

Flock of the Rubber Space Pirates

Her feet grip her perch, body softly squeaking, her mind drawing toward consciousness. Thoughts of the previous week, the dreams that linger in the back of her mind, being washed aside by the cool air across her body. Steadily she awakens, feet clenching the perch, resting perfectly on the raised golden perch bar that gently swings back and forth. A soft chirp escapes her beak, her vision clearing. Before her across the simple cylindrical room, that gives the sensation of a gilded bird cage, is another avian like herself.

He's a wonderful blue, yellow tipped, anthropomorphic avian. His white belly feathers rise and fall at a steady pace. His slender masculine body, a perfect example of a corvid kind. Crotch smooth, but clearly male, ankles cuffed in a silver band, with a chain that attaches to the perch, keeping him locked there. His large avian wings, that are a mixture of wings, and winged hands, shift slightly, pressing up against his body with a soft squeak, his feathers so wonderful, and perfect, just in need of a little bit of preening when he awakes.

This 'dream' as she knows it, is a superimposed state of reality on top of reality. A layer seen only by her and the other avians of the crew. The true perfection they are as birds, and how naked and handsome, beautiful, absolutely stunning. The other reality, what they, and non-avians can see is the sleek rubber avians that derive their name as Rubber Birds. Space pirates that run rampant through the galaxy, gathering booty, collecting whatever they want and need as desired.

The one before her, CA-44, given by the smooth black visor on his head, with white lettering writing out his designation, a sleek design with visor dome and falconry hood in its creation. The beak, black as night, rubber body smooth, glistening well-polished, shining in the low light of the room. The light above her brightens as she stirs further awake, the chain from her perch to her ankles jingling, yet for the moment she admires the bird across from her. The rubber bulge across his crotch, the dream version showing a smooth white feathered crotch, hiding any sexuality, but she knows, like anyone will know about her, his created gender as a wonderful rubber bird.

She shakes her head, feeling a lingering sensation in the back of her mind. There was something there... what was it? No matter, it's not important at the moment, waking up and starting her duties aboard the ship is what's important at this moment. The chains keeping her to her perch detach from her ankle cuffs. She hops off with a soft chirp and a squeak, looking back at her empty perch, watching it swing, feeling a little bit of loss, her foot rubbing against one of her ankle cuffs, missing the chain that was attached to her.

"It's so comforting to be there," she says in a sweet soft feminine voice, which rings in her ears as a wondrous bird call, chirping out, waking to the morning, ready to tackle the day.

CA-44 shifts, squeaks, muttering, "No... wait, you can't..." His words reaching her but also sounding within the 'dream' realm as a wondrous soft chirps and trills that are soothing to one's soul.

She tilts her head, "I wonder what he's dreaming," she chirps, still hearing that song along with her words, two realities merging into one, both as real to her as any reality but one only accessible to the birds, and what a wonderful reality it is.

She shakes her head, shaking off a little budding thought in the back of her mind of something more, something familiar about those words spoken by him, but for the moment its forgotten, "Have to get ready for the day and get some food," she says, licking her beak, stepping in front of a mirror in the room, seeing her sleek rubber avian self. Her supple breasts, smooth crotch, slender curves. Black as night rubber, with a smooth visor dome over her face, beak jutting out. The designation, her name, the only thing she knew to be called by CA-43.

She preens her dream feathers, beak squeaking against her rubber skin, picking off any dust, while the dream feathers rise, fall, becoming perfectly arranged. Lost in a state of pleasure and delight, her folds tense, feeling them within her, but smoothed away by the rubber, smoothed away in the dream. Unable to find any release, just a warm bubbling of lustful delights, putting her mind into a soft state of wanting delight, eager to do the bidding of the flock.

With a soft chirp, "Time to get breakfast," she wiggles her tail feathers, body squeaking, she turns, exiting her small bird cage, to the hallways of the ship, sleek silver steel, clean and perfect. Other rubber avians like herself, seeing some with red feathers, others with purple and blacks, their crotches nothing but bulges, or smooth genderless crotches, hiding themselves from any source of self-pleasuring, helping them to keep focus on their duties.

CA-43 walks with a step in her step. Her body shining in the lights, the ship's hull receives the double reality treatment. She sees each door as an entrance to another wonderful golden bird cage, the pathway before her, soft and gentle with the true reality of the ship always there, always telling her what's actually there, while living partially in the dream state.

Like her double reality, she feels the double hunger, the first within her loins, aching, burning, wanting to be teased so badly, pulsating in delight, the other the natural need for sustenance, and deep down at this moment she only knows one that could be fulfilled. She heads straight to the 'bird feeder' room. There were dozens of birds much like herself, all on golden perches facing a large silver cylinder. Each of them were happily nursing upon thick rubber phallic members. The birds suckling them down, receiving whatever they can from the members.

The rubber bird pirate feels eager, feeling a warmth and hunger build deep within her. With a soft chirp, "I'm famished, I can't wait for my bird seed," she says, walking to one of the golden perches. Her avian feet grip the empty perch, big enough for just one to place themselves on. Her rubber talons grip the perch, which drops two inches once she places her weight upon it.

The lowered perch opens a sliding door right in front of CA-43's and coming out of it is a thick phallic rubber length, dripping with white nectar fluid. With a chirp, "Time to eat!" she wraps her beak around the rubbery length, tongue licking across it, tasting and savoring the salty sweet taste that flows across her tongue, flooding down her throat, which she swallows.

In her 'dream' vision she sees a throbbing eager avian cock, which she can't help but take into her mouth. Something about the action soothed her mind, calmed her, allowed her to focus

on the one single task before her. She bobs her head on the delicious member. She suckles the member nice and hard, drawing out more of the delicious fluids. Her tongue coils around the length, milking the delicious length. Her beak presses all the way into the sliding open door that leads to the source of the delicious fluid. With each firm suckle, more of the liquid drips onto her tongue, steadily filling her mouth, which she drinks down, steadily satiating her hunger.

She felt a delight, a warmth fill her. It was so comforting to take the member into her maw. Her wings flutter, 'feeling' her dream feathers rising, before lowering, become nice and relaxed with her contentment with suckling for her food source. Something about it let her mind wander, able to practice a craft she felt she needs to learn to improve. Over several minutes she feeds and enjoys herself. Other rubber birds, coming and going as they get their fill.

Out of her peripherals she catches one avian she recognized, CA-44, "*Ah, he must be starting work early today,*" she thinks, watching him from the corner of her eye, getting onto the perch right beside her own. His wonderful plumage a delightful sight, while his smooth rubber body glistens under the lights. He grips the perch, which drops, opening the door that allows the delicious thick phallic cock for him to suckle upon, to draw out his delicious bird seed.

Like her, he gently suckles upon it, finding comfort, the sight of which further comforts CA-43, not sure why, but not caring why either. At this moment she is simply getting her breakfast. A wonderful time for her to relax, enjoy, mind drifting for a little bit as she gets her oral fix. She deep throats the member, taking it all the way, beak pressing into the hole, she slurps and suckles, swallowing down the delicious seed that oozes out of the member, taking it into her. Her feet clenching onto the perch, feeling a growing comfort in the moment, eyes fluttering under the dome, being completely filled with delight of service, knowing she's doing what she's supposed to do. Not that she knows exactly how she knows this, how she feels this, it's just something that is just as it is. A point of time, the start of her existence, has been this, knowing nothing else, and it's wonderful.

Then there's a soft click, the flow of bird seed ends. CA-43 takes a moment to suckle the empty cock, enjoying the feeling of it within her beak but she only manages a few moments before it pulls away from her, the door automatically closing. She lets out a soft chirp, "Phooey," she huffs, but feeling her belly is full of delight, loins burning with need, she must get back to work, performing her duties so that she may get more of her delicious meal.

