pascal’s belly feathers. It was a heavenly, sucking massage that brought his ejaculatory ducts to maximum plumpness. He screeched and dug his claws through the earth under him as he fought off the urge to cum.

But it was no use. The birds were joined closer than any birds can be and right or wrong, natural or not, their neurobiology was the ultimate victor.

“HUNGGGHHH!” Pascal kicked his legs and his tail feathers fanned open and closed. A gush of creamy fluid dribbled from between his spasming vent lips and Rok’s.

Almost simultaneously, Rok yanked his beak back and gave an ear-bursting croak into the sky. He pressed his tail so hard against Pascal’s ass that his metallic rectrices kicked up sparks and dust. His talons relaxed as all his effort went into his ball-draining orgasm that filled Pascal’s cloaca to the brim with salty raven semen. He ruffled his tail and pressed again, squishing out their combined seed into a dribbly, dirty puddle that pasted Pascal’s belly feathers to the ground.

Rok’s head pounded and his vision throbbled in a display of fireworks in the darkness behind his closed eyelids. His mellow face reflected deep relaxation that pulled him down as strongly as the world’s gravity that settled his beak gently to Pascal’s feathered nape. He opened his blurry eyes, the fire within them dimmed to glowing embers. He licked and preened Pascal’s feathers in a moment of hormone-induced tenderness, loving his new pupil, at least for the moment, with all of his fiery heart.

Pascal slowly opened his eyes, panting and smiling to himself. He no longer doubted that he had made the right decision. The Corvicknight may have won the battle but he had won a place in his heart and would now learn his ways. Perhaps he would one day be as powerful as Rok even. But for now, it was enough to simply be his addiction, if not his valued pupil.