

Welcome to the Family



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For Falkie (Thanks for your support!)

Warning!

This story contains acts of sex between people and between bird-human hybrids. It is not intended for audiences under 18 years of age. Please do not share outside of the original posted forum.

Chapter 1: Meeting the Family

“What’s your favorite sushi?” Luke asked.

Alex smiled. He didn’t have to think long. “Salmon sashimi.”

“Oh yes! And for dessert, Ikura, right?”

Alex’s eyes lit up. “Yes! How’d you know?”

“Oh, I dunno... it’s my favorite and I sense that we have a lot in common.”

The two were watching birds on a trail that circled a suburban lake near Seattle. The tall alder trees were budding in the lengthening spring days but the Olympics in the distance still bore thick brows of crisp snow.

Alex was from Germany and Luke was a local. The two had met through an online birdwatching forum some months before. They soon found that they had similar interests including that they were both avian furrries. So when Alex planned a trip to the US he made sure to stop through Seattle to meet his new friend. And Luke was very accommodating—picked him up from the airport, took him to various birding spots, and let him stay in his home. The two hit it off well and were having a fun time sharing the wonders of Washington together.

Luke stopped and peered through his binoculars at a new flurry of tiny birds in a salmonberry bush. They were spunky little olive-green birds that periodically flashed caps of yellow and red. “Look! Golden-crowned kinglets. I bet you don’t have those in Germany.”

As Alex admired them, Luke sighed and patted his stomach. “All this talk of sushi has made me hungry. I know a great place nearby, if you’d like to come to lunch with me.”

Alex nodded. He added with a German clip to his voice. “Oh yes! Sounds perfekt!”

Soon they were back in Luke’s pickup, driving up a winding valley road. There were bunches of crow, gull, and songbird feathers wedged between the headliner and plastic molding in the truck cab. They bristled from every seam. Alex had seen these during the past couple of days but because of the oddity of it, and his self-consciousness at discussing complicated subjects in a second language, he had avoided bringing them up in casual conversation.

But had grown more comfortable speaking English and felt more confident at broaching new subjects with his American friend. As he stroked an iridescent raven feather he blurted out, “My, you really are a bird nut, aren’t you?”

Luke laughed.

Alex quickly added, “I’m sorry was that too forward of me?”

Luke waved his hand, laughing. “No, no, relax, that was spot on. I get that response all the time. I totally deserve it. I’ll own that title.”

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Alex chuckled, “Good. I’d hate to make you feel odd about it. I too collect feathers. I just don’t have a car to display them in yet. I am perplexed though about these huge down feathers on the floor and seat. And this enormous rectrice on your dashboard.” He picked up the long, broad, white tail feather, which was almost a meter long.

Luke kept his eyes on the road, “Well, yes, that does bear some explaining to a fellow bird nut like yourself. Most people just assume it’s from a bald eagle or a swan. But you know birds so you know that’s night right. It’s far too large. Howabout I tell you over lunch?”

They came to a narrow lane that climbed up a steep hill and merged with a highway. The road flattened out on a bluff overlooking the Puget Sound. There was a cluster of old businesses along the highway and a bridge across a canyon.

The buildings were old and shabby. They looked as though they had been added to several times over the decades, bearing the boxy, Craftsman style prominent in the 20s or 30s. There was a small Asian grocery store, a marijuana dispensary, and a restaurant. Judging by the common themes in red paint with white trim, it looked like the businesses were owned by a common family. The restaurant bore a pole topped by a rust-edged sign depicting chopsticks and a sushi roll in white and green neon. Glowing red script flashed the name “Eagle’s Landing Sushi.” Judging by the number of newer cars out front, it had a good following of younger and well-off customers inside. It looked like a well-loved establishment.

Luke opened the front door for his friend. “Come, my friend. This is the best sushi in town, or the world I’ll bet. And, it happens to be owned by my cousins so we can feast for free!”

Alex paused and exclaimed, “What? Really? That’s amazing!”

As they stepped in the door, Alex could see it was incredibly busy inside. The sushi counter was full of customers as were all the small square tables that had been packed into the tiny dining room. Large plate-glass windows offered a sweeping view of the snow-capped Olympics and Puget Sound. In the yard outside were many bird feeders also with clouds of darting sparrows, nuthatches, chickadees, and finches.

Luke commented, “Stellar view, eh? We try to keep it a welcome spot for birders. People come here for the sushi but they stay for the view.

The sushi chef was an 50s-ish Japanese-American with white hair and a name tag that read “Joe Yamayuki.” He waved at Luke with a little smile. “Hey, Luke! You brought a friend today?”

“Yes! Joe, meet Alex. He’s visiting from Germany.”

Joe straightened his face and offered his hand, “Wilkommen!”

Alex reached out and shook Joe’s hand. “Danke! Thank you!”

Joe turned to Luke, “You want the usual in the usual place?”

Luke blushed slightly, “Am I really that predictable?” He chuckled. “Don’t answer that! Yes! Please!” He turned to Alex, “Follow me! We’ll have our own space in the back.”

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They made their way through the crowded dining room, wedging between seats and dodging servers until they came to a closed door with a sign that said "Employees only." Luke winked at Alex and opened the door. They crossed a back hallway, passed a doorway that dropped down a short stairway to the backyard, and went through another door into the kitchen of a private residence.

There was a table in an old-fashioned booth-style breakfast nook with the same incredible view as the dining room. Luke took off his coat and hung it on a hook, gesturing for Alex to do the same. "We'll start with the some miso soup and seaweed salad, then a course of wild-caught salmon. You may also request anything you desire, but that should get us started, right?"

Alex smiled, "Mhmm!"

The two ate several courses of sushi while talking about local birds and their favorite birding locales. Luke insisted that Alex try every salmon selection until they were both stuffed. At last, Luke leaned back smiling and patting his belly full of fish. "Now was that a sushi-gasm or what?"

Alex chuckled, "That was the best... THE BEST! I've ever had. You are a very lucky fellow to be able to do this whenever you please. If you don't mind my asking, you don't appear to be Asian yourself. I suppose an uncle married into the family perhaps?"

Luke smiled, "No, not exactly."

Alex wiped the corners of his mouth with a napkin. His forehead was scrunched slightly, perplexed as he was. "I don't want to pry, but I'm genuinely curious. How is it that you are part of this family?"

Luke shifted his eyebrows. "Well, it's a long story with a lot of ins and outs. And it's rare that I get a chance to tell it. But I do love to tell it to people I consider close friends. Good people, such as yourself, that show more than casual interest. It helps, too, if I show you a few things that will help explain it. And it has a lot to do with birds so I think you'll find it of special interest. Do you have anywhere to be soon?"

Alex gulped his tea. "No. But I'm not keeping you am I?"

"No, not at all. As I said, I love telling this story. But first, tell me something." Luke leaned back with a twinkle in his eye that was more than the glow of the saki. "Have you ever wanted to be a bird?"

Alex played with his cup of tea on the table, turning it as he spoke. "Yes. Very much so. Ever since I was 7 years old and visited Weltvogelpark Walsrode. They have many birds of prey there including majestic Stellar's sea eagles. But my favorite was a pair of white-tailed sea eagles in a tall flight cage. I have been very fortunate to see them several times in the wild, which is, fortunately, getting easier as their numbers return."

"Ah, yes, cousins to our bald eagles. Baldies were rare here, too, when I was young but are so common now that people have forgotten how few there were. But, staying on topic, I know exactly what you mean." Luke took a sip of tea. "For me it was a dream that became an obsession, actually."

Alex raised an eyebrow. "Obsession? You say that like it was unhealthy."

"Oh some would say it was. My best friends were birds when I was a child. I always understood their behavior better than people. And my bird friends never let me down. But being close to birds meant

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difficulty making human friends and working with others. And, of course, that means I couldn't forge romantic relationships either since I didn't invest the time it took. I was content just being with birds, wishing I could be one."

Alex smiled wistfully. "I was similar. Sometimes feeling more bird than person. Feeling the calling to spread my wings when up on a tall hill and the wind blew through my hair. Wanting to jump into the sky while walking down a crowded city street."

Luke nodded. "Yes. And picking up bird mannerisms too. I noticed how you jerk your head sometimes when focusing on details around you."

"Yes, yes. My coworkers kid me about that sometimes."

Luke chuckled, "Me too! I'm glad to see that there is someone else as birdy as me in this world."

Joe came in and spoke to Luke, "Had enough? I swear you're going to eat me out of business!"

Luke nodded and winked, "Ha! Who brings you the best fish anyways?"

Joe chuckled, "That is true. Hard to beat your catches."

Alex lifted his hands in front of him, "That was outstanding, Joe. Thank you very much. I've never had better sushi!"

Joe nodded his head, "My pleasure! Despite what I said to this bottomless fish pit here, is there anything else you'd like to try?"

"No, no! I'm absolutely stuffed! Thank you!"

Luke raised his eyebrows and looked up at Joe. "There is one more thing we need. The special Ikura, if you please."

Joe smiled. "Are you sure?"

Luke nodded sharply, "Absolutely."

Joe shook his head. "You fish egg slut."

Luke laughed heartily and looked at Alex. "You've got to try this Ikura. It will change your life."

Alex protested mildly, "Oh, I don't know. I'm so full!"

Luke looked at Joe, "He wants the special Ikura. Please."

Joe smiled down at Alex and said, "You're in for a big treat my friend. Big treat." He chuckled and walked back out.

In a few minutes Joe returned with a tray made of laminated wooden decorated with a carved eagle at each end. In the center were two simple seaweed cups heaped with plump, orange salmon roe. As he

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set it on the table, he turned to Luke. "I'll make sure you guys have privacy. So just clean up after yourselves and keep the noise down, ok?" He grinned as he walked out and closed the door.

Alex cocked his head. "Um, what did he mean by that?"

Luke sipped some tea and folded his hands before him on the table. "Never mind that. He just means to clean our table when we're done. Small price to pay for great sushi, right? OK, so one last piece to enjoy."