She hops off the perch, which raises up, resetting, allowing the next rubber bird, whenever that may be, to get on and enjoy their delicious meal. Despite the obviousness of it, there was never a time where she'd thought trying to 'cheat' the system by simply going back onto the perch never crossed her mind. She's a perfect example of a rubber bird, never wanting to break the rules, always wanting to do better.

She understands that currently she's at the very bottom rung of the rubber avian hierarchy, but why is she? How did she get there? Not a thought she thinks about. She isn't fully sure herself though if anyone would ask her such a silly question.

For now she walks down the hallway, her rubber wings pressed up against her body, stalking the path like a bird of prey on the hunt, but what she's hunting at the moment, despite

her undying sexual need, is service to the ones that command her. Her current duties today are simple, fair, delicate yet very important.

She makes her way down to the cargo area of the ship. There are sounds that are not so sweet and delightful as the bird songs that surround her on the upper levels of the pirate ship. Here there are wonderful silver cages, but within them are not as beautiful, non-avian. Those captured and to be taken to where they need to go, sold off as cargo. They are trapped, helpless, unable to do anything but wait in their small cages till they are taken to their inevitable fate.

A few people try to call out, asking, begging to be let out, but CA-43 simply chirps and sings to herself which echoes down the hallway, drowning out the noise of those less refined and not attached to her wonderful world. She spends time bringing them food, making sure they are healthy and in good condition, "Don't worry, you'll be taken to a better place," she chirps to them, her words understood by them, but does not alleviate their current state of fear.

She passes one such prisoner, one of a dozen here. They were all held up a foot off the ground, on an avian perch, shaped like a T, allowing for more points of chains and bondage is a grey furred, white bellied, blond hair anthropomorphic cat. His blue eyes looks to her, begging for help. His body held in tight bondage leather and a latex mix of bondage. His loins are placed into a silver chastity device, keeping his member tightly bound, but as he's held there, forced to slip onto a thick dildo, helping him stay in place, preventing the feline from falling off.

Furthermore, his mouth is held open, with a ring gag, keeping him from being able to close his mouth, or to call out and cause problems. CA-43 recalls that this one was screaming, yelling, refusing to eat. She stares at him for a moment, looking at the tight bondage around his body, the black leather body harness, arms slipped into arm binders, locking into the jut in the back of the perch, locking him nice and tight onto the perch, forcing his back tight and straight. His tail flicks behind him with a sense of anger, nostrils flaring, panting heavily. A thick collar is wrapped around his neck, which chains him forward to his small cage, locking him perfectly in place, unable to lean forward or back of more than a few inches.

"Poor kitten, you fought too hard. But don't worry, we'll take you to a place where you'll be treated well. She likes cats," she sings, feeling her words flow from her beak, knowledge known to her but not sure as to why she knows it.

The cat huffs, tugging on his bondage, the chains rattling, struggling against his bondage, when CA-43 takes a phallic feeding device like the one she suckled upon herself earlier in the day. She shoves the object into his mouth. He jerks and grumbles, trying to resist taking it. In this moment as he gives her a fierce glare, something comes rushing back to her.

People are screaming, crying out, yelling, "Pirates!" is dressed in a uniform, ushering people farther back into the ship, "Go, this way!" he exclaims, with a fierce look. A heavy thud shakes the ship, causing people to scream. She feels a rush, fear, anxiety.

The feline's moan knocks her out of the moment, the device slides in and out of the feline's mouth. Forcing him to suckle on it, "That's it. Relax, become good at drinking the delicious seed. You'll need it," she chirps, singing out happily. The feline fights for a bit longer, feeling the slick phallic member forced into his mouth, his rough tongue running across the

smooth rubber, the liquid leaking out, soothing him, calming him against his will. Increasing his arousal, making him moan, milking the member, squeezing out the juices, and with each slurp the hunger in his belly lowers, his body calms like a kitten feeding on mother's milk. Eventually the feline stops struggling once more, simply slurping down the rubbery shaft the rubber bird is pumping into his mouth, the only hunger growing now within him is within his loins, his member twitching within the tight chastity, dribbling pre-cum.

"That's a good feline. Suckle it down. Learn the wonderful, delicious skills you'll need in your near future," she says with a soft chirp, feeling a bliss within her body. "Good kitty," she says, making sure that everything has been drained from the device, pulling the object out of the kitten's mouth, licking the tip of the dick, before the drone withdraws it completely, putting it away, "Sorry kitten, have to wait till lunch for more," she chirps.

The feline's eyes are glazed over, lost in whatever moment he finds himself in. Lost in a haze, unable to think of anything but what is within his mouth. His body relaxed, he softly mews, licking his lips, wanting something more. The drugs keep him completely complacent, "That's a good kitty," she chirps, going to the next cage. The feline lets out a soft mew, unable to do anything, simply lost in a state of lust and drugs.

CA-43 chirps happily, going to the other cages, feeding, tending to them, the wonderful bird perches keeping each one of them held like the feline. Those who have been 'good' are given a fraction of more movement, but they are lost, helpless, defeated, knowing there is nothing they can do. Eventually goes to the other cages, a dozen empty, ready to be used. She cleans them, chirping happily, making them ready for whenever they may be needed.

Hours go by, the avian returning to the feeding chamber twice more. Each one a delightful time, flooding her mouth with delicious seed, flooding her beak with the creamy delight that sustains her to keep her going. The wonderful world she finds herself in, hearing the birds all around her singing, talking to each other, wondrous delights, their crotches smooth or bulging. All the avians lost in endless need and delight. To CA-43, it's simply another day, another wonderful moment to do her tasks. Nothing can be better than this, absolutely nothing, as far as she thinks.

But when she gets back to her wonderful cage, seeing it shimmering around her while still seeing the true reality of the simple metallic room devoid of anything except the perches and the mirror, and whatever necessary supplies she needs to polish and clean herself. The cage is beautiful, breathtaking, surrounding her, making her feel safe, content, and pleased with her work. Her butt hikes, tail feathers fluttering. She gently rubs her rubber feathers across herself, squeaking softly, her 'dream' self is still groomed, and a perfect example of an avian.

"What a wonderful day," she chirps, hearing her beautiful song, escaping her beak. She looks at her perch, her foot gently rubs against the ankle brace, "It will be wonderful to get back onto my perch," she chirps.

About to step onto the perch the door behind her opens, revealing the sleek perfect masculine example of a rubber bird, her roommate. She chirps in greeting, turning to him, getting closer, "Hello CA-44, how were your tasks today?" she asks.

CA-44 turns to her, moving in close, beaks gently touching, the two-feeling drawn to each other, his bulging rubber crotch pressing up against her smooth sleek crotch, sending soft pleasure through both of them, “Wonderful!” he trills happily, “I practiced and improved my raiding techniques. CA-10 thinks I’m a natural at it.”

“That’s wonderful, I’m so glad to hear it,” she says, nuzzling and preening his feathers in her ‘dream’ eye, while her beak squeaks against his smooth rubbery skin.

“How about you CA-43?”

“Oh, I’ve been busy as a hummingbird. Taking care of all those unfortunate prisoners in the cargo area.”

“Unfortunate?” he asks with a soft chirp.

“Yeah, they don’t get to be wonderful birds like us,” she says, leaning in closer, pressing her bust up against him, with a loud squeak, which sings out in their mind, like an angelic song, mixing in with the avian vocals that they produce whenever they sing, adding to the chorus they hear, her tongue runs across his rubber skin, tasting it, seeing feathers, smelling his sweet scent, the lust burning within her, edging her to grind against him more.

“Ah, I understand my sweet fellow songbird, say no more. What a sad life they lead, trapped in their cages,” he chirps, nuzzling licking, tilting his head to bring a deeper kiss to the fellow rubber bird. Their tongues intertwined with each other, their kiss growing deeper. Gently, he grinds up against the wonderful female before him. His bulge tenses, twitches, his real member all bound, held, unable to do anything, but he feels it aching, burning within his loins, gently pressing against her wonderful crotch, seeing his smooth bird crotch against her own.

