

She loved this new bar. The music was loud but not too loud, the lights were entrancing but unobtrusive, and the chairs were more than comfortable enough for her ample ass. Her favorite part, though? The drinks were *quite* generous (at least, you know, by bar standards). When she saw the bartender pour her first Long Island Iced Tea, her eyes almost popped out of her head as she watched the shot glasses fill to the top with poisonous liquids, far past the little indicator lines at the three-quarter mark. It tasted amazing, and for the rest of the night everything that came after tasted even better.

The place seemed to spring up overnight, as well. On Monday, the building was nothing but a run-down piece of shit just a few blocks from her job, total eyesore--now, on Friday, it was a bumping bar filled with several others who were similarly thrilled, albeit bemused. No cover charge to get in the door, and no drink minimum, either. The whole set-up was undeniably strange, maybe even a tad suspicious, but when the speakers bumped so beautifully and the liquor flowed so liberally, who was going to grumble? Not Flausch, that was for sure. She was far too busy shaking her hips near the small segment of tile designated for dancing, never straying too far from the martini at her single-occupant table. Sweat pooled within the various crevices and cracks in her bountiful body as her paws plapped to the rhythm, her long ears flapping about as she shook her head to the bassy beat of the house music filling the air around her. She was drunk, she was "WOO"ing occasionally, she was having the time of her life. She had already decided she'd be coming back here every weekend, if she had any choice in the matter.

In a luxurious corner booth sat a blue bird, puffing away at a cigar that smelled quite skunky; a peacock who, the more and more he watched Flausch, became more and more certain he had no interest whatsoever in giving her such a choice in that matter. When his bar first opened its doors a few hours ago he was sitting in that exact same spot, his eyes scanning the crowd of potential new patrons as they filtered in. A snap of his fingers here, a sip of his drink there, and plenty of bored looking about in between. He was considering heading back to his office and handling some paperwork when that glowing spot of white first entered his vision. The peacock watched her with dangerously unsubtle interest as she looked around with nervous excitement, his train rustling as he watched Flausch's nose twitch from the many pungent odors. Her tail wagged as the music switched to something harsher, and the table creaked in his grip. He snapped a finger, and one of the mooks flanking him produced and lit the cigar he was still smoking now. Coils of smoke flowed from his beak and towards the dance floor, wrapping around the dog's form as she spun around. The fat that filled her gorgeously soft fur pulled her entire body with it when she swayed her hips hard enough, and that heavy belly never stayed in one spot, ever. No, she would have no choice whatsoever, if *he* had any choice in the matter.

It started innocuously enough, as it always did. As soon as Flausch sat down to catch her breath, one of the staff placed the drink on her table. Before she could question or protest, his purr slid through the music and into her ears.

"It's called a Last Word," the panther said matter-of-factly, "and it's for you, from the boss. Over there."

She pushed the glistening fur from her face and looked towards the booth, and more specifically the smirking bird inside it, his eyes shining through the haze; her already warm head suddenly got so hot she felt slightly dizzy. She turned away from him and back towards her newest drink, a delightfully yellow little thing that spoke (well, more like shouted) of gin and lime. She tried not to look back at him, but she could feel his eyes upon her, and their weight was undeniable.

This continued for several minutes. She held fast to her coquettish hard-to-get routine, endeavoring to never look directly at the peacock, but even so, her head kept drifting back towards his direction, she could always see his beak pointed towards her, just in the periphery. Those piercing eyes, trained exclusively on her body as she tried and failed to lose herself to the rhythm again. His hands stayed tucked under his chin and yet it felt like they were all over her, trying to tease out every curve from beneath her admittedly rather slutty outfit. She kept trying to ignore him for as long as she could, but eventually the heat of the embarrassment and alcohol were too much, the buzzing in her hips and head suddenly swiveling her whole body in his direction. Or at least, what she thought was his direction. The peacock was gone, his booth empty.

"Looking for someone?"

Right beside her was the peacock, and wearing that same self-satisfied smirk. No cigar anymore, but enjoying some sort of cocktail himself. He leaned against her table, shamelessly close as he continued.

"Don't worry. I'm here, my dear."

If she were less tipsy, she might find it strange that she heard the bird so clearly over the constant chatter and endless beats, but her already beleaguered brain was a little too focused on the scent of smoke and tequila wafting from his beak, which clacked quite close to her own snout. She genuinely wasn't sure whether she was charmed or repulsed by his advances--all she did know was that her cheeks were so cramped with crimson she felt like a tomato.