Alex massaged his stomach. "Oof! I don't know if I have space!"

Luke insisted. "You must! It's the best Ikura. It's an old Yamayuki family recipe. Like Joe said, it will change your life."

Alex cast a skeptical eye on it. "So good it will change my life?"

Luke refilled their saki cups. "Yes. And it's a part of the story I will tell you now."

"OK, how can I pass that up!" They both picked up their chopsticks and each picked up their ikura. Luke tapped his to Alex's and declared "Kanpai!" Then they both chomped their sushi and followed with a slug of saki.

Alex exhaled loudly "Whew!" He rubbed his belly as a warm rush sank through his body and the euphoria of a satisfying meal and hot saki spread through his brain. "Wow! That was fantastic!"

"Sorry if this seems dramatic, but we cannot be disturbed while I tell you this story." Luke stood up and pulled the window shades down. He also walked to the doors at each end of the kitchen and locked them. He sat back down and leaned forward in his seat, his eyes serious but his face friendly.

"That roe is fresh but also preserved with a very closely guarded family technique. We don't serve that ikura to just anyone. Only our very closest friends and family. And we have a tradition in this family." Luke placed his hands on the table. "Anyone who shares this table with us and eats this ikura *becomes* family. That is how I came to know Joe."

"Oh that's very nice!" Alex chuckled nervously. He felt mildly vulnerable, locked in a stranger's kitchen with someone whom he trusted but had, in truth, not known very long. They had chatted online a lot in recent months. And not just about birds. They had discussed their careers, their childhoods, their social lives, and even their sexual preferences. Both were gay and had had sexual encounters. And they had similar tastes in avian furry art. He summed up his experiences and concluded that there were never any warning flags or reasons to doubt Luke's sincerity. Alex relaxed and locked eyes with Luke. He placed his hands into Luke's.

"That's a very nice sentiment." Luke's hands were warm and comforting. "You know, this is nice having some private time with you like this. It's been an incredible day and I feel so relaxed and happy right now." He is fingers curled around Luke's "I had a good feeling when I came to visit. I feel very comfortable with you, like we're old friends. It can be a little lonely traveling but you've made me feel welcome here, like I'm not really away from home. I feel that I'd like to spend more time close like this."

"I'm so glad to hear you say that. I really like you too, Alex."

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Alex felt something bristly against his fingers. When he looked down he started at what he saw. Luke's fingers were covered in bumps sprouting with soft feathers. Alex tried to pull his hands away but Luke held them firmly in place.

"Let go! What's happening?"

Luke tightened his grip and his voice, laced with unnatural, squeaky tones, pleaded, "Don't be frightened! Like I said, it will be easier to show you my secrets than tell you about them."

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Alex's eyes widened as big as half-dollars and he breathed hard, "What's happening to you? Am I hallucinating? Have I been drugged?"

"No, this is real. And, no, you weren't drugged. You'll be fine, but I'm giving you a chance to learn, and take part in, something wonderful. Please, don't be afraid. Nothing will happen to you unless you want it to. Just watch, my friend. Your dreams are about to come true!"

Luke relaxed his grip and Alex shuffled back in his booth seat, his eyes riveted on Luke's face. Luke's body shrank slightly and feathers sprouted out from every area of exposed skin. His t-shirt became loose and baggy around his neck and chest. His face narrowed and his nostrils flattened. His teeth fused into a triangular point and his lips narrowed and hardened into a growing muzzle. The only thing that didn't change size were his eyes but the lids tightened and turned yellow. The irises changed from blue to light gold.

At this mid-point in transformation, Luke stood and pulled his shirt off up over his head and tossed it aside. His ribs were prominent, moving in and out with every heavy breath. They were jointed along his sides at angles that pointed downward. He grunted a high-pitched, inhuman groan and gripped his chest with his feathered hands. But his fingers had narrowed and fused and had long quills erupting from them. From the center of his chest, right down the front midline, a crest of skin-covered bone bulged outward. It was just the size of his human breastbone at first but as his body shrank, the sides plumped out with thick, bulging muscles.

Luke closed his eyes let out a long, soft cry and panted a moment. The transformation halted and he looked at Alex. His huge golden eyes were framed in a squarish skull with prominent eye ridges, covered in pink skin and half-grown narrow white feathers. His face had grown a big yellow beak with a hook at the end. Despite only being half baked, it was clear he was turning into a bald eagle.

Luke let the image sink into Alex for a moment as he caught his breath. Then he spoke softly with a screechy, raspy voice. "This is my secret. Our family's secret. We are a special race of humans you might call 'werebirds.' We can become birds whenever we wish." Luke closed his eyes and stretched his half-formed wings, studded with thick, blue, blood feathers—the soft, growing part of a feather. He grunted again. "It's difficult but with practice, we can control our transformation and even learn to become different birds." He looked down at the pants that were sagging around his hips, barely holding on. "Before I go on, I thought it fair that I should ask if you want to see the rest. I can certainly stop and turn back into a human, if you wish. After I pass this point, it becomes almost impossible to speak."

Alex sat up straighter, his eyes flitting about from Luke's hands to his beak to his chest, taking in the grotesque sight of his half-avian friend. "I..." His eyes drifted down to Luke's waist, then back up to his eyes. "I'm..."

"Intrigued? You don't look horrified, so that's a good thing."

Alex smiled a little. "Yes, that's the correct word. No, not horrified."

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Luke cocked his head, "You see, we are not a blood-relation family, at least not in the traditional sense. We can imbue this power to others when we choose. It was given to me 10 years ago when I met Joe." He tilted his head the other way. "I would like to give this ability to you, Alex... If you're interested."

Alex's mouth dropped open, unable to believe what he was seeing nor what he was being offered. But it sank in that everything he'd seen so far was real. Why wouldn't the offer be real. "To say I'm interested would be an understatement. Yes? Please?!"

Luke's eagle eyes seemed to smile. "Good. I'm so glad." He extended a shriveled, feathery hand towards Alex. "I saw how your eyes lingered at my pants. Come over and help me pull them off."

Alex grinned and walked over to Luke. Luke had already shrunk to only a meter and a half tall.

Luke spoke, "Please touch whatever you like. Check it out. I know, too, from the furry art you commission that you would love to see what's below the belt!"

Alex daintily touched Luke's smooth, shiny beak. It was hard and hot and when he pressed on it, he could tell it was firmly connected to his head. It wasn't a mask. He ran his fingers across Luke's pin feathered scalp and down his left shoulder, looking at how the feathers were pressing out from blue-colored shafts that were buried deep in follicles. Much of his skin was covered in soft grey-white down already but where it was exposed, it was soft, warm, and elastic.

Luke raised his left wingarm and said, "Check out these pecs! And these jointed ribs. At this stage, I already have airsacs inside and my lungs have become avian. It helps to have plenty of oxygen to drive the extreme metabolism transformation requires."

Alex's fingers moved down the bulging breast muscles and bumped along the prominent ribs at the lower end of Luke's rib cage. Then his fingers moved down the soft, fluff of Luke's abdomen, down to his sagging pants.

Luke churred through his beak. "Go ahead. Take a look at what's down there."

Alex got down on his knees and unbuttoned Luke's fly. The pants sank down under their own weight to reveal Luke's gray underwear. There was a noticeable bulge in the underpants. He hooked a finger into the waistband and slid the drawers down to Luke's knees. As he did so, a tapered pink cock flopped out. It wasn't a normal human dick though.

There was no scrotum and the penis was slim with a tapered tip. It was covered in slick pink membrane instead of skin. Luke groaned and his cock bounced. There was an audible plipping sound associated with the bounce. Alex could see that its base was merged with a moist orifice, as if Luke's butt were swallowing his cock. The lips of this orifice were winking around the base of the cock and by the moans and grunts, it gave Luke pleasure.

Consequently, seeing Luke aroused, and in half-avian form, made Alex aroused. He adjusted his fly, a bit embarrassed at his obvious bulge.

Luke chuckled. "You're getting' horny, aren't you? Excellent. You are the birdvert I'd hoped you would be!"

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Alex fumbled his fingers around Luke's tail and chuckled nervously. "Well, I, I mean, who wouldn't be?"

Luke laughed out loud, causing his cock to bounce and his half-formed feathers to shake. "Indeed. I agree!"

He shook the garments from his skinny bird legs and off his half-formed bird feet. He squatted slowly and rolled over to his knees. His tail was a large plump wedge of skin and thick blood feathers. He lowered his breast and lifted his tail while reaching back with his wingtip to part the feathers better and show off what he knew Alex wanted to see.

Luke's butt had moved outward, becoming a part of the wedge of tissue that formed his tail base. There weren't any butt cheeks anymore and the opening had become a transverse slit. His tapered cock was protruding outward from the lower lip of the slit and it bent forward between his legs. A circle of out-folded pink membranes hugged the base of the penis. Alex recognized, from YouTube videos he had seen in the past, that it looked very similar to the penis of an ostrich albeit more tapered.

Luke winked his new vent and fanned his half-grown tail feathers. He grunted with pleasure and his cloaca tightened and relaxed with a smooching sound around his pulsating wet shaft. A strand of clear mucus drooled from its tip.

"I've learned how to control my transformation so well that I can finish growing my feathers and be a 'bird man' as it were. But I don't do it often. Only in private since the world is just not ready for that. Or I can continue transforming and be a normal bald eagle with a normal cloaca. As you might expect, I very much like the feral form because it allows me to fly, but I'll give you a taste of both.

"But there's something I must tell you. All of us host a relatively harmless virus. It won't make you sick but you will feel a little different. Your senses will be heightened. Your mind will be sharpened. And you will live much, much longer than normal humans. And, or course, it will allow you transform. Controlling it can be pretty tricky so I'm glad you'll be staying with me for a while so I can guide you through it."

"Oh! Was that in the 'special ikura?' I thought I felt something strange."

"No. But the ikura did contain a natural herb that helps with the integration of the virus. It increases the permeability of your cells to the new DNA and relaxes your nervous system to help the process go more smoothly."

"How do you give me the virus then?"