CA-43 chirps happily, feeling the warm and delight of the other bird. His masculinity hidden away, but she can sense it’s there, a delightful pressure between them. Tongues circling around the other, gently suckling the other, the kiss growing deeper, squeakier, moaning softly. They both shudder, shiver, twitching, humping a little harder against one another.

Their winged arms gently rub against the other, gently squeezing along the other’s side, their arms wrapping around the other, feathers gently caressing the other’s butt. They moan and chirp, panting heavier, moaning louder, kissing growing ever deeper. The two faceless avian rubber birds, looking into the other’s number. Perfectly content with the other, heat burning within their loins, wanting, loving, feeling so close together. A tug between them, drawing them ever close together. They feel it in the back of their minds, their wanting to be closer, kissing growing even deeper.

Another quick moment, a flash in their minds, they are holding someone else in their arms, hugging, huddling together, hearts racing, fear filling them. The half a second thought that they shared, each one seeing someone else across from them, pulls them out of their loving, wanting and lustful embrace.

CA-43 lets out a soft chirp, shaking off the sensation that was there, coming down from that feather ruffling moment back to the aching need and delightful smoothness of her rubber, “We should get some sleep.”

CA-44 feeling similar to her, unsure what to make of the moment, before being quickly drawn back to his pleased and eager state, “I agree,” he chirps back, singing his song in delight.

CA-43 chirps, “Goodnight,” she sings.

“Goodnight,” he replies.

She walks over to her perch, rubbing her ankle cuffs with her feet, feeling eager to slip back on. She steps onto the golden perch, the chains coming to life, attaching to her ankles, binding, merging with them, locking her in place. Her black rubber avian feet tightly grip the perch, which swings back and forth. Looking across the way she sees CA-44, getting into the same position, the chains locking, ensuring there is nowhere to go. Nothing to look at except the wonderful example of a bird across from the other.

She says back and forth, back and forth, her body relaxing with each deep soft chirping breath. The song that comes from them steadily soothes her. If she could see her eyes, they would be glazed over, much like CA-44. With each steady breath, the soft squeak of the perch, filling out as white noise.

Her mind drifts, finding that place between consciousness and sleep. That wonderful moment of twilight where the boundary between being awake and being in a dream state blurs away into nothingness. There her body twitches, tightly gripping the perch. Thoughts, memories perhaps, come back to her. Disjointed, thoughts. She’s with someone, someone close. A relative? She has relatives? Yes, she does, a brother.

She sees him, they are staying close together, he says, “Don’t worry, I won’t let them take you. I’ll protect you,” he says, his features blurred, but the meaning, thoughts are there. That same feline, the cat security guard, rushing them toward the back of the ship, to hidden compartments where they could hide.

“This way!” he yells, pulling her through the ship’s corridor, finding the place to hide.

“We’ll be okay, right?” she asks. CA-43 understands this is her voice, understands its her voice. These fragments of memories trickle down into her mind, deeper into her psyche. Accepted into her new mind set. Like converting programs of an older OS and making it operate on the new system. Each passing moment felt wonderful, pieces of a puzzle slipping into place. Or more like pieces being made from fragments and molded to fit the puzzle laid out before her. The puzzle of her mind, coming together, becoming ever more complete as the information slips into her mind.

When CA-43 awakens the next morning, squeezing her perch, feeling the comfort of it underneath her rubber talons. The sensation of her dreams from the previous night, lingering in her mind, slipping away into the back of her mind. A greater understanding of her permission and self-growing, a building acceptance of who she now is, getting the sensation that she was even *something* before this. It brought her no discomfort, but only an increased sense of joy that she has been improved and made into a perfect songbird.

She takes a deep breath, slowly releasing it, feeling pleasure fill her, the soft pulsating need and delight between her loins further help awaken her mind. The chain to her perch automatically breaks away. She hops off the perch, gently rubbing her ankle brace with her foot.

Feeling a faint sense of loss. She looks over to the perch, wanting to step back onto it, but knowing her own needs aren't as important as the flock.

Taking a moment to look into the mirror, she looks over her sleek rubber body, while seeing the wonderful 'dream' of her perceived state of being. A beautiful bird. She gently preens and polishes her rubber skin, before going to enjoy her wonderful meal. She feels the hunger grow, another glorious day as part of the flock. Another wonderful time sitting on her feeding perch, filling her beak with the delightful phallic object which she can suckle and drink down the seed needed to sustain her. Such deliciousness makes her grow even more aroused and excited, a well-groomed bird, eager to follow the flock.

CA-43 continues to do her daily tasks, cleaning the perches, feeding those who are on them when suddenly there is a soft trilling alarm. In her 'dream' mind she feels her feathers rise up. The alarm sounds majestic yet doesn't lose its sense of urgency. The lights darken, turning red, the chirps shifting in tone, becoming more in line of bird calls of a flock of birds ready to pounce on some prey.

CA-43 felt a rush of delight, another way to serve the flock, she leaves the confused and squirming people in the lower decks, moving to her staging area, where she'll receive her commands. She lines up with several other birds, CA-44 standing beside her, every avian is lined up 7-69 with a few numbers missing, such as CA-45's spot is blank, "This is so exciting," she chirps, looking straight ahead.

"I've trained for this, I am ready," chirps CA-44 in his masculine avian voice. Feeling an excitement build within him, feathers becoming ruffled in the excitement, before he relaxes, his rubber body squeaking, as they all eagerly await those in charge to come down and give them commands.

Suddenly coming down the path they've created by their lining up along the sides are two majestic avians. In the real world, they are sleek smooth rubber birds like themselves, with the dome visor and the white lettering, the first CA-01 the other CA-02. All the other birds knew these two were in charge of the flock, yet not the one that commands them completely but an instrument of that command. They obey them without second thought, filling them with joy and pleasure, such delights were hard to quantify but impossible to think of being without.

CA-01, busty her breasts bouncing much like a lovely throbbing avian member between her legs. The balls round the size of tennis balls. The sulphureous avian has white feathers and a powerful curved beak. Her predatory blue avian eyes stared over the other rubber birds, her gaze met CA-43, filling her with delight and a quickening of her heart. The lower half of the eagle avian has soft brown golden feathers, and yellow avian feet and claws.

CA-02 is similar to CA-01 in terms of body shape and bust. Very feminine looking with big handful breasts that jut out from her body, the dream state shows deep dark blue feathers with a lighter blue body, black claws and beak. Her eyes are an ocean blue, piercing and strong as any other, while she has a twitching throbbing black member, but like CA-01 the real version of them shows the members coated in rubber, able to twitch and drip with eagerness and delight.

The pair of powerful rubber pirate birds walk down along the path, looking over the lined up birds, CA-01 is walking down the side CA-43 is, while CA-02 is on the birds on the other path. CA-01 chirps, looking at CA-44, "You will come and assist us," she says, tapping on CA-44's bulge. The avian's words are heavenly, an absolute delight to listen to, the song she sings with each spoken word sends pleasure to all the avians nearby.

The null bulge melts away, unleashing his hard twitching, throbbing cock, member aching, wanting to be touched, played with. CA-44 chirps in delight, "As you wish, I will do what I can to be of assistance to you and the flock," he chirps in delight. He steps behind CA-01, joining the ranks for combat.

CA-43 sees the dream state of CA-44 showing off his balls and cock, aching, twitching, steadily wanting to be used. She sees the fully developed avian bits that were only smooth for her only moments before. She lets out a delightful chirp, enjoying the view, but not moving from her spot, not feeling a sadness when CA-01 passes her up, even though their eyes meet, causing her to feel a delight of pleasure and eagerness to serve bubbling up within her.

CA-02 touches others on her line, touching the smooth crotches, or the bulges, revealing the other avian's eager lengths and balls, twitching, wanting sex, showing off their hyper-sexualized selves who couldn't help but show themselves and prostrate themselves to their leaders. They fall in line behind CA-02, while CA-01's grouping grows ever longer.