"I uh, ah, nice to meet you!" she blurted out, taking a step back that she tried to disguise as a dance bounce, "Did you send that drink? Thank you."

"No problem, hot stuff," he said, raising his own drink, "Cheap, when you own the bar." While the edge of the glass clinked awkwardly against his beak, his eyes blatantly drank up every bit of exposed fur wobbling before him. She turned her side to the bird, trying to ignore the warmth now building up in between her thighs.

"You own this place?"

“Yes,” he replied, his cocktail already finished, “I always wanted to, lifelong dream and all that. What do you think of it?” He slid his upper half further along the table towards her, closing the distance a bit. She pulled away again, but not as much as she did the first time. The booze made his words even softer upon her ears, each syllable a little melody just for her, amidst the throng. Plus, it was the owner--just made sense that he'd be hitting on women like her, right? Trying to get us to come back... and it could not be more clear that he was attracted to her, even her inebriated brain could discern that. She was still wary, and for a good reason she was sure (one much better than she would realize in time, in fact), but she couldn't articulate it through the poisonous fumes and liquids thickening her thoughts, and so the alarm bells were far too quiet.

Also, she was into him, she couldn't deny it. Thin and tall, but with such a wingspan he took up her entire field of vision when he gesticulated. Imposing, to say the least, and hungry, to say the very least. His feathered fingers looked so much like claws as they beckoned towards her, eager to sink into her flesh...

Snap.

The snap, just like the bird's voice, caught her attention without any difficulty at all. The authoritative twang of his fingers pulled her from her reverie in an instant, her eyes once again on his impressive beak, rather than on mental images of what he could do with it.

“Did you hear me, hot stuff? I asked you what you think.”

More blushing, but this time Flausch's focus was entirely on her faux pas, rather than the very real danger that circled ever nearer. When he relaxed into a new position, it was even closer, but the dog did not move at all this time. She just gave the club a quick inspection through wobbly, slightly watery eyes, and yelped:

“It's nice! Very nice.”

Her eyes fell back upon his face, and she burst into laughter not a second later. The expression he was making was simply too much for her to handle; she had never seen such a picture perfect representation of sardonic smile in her life.

“Hahahah, okay okay. Well... I like the drink selection, uh huh. I like the way each section shifts into the next. The lights are flashy, the colors swirl hypnotically together, it all leads everyone towards the dance floor...”

“Ahh, perfect,” the bird sighed, so pleased with himself that he looked like he was in danger of snipping off that bit of tongue he had caught in the side of his beak. His fingers flexed, but did not reach. Not yet.

“That was my intention, so I'm glad it's apparent. I want to encourage everyone to dance with me. It feels good, it brings people together... it's fun, it's hot, no?”

“No, I mean, yes! I mean, uh, yeah, heh,” the dog had the last of her drink at her lips in an instant, slurping it down before finishing, “Dancing's fun.”

“It is, hot stuff,” the bird cooed, now even closer, very close, when did he get so close? She could see his arms behind his back, but it still felt like he was all around

her--it was those tailfeathers, fanning and blocking out everything else, shining so much in the flashing lights, pretty...

"Yes," Flausch said, though she couldn't remember telling her lips and tongue to do so. Too many feathers on the brain, overwhelming, overstimulating, for some reason she could really feel her nipples right now. His hands felt so incredible on her stomach, hefting, dragging his thumbs, squeezing and pulling ever so-

A shake of the hips and his tailfeathers once again came to a rest, the club coming back into view. Her train of thought jerked back into motion, but she couldn't recognize where she was on the track, what she had thought before. On top of that, there was plenty to focus on right now, vis-a-vis the long arm the peacock had draped over her shoulder, as well as the fingers at the end of them.

"Let's go, hot stuff."

It was happening a little too fast, but that was also the exact reason why she found herself unable to say no. That, and the booze... as well as the drugs that the bird had slipped into her last drink. Her body felt so good right now; the parts that the peacock was contacting felt so much better than she wanted to admit. Her tail did so for her, as he pulled her onto the dance floor beside him.

As soon as her body began to move the space around her blurred, a throbbing panorama of light and sound and sweat. She shook her hips, he shimmed his shoulders, feathers and fur constantly collided--never by accident, the bird had long since decided that subtlety was no longer necessary.