Luke smiled. "Well, I could inject you with my blood. But that's no fun. It can also be sexually transmitted."

Alex blushed and adjusted the growing bulge in his jeans. "Oh, yes, I would much prefer that."

Luke's eyes crinkled approvingly. He nodded his head towards the opposite door. "Excellent. Let me transform further and then we'll go to a more comfortable environment..."

Luke stepped back and spread his arms and closed his eyes in concentration. His body didn't shrink any further but the muscles bulged plumper on his arms and chest. Large, dark brown feathers pressed out from his arms but not from his wingtips. Instead of long flight feathers, he had shorter, broad wing

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feathers hanging from the back side of his shoulders and upper arms. They had overlapping rows of short coverts too to complete the blending of arms and stunted wings, obviously incapable of flight.

The exposed skin of his hands started at the wrists and became yellow and lightly scaled. His fingers separated again but only into 2 fingers and a thumb on each hand. Tail feathers pressed out from his plump tail nub. They were huge, white feathers, exactly similar to the one that Alex had seen on the dash of the truck. His toes lengthened into plump yellow digits with scales like an eagle. Short black nails erupted also—not long and sharp like eagle talons.

But the most dramatic change was the eruption of feathers all over his body. His naked form was ungainly. But as his plumage grew to its full proportions, it hid all of the grotesqueness with thick, luxurious plumage and he became a beautiful streamlined form. The feathers were particularly fluffy between his legs, under his tail, and under his arms.

As the feather growth slowed, Luke exhaled long and slow with his eyes still closed. He brought his hands together in front of him and breathed in and out in an exaggerated fashion once more, as though emerging from meditation.

Luke opened his eyes slowly and asked in a relaxed tone, “So, what do you think of my ‘anthro’ form?” He turned around slowly and shook his tail. His erect cock was still there, partially exposed through his undertail fluff.

Alex stared and said nothing while he admired his friend’s new form.

“Speechless, eh? Well, let’s go somewhere where you can admire it more closely...”

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They walked down a short carpeted hallway to a closed door with an electronic lock. Luke punched in a code and said, "As you might imagine, we don't want people accidentally stumbling into this."

He opened the door and inside was a small room with no windows, a low bed centered along one wall, hardwood floor, and a thick, shaggy area rug. On the walls hung several pictures of people with birds or half-birds. The photos were not taken by professionals. Many were from within this same room. Smiles were universal. *They were graduation photos!*

While Alex admired the photos, Luke closed the door and gently came up behind Alex.

"Have you found me yet?"

"No! Is this where it happened for you too?"

"Indeed. Right over there. See?" Luke pointed to a photo in the corner. It was a bald eagle laying on its back on the bed, wings spread, an awkward stare in its eyes but its plumage was fluffed out as though it were content and relaxed. The feathers between its legs were dark and wet.

"That was the happiest day of my life!" Luke wiped a tear from his eagle eye. He pointed to another photo of an eagle flying. "And there's my first flight. Right off the back porch here." He rubbed Alex's shoulders.

Alex reached up and caressed the warm fingers. "Will I do that too? Today?"

Luke was grinning from ear to ear. "You bet. How fast can you undress?"

Alex lifted his t-shirt off and unbuttoned his pants. They fell down around his ankles.

Luke pressed his warm, soft body up against Alex's back and hugged him around the middle. Alex could feel Luke's wet member touching the back of his thighs. His breath shuddered and his own erect cock moistened. He reached down and thumbed off his underwear, letting it fall around his ankles. Then he grasped Luke's hands and pulled them tighter around his middle and turned his head to kiss the big yellow beak that rested on his shoulder.

Alex's voice was hushed and shaky. He was taking an unimaginably big step that would clearly change his life.

Luke rubbed his beak on Alex's hand. "You can do this. I know it's scary. Like jumping from an airplane the first time maybe. But I assure you, no one has ever regretted this. But it's only pleasant if you want it. So, are you sure?"

Alex nodded. "I'm ready. I want this more than anything."

Luke churred deep in his chest. He rubbed his smooth, hot beak against Alex's face and lips as his hands slid down to Alex's thighs and groin. "Spread your hands up on the wall and lean forward a little."

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As Alex complied Luke grunted and his tail flexed downward. His avian member projected forward further between his thighs and jerked, drooling with clear mucus. He slathered the generous moisture down its glistening length and let out a soft trill. He moved forward then and rubbed the tip of his cock up between Alex's ass cheeks. When it touched his throbbing anus, Alex moaned and dropped his head. His cock pulsed and dripped.

"Good bird, Alex, good bird. Now press out some while I enter."

Luke felt Alex's anus relax so he grasped Alex's hips and pressed forward. The taper in his shaft was perfect for entry and gradual dilation of its recipient. It was a smooth insertion. Alex moaned and his knees bent slightly as he sagged against the hot entry. Luke pulled his hips downward and his bird dick pressed all the way in.

Alex moaned higher and his cock throbbled. He grunted and winked his anus. The pleasure made him curl his fingers on the wall. "Damn! This is hot!" He pressed his ass back against Luke's fluffy crotch and the soft contact of feathers heightened his euphoria. Then Luke gripped tighter on his sides and twitched his cock deep inside Alex's belly. He felt the throbbing against his prostate and jolted with pleasure.

Luke sensed that Alex was on a hair trigger, ready to blow, so he pulled his dick out slowly, letting its weight rub against Alex's taut prostate. Then he pressed it back in again, feeling the virile young man's anus pulse as he approached orgasm. Luke pressed his beak to Alex's head and licked his right ear. He winked his cloaca and the cock throbbled tighter in Alex's supple hole.

"Ah! Unnhhh!" Alex's knees sagged and his cock spurted a gush of semen that hit the wall and ran down to the floor. He bucked and ejaculated again and once more. His cock dripped a long thin strand of cum as Alex moaned with his lips tight around his teeth. He exhaled sharply and breathed heavy. His face was flush and relaxed as he emerged from the sudden, powerful orgasm.

"Good bird! Good bird!" Luke chattered excitedly and pulled out slightly then slammed back in with a feral grunt. His feathers erected enormously, much like a mating male eagle, and ruffled around Alex's body. He pulled back and thrust again. Avian mucus and pre drooled down from the bend in his cock, and moistened Alex's thighs. The thrusts produced a thin white foam and there were sticky sounds that mingled with the ruffling noises of feathers. Each time he thrust, Alex's semi-erect cock bounced and drooled more semen.

Alex moaned and stiffened his body, focusing on the deep, slick penetration of Luke's avian member. He imagined it already leaking avian essence into his body. But it wasn't enough. He wanted to be filled with hot bird jizz. He bounced in time with the thrusts, helping Luke reach deeper and deeper. He groaned out, "Yeah... yeah... give it to me. I want it. I want it. Alles! Alles! Gib mir alles, großer Vogel..."

Luke lifted his head and his voice changed. Instead of moaning like a human, he chirped out at the ceiling. It was a series of eagle cries that increased in pitch and desperation. Any aficionado of bald eagles that watches their nesting behavior would recognize it from far away. It was the copulatory cry of the tiercel. As the calls shortened, so did the withdraw phase of his thrusts. At last the calls melded into a long chirp that tensed into a grunt as his body went firm and his tail fanned.

Alex pressed his ass back against Luke's rock-hard groin and felt the avian dick throb against his prostate. Luke gripped his sides tightly and thrust his beak forward against Alex's nape. He let out a tight

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wheeze as though straining to push something from his body. It was the tension of orgasm and Alex felt a gush of hot fluid deep in his belly. Then another gush and another. Each time Luke's cock would pulse in unison with the delivery.

Slowly Luke exhaled a hot, salty breath against the back of Alex's neck and Alex felt the cock relax. As it did so, it felt like the precious bird cum might leak out around it so Alex tightened his anus. He reached down and pulled Luke's trembling hands tighter around his middle. He didn't want the moment to end. He wanted to keep the hot bird cock in there as long as possible.

Luke rubbed Alex's belly with one hand and licked his own beak. "Mmmmm... You are outstanding."

Alex panted and smiled. He let out a satisfied groan.

Luke panted out, "Keep your eyes closed and concentrate. Tell me what you feel."

Alex felt a stir deep down in his butt. Since his sexual organs were most recently stimulated, the feeling began around his anus and genitals. He wrinkled one brow in thought. "I feel... like my balls are lifting up into me. Nnnf... and my butt feels strange. It doesn't hurt. In fact, it feels quite nice."

"Good, good. Don't be frightened if things feel weird. It's a big change. But no one has ever died from this. It's pretty unsettling the first time though. You've been on roller coasters, right?"

Alex nodded.

Luke pressed his warm beak to Alex's right ear and whispered low to make Alex concentrate on his voice. "Well, this is more like having the roller coaster rolling around inside of you. But I'm here. I'll stay engaged in you. Just listen to my voice if you get scared and I'll talk you through. First thing is to concentrate on the species you want to be. You like white-tailed sea eagles you said. So focus on that. And breathe nice and steady, in and out, in and out..."

Alex found the hot breath on his ear and the warm feathers on his neck comforting. He could still feel Luke's partially erect cock in his ass and his wing arms around his middle. Then he felt a sweat break out all over his body and intense goose bumps.

"Ahh! I'm feeling tingly. Prickly! My skin is crawling!" He breathed faster and opened his eyes. His skin was dimpling up all over his arms and feathers were emerging. "It's happening! It's really happening!"

Luke hugged him closer, "Breathe steady. Focus! Close your eyes and focus. Imagine being a white-tailed sea eagle!" Luke let out a shrill cry, similar to a white-tailed sea eagle. "See yourself floating over the sea on your own wings!"

Alex took exaggerated breaths, shaking with excitement. His arms and face were hot and he felt tingling pressure above his buttocks.

Luke continued to whisper to Alex, "You're a white-tailed sea eagle... a handsome eagle soaring over the ocean."