"You will do as well," chirps CA-01 says in delight, her own member out and hard, "They will be so distracted by us that they will be so easy to take over. They will never stop us," says with delight, her song echoing in all the minds of the other avians.

CA-02 chirps, "The rest of you prepare for our new cargo, we might be having some new members soon, isn't that right deary?" she chirps looking over to CA-01 getting close, gently nuzzling and preening along her neck lovingly, their cocks twitching and rubbing up against the other with a loud squeak.

CA-01 softly moans, grinding back, "Yup, we'll be growing the flock and obtaining more subjects for our Mistress," she says. The word Mistress sent shudders through all the birds, doubling their pleasure and arousal. A flash image of white fur flowed across their minds before it disappeared. The idea of who they truly serve filling their minds, making them all eager.

"Ready to serve. Ready to obey. I'm going to be a wonderful bird, and serve to the best of my ability," CA-43 thinks, the few remaining birds being dismissed, returning to their area, she to the storage area, getting ready to receive new people, wanting to make sure everything is ready. The ship shudders, making contact with the vessel they are boarding. The sound of which feels vaguely familiar to her.

Something about this felt like she's done this before, even though she *knows* this is her first raid. Though not directly participating in it, she is playing her part. Opening the cages, getting the chains set up and ready. She feels a glee of doing her job, wanting to be the best bird she can be for the flock.

About fifteen minutes later rubber birds from the flock come marching down, dragging in captured anthropomorphic dragons of all sorts of colors. They are exhausted trapped in tight rubber bondage, that blind folds them and keeps their arms tightly bundled up behind their backs.

Some of them call out, "Who are you? Release us. Please someone help," and so on and so forth.

CA-43 only hears delicious, sweet songs singing through the air. She chirps, helping the fellows veins that come down with them to bind and chain them to their new perches, slipping the bondage equipment around their bodies, locking them each into place. Doing her best to ensure that they are not only secure but comfortable in their new perches.

Any that show any extra 'problems' she works harder to tie them down, slipping a ring into their mouths, making it impossible for them to say anything, only pant and grunt as they are fitted up with the right gear, chastity device slipped over their crotches, flat female devices for the females while the males are slipped into form fitting cages that jingle as they squirm and grunt, trying hard to be free, but is made impossible for her.

"Mustn't spoil the goods till you arrive at your new home!" she chirps, happily, singing in delight, working constantly to help those who come in. Eventually CA-01 comes down, checking up on the work, chirping happily, looking to CA-43, who lowers her head, chirping, showing her obedience and subservience to her, "How may I be of service to you?" she asks with a delightful chirp.

"You'll be serving me soon," she chirps, reaching out, her rubber feathers caressing her head, "But for now, I want you to come with me. You've done so well thus far, that I want you to get a little treat."

"What is it?" she asks with a chirp, growing eager, leaning into the touch, moving closer to her, tail feathers fluttering in delight.

"I want you to see the newest addition of our flock. We'll be making a new sister. Come, I want you to experience the joy of it," she chirps, her words commanding, yet delicate, perfect to caress CA-43's mind, lulling her into a state of docile, lustful obedience.

"With pleasure," she chirps, leaning into the touch, being led by CA-01's feathers, moving her through the ship, going towards the depths of the ship to an area that feels vaguely familiar to her but yet something is telling her that she hasn't been here before. Sleek metal corridors, the scent of latex growing heavier in the air.

Eventually they reach a large room where there's a crowd that has gathered of over a dozen rubber birds. Numbers 1-6 are here, the lead birds of the ship, the ones with the highest freedom and loyalty, able to command any of the other lower numbers, but CA-01 and CA-02 are the very peak of the pecking order.

"Please stand here and watch your newest sister join us," chirps CA-01, guiding CA-43 to a spot right next to CA-44 who still has an aching, throbbing length between his legs.

He looks to her with delight, letting out a chirp in delight, "You were able to make it, wonderful," he says.

“Were you the one that requested me to be here?” she asks, cleaning up against him, their bodies squeaking while still seeing their perfect reality of themselves in the ‘dream’ state.

“It was a humble request, but CA-01 stated that you did earn your place here to watch,” he says, looking over to a large cylindrical rubber vat.

“Is it starting soon?” she asks, looking out curiously, tail feathers rising, seeing a golden perch that is on the ground nearby, connected to a large crane that could raise, lower, and move the perch as needed.

“Should be, they are going to bring out our newest sister. She’s a very fine catch. I helped find her on the ship,” he chirps with glee, his cock twitching, growing even harder, dribbling a bit of rubbery pre-cum from the tip of his length.

CA-43 eyes it, leaning in closer, her rubber feather hand gently caresses the length, moving up and down along the cock with a soft squeak, “What a powerful bird. I should reward you when we get a chance to,” she softly chirps into his ear, nuzzle licking his smooth rubber head.

CA-44 shudders in delight, gently grinding against her touch, leaning up against her, feeling how close he is to her. Something about it makes him feel odd, but the sensation quickly fades under the constant arousal and need filling his mind. He looks out to the area below, “That would be nice, but we should watch. Another sister will join the flock. This will be wonderful,” he chirps.

“More wonderful to be with you while watching it,” she chirps, nuzzle preening him one more time with a squeak, “Thanks,” she says with a long rubbery lick.

Moments later two rubber male birds bring in a slender female, red scaled, anthropomorphic wingless dragon. She growls and hisses at them, “Let go of me!” she growls. Her horns are removed and filed down into nothing. She struggles and pants, having constantly tried to break free from the powerful avian’s grips.

Both of the red dragon’s guards are powerful looking avians, one a brown and white feathered eagle, the other a black feathered raven. They tightly keep her in place, forcing her upon the perch, the raven moves behind the dragon, holding her arms behind her back, preventing them from doing anything while golden shackles are placed on her ankles, and then chained to the perch. The chains so short that there isn’t even enough room to even lift her feet off the perch.

“What are you going to do with me? What do you crazed birds want?” she growls, struggling weakly against the birds.

CA-43 watches with growing curiosity. The scene fills her with delight and pleasure yet at the same time a strange familiarity, something about the dragon’s words felt like an echo of a memory. A dream of something that happened in her past, yet at the same time she feels there is even more to it than that. But looking down at the dragon who glares at the rubber birds around her, she feels with an even growing pleasure. Her excitement grows, her sex twitching, her smooth crotch aching for more attention. She wants to see this happen, the excitement and anticipation of it grows.

“You birds will not get away from this!” she yells, growling, grunting, the eagle rubber bird, making sure the constraints are in place before stepping back. The raven does the same, letting the dragon’s arms go, allowing her to claw at the ankle bindings but she does nothing to them.

CA-01 chirps, “You will join us and never want to leave.”

CA-02 also adds, “Yuppers! You will love being one of us.”

“Joining the flock.”

There’s then a swell filling CA-43 and CA-44, a desire to respond, “Joining the flock,” the words filling them with pleasure as they speak in unison to the other birds there.

The dragon looks up at them with concern, returning to attempt to remove the constraints but she’s lifted up into the air. She growls and struggles against the bondage even harder, “I will never join you!” she declares, glowering up at all the birds, while she’s moved over to the center of the rubber vat that shifts and churns underneath her.

The rubber reacts to the dragon moving over it. Rubber tendrils reach up, wanting to touch her, wrap itself around her, but the rubber only manages to get up a half an inch before it can no longer support itself any farther before collapsing back into itself while the dragon trapped on the perch is moved to the very center.

The more CA-43 watches, the more there is a strange familiarity with this moment. Her heart races, her arms wrap around CA-44, holding onto him tighter, her excitement growing, eagerness flowing within her, crotch pressing up against his side, gently grinding against him.

The rubber pirate bird moans out in delight, feeling her warmth but despite this distraction and excitement within both of them, they keep their gaze locked onto the dragon, who looks down at the rubber with growing concern. The chains jingle, the dragon trying harder to break free, “Release me!” she huffs.