And he was right, too. She was already so vulnerable from the various chemicals he'd slipped into her blood through that drink he gave her, the flutter of his train was all he needed to push her over the edge. She was falling, falling fast, falling into his grasp and wobbling her thighs the entire time she was doing so. Needy whines rose up in her throat as his hands nipped at her belly and chest; the pleasure that spiked out of those contact points was so powerful he had to keep her from falling onto him more than once.

Every step uneven, and getting clumsier. All she could do was shake her ass to the rhythm, which pushed it into the peacock's grasp every time. Each attempt to reassert lucidity ended with a misstep approaching disaster, if not for his guiding hands pushing and pulling and yanking and squeezing her body back into its proper place. Her limbs were so heavy, she could feel her heart pounding in her ears, her chest, her hips. Eyelids falling, energy rapidly disappearing. All the while, the peacock staring into her eyes. At first she tried avoiding his gaze (many reasons), but as time went on, and as his hands found more purchase upon her pounds, she had already forgotten a time when she could bring herself to look away. Aqueous green and brown, swirling together in the shafts of purple and orange light that roamed the dance floor; gorgeous, just like his smile, his hands on her hips. She felt so hot. Heart pounding, full of compounds that

simulated affection and arousal and so many other perilous emotions. Staring, falling, into his eyes, into that voice, his grasp...

Smile on her face, heat in her belly, and a gaze that refused to leave his own, even as his hand slid under her shirt and grabbed her tit. She was ready. The bird was salivating.

It was all too easy for the sleazy peacock to pull the dog off of the dance floor and into the back rooms, past the employee entrance guarded by a particularly dour and deadly looking tiger man--the room he ushered her into was ready the moment the bar doors opened, ready and waiting for whatever prey the peacock had found himself. It all happened so fast that for a significant portion of the trip, Flausch thought it was all part of the dance, and that perhaps this beautiful bird was simply showing himself, and his newest dance partner, off to the rest of the bar. It was only when the dog realized the lights were so low that she was practically blind that it occurred to her that something was up. That was all she could realize, however. Every other thought felt so slow to initiate that it hardly seemed the effort worth thinking it at all, and her doused brain simply bounced off that idea and onto others, like the occasional flashes of the peacock's gaze, or how comfy the walls looked. The pounding in her ears had finally started to recede, but her body was no less hot than it was a second ago. Her belly was so sensitive that stray bits of machine-cooled air sliding across it made her moan, and a lot louder than she was aware.

Suddenly, the journey was done. Actually, it was done almost an entire minute ago, but the dog only just realized she was sitting on a couch, looking up at the proud bird that stared right back at her like she was a full-course meal and he just finished a fast. Only a gaze as tainted as hers could see those vibrating pupils and feel anything other than terror; she didn't flinch at all as his hands came towards her. Didn't take long for her to do so after they started, though.

"Uh, huh?"

No more charm, no more patience. He ripped her top off without remorse, tearing the fabric with a particularly sharpened talon on his left hand, and then destroyed her bra right after, heavy tits flopping out into the humid air. Grabbing them, hard, and yanking, until the dog started to howl.

Even Flausch's addled brain could tell something was amiss, now. The suave and sweet bird that she'd met what seemed like only seconds ago was suddenly another man entirely; his hands did not stop exploring or grabbing or pinching no matter how much she whined; his once gentle beak nipped at her neck, pecked her heavy stomach; the lecherous song that slid from his throat as he ravaged her body made her spine shiver. Far too late, though. After what he had done to her, all the strength she could summon wasn't even enough to dislodge a single one of his vicegrip fingers, and despite the fear trying to find purchase in her brain so much of her drug-persuaded consciousness was telling her to enjoy it. Her hips bucked into his as his dick, now free

and hot and slick with craving, dragged a greasy trail down her thighs (exposed after a particularly harsh yank, and cut). Her fingers felt so small and weak and wanted as his hands wrestled hers down, gripping far, far too hard when she resisted. And her brain, how it buzzed as he hissed.

“Fat fucking bitch,” he grunted, breaking through her haze as one hand yanked her tit and the other slapped her gut, “Look at you. Practically a fuckin’ cow.” Another yank, specifically on her nipple, which was so hard she cried, and humped again.

“Look at all this meat. Mine now, *mine*.”

She winced--incorrect. He grabbed her neck and head and forced his beak against her muzzle, kissing her so hard and for so long her eyes rolled up into her head, only pulling off when her twitching implied a dangerous precipice. She heard him so clearly through her coughs.

“Mine, bitch. Mine forever. Never letting you go.”