Alex felt his heart pounding faster than he'd ever experienced. His guts squirmed and his sense of up and down swirled in his mind. His vision, though his eyes were closed, exploded in bright starbursts of

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colors he'd never seen before. With all the mental chaos and churning of his innards, he suddenly lurched and projected a stream of fishy vomit against the wall. He coughed and fell to his knees, lurching with a second ejection of vomit. Luke stayed with him and spoke to him more loudly to be heard through the pounding in his head.

Alex moaned, "You didn't mention this!"

"I know it's crazy, but stay focused! You're doing fine! This is all normal! You should feel better now."

Alex was dizzy and had to be supported by Luke to keep from toppling over. But his stomach settled down once it was empty. "I do... feel better. Oooohhh... it feels like..." He coughed and swallowed, trying to clear the odd tingling in his throat. "My throat!—" His voice cracked into a high pitch. His voice became raspy and wispy and he found it difficult to speak. "I feeehhhl my chehhst tihhhngling..."

Luke spoke calmly, "Welcome to airsacs. And a syrinx. You won't need that old voice box anymore. You won't be able to speak in a moment. It's all ok though. I know what you're going through."

Alex's arms grew heavy and his hands felt stiff. There was painful tension building in his elbows and wrists as his sinews tightened. He found it more comfortable to pull them in close to his body, raising his wrists up close to his shoulders as though imitating a chicken. As he did so he felt his joints pop and the tension in his tendons lessened dramatically. He thought to himself: *Of course! I'm an eagle! I sit with my wings folded now.*

Alex's thighs burned hot as they shortened and shrank. He opened his eyes and looked down at his legs. They were covered in half-grown black feathers but he couldn't see his feet. His ankles cramped with tension, his tendons feeling like taught rubberbands about to snap.

Luke shook his shoulders. "Close your eyes! You'll be able to watch in the future. I want you to feel your way through it this time so you can learn control!"

Alex cried out in pained chirps. His ankles felt like they would snap. His breathing spasmed and he tried to rise, which only increased the pain and made him cry out again.

"Easy, let me help you!" Luke reached down and pulled Alex's feet behind his buttocks, allow his toes to shift and lengthen more easily. There was a deep boney *Plunk!* as he repositioned each one.

Immediately Alex sighed relief. He thought to himself: I see! I have to use the tightness as a guide to assume my natural posture!

Luke seemed to read his mind. "Good, good. Just go with the flow. Your back should be really tight now, especially your lower back. Just go with it and lean forward like you're nesting now."

Alex eased forward, relieving the tension in his spine. He could feel it becoming rigid as interlocking struts of bone bridged between the vertebrae and formed a new support system suited for flight. The one area that didn't seem to feel tight was his neck. It was hot but not stiff. In fact it became more and more relaxed as his neck vertebrae loosened and divided. Each one split to make fourteen total out of his original seven. And the base of his skull where it met his neck became light and nimble as the two condyles of his former neck joint melted together to form one ball-and-socket articulation.

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The explosive hallucinations in Alex's vision settled down but his head twitched rhythmically back and forth from disorientation. His limbs twitched and his tail fanned and bobbed. Muscle fasciculation rippled up and down his skin, causing his grown feathers to erect and vibrate. Even his beak and his cloaca twitched and he chirped erratically. He was only distantly aware of his trembling similar to a person slipping into a seizure. When he realized he was not in control he pushed out a terrified screech.

"Easy! Easy! Easy!" Luke clutched the back of Alex's head and massaged his neck under his thick black plumage. Luke saw that this color was different than a normal white-tailed sea eagle but it was not important. He wanted to keep Alex focused. "This is the weirdest part. Your brain is changing shape and your cerebellum is rewiring for flight. It's a wild ass ride the first time but it gets easier."

Alex felt like he was teetering on the edge of a cliff. To catch his balance, he clumsily rowed his wings and felt the air stir around him. Suddenly it all snapped into perfect synchrony. All at once his toes spread out under his folded legs, four now instead of five, his tail bobbed downward, his wings lifted to his sides, his neck bent into an S under his plumage, and his head snapped to level as though it were gimbaled. His senses raced with sensations but his thoughts caught up with them and fell into sync, like a car racing onto a busy autobahn until it blends harmoniously with the speeding traffic.

All this time, Luke kept his cock engaged in Alex's rear. He felt the heat and internal contractions as the transformation wracked Alex's innards and pelvic structure. He felt Alex's balls withdraw and move up into his body. He also felt his cock move back and involute into his new cloaca. This part always turned Luke on and his phallus was fully erect again deep in Alex's backside. Luke had shrunk down a little more to keep pace with Alex and not make his copulation with him uncomfortable or harmful.

Luke uttered hoarsely, "That's the worst... of it, Alex..." He chirped and with effort choked out, "I won't be able to speak now but we'll have some more fun without words... You can open your eyes now."

Alex opened his eyes and blinked. The world was in crisp detail. The 60Hz overhead lighting seemed to flicker, such was the speed at which his new brain and eyes could process pulses of light. His field of view was enormous too. He swiveled his head one way and then the other, able to see Luke and the streaks of his own puke on the wall all in one wide picture.

Luke lifted his beak and closed his eyes. He flexed his cock deep inside Alex's tight cloaca and grunted. Luke's wings sprouted long feathers from all along their length, not just the upper portion as before. They shot out so fast that they made a sound like fluttering paper. He spread his wings and fanned the air. He was a fully formed bald eagle now.

Alex felt his friend's phallus shrink and slide out. The pleasure of the slimy withdraw made him chirp and press outward with it. As he pressed his cloaca back though, he found a new pleasure. It was the feel of hot cloaca on cloaca, their softly winking lips sucking and smearing against each other. It was the best kiss he'd ever experienced. He closed his eyes and focused on the erotic pleasure of Luke's wings on his sides and his hot membranes stroking and smooching against his friend's everted sexual opening. He felt a tingle rise up his neck and cause his head feathers to flare up.

Alex let out a plaintive eagle moan and laid his breast down on the floor, tail up. He wanted more sex and this time as a proper bird.

Luke chattered the lusty copulatory chirps of a feral eagle. He pulled his cloaca away from Alex's for a moment and let him feel the air on his wet membranes. Alex's tail bobbed and his loose lips kissed the

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air. Alex felt mucus dribbled down from his lower vent lip and he clenched his cloaca to keep it in, then unpuckered and felt the cool air re-enter. He huffed and caused it to evert, then winked again, the lips contracting around his everted membranes and ejaculatory openings. His head feathers flared again and he uttered a chirpy moan. Another drool of clear mucus issued from his pink, puffy orifice and the process repeated.

Luke chortled his approval and pushed his hot beak up against the winking opening. He licked tenderly around the lips, lingering at the corners and just below the lower lip. Alex squirmed and pressed his cloaca out again, so forcefully that he spurt clear pre into Luke's mouth. Luke blew a puff of moist breath against the wet, velvety pink-red membranes and the orifice contracted while Alex moaned high. He pressed out again and this time his ejaculatory ducts stood out as two tiny nipples on a soft, pale mound of tissue bulging on the surface of his cloacal membranes.

Alex cried louder and thumped his tarsi, apparently close to climax already. His tail fanned and Luke gave the finishing touch. He rubbed his rump with a wing and gave the mound of genital tissue a firm, hot lick. Alex grunted. His tail fanned and flexed downward as his vent widened and his ejaculatory ducts spurted with white semen. He kicked and grunted again, going with the flow and pushing his tail down on Luke's beak. Another jet of semen pulsed out and moistened Luke's tongue. His tail pulsed and he spurted once more, the salty seed dangling down from Luke's beak to patter on the floor below.

As Alex relaxed from the orgasm, he inhaled sharply and laid his head down on the cool floor. He panted so hard that each breath produced a grunt from his syrinx, deep in his chest, just as exhausted eagles tend to do.

Luke licked Alex's vent and preened his belly feathers, following his sinking butt as Alex slumped and grew sleepy. He had had an exhausting episode and it would take him a while to recover. But he could hardly wait to see what would come next.

Chapter 4: First Flight

Alex awoke to the feeling of Luke cuddled around him, stroking his back feathers with a human hand. He had transformed back to human form and was smiling at him. Alex opened his eyes lazily, his lower lids still half up in an avian expression of drowsiness. He yawned and stirred his feet which were curled up under him. He caught a whiff of warm sex and remembered the hottest orgasm of his life.

Luke stroked Alex's head feathers. "Feels good, doesn't it? Like waking up in your own bed after a long journey away from home?"

Alex nodded his beak in agreement. It did feel strangely normal, like he was finally at home even though the reality was that he was very far from it. His new bird body was comfortable and familiar, maybe even more natural to him than his human body had been. Perhaps he should have been born a bird.

And yet, he hadn't really explored his body much yet, beyond sex and sleep. He opened his eyes wide and his pupils constricted then expanded. He felt energy surging within him again at the prospect of testing out his new shell. And he had a million questions but no way to speak them.

"I'll bet that you have a lot of questions. And that you want to see what your new body can do, too. I couldn't wait to take my first flight."

Alex nodded and chirped. He studied his dark body, wings, and tail. He crossed his eyes and noticed that his beak was bright orange. His toes were a similar shade. He looked up at Luke.

"I know, I know. You look like an old German Bundesadler. You must have had a deep desire to take on that plumage coloration. It's ok—you can learn to be other eagle forms later. Go with this for now." Luke chuckled, "It'll be interesting to see what strange sightings pop up on e-Bird in the next few days!

"But right now, we have to focus on your flight. We haven't got much time before sunset so we better get you out there. I think it's important to test your wings as soon as possible after your first transformation." Luke stood up and placed his hands under Alex's breast to help him stand.

Alex twittered and looked up at Luke with a quizzical expression.

"Put your questions on hold, birdfriend. In fact, let your human notions go completely for the time-being. Take in what your senses are feeding you, react to it, and put your mind in neutral for a while. Thinking too much will only interfere with your natural instincts at first. But don't worry... before too long, things like walking or flying as a bird will be second nature and you can think human thoughts again."