The birds begin to sing, their song echoing out, the choir of birds, their song sounds heavenly to all the birds there. To the dragon it slowly relaxes her, she tugs less on the chains, “No, I can’t... I will not join you,” she huffs, the perch being lowered down into the rubber, which instantly latches onto her skin, coiling and spreads across her scales.

“I can’t! Stop this!” she exclaims, feeling the rubber, feeling the rubber squeezing her body tighter, harder, preparing her for the shift into what she is to what she needs to be. Inch by inch she’s lowered into the hot rubber, clinging even together across her form, “No! No!” she exclaims, her words drowned out by the hypnotic music the birds are singing, the dragon is soon completely submerged within the rubber. A few bubbles break the surface of the rubber which soon smooths out, becoming wrinkle free, a perfectly highly polished warm rubber, reflecting the golden chains that lowered the perch into the rubber.

The birds continue to sing, unable to stop, not wanting to stop. A compulsion they can’t help but continue to sing, knowing they had to sing, knowing they *must* sing till the process is complete. Minutes more go by, the bubbles slowing... stopping. For the birds, only the song matters. A beautiful song that fills their minds with pleasure, delight and wonder.

Then after an unknown amount of time, fifteen minutes? Thirty? An hour or so? Time never mattered to the birds, only the end result. And when the result within the rubber was achieved the chains began to rise. Slowly, steadily rubber's surface is broken. Sleek slender rubber dome head peaks out, a perfect example of a rubber bird. The white lettering of CA-45 is on the front.

Inch by inch the sleek rubber bird is revealed to the world. She sits on her perch happy, pleased, calm, looking up to the singing birds around her, drawn into the song moments later. The busty anthropomorphic female rubber bird is raised from the smooth rubber vat. The red dragon is no more. In the eyes of the rubber birds looking down at her, they see her 'true' state within the 'dream' reality. A wonderful red feathered anthropomorphic robin. She has a wonderful set of chest pillows. Her belly white feathered, red around the rest with a yellow beak and blue eyes that are glazed over, showing off in delight of the moment. Joining into the wonderful chorus around her.

The perch is brought over to the side of the vat. The other two rubber birds from before return, unlocking the new rubber bird, CA-45 chirps in delight, growing eager to get off the perch, but while she remains perched on it, her new avian feet, tightly grips it. Pleased to be of service, feeling herself, a new rubber bird, past blanked.

CA-43 watches, curiously, enjoying it, still singing, gently rubbing her own ankle cuffs, seeing the delightfulness of the new rubber bird joining the flock. The missing number now replaced; the flock complete. The ship traversing through space, complete, full of cargo. Everything feels like it is falling into place.

CA-45 is taken off to the side, off to her initial early training and given her place within the ship. An indoctrination and training that CA-43 and CA-44 can vaguely recall in the back of their minds, filling them with such delight and wonder.

CA-01 chirps, "That's all, we are pleased at your wonderful work. Take some time to enjoy yourselves. It shall be your reward for all of your hard work," she says, ending the singing, the other rubber birds drawn out of their song, looking to her, hearing her words, listening to her own unique song, accepting it.

CA-02 replies, "Yuppers! We are glad that we are now a complete flock, all our members have returned, enjoy the day!" she chirps, preening and nuzzling, leaning against her fellow rubber bird.

CA-43 chirps, pressing up against CA-44, "Shall we return to our cage, so I can help you with that?" she asks with an eagerness, wanting, needing, so happy at the possibility of giving him pleasure, her tongue runs across her beak, feeling her hunger grow.

CA-44 preens and nuzzles back against her, "That sounds wonderful," he replies, guiding her back toward their room. His rubber feathered hands gently running across her backside. Gently squeaking along her smooth rubber, his member aching, twitching, wanting even more the delight of the fellow rubber bird.

“You’ve done such a good job. You found that new bird to join us, completing the flock, I am so proud of you 44!” she chirps in delight, leaning in even closer against him, nuzzling and preening underneath his chin.

CA-44 lets out a soft chirp, “Thank you. I’m pleased to have been able to do such fine work. There was something about their hiding spot that felt... too good not to look there, and I found them. The moment I laid eyes upon her, I felt they were special but CA-01 had to confirm it with me, mentioning that she’ll be a perfect addition to the flock,” he responds, his cock bouncing, throbbing, twitching in the cool air, growing only more eager with each step, which drew them nearer to their personal cage.

“You have such good tastes,” she chirps, reaching over, gently teasing his length with her delicate rubber feather hands, teasing, rubbing, making sure that he’s kept at peak performance, the fellow bird moaning, shuddering, picking up the pace, growing eager to get back to their small cage where they can enjoy each other to the fullest.

CA-43 though, her crotch sealed away, smooth slender rubber, unable to get off, but that wasn’t what was on her mind. Her own pleasure is secondary to the deserving rubber bird beside her. Something about this felt so right, so perfect that there was not a doubt in her mind that this is what she should be doing.

They walk into their private quarters, their wondrous golden cage, that provides them the privacy that they are so desiring. CA-43 slinks over in front of him, gently grinding her smooth crotch against his aching, throbbing length, chirping in delight, letting out a soft trill, “I’ve been wanting to please you for a while CA-44.”

The male rubber avian grunts, grinding himself against her, running his length against her smooth crotch, up along the rubber belly, hearing the long grinding squeaks, which sound like music to his ears. CA-43’s voice echoing into the room, the call of her lustful need for him, building up his own arousal and delight further, “I’ve wanted to spend more time with you. I’ve felt drawn from you from the moment we’ve been together,” he says, looking at her smooth faceless face, seeing her white lettering numbers over her visor, the ‘dream’ state showing her wonderful beak, her dazzling eyes, the white and blue feathers, so pristine and perfect, drawing him in deeper.

“I feel the same way,” she chirps, leaning against him, she being a few inches shorter than he is, her breasts pressing up against him. She hikes her butt, pulling away from his cock just a little bit, adding a little tease just so she can give him a deep kiss, her tongue slipping into his beak.

“CA-43...” he mutters before the kiss commences. He presses himself up against her, hands trailing down her sides, feeling her wonderful curves, his tongue coiling around hers, the two mouth snakes playing with each other, their beaks grinding against the other, soft squeaks echoing within the room.

CA-43 reaches around, gently rubbing the back of CA-44’s head, their kiss growing ever deeper. Suckling each other’s tongues, their bodies squeaking even louder, pleasure building up, a delightful scent of rubber and arousal filling the air, growing their lust for one another.

CA-44 reaches around, caressing CA-43's feminine avian butt. His feathered hands gently caress and feel her tail feathers. His grip grows strong, fondling, squeezing, massaging the finely shaped behind. His avian cock twitches, gently pressing against CA-43's belly, moving her closer to him, his delicious length wanting more pleasure, "Legs together, I want you to warm me up," he chirps, breaking the kiss, spinning her around.

"With pleasure handsome," CA-43 responds, closing her latex legs nice and tight, making a tight opening for her large handsome bird behind her. She hikes her tail feathers, showing off her smooth rump, showing no true openings for him to sink into her.

The male avian's hands hold onto her hips, feeling her, his member running between her legs, grunting, panting, letting out a chirp, he thrusts into the slit opening her legs make, feeling her thighs rub along his twitching, aching, wanting length, hands reaching around to rub her sides, grip her breasts, giving them a nice firm squeeze while he presses his smooth rubber chest against her back, "So tight," he grunts.

"Doing my best for you love," she chirps, feeling his warm hot length between her legs, his pre-cum gushing out, painting her thighs, making her slicker, allowing him to slip and out of her thighs, his length rubbing along her smooth crotch, teasing her, adding to her pleasure, building her up into a higher state of lust, loving the grip of his firm feathered hands across her bust, moaning and groaning with each heavy thrust, his balls smacking against her legs.