“P-please, I-” her sputtering ended with a smack. And then another, backhanded, the two rings on his fingers stinging her cheeks so bad she could feel it through the pillowy pleasure of the peacock’s chemicals. Just as her mouth opened to cry, his beak met it once more. His kisses were insane, pure and simple. So much desire, so much anger, so much tongue. Pushing her own against the back of her throat, then invading it. Licking at her teeth, lewd, disgusting, claiming her just as thoroughly inside as he had been outside with those crazed hands. He pulled away much quicker this time, and the eyes that looked back at her were strangely gentle, more terrifying now than his deranged glare. His hands stroked her belly slowly, lovingly, as his cock insisted against its underside.

“Relax, hot stuff. I’m gonna make you feel so good,” he cooed, lowering his head, that long neck, so that he could nuzzle her prodigious belly as his hands and cock explored it, “I treat my property well, don’t worry.”

“I... I should-”

“Relax,” the bird said, his syllables heavy with the weight of command, backed up by the sudden appearance of his train behind him. Swaying, glittering in the low light. Pain started to fade, and her jaw dropped. His dick flexed against her gut, as well as every time after when her eyelids dipped down.

“Relax,” she repeated, barely intelligible.

“You’re mine, you hot bitch,” he said with all the nonchalance of announcing the time, “You were mine the moment I saw you. Forever.”

“Forever,” she repeated, tongue falling out of her snout. The peacock’s jaw creaked, and his dick gifted her gut a fresh spurt of precum. Slowly, so slowly he continued to drag his cock across that soft, furry tummy, nasty with his dick stink and pre.

“You want me,” he whispered, both hands on her tits, beak against her snout, hips shaking.

“I want you,” she repeated, utterly under the peacock’s thrall. Everything, the lights, the scents, the shaking couch, everything felt like his touch, and nothing was like it.

“You need me.”

“I need you.”

Hissing breath, shaking hands, at her neck now, squeezing so tight the dog’s vision started to tunnel, and as the space between her legs suddenly got so wet.

“My bitch.”

“Your... bitch.”

The bird’s body hunched over, grip pulling away from her neck just in time to keep from crushing her windpipe, opting instead to bruise her areolas terribly. Her stupid look, combined with the swelling black eye, her quivering body, so big and utterly vulnerable, perfect for painting with more marks and piercings and tattoos. Too much. He jammed his dick into her belly as hard as he could, and then again, again and again, humping hard and messy and shooting rope after rope of semen onto her stomach, into her belly button. Squawking and singing and yanking and thrusting and thrusting, and thrusting, until his own hips finally started to seize, and his hands loosened ever so.

With a sigh he fell atop her, his train retreating, his dick finally stopping its spurts. Flausch, her brain and body battered and still quite intoxicated, could barely conceptualize her situation as the peacock’s hold on her consciousness began to loose. Where was she? This was that bird, right? That handsome bird... why did she ache? Her crotch was so damp. So hard to think, thoughts moved like honey.

“Where am I?” she asked without knowing that she did, her voice weak from all the strain on her neck. She coughed, her mouth full of the taste of booze and secondhand smoke.

“Home with the boss, hot stuff,” the bird mumbled absentmindedly, lifting up his head to look at her with a smile. It faded fast.

“Huh? ...This isn’t hommmfm!”

His hand pinched her mouth closed, and his eyes stopped the air in her throat. Something long and sticky shifted against her gut, getting firm, fast.

“Don’t worry, bitch. We’re not going anywhere until you understand.”

His fingers left her lips, soon replaced by that beak yet again. This next kiss would last so long she wouldn’t be conscious when he fucked her tits next, but she’d wake up by the time he flipped her over, parting those grievously fat cheeks. Conscious enough to feel him fuck her until her guts were as pummeled as the rest of her, conscious until his eyes and feathers met her gaze and broke her brain once again. More drugs. More gentle cooing, kissing on that belly. More guttural threats, grating across her ears as his hands made more nerves scream. It went on all night, and it continued for as many days as it took until the bird got the answer he wanted.

A week later her manager received her resignation, the same day that she broke her apartment's lease. No one ever saw her again, but plenty of bar patrons saw the beautiful white-furred bitch clinging to the boss's side as he surveyed his bar, eyes so empty and smile so vacuous it made her unrecognizable.

And plenty more saw his hands on her. On her belly, on her tits, all the more so as the months saw them grow, along with his self-satisfied smirk.