Alex stepped forward with one foot, then the other, and walked across the floor. It went smoothly. Then he turned and his tail brushed the bed. He thought about how he might have to lift his tail to move it around the bed corner but he lost his balance and stumbled forward a step and a half.

"See? Don't think so much about it. Just put your mind on where you want to go and let your avian nervous system do the rest. Here, close your eyes and let me pick you up..."

Alex inhaled deeply and closed his eyes.

Chapter 4: First Flight

“That’s it. Clear your mind.” Luke faced Alex and gripped his upper legs, one in each hand, and lifted him gently from the floor. Alex’s wings sagged down on each side of Luke’s hands and his breast eased forward onto Luke’s forearms.

“Now lift your wings and hold them out and level.”

Alex spread his wings out wide and felt the cool air between his wingtip feathers. He flapped slowly once and then again. He wasn’t even flying yet but the sensation of his glossy primary feathers biting the air and tugging his wingtips forward sent a thrill to his core.

“Very nice, Alex, very nice. Now try to keep your wings level while I move your body around. Remember, relax your human thoughts. You’ll have time to process this all later. For now, just let your body react...”

Luke gently tilted Alex to the left and to the right. Alex tilted his wings in response to counter the motion. Then Luke tilted him faster and Alex relaxed his joints, letting his wings do what they do naturally. Instead of stiffly resisting the spreading of his wings and fighting the motion of his body, he flowed with it and his wings responded by folding in more on the upward side of the roll and snapping out more on the downward side.

“Awesome... you are doing awesome, my friend. Open your eyes and stare directly at my nose.”

Alex obeyed and Luke smiled. “What’s your head doing?”

Alex hadn’t thought about it at first but now he recognized that his head was staying motionless and level while his body moved about. His lower eyelids creased slightly and his facial bristles and forehead feathers erected.

Luke giggled. “You’re smiling! Pretty cool shit, eh?”

Alex twittered his approval.

“Ok that was easy. Now let me throw some more at ya. Keep your eyes open while we do this.”

Luke lifted Alex up abruptly and Alex’s eyes widened and his legs stiffened. His wings wobbled awkwardly. Then Luke dropped his arms down close to the floor, still holding Alex while he flailed his wings and spread his tail and toes nervously. He chirped out loudly as though frightened.

“Remember, relax your mind, be a bird. Your body knows what to do. I won’t let go, Alex, but I want you to feel just a taste of the things you’re going to find in flight.”

He hoisted Alex up abruptly again but this time Alex pulled his wings in closer to his body. Then as Luke dropped him downward abruptly, his wings shot out, less stiffly this time. Luke repeated the action a few more times and each time Alex was more and more natural in his responses.

“Good! Good!” Luke brought Alex up above himself again and said. “Now flap. Hard!”

Alex pumped his wings, noticing how they tried to pull forward in the downstroke and backwards on the upstroke. The vanes of his primaries twisted from the changing direction of the air flow, alternately pushing and pulling on his joints and body. He flapped harder and faster until his feathers tore the air

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with a ripping sound and dust and feathers were flying all around them both. Alex closed his eyes and focused on the sensations of the air in his wings, pulsing over his tail feathers and tugging at his tail. Blood coursed through his massive flight muscles and his heart beat strong and hard. Air moved through his chest, filled his belly, and streamed from his nares. Ordinarily if he worked this hard as a human, his lungs would quickly reach the point where they were hungry for oxygen and he couldn't wait for each inhale. That was not the case now. His airsacs circulated the air such that his lungs were constantly bathed in fresh air.

Alex slowed his wings down and opened his eyes. Luke's face was half-transformed into a bald eagle again.

Luke lowered Alex to the floor gently. "It's time, Alex, to go out and fly for real." He turned and opened the door to the hallway and walked towards the kitchen.

Alex walked to the door and watched Luke, opening the side door and then bending down, grunting as his feathers shot out and his naked body pulsed and shrank. From this angle, he saw in close detail how Luke's rump bulged into a tail and his buttock and cock fused to become a cloaca, just in time for feathers to crowd out and obscure the supple slit.

After a moment, Luke lifted his white eagle head and stared back at Alex with his golden eyes. He stirred his wings and a tuft of down whipped up and the breeze brought fresh outdoor air to Alex's face. Luke jerked his head towards the door as if to say *Come on!* He bounced out onto the porch in a series of short hops, flapping and cackling excitedly. It was the joyful expression of a tiercel bald eagle as though he were greeting a mate at the nest.

Alex walked slowly forward. He swallowed, wondering if he would be ok in the sky with no hands to support him. His heart raced and he felt a wave of prickly fear wash down from his eyeballs to his tail. He reached the door and saw Luke perched on the porch railing, staring back at him with a fluffed expression.

Alex looked up into the clear blue sky and out over the trees below them to the west. The world was so different to him now. Sure, his avian senses were incredibly keen and he had all the equipment for flight. But he was completely unprepared for his new expectations. He hadn't considered being able to fly would *actually mean*. There was a whole new domain open within his mind, like a dream where you realize there's an entire new floor full of unexplored rooms in your otherwise familiar house.

The world before Alex was no longer a broken maze of obstacles. There was a vast ocean above that he could swim in as naturally as a fish in water. The sky had never looked so huge to him. Scary huge, but also marvelously full of potential. He didn't yet know the complexities of navigating it but his mind and body told him that he was fully capable of going anywhere he needed to go. That rooftop? No problem. That tree a mile away, why not? The car on the other side of the house and the fence in between? No need to walk or go through gates when you can be there faster on wing. And what bird needs a car anyway?

Alex tried to fathom all the possibilities as his eyes swept the blue arc above him. He wore an eagly smile and Luke saw it. He knew what Alex was experiencing. This was his favorite part of introducing someone new to the family—reliving that amazing first flight. It excited him like nothing else. It was more electrifying than sex. He nodded his head, motioning Alex to hop up beside him.

Chapter 4: First Flight

Alex crouched and jumped. He flapped hard and overshot the railing. He wobbled his wings and screeched as he glided across the short yard and the landscape dropped rapidly below him. He was frozen, trying to take it all in but things were moving too fast! Luke was already on his tail with a confident stare that said *You're doing fine! Keep it up!*

Alex focused on the horizon and relaxed his human mind. A fresh warm breeze rolled up the grassy pasture below the house and his spread wings filled with air like sails on a ship. It pushed him up and he flapped his wings smoothly as his body lifted higher into the sky.

Chapter 5: First Landing

Alex and Luke flew out over the forest. The day was late so as soon as their shadows crossed the cool tops of the trees, Alex felt the air drop under him. The sudden decent surprised him and he flapped his wings to compensate. A panic rose up through his breast and he chattered out to Luke, but no intelligible words were possible.

Luke swooped past and crossed Alex's path. He flipped his head and screeched as if to say, Follow me! Alex followed Luke's movements, stroke for stroke, and the vortices rolling off Luke's wingtips buoyed him up, making flying just a little easier. Luke pulled him along until they passed above an open patch of ground with a parking lot. Then he locked his wings and lazily spiraled to the left.

Alex's wings rocked with the uplifting air. It was like warm hands pushing him higher into the sky. In moments, Alex's larger wings were pushing him higher than Luke.

As the landscape expanded below them, Alex's heart surged with joy. He had always dreamed of soaring like this and now he was finally doing it! His orange beak darted back and forth, taking it all in. There were the obvious details he had always noticed as a human: Cars on the freeway, houses, farms, buildings, and the distant snow-capped mountains. But now there were also hundreds of other points of interest to his avian mind. There were pet cats stalking in the grass, fish in the water, more easily seen now since his new eyes eliminated glare, pheasants in the forest edges, ducks on the water, and a pair of bald eagles perched in a tree two kilometers away.

Wait! Other eagles? High-pitched eagle twitters met his ears. The pair was yelling directly at them. Alex wasn't sure what to do. From Internet browsings, he knew how fiercely bald eagles defended their territories. He didn't think he was ready for aerial combat. He looked down to Luke for guidance, but Luke's golden eye was already looking up at him. He had a calm, knowing expression as he nodded his head to the south.

By the time they turned their faces southward and left the waning thermal, they had climbed to 500 meters above the ground. The pair of eagles had quieted and Alex could see the female settled back down in her nest. Whew!

They travelled along a wooded ridge that ran to the south. In this glacially-carved region, this was a common geographic feature. The westerly breeze, pushed up by the ridge face, allowed them to soar easily along out towards the less populated countryside. After an hour or so, a forest lake came into view. As they approached the lake, Alex's keen eyes saw that there was a small, round, forested island. Along its northern shore was a tall, old Douglas fir tree. Its top was divided into three smaller trunks and in the center was a bulky pile of sticks. A nest!

Alex studied the trees to see if there were any other eagles, but all appeared empty.

Luke pulled his wings in slightly and lowered his feet that up to now had been hugging tight under his tail fluff. This configuration created less lift and more drag so he sank quickly. Alex followed suit staying just behind Luke's tail. He could hear the ruffling of Luke's plumage and smell his clean warmth. The smell was enticing and he wanted to glide closer and bury his face in the tail feathers. But that was impossible at the moment so he had to just store the desire away and hope he could follow it later.

Chapter 5: First Landing

As they came over the lake, Luke dropped his legs straight down and raised his head. The wind ruffled over the tops of his wings and he dropped even faster, making a steep, short approach towards the island.

Alex's breathing sped and his heart raced. My first landing! Maybe I should try grass first? Can I do this? The nest seems so small! He screeched out to Luke but it didn't change their trajectory.

Then Luke stretched his wings again and pulled his neck and feet in again, leveling off just 20 meters above the water. Alex trusted him and did likewise, nervously rocking a few meters above and behind Luke, fearing a splashdown. He flapped along, watching Luke's every move, the island growing larger in his eyes with every stroke. Luke fanned his tail and tilted back just before the shore, his body swooping upward, until his feet met the nest. He let his momentum carry him a couple of hops further so he could turn to watch Alex with plenty of room to spare.