"You manage to be so tight, how wonderful," CA-44 sings in delight, moaning, groaning, moving his length in and out between the tight rubber thighs, the two sleek black rubber avians seeing only the wonderful blue and white feathered dream state that's 'underneath' the sleek rubber. Driven to hump even faster he pulls himself nice and tight, pressing his smooth rubber chest harder against her back. His slick tongue running along her neck, preening her feathers in her mind.

CA-43 chirps in delight, panting, moaning, breasts squeezed and groped, providing a perfect handle for him to pound between her thighs even harder. The hefty balls smacking against her legs cause her to shudder in delight. She closes her eyes, still picturing the handsome blue and white feathered bird behind her, taking her for all she's worth, fantasizing her sex being filled by his wonderful length, but enjoying the mind numbing teasing he's giving her.

Constantly that hard cock grinds against her smooth crotch, adding to her pleasure, the heat within her loins growing hotter and hotter, feeling the warmth of his member, that fuels her own fire, "I can't wait to have you. To taste you," she chirps, licking her lips, picturing him standing there, her mouth opening up to it, taking it in, suckling it down for all its worth, the fantasy floating in the back of her mind, filling with delight. Her hands reach down, gently caressing and rubbing the rubber length, toying with it further, pleasuring him more.

The male rubber avian shudders heavily, grinding himself harder and harder against her. He grunts in delight, squeezing, fondling the breasts more, bucking his body against her, enjoying every inch of her being. He licks and preens more, nuzzling her neck, "CA-43..." he moans, panting heavily, chirping in delight, short trills of pleasure, unable to stop himself, wanting to take her for all that he can, cock being drawn closer to the edge.

CA-43 meanwhile feels a tingle down her back, feeling her lover's beak along her neck, body feeling so hot that she could melt away under the pleasure. She chirps louder, squeezing her legs tighter, feathered fingers teasing, rubbing, spreading the male's juices over his length, bringing one hand up, to gently lick across the feather tips. She tastes his leaking essence, finding it absolutely delicious, wonderful, driving her to want him more, "Let me take you love. Please let me have you now," she chirps.

He pants heavily, feeling the pleasure build within his loins, his balls churning away a seemingly endless amount of seed, feeling heavier with each thrust, pre-cum flowing more freely from his cock. Instincts for the moment taking over, rhythmically pounding through her legs, "You are so lovely, delightful... just a little more," he grunts.

The female avian presses up against him, arching her back, squeezing her legs tighter by crossing her feet, the ankle cuffs clinking against each other, her hands holding onto his hips to add to balance while he holds even tighter onto her jutting breasts for extra stability and leverage, "Please let me have you. I want to taste you. Let me caress and provide you the release. So I may feed upon you love," she chirps.

CA-44 continues to hump, driven by his instincts, his heart races, cock throbbing, pre-cum dribbling from the tip, oozing out with each thrust, her tight hips milking his length, yet no matter how hard he's taking her, slipping through the opening, grinding himself against her smooth crotch, gushing his juices all over her thighs and sleek smooth snatch, eventually slowing down, panting, moaning in frustration, "Of course... I'm just so close. I might blow at any moment," he says, slowly taking a step back, providing her with enough support to allow her legs to unlock around each other, "Please don't take too long," he says, moving over to one of the perches, resting his arms on it, supporting himself while spreading his legs, showing off his delicious black rubber length.

"I'll be sure to give you all the pleasure you deserve, and I will feed upon you till there's nothing left," she chirps, winking in the 'dream' state. She looks at the handsome avian before her, seeing the double image, finding both fascinatingly handsome, jaw dropping, fueling her lust for him, her eyes going over to his length, "You are magnificent."

"As are you," he chirps in responds, looking at her smooth luscious curves, her hefty breasts that bounce with each sauntering step over to him, his cock twitching with each breast. Her feathers so perfectly kept her sleek black rubber body so shiny it's a mirror-like finish. She is everything he could ever want, his body growing ever more eager as she gets closer to him, watching her drop to her knees with a soft squeak.

CA-43 lets a playful whistle, "Such the charmer," she says, her feathers running across his throbbing length. Her fingertips delicate yet firm, able to caress and tease his member, giving a gentle squeeze, feeling him thrust into her hands while he grunts. The pre-cum dribbling from the tip, her tongue licking her beak, growing eager to have a taste. Her heart races, bringing her head closer to the length, lowering her head underneath it, licking between his wonderful rubber eggs, tasting a higher concentration of his leaking essence, tasting his lust.

Her tongue snakes across those wonderful eggs, drawing one into her mouth providing a gentle firm suckle. Her lover grunting and moaning, his penis jumps in delight, pre-cum spurting out from the tip, dripping his juices down onto the small of her back, which burns with delight, feeding CA-43's own lust, egging her on to suckle the one egg in her beak, before her tongue slithers across the other sack, drawing it in to give a respective firm suckle, rewarding him with equal pleasure while more drops of lust fall onto her back.

"CA-43..." he grunts, watching her, seeing the beautiful songbird before him, his normal avian cock following the motions of his black rubber length. His hands gripping tighter on the perch, giving her full access to him. His butt is soon squeezed by her, teasing, massaging his ear, giving them a delightful touch, fondling his tight rump, while she uses it to better position her to take in the rubber eggs.

"Hmm," she moans, pulling her mouth away from the needy eggs, licking across the center, her tongue coiling around the base of the avian cock, taking in the dripping juices that have been running along the under of his member, drawing them into her beak, feeding her more, pushing her forward while she licks and nuzzles up the length, savoring every inch of his twitching, throbbing, wanting member.

"Oh yes, for the wonderful goddess, yes, you have such a wonderful beak. Please don't stop, do anything but stop," he chirps, squeezing even harder, his legs shuddering, feet clenching down, hips bucking against her beak, ready to blow at any moment, shocking himself that he hasn't already. Like something is keeping him from releasing his load till the time is right. Such heavenly pleasures have never before been felt by his mortal coil.

"I have just started love," chirps CA-43, licking across the length. Her hands gently gripping the base of his member, while the other fondles his wonderful hefty eggs that continue to churn with more juices. Her tongue slithers across his avian cock tip, licking up the most recent juices that managed to escape his aching cock, "And you taste wonderful."

"One day I will be able to taste you," he says, licking his beak, looking down at you, unable to look away, but now simply only able to keep himself propped up, the pleasure too great to do anything but to buck against her hands and beak, ready to blow the moment his body would allow him to.

The female avian felt herself in a state of blissful nirvana, able to bring her mouth around his twitching aching length. The cock slipping into her wonderful beak, where she eagerly suckles, drinking down his essence directly, much like those phallic objects when she feeds. The warm essence flows down her throat, filling her belly, feeding her hunger but building her lust. She bobs her head up and down the length, taking it deeper and deeper with each longing slurp. Her tongue coiling and snaking across his entire length, able to easily deep throat him. She's in a total state of delight, unable to do anything but take him. She wants him more than anything, her body egging her on to have every inch of his wonderful pleasure stick.

Nothing is going to stop her to suckle away his delightful meat. His drumstick was all she dreamed about and so much more. In the 'dream' world she sees throbbing pink flesh, and feather covered balls. It's perfect, everything she dreamed he would have, tasting even better

than she'd ever hope for. She feels a level of contentment build within her, her mouth suckling harder, head bobbing up and down faster, her oral fixation on his length completing an itch she has long needed to scratch.

She squeezes his wonderful eggs, gushing out more essence from his cock, her tongue slipping into his cum slit, able to draw out and slurp up everything he has to offer. Doing everything in her power to draw out more of his essence, wanting to feel his climax flow through those heavy sacks, up the length and straight into her awaiting beak. There's nothing more she could want except this at this very moment.

Both avians are lost in a lustful trance. CA-44 bucks his hips against her face, his 'dream' feathers rising and lowering with each rising and falling of his pleasure, the higher his lust and delight gets, the more ruffled his feathers become. While CA-43 in her 'dream' state always looks perfect and clean no matter of how much of her lover's get upon her. Two perfect avians, giving themselves to each other. Pushing them into a greater bond with one another, wanting nothing more than to be together.

CA-43 drives herself to take his entire length into her beak. She deepthroats him time and time again, her beak tips touching the very base of his cock, smelling his lust and feeling each deep throb and wonderful ache of his cock. Her eyes close so she may simply focus on her duties, tasting his body, wanting to do nothing more than to have him be pushed over the edge.

And pushed over the edge he soon was sent, flying and soaring into the heights of any mountain in the universe, pushing him to the depth of ultimate bliss. But just before that moment came, a voice was spoken into his mind. A heavenly voice, one that he has never heard before but one he recognizes as one coming from the ultimate being. The one he serves above all others. Her word is law. How and where her voice comes from is a mystery but one, he doesn't question. When he hears the words, "Cum" that is all he needs to unleash a torrent of avian seed straight into CA-43's hungry beak.

The female avian slurped away, feeling CA-44's hot sticky seed gush out of his member. Spraying and flooding the back of her throat, quickly filling her beak, flooding her mouth with oodles of bird seed, so much so she can't even keep it within her beak. The seed drips and oozes out of her beak, slurp after slurp, she drinks it down, enjoying the delicious juices that are overtaking her senses.

Gulp after gulp CA-43 drinks down the seed that he's built up. She massages and fondles the balls, feeling them pull up against CA-44's body, pulsating, injecting more delicious bird seed into her beak. Another several deep swallows of avian essence, feeding her unending hunger. The deliciousness of this avian is beyond comprehension, better than her daily meals which were the best thing she's ever had up to this moment.

She continues to bob her head up and down on the length, listening to CA-44's chirping, trilling, his song of pleasure and bliss. He's unable to help himself, his body continues to gush out his essence. His climax seeming to never end, but part of him never wants it to end. His balls are emptied of their condensed essence. Such deliciousness could not be wasted. Even as

more juices leaked out of her beak, the climax still going strong for several more moments before finally starting to taper off.

CA-43 is determined, not wanting to lose anything she drinks down everything that his cock has to offer. Her tongue coils around the length nice and tightly, hands squeezing and helping milk every last drop what is trapped in his throbbing length, but as she does, the length and balls begin to be drawn back into CA-44's body.

The male avian grunts and moans, feeling himself be drawn back into his bulge over a period of fifteen seconds his length disappears back into a smooth black rubber bulge. CA-43 is now licking and nuzzling the bulge, trying to get another last moment taste, which resumes the slow and steady buildup of his pleasure, causing the male avian to moan even louder, "CA-43 it's gone. I'll have to do well to earn such a reward again," he chirps.

CA-43 couldn't help herself to lick and nuzzle the bulge for a few more moments before her tongue slithers out of her beak licking her chin, taking in what juices are still on there, "I know," she pouts, looking down to see the mess that's on the floor, "But I can't help but enjoy your taste," she says, lowering her head, placing it against the ground, licking across the floor, wanting to gather every bit of the essence that escaped her the first time.

"You were wonderful CA-43," he chirps, looking down at her, barely able to move, feeling himself completely drained from the ordeal, unable to do anything else. But to lean against his perch.

"You were delicious," CA-43 responds with a playful chirp, having had every last bit of delicious juices that he had to offer.

"Thank you, songbird," he chirps.

Suddenly there is a song singing over the intercom of the room, CA-01 speaks, "CA-43, please report to my quarters. Immediately."

CA-43 felt a surge of pleasure fill her, excitement building, "As you command!" she chirps, hopping onto her feet. She looks to CA-44, "Will you be fine love?" she asks with genuine concern.

"I'll be fine, I need to rest after that. You're fabulous, perhaps they were watching and want a piece of that beak of yours," he chirps with a wink.

"Oh such a charmer," she chirps, hiking her butt, feeling an urge to obey the command given to her, "I'll be back soon enough," she says, heading out of her cage, the path to the commander's quarters is known to her for reasons she can't explain but doesn't care to know.

The delight of being able to be of service to the leader of the flock is all that is on her mind. When she enters her quarters, before her is both CA-01 and CA-02 the two beautiful songbirds. Their crotches currently sealed, showing their 'dream' state as a pair of lovely female smooth crotched birds like herself. The two rubber avian leaders look to her letting out a soft delightful chirp.

"Welcome CA-43, it's a pleasure to meet you again in private," chirps CA-01.

“Yuppers! We’ve been watching your and CA-44’s progress and we are very pleased with you both. You’ll both be promoted out of your initiation stage. Isn’t that wonderful?” sings CA-02.

CA-43 feels a bubbling pleasure within her. She approaches the birds, lowering her head, letting out a trill of excitement, “Really? That’s wonderful! It is an honor to be of service to the flock,” she says, feeling herself drawn to them, looking at their perfect avian bodies within their ‘dream’ state the wonderful white and brown feathers of the anthropomorphic eagle from CA-01 and the delightful blue feathers that are in her opinion more elegant than her own from CA-02.

CA-01 and CA-02 walk around CA-43, studying her, watching her with a predatory gaze that can only be seen within the ‘dream’ world, while in reality there is only the stare of two smooth faceless visor avians with white lettering on the field of vision that is unseen by the avians themselves, “It is wonderful, and we want to reward you for your hard work,” says CA-01 her white feathered fingers run across her crotch, the bulge between her legs melting away, revealing her throbbing aching avian cock, the pink flesh shown to her, the balls forming, churning away, looking so heavy. The twitching member caught the female avian’s attention, making her pant, licking her lips.

“Yuppers, pleasing such a hard new working member of the flock is what we do,” says CA-02, her own blue feathers running across her crotch, the pair of balls forming as the bulge melt away, her blue avian length appearing, slipping outward, cock throbbing, twitching, dribbling blue pre-cum in the ‘dream’ state while the delicious black oozing rubber is flowing from the tip.

“What about CA-44? Wouldn’t he deserve some of this wonderful delights from the flock leaders? Not that I am questioning you, I am simply wondering,” she lets out a soft chirp, lowering her head submissively.

“He was rewarded, wasn’t he?” chirps CA-01, moving in closer, her rubber feathers run across CA-43’s smooth rubber crotch a slit forms, revealing her hot and aching female sex. The cool air blowing across her needy vent, revealing to the female avian just how *needy* she is, ready to take those lovely cocks.

Her sex twitches in need, how juices dribbling along her thighs, while her foot gently runs across her ankle brace, her excitement growing even further. Her cheeks puff up within the ‘dream’ state, showing off her blushing, “He did enjoy me very much so,” she chirps with delight.

CA-02 moves closer, gently running her blue feathers across her beak, the black rubber squeaking, “Yuppers. He was able to get release, and you’ve done all the work. Now its your time to relax as we take you, flooding you with our seed. Feeding to satiate some of that endless hunger you have,” she chirps, nuzzling and preening CA-43.

“Thank you, leaders, I serve you with every feather on my body and even more,” she chirps, leaning into the touch, feeling CA-02 guiding her forward, over to two golden perches that are placed close to each other.

It's just now that CA-43 notices the delightful golden cage that surrounds them in the 'dream' state. Just as beautiful if not more so than her own private quarter that she shares with her beloved CA-44.

CA-01 moves behind her, running her rubber feathers across her back, reaching down to run across her sides, giving CA-43's butt a firm fondling squeeze, "We will give you such wonderful pleasure. You deserve it," she chirps, lifting her butt into the air, while she climbs onto the golden perch, her feet gripping the perch nice and tight.

CA-43 lets out a loud chirp, panting, her sex dripping, aching, wanting, eyeing the delicious cock before her when she's lifted up. She reaches up grabbing onto CA-02's wings. The sleek rubber wings squeak, "Such a wonderful leader I have to take time to please me," she says, looking up at CA-01 with wanting needy eyes, her sex dripping, growing hotter, feeling just how hot she is for these two wonderful birds, the cool air showing the hot contrast of her burning loins that drip like a leaky faucet.