Alex was only a few seconds behind but that was sufficient time for his quick avian reactions. But because he hadn't dipped as low as Luke, his speed was much higher as he rose towards the nest. He flapped his wings in a panic to abort his landing veering clumsily past. His wingtips swished crazily through the boughs of the fir trees and he almost stalled and faltered before finding a passage through the treetops. He reached open sky and was grateful for space to glide and pick up speed again. He glided over the opposite side of the island and out over the water.

Alex circled and cursed himself for not seeing what Luke was doing but he was determined to get it right this time. The wind suddenly increased as sun touched the horizon. He turned downwind to the east.

The following breeze made it harder to increase his airspeed so it took longer to gain altitude again. By the time he was 100 meters above the water, he was a kilometer away and nearly exhausted. His confidence was sinking as surely as cool air and gravity were tugging at his body.

As Alex turned back towards the island, the last rays of sunset lit his orange beak in a bright blaze. Luke was chirping and flapping his wings to help focus Alex's attention through the bright haze. Now the headwind was helping his lift but it was slowing him down. But, then again, he knew it could make it easier to approach more slowly this time. And this time he would sink lower before rising in his landing flare.

Nice and slow this time. I can flap if I need extra power. That'll be easier than trying to slow down!

When he was a hundred meters away, he raised his head and lowered his feet. The drag naturally elevated his breast slightly and tipped his wings back. He was like a kite in a 100 kph breeze, his tail feathers fluttering behind him. He sank down to just a few meters above the water as he once again approached. His heart raced and struggled not panic from the sinking feeling that he was too low and too close to the nest tree. Just a little more!

Alex remembered Luke's advice to point his face and focus on where he wanted to be. He pushed his beak towards Luke and willed his body towards his friend. He swooped quickly upwards. But his wings fluttered and he knew, now, that he was too late. He was too low and too slow so he flapped hard, climbing vertically as his claws clambered towards the nest that was rushing to meet him.

Chapter 6: First Night

Wham! His feet slammed the sticks but he was still below the edge of the nest. He chattered and flapped hysterically to clamber upwards. It worked and he came up over the lip of the nest and collapsed into the center.

Alex heaved and grunted loudly, catching his breath while Luke smiled down at him. He slicked his plumage, accentuating his round, firm chest, and flapped his wings in short excited beats. He called out loudly in high pitched calls followed by a trailing chatter: *Chirp! Chirp! Chirp! Kekekekekekekekekekekeke! Kekekekekekekekekekekeke! Chirp! Chirp! Chirp! Kekekekekekekekekekekeke...* It was the raucous music of a joyous eagle and it made Alex tingle with accomplishment.

After minutes of praise from his friend, Alex had recovered and rose to his feet. Luke's chirps died down and he stepped closer to his friend. He wrapped his soft neck around his and pressed their thumping breasts together.

The lake was quiet except for the lapping of the water against drifted logs below. A halfmoon was up in the eastern dark blue sky and the Cascades, beyond, soared above the evergreen forest. He understood that Luke brought him here for a special first night and he welcomed it.

Luke preened Alex's nape feathers as Swainson's thrushes warbled away. One uttered a dreamy song and Luke nibbled an underfeather. Then a moment later another lazy song from the other side bubbled up and he would preen another feather. Then the other thrush and another feather, on and on. Alex kept eyes closed and focused on the pleasure of the delicate beaking while floating on the gentle thrush songs.

When he opened his eyes again, dusk had settled in. The sky was deep, dark blue and the first stars were out. Luke paused his preening and gazed at Alex with relaxed eyes and a soft face.

Alex reached out and playfully nibbled under Luke's throat feathers. Luke responded by fluffing his plumage and extending his neck. Under the outer white feathers of Luke's neck was a thick layer of fluffy "afterfeathers" and down. To Alex, it was like pushing his face into the softest blanket imaginable. He was surprised to learn how sensitive his beak was. When the tip of his beak reached the densest down against Luke's skin, he felt Luke's soft heart throb and the gentle rocking of his neck as the nest tree swayed. He could hear the slight whistle of breath in and out through Luke's nares. They were as close as two eagles could be—almost.

Naturally Alex's thoughts drifted to the sex they had had just hours earlier. The memory resurrected his awareness of his new anatomy. He perceived the reconfiguration of his genitals but it didn't seem unnatural. In fact, he was anxious to explore, further, the sensations that his cloaca could give him.

Luke's eyes were closed but he was not sleeping. He was enjoying every nibble of Alex's affection. He opened his eyes halfway while his facial bristles erected and pulled his beak corners up into a slight smile. Alex reached up and preened Luke's ear feathers and he reacted with a quiet, sweet *Cheeeeeep*. Luke was savoring the attention but he knew, too, what was on Alex's mind. It was time to teach Alex more about his body.

Chapter 6: First Night

No words could be spoken, but none were needed. Luke moved his beak to Alex's nape and gave a quiet, whiny chitter. The scraping of his beak tip against Alex's neck sent a shiver down his spine making his feathers bristle and his tail stiffen. He let out a whine of his own, almost involuntarily, as his vent throbbed and loosened. *Churrrreeeeeep...*

Luke stepped to Alex's left side and wrapped his soft neck around his. Then he stroked down the center of Alex's back with his right wing, making sure to slow down towards his tail base. It was like building up a static charge in Alex's loins—each stroke moving an electric spark down his back and into his hips. Alex spread his legs and cheeped longer and louder. His belly feathers parted wide and exposed the grey down of his underfluffies, dimly lit by reflected moonlight. Deep in the center of that pale fluff was a widening dark space that pouted wider with each utterance. Tiny drops of pleasure-induced fluids glistened on supple lips like morning dew on the petals of a rose. The lips were thirsty for contact and the deeper regions were primed to receive whatever Luke would give them.

Luke's own underfluff was parted similarly and his vent was winking open and closed, his tail fanned and bobbing with each puckering. His vent made quiet *plips* as he pumped it and moistened his vent lips. He pushed his hot beak close to Alex's right ear, spread his wings, and lifted his right foot up to the center of Alex's back. Alex's voice shot up an octave and several decibels. His body stiffened and his wings dropped. His neck dropped downward and his vent opened wide. His heartbeat pounded loud enough to be heard by Luke and it excited him. Alex showed all the automatic pre-coital responses of a hen that wants, urgently, to be fucked.

Luke obliged. He spread his wings and flapped lightly a few times to raise himself up onto Alex's soft back. He balled his feet and slipped them forward against Alex's wingpits, like a rider on a horse. This dropped Luke's warm butt down against Alex's rump who reacted by wiggling his tail and screeching even louder and more insistently. Even to those not speaking eagle it would have sounded like "Pleeeeeease! Pleeeeeease! Pleeeeeease!"

Luke still had his beak tip pressed to Alex's right ear. He chattered and grunted in lusty puffs of sultry breath. His guttural chirps conveyed feral, primitive desire that spoke right to Alex's paleocortex—the primitive part of the brain that deals with basic biological necessities such as procreation. His cloaca relaxed fully and felt empty, wanting to be pressed into by something warm and wet.

Deeper still, Alex felt a desire to nurture fat, round eggs in his belly. It was *all* he wanted at that moment. For a moment his human consciousness wondered at his female desires. But he remembered Luke's advice of letting his conscious-self go and flowing along with his avian instincts. It felt natural and normal and intensely satisfying to let himself be bred by a male eagle in this fashion. It was getting easier to push his human intellect aside, particularly when his avian desires were so overwhelming. And so it was that he pushed his questions away as surely as he pressed his exposed sex into the night air for Luke to kiss.

Luke's tail pressed down against Alex's and brushed rapidly side-to-side. Alex's loosened and allowed itself to be swept away. When their undertail feathers met Luke pulled his head back and leaned his butt down against Alex's. He cackled out loudly and pressed his cloaca to Alex's. From Alex's perspective, the meeting of their supple orifices was as satisfying as biting into hot juicy steak after missing a meal. He even salivated in response and stiffened while instinctively pressing out his cloaca fully sending a thin wispy whine from his gaping mouth. His hungry hole was finding the stuff it craved, the hot throbbing blossom of Luke's moist cloaca about to burst and fill him with nourishing, life-giving seed.

Welcome to the Family

Luke thumped his tarsi and beat his wings for stability. The soft thuds on Alex's back made his wings rock in response, his belly to lower, and his tail to push up and out, engaging his cloaca firmly to Luke's. Luke chirped one last time, loud and high and then let out a long, wheezy grunt. His cloaca spasmed and pushed out into Alex's, spreading the lips, while a soft bulge of tissue jetted thick blobs of creamy goodness deep into Alex's receptive membranes. The first pulse was strong, the second stronger, and the third accompanied by a jostling tail shudder, was strongest. Luke inhaled again and chirped twice more with accompanying dry, but pleasing, vent winks.

As the orgasm passed, Alex's mind throbbed and he sank deeper into the soft nest, feeling weightless and fully relaxed. His hole remained wide and receptive, not wanting the "feeding," or the warm, wet contact, to end. Luke settled down on Alex's back, letting his tail go limp and winking his hole slowly, rhythmically as he caught his breath. He preened Alex's nape and gave a soft eagle whine of tender affection as he brooded his new mate. Each passionate kiss of their wet openings drove home the secure feeling to Alex that this wasn't a dream. He was an eagle and was fulfilling a very special, and, secretly, long-desired, role.

Chapter 7: Sexual Disorientation

They stayed snuggled together for at least an hour before Luke gave Alex's vent a long, warm parting kiss. He gave his beak a gentle eagle lick and lifted his body off of Alex softly, letting his friend come back to reality slowly. "Nature called," as it were, or Luke would've stayed there all night long. But an eagle's cloaca can only hold so much so he stepped to the edge of the nest and relieved himself. After seeing Luke do this, Alex was reminded of his biological needs and did likewise.

Luke stepped closer to the middle of the nest, brightly illuminated by a splash of moonlight. His form enlarged and his hands and feet became more humanoid. His beak and face changed closer to that of a man as well but he kept his big yellow beak.

Luke spoke quietly, "Alex, please stay as you are a moment."