CA-01 lifts CA-43 up, leveling her out between the two birds when CA-01 steps onto her golden perch. She looks down at the needy bird, gently enjoying how eager she is to please her. Her length rubbing across her beak.

The soon to be spit roast bird nuzzles and licks across the throbbing length, tasting the delicious rubber, the unique flavor of CA-01. Wonderful and delightful like CA-44, but better in a way that doesn't mar the deliciousness of her meal she had not long ago.

CA-02 chirps, holding CA-44 in her feathered hands, grinding her length against the avian's butt, hot dogging her behind with long loud squeaks, her member dribbling pre-cum, growing more eager to take and have this wonderful bird before her, "We are happy to please the members of our flock, don't we CA-01?" she chirps.

"That we do," moans CA-01, grinding herself against CA-43's beak. The soft squeaks fill the room, the metal perches creak as they shift back and forth, moving against each other, starting a small rhythmic motion that the birds will soon use to their advantage. The sleek eagle bird presses her length harder against the rubber bird's beak, "Open wide so I may reward you," she chirps.

"With pleasure," she responds, opening her mouth nice and wide, feeling the delightful length slipping into her mouth. The tongue coils around the length, drawing it into her mouth. The delightful warmth of CA-01's cock in her beak fills her with delight. She reaches out to gently rub the beautiful avian's thighs, bobbing her head on the thick length, far outshining that of CA-44, filling the eager bird with even more pleasure, pressing her butt against the cock behind her, her body begging for her to feel the bliss of both of them inside of her.

CA-43's hands rub along the wonderful bird's sides, eventually gripping the perch she's on, providing further support while she bobs her head, taking the delicious length deep into her hungry mouth, suckling it with the same vigor as she did with CA-44.

CA-02 chirped in delight, "So eager, yuppers!" she exclaims, grabbing the sleek avian butt, her hands squeaking along the rump, lifting the ass up so her cock can run across her hot dripping vent, parting those wanting lips, making the avian between she and her lover twitch in

delight, body begging for more, “You may want to use your feet to grab my perch,” she warns lovingly.

CA-43 listens, taking them to heart, her rubber feet grip the wonderful golden perch of one of her flock leaders, now holding onto both perches when her butt is lifted up higher, the avian blue cock teasing her white feather folds, the parting of her lips is like unsealing a pot of coffee. Awakening her unbridled lust to the world.

CA-02 slams CA-43’s butt down onto her cock, letting out a trill of delight, her throbbing member sliding deep into the warm inviting vent, feeling her muscles squeeze and milk her entire cock, as she is driven to pound into her eager sex, “So very tight, and so fresh,” she chirps.

CA-01 lets out a pleasant bird call, “And her mouth is lovely.” CA-01’s feather hands caress and pet CA-43 on the head, pounding into her mouth, letting pre-cum flow onto the bird’s tongue, feeding her body, allowing her to have the strength to continue and mate both of the birds caught between her.

CA-43 found her lust growing, the massive lengths lodged deep within her, bubbling up in delight, unable to stop her constant unbridled pleasure as she milks the cocks, her legs and arms extend, pulling both birds away only to help them slam themselves back into her body. A subconscious guidance from the flock leaders’ bird call that echoes in the room. Their pleasure filling each other up, swirling around as the one in the middle is pulled into a torrent of lustful pleasure.

Harder they take her, pounding their ebony rubber lengths into her tight folds and hungry maw. Their bodies squeak, breasts bounce and sway, their feathered hands help take her harder, guide her to move CA-43 to assist them to take her as hard as they can.

With each slam of their lengths into her body she felt CA-01’s balls hit along her chin, while CA-02’s heavy eggs smacked against her sex, her hungry folds spread wide, pushed in deeper than she could even imagine possible. Her body is designed to take cock with the utmost efficiency and endless delight. She feels herself drawn into a mindless state of servitude and unbridled sexual passion.

Caught between two dominant birds, a place CA-43 can only dream about is brought to reality. She pulls and pulls away from the two, being guided by their song. A steady rhythmic beat as she is pounded from both sides, her head going up and down, butt up and down. Throbbing, twitching members constantly reinforcing her love and obedience to the flock.

Loud squeaks fill the room, all three avian bodies’ ache and throb in delight. CA-43’s sex pulsates with ever burning hotter pleasures. Unable to stop herself even if she wanted to, she pushes herself harder, faster, hotter against her lovers. Pleased that she is able to give them as much pleasure as they are giving her. The first time her sex is taken and filled by delicious cock, her mouth expertly suckling CA-01’s length, a skill she has perfected over multiple feedings, ready to drink down the most delicious bird seed she can have to date.

CA-01 and CA-02 look at each other lovingly, occasionally looking down at CA-43, caught between them. Able to just lean over enough to kiss and give each other a passionate kiss, tongues twirling around as their lengths pound even harder into the rubber bird.

CA-43 is lost in her need to have the cocks driven as deep into her as possible. She works with the two avian captains, commanders of the flock and of her. Her body squeaks loudly, breasts bounce heavily, feet gripping CA-02's perch while hands tightly hold onto CA-01's, driving them to higher pleasure and ever more unadulterated delights. Till there was the point of no return, no higher level of pleasure that she could conceive to achieve at this moment.

The words spoken by a heavenly goddess from on top of mount high that released their edging need, "cum" and with it a torrent of bird seed floods CA-43's body, hot gushing delights flooding her mouth which she happily gulps down, her trill of pleasure drowned out by a literal tidal wave of cum.

Her hot wanting sex milking, squeezing, grabbing, draining CA-02 of her delicious nectar, loving every gush of essence shoved into her body, her female sex gripping, milking, taking in every inch of that delicious blue length, making sure not a drop of seed is lost.

Her two commanders sing out their delights, music to her ears on so many levels that she can't even begin to consciously comprehend it all. Her entire world currently focused on the two cocks penetrating her, emptying the content of their eggs into her, which she is all too happy to receive.

CA-43 lets nothing escape, having learned to improve her methods from CA-44 she does a better job at swallowing and storing the seed in her gullet before taking it deep within her, the two bird leaders pleased with their work, letting her down once they were full spent. Their cocks withdrawing back into their rubber bulges no longer being needed that they have completed their task.

"You did great," chirps CA-01, praising CA-44 for the job well done.

"Yuppers!" CA-02 declares reaching around running a claw across CA-43's sex sealing it up, making sure nothing can escape her. The warm juices flooding her insides makes CA-43 feel like she's in heaven.

"Thank you for the opportunity to serve both of you," she chirps, giving a bow, keeping her head low.

"We will call you again when the time is right. Go, get some rest. Tomorrow is another big day," commands CA-01.

"As you command," she replies, heading out, licking her beak, wanting to savor the flavor a moment longer, the deliciousness of the moment lingering on her beak, but now the command given to her overrides her slowly growing lust. Her body only satiated for a brief moment, but one she'll never forget.

When she gets back to her cage, CA-44 is already asleep, the chain on his ankle cuffs. The sight of which makes her gently rub her own with her feet. She moves onto the perch, pleased with the day, hopping onto it, the chains automatically locking into place. Steadily as she sways on the perch, thinking of how wonderful the day has been, thoughts, memories of her past are drip fed back into her mind.

She's with the other person, someone she's close to. A sibling? They try to hide, pulled away but the rubber birds find them. Drag them along, they hear their constant singing, seeing

CA-01 and CA-02 looking over them, words not fully understood to them at the time, but now that she's in her new state of mind, the translation is clear as day. Feeling her previous self-huddling with her brother, CA-01 says, "I think these two will make fine replacements for CA-43 and CA-44, don't you think?"

"Yuppers! They will be perfect!" CA-02 chirps. The knowledge known to them, a greater understanding of their past, helping them find greater acceptance in how wonderful their lives are now. Two siblings, made into a pair of rubber bird pirates, and they couldn't be happier for it.