Luke rolled over and sat in the soft moss at the center of the nest, a human form covered mostly in feathers but with bare skin on his feet, hands, and parts of his face. His crotch was feathered still but there was no scrotum or penis, just a divot in his fluffy undertail feathers indicating where his vent would be.

Luke tapped the spot next to him and whispered, "Come here, my friend, while I speak to you."

Alex walked over to Luke's right side and snuggled up against him. Luke ran his hand down Alex's back and as it crossed his hips and rump, Alex felt a pleasurable sensation that caused his tail to stiffen and his vent to pulse. This was an erogenous zone that was new to him.

Luke smiled and chuckled. "I thought so..." He ran his hand down Alex's spine again. As his finger's slid down, erogenous tensions built higher and higher in Alex's brain. When Luke reached his tail Alex couldn't contain himself. He chirped and dropped his breast to the ground, lifting his tail high and exposing his pink, puffy vent. Luke rubbed the sides of his tail and Alex panted and rubbed his beak into Luke's side.

"Good girrrrrl, what a good hennnn," Luke said adoringly. He pet Alex some more, taking care not to overstimulate his tender erogenous zones.

Alex was confused. He was used to being male. As a gay man, he enjoyed bottoming sometimes in the right circumstances. But he had never considered himself as trans. Yet, here he was, feeling needs he had never felt before. Female needs. He wanted to be topped. He wanted to lay eggs. He wanted to nest. And Luke just called him a hen and it excited him.

Luke adjusted so that Alex's head was laying across his upper chest and he could put his beak close to him. He nibbled on Alex's ear feathers and continued the soft back stroking.

"You might be a little confused right now, but you learned an important lesson. Remember that your frame of mind dictates what you become. Think back: I was topping you during your transformation. You were enjoying the sensation of being inseminated. For some people, this awakens tendencies typically associated with, biologically speaking, females. The stronger those tendencies are already present, the more likely is the feminine outcome."

Welcome to the Family

Alex cheeped softly, his eyes closed as he listened to Luke's chirpy whispers. Surely his bliss was due to the romantic conditions of a quiet night, wrapped in the feathery affection of a doting mate. But maybe some of his bliss was the female hormones heightened by a fresh breeding and a belly full of semen transforming itself into a fertile egg. He felt as though magical things were happening deep in his belly. It was warm and wonderful.

"You have a choice now, Alex, dear. You can transform back into your human form. I assure you that you will be male again with the same orientation you've always had, albeit, more the wiser for your more latent tendencies. And, as you learn control, you can become male or female birds in the future.

"Or, you can stay as you are, enjoying the female role as long as you like. You will probably lay an egg tomorrow evening, as it normally takes 25-30 hours to make them. Our transformations do not alter this biological reality."

Alex thought about this in silence for a while. His belly was hot from the breeding, his vent loose and wet from it. He floated in a placid pool of mellow emotions and it was difficult to want to leave that state of being. He wondered if his egg would be fertile. He knew enough about birds to realize that it would be a small miracle for two such different species as a black morph, white-tailed sea eagle and a bald eagle to produce viable offspring. But, too, what complications would human to avian or male to female transformation introduce? He wanted to ask but didn't want to lose the chance to lay the egg if he transformed.

"I have no other plans for the next few days. We can stay here as long as you like. But, sadly, I doubt your egg would be fertile. They rarely are with matings between our kind. Matings with wild birds often are but the young have no human attributes—they are pure bird."

Alex lifted his head and gazed up at Luke.

Luke chuckled. "Yeah, that's right: We mate with feral birds but only in feral form. Our code forbids human form to feral mating. It just wouldn't work physically and it wouldn't be enjoyable for the bird. But in feral form, there's absolutely no physical or biological barrier to it. I've experienced it too."

Alex chirped with wide eyes.

Luke stroked Alex's head. "Yes, I had an eagle mate. It was years ago, when I first became a werebird. I nested with her for three years. Let me tell ya, that's a lot of hard work. But, wow..." Luke inhaled and blew out softly. "Those were the best spring times of my life. Hen eagles are darned demanding, as are the chicks, and not nearly as affectionate as humans are used to."

Luke looked up at the moon. "But when they are affectionate, it's a magical moment. And when you work together to see those chicks become fledglings, there's nothing like it." Luke's eyes were glistening in the silvery light. "She never spoke but I could see the fulfillment in her eyes. It felt like love. I certainly loved her."

Alex chirped again, his eyes searching for the answer to a query.

"What happened to her?" Luke answered.

Alex nodded.

Chapter 7: Sexual Disorientation

Luke stroked Alex's nape and rubbed under his chin. His half-human face smiled with contentment but there was a glimmer of sad recollection in his eyes.

"That's a story for another time, my friend."

After minutes of silence and watching the moonlight glitter on the water, Luke asked. "So, my friend, would you like to stay and lay? If you've ever wondered what that was like, it's a good opportunity. Mostly your body will know what to do, just let your avian mind take control. I'll be here to help too. No pressure. Either way, we can have some more fun tonight too, if you like. Take all the time you need, my friend."

Chapter 8: Special Delivery

As the predawn birds sang all around the nest, Alex sat on the edge watching the sky behind the mountains brighten with a clean blue glow. He was observing his first sunrise with his new avian eyes and enjoying every moment. His bird eyes didn't see as well in the dark as his human eyes had but as the sky brightened, he saw colors he couldn't find names for. He saw distant movements of birds, fish, insects, and squirrels.

Luke was perched in the darkness close to the trunk of the tree. He was awake, but kept his eyes closed, peering only occasionally to see how Alex was doing. He gave his friend space to enjoy the new day in silence.

Alex had made his decision. He felt the egg brewing inside him. It was already very large and impinging on his airsacs so that he had to breathe differently. It felt soft and delicate. He didn't want to move for fear of hurting it. And the skin of his belly had become plump and soft, feathers falling out to create a heated pillow of flesh with but one purpose—the tender nurturing of new life. It felt right.

After a while, gold splashed the jagged peaks and the forested hills took on a warm green glow from the reflected light. Trout splashed at swarming bugs close to the surface of the water, laden down with damp morning dew. The heaviness in his belly pulled Alex's attention back to the center of the nest. He moved to the soft grass and plumped and shook it with his beak, instinctively knowing that it had to be softer. It wasn't just a matter of comfort. The new egg would require a gentle landing pad and plenty of warm insulation.

When Luke saw Alex working on the nest cup he stopped feigning sleep. He yawned, stretched his wings up over his back, leaned over, and crapped over the side of the nest—an eagle's typical morning ritual, followed by preening and waiting for daylight.

As a finishing touch, Alex nestled down into his newly plumped nest and shook his body so that the materials conformed to his shape. Luke stepped closer to admire the work. He made a soft chirp and preened Alex's nape. Then he flared his head and smiled his beak corners as if to say, "Don't worry about a thin—I'll take care of your needs."

Luke turned and stepped to the edge of the nest. He leaped off and flapped heavily out over the lake. Luke quickly disappeared from Alex's view but he wasn't worried. In fact, he was completely relaxed. His world, at that moment, revolved solely around the egg taking shape in his belly. A gentle breeze came down from the mountains and the nest tree groaned sublimely. His eyes became heavy and he was soon drifting in and out of sleep, dreaming to the sounds of birds, sighing branches, and creaking tree trunks.

The sun was high when Alex awoke to the sound of Luke's eagle screeches echoing off the water. He soared in and dropped heavily into the nest with a fat, shimmering trout wriggling in his talons. The fish looked appealing, but Alex wasn't hungry. His belly was tight and heavy. It was getting harder to breathe and he wondered, for a moment, if he should really go through with this. The subtle smile in Luke's eyes and beak corners encouraged him though. *It'll be all right*, he told himself.

A few sleepy hours later, as the sun angled to the west and the lake too on a deeper blue, Alex felt something change. His belly became as loose as jelly and his vent felt wet. There was a sensation of complete calm throughout his being and he had no fear of what was happening.

Chapter 8: Special Delivery

Alex felt a sudden, irresistible urge to tend to his nest and as he fluffed and plumped the grassy bowl, it made him feel very accomplished and pleased. After a few minutes he felt satisfied that the nest was soft and ready.

Luke stood by close, gently preening Alex's nape as he sleepily listened to the bird's singing around them and the lake lapping against the shore below them. Until, at last, Luke saw Alex's eyes open and the pupils constrict momentarily. His tail stiffened and bobbed slightly. He was about to lay.

Amidst all the amazing relaxation of his body, Alex felt something tighten inside. It gave him a brief cold prickling in his bowels and a wave of nausea. But it passed and he felt an urge building deep down. It was a warm, loose feeling. Like all he had to do was get in position and wait for nature to do the rest.

Alex stood up to a squat and a tingling feeling flowed down his belly, causing his feathers to erect and spread away from his vent. The cool air on his hot skin made him wink his vent but it couldn't tighten much for the weight that was pressing outwards.

Luke peeked and saw Alex's vent was plump, soft, and spreading open. Bright pink cloacal membranes were pushing outward and Alex let out a soft chirp. Luke gave him an encouraging pat on the back with his wing.

Alex remembered Luke's advice to "go with the flow" and so he tried to let go of his thoughts and just do what his body told him to do. He squatted for a few minutes with his eyes closed, mentally recording what was happening. His insides hugged the heavy egg snugly and squeezed it millimeter by millimeter towards the outside world. But then he felt his insides move *with* the egg. His vent bulged and his cloacal membranes pressed out. It didn't hurt but it was somewhat uncomfortable. His orifice widened to its maximum extent, a tight band of pink gripping a round bulge of red membrane. He had an urge to force the egg out, but it kept moving and so he continued to focus on relaxing and passing the egg gently.

Luke chirped softly and poked his beak close to Alex's vent. In the center of the bulging, velvety red tissue was a slightly darker dimple. He sighed against the out-folded membranes and gave them a gentle lick. Alex churred from the tender stimulation and the membranes parted to reveal a pinkish-white shell. A generous drip of salty, clear fluid formed at the lower side of the egg and Luke licked it and smeared it up and around taut membranes embracing the egg.

Alex felt the widest point of the egg's passage then, as its middle pressed through his pelvic bones and skin. The membranes had peeled back about one quarter of the way too and Luke knew it was almost over.

All at once, Alex felt the egg begin sliding out of his body. The sensation of the precious cargo falling made him squat and press. He felt a sucking sensation in his bowels and then a tremendous sense of relief as his oviduct set the egg down gently and peeled away to hang in limp folds within his vent opening.

Alex stood up a little straighter, eyes still closed, and emitted a long chirpy sigh of satisfaction. Luke nuzzled his tender hole as his oviduct retracted inside. He licked the extra fluid from Alex's vent lips and massaged them until they winked back into their customary slit-like position.

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Alex floated there a while, on a high of vasotocin, the hormone that peaks during laying in birds. It had completely relaxed his lower body and caused the smooth muscle in his oviduct to gently, but firmly, contract. It gave him a general sense of well-being too that was equivalent to sexual afterglow. After basking in that warmth for several minutes, he opened his eyes and cocked his head at Luke, a smile on his beak corners.

Luke smiled back. He knew what he was feeling.

Alex turned around and tended to his egg. He loved it. It was dry and clean and perfect. He laid down and hugged it to his warm belly. It wasn't fertile. It would never hatch. But he treasured it.

Chapter 9: Back to the Anthroposphere

Alex and Luke stayed another night at the nest, Luke cuddling with Alex as he brooded his egg. When the sun came the next morning, Alex was ready to leave. It had been a very relaxing stay—more relaxing than any vacation weekend he had ever enjoyed. But he knew it was time to go back to the world, become a person again, and reconnect with everyone that were probably anxious to communicate with him.

They left the egg there, as there was absolutely no way to carry it. Alex felt it was a part of him and it was hard to leave it behind. Finally, though, he stuffed some grass over it, doing his best to protect it, and flew off.

They took their time flying back to Eagle's Landing. Luke introduced Alex to more modes of flying such as soaring on thermals, dynamic soaring over bluffs, and crabbing into the wind to maintain course. It was afternoon when they arrived, and Alex followed Luke down to the private, fenced yard behind the home attached to the restaurant. Luke transformed first and stood up, completely naked. He could see that Alex was reluctant to do the same, so he opened the door and walked Alex inside to the bedroom where he had first become a bird.

Alex's transformation back to a human went quickly and easily, as though he were a rubber band that had been stretched tight and was anxious to snap back. He sat on the edge of the bed looking down as the last of the feathers on his hands and knees turned back to human flesh.

Luke sat next to him and put an arm around his shoulders. "You ok?"

Alex closed his eyes and rubbed his face with his hands. His mind touched back on all the events of the past few days. It was so entirely different from his human existence. An existence he had nearly forgotten until now. How would he go on with life the way he had lived it before? He hadn't given it much thought until the cold, naked reality of being a human came back upon him.

Alex looked over at Luke, his eyes confused. "I'm not sure how to handle this. It feels weird being a person again." His eyes glistened as he smiled. "That was so wonderful. So peaceful. I had an egg!" Alex looked around. The walls seemed to close. The clothing looked restrictive. It all seemed so foreign and a cloud came over his expression. "And now I have to come back to this."

Luke rubbed his shoulders and hugged him closer. "It's tough. I know it's tough. As an eagle, you're part of nature and it's a part of you. But back here it's the opposite. And, worse, there's almost no one that would understand the difference. But you'll find a way to bring both those worlds together inside yourself. It will make you a better person. More empathetic for wild birds. More aware of the state of nature. You'll be able to help others to see it too. You'll see."

Alex rubbed his eyes with his fingers and took a shaky breath. The emotional rollercoaster was close to overwhelming him. He choked and his voice cracked, "Just like you were with me? You planned this all along, didn't you? Our chats online... you tapped into my longing and pulled me here."

Luke chuckled and hugged Alex tighter. "Guilty as charged. But we both know it's what you wanted. You make a great bird. You're a worthy addition to our family. We're gonna do some awesome things

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together. And I'll help you through this. We'll stick together for as long as it takes to get your feet in this new life."

They showered, got dressed, and had another wonderful meal of fish, compliments of Joe. That night, while Luke slept, Alex lay awake listening to the soft noise of traffic outside, the whir of the refrigerator turning on and off, and human voices wafting in through the open window. Those noises hadn't caught his attention before but now it was jarring. In fact, he had been jumpy all day whenever he heard human voices, other than Luke's soft speech.

Alex had slept under the stars. He drank out of a lake and ate fresh, raw trout. The only sounds had been the chirps of his mate and the soft creaking of their nest tree in the wind. The churring of crickets and lapping of water was the constant backdrop. The snow-capped Cascades was their view. He had been camping before but not like that. He longed for it already.

And what about the egg that he had made? It was cold and alone in the nest, miles away. He told himself it was silly to be attached to an infertile egg, but it still made him sad. He hadn't mentioned it to Luke yet, but he was already making plans to go back there and fetch his beautiful egg.

Chapter 10: Preparation

Alex looked out to the west at the low evening sun. The western horizon was a hazy blue line of open ocean stretching from the Olympic Mountains on the left over to Victoria Island on the right. Closer, there were green and yellow islands shaped like crouching animals bristling with conifers for fur. Reds, oranges, yellows, and blues filled the heavenly palette as the day came closer to a close.

Alex was laying back, half-human, in an Adirondack chair, staring at the visual feast through the eyes of an eagle. His maroon irises rippled and his nictitating membranes flicked as he took in all the details he would never have known with his human eyes.

Luke slid open the screen door and stepped out with two bottles of beer. He walked over and set one down on the wood table beside Alex. Then he flopped back into a neighboring chair and took a drink.

They were at a log home on the western slope of Mount Constitution on Orcas Island. It was the largest mountain in the archipelago, and looked like a tall, narrow mound from this side. The home was an older two-story, modest compared to most of the other huge vacation homes on the western slope. But what it lacked in style and bragging it made up for in charm. It was two levels with a large deck that wrapped around the front, facing west, to the south end where Alex and Luke were sitting. A timbered A-frame split the front of the house and allowed the view to be enjoyed from a central living room. Fir trees and rhododendron bushes grew close around the back and sides, and a vegetable garden blanketed the south side yard.

The steep slope was sparsely populated and many of the homes were unoccupied much of the year anyway. But large trees on either side further deepened the sense that they were the only ones for miles, looking down on the small community of East Sound with their own private view.

They watched a small plane descend towards the airport down in Eastsound. It was gliding in, its throttle cut to a barely audible purr. It touched down but it was several seconds before they heard the chirp of its tires.

“Wow, the air is so still...” Alex remarked, his voice made raspy and hollow by his beak and half-avian tongue. His face melted back into his normal human visage as he picked up his beer. “Danke! And Pröst!”

Luke raised his bottle slightly in the gesture of a toast.

“I know you were busy flying the airplane, so you probably didn’t notice this.” Alex stifled a chuckle.

Luke leaned forward smiling, “What?”

Alex lifted a hand, trying to compose himself. “There was a kid with binoculars, watching us from a house by the airport. He was watching the planes land and take off.”

Luke took another drink and set his bottle down. “So?”

“Well he stared at us the whole time we were putting the plane in the hangar. I think he was watching us land and saw you with an eagle head.”

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Luke let out a steady laugh of mischief. “Oh gods... imagine if that hits the local newspaper. I hope for his sake it doesn’t. Nobody would believe it!”

“You do that on purpose don’t you?”

“Nah, it’s totally for safety. I can see so much more with my eagle eyes. Why shouldn’t I use every sense I have if it gives me a safety advantage? I always change back before I taxi off the runway.” Luke looked at the sunset and squinted.

Alex’s expression faded to a slight smile. “Huh. Ok. Makes sense.”

Luke rolled his eyes. “OK, ok, so I do like teasing that kid.”

Alex started laughing in mid-swallow.

“He listens to the radio traffic and when he hears me announce my approach, there he is watching.”

“Aren’t you afraid he’ll take pictures or something?”

“Nobody would believe it. They’d just assume he was doctoring the images. Or had a pilot friend that was playing a prank by wearing an eagle mask. It’s happened before.” Luke played with a fir needle on the arm of his chair. “Besides, I have a sense that that kid could be one of us some day. He shows the same kind of nerdy wonder for flying that I had at his age. I guess it’s my way of giving him something to reach for.”

They sat in silence for a few minutes, listening to the fluttering prop of the taxiing airplane below. It disappeared behind a hangar and silence fell around them.

At last Alex asked, “So why was it that we came here?”

“You’ve come a long way in the past week, but you’ve still got a lot to learn. We have many places scattered around the world where we can privately relax and be ourselves, but each one also has unique training opportunities.” Luke pointed towards the house. “There’s a library in there—a lot of good books, articles, theses, reports... journals... you name it. All about birds of prey in this region. I have a reading list for you to start digesting what’s there.”

Alex looked slightly surprised. “And here I thought this was a romantic getaway.”

Luke winked back, “Oh there’s time for that too. But seriously, I know this sounds like a lot of work, but it’ll be worth it. It’ll make you a better bird and, more importantly, a better liaison between birds and people.”

Alex nodded, “I see.”

“Also, if you’re anything like me, you’re gonna find it fascinating, I promise. We’ll stop now and then so you can compare what you’ve read with what you’ve experienced. Most of it’s written by people that can only observe birds from a distance, not actually be one. Sometimes they get it right, sometimes not, and it’s cool to see both perspectives. And there are some one-of-a-kind journals in the vault, written by generations before us, that will blow your mind.”

Chapter 10: Preparation

Alex smiled, "That does sound cool. I've never had trouble studying anyway, especially when there are real life experiences to apply it to."

"That's good. I'll be here, most of the time, to help too. But someone else will be joining us."

Alex's eyebrows lifted in curiosity.

"His name's John. He's an osprey. He's going to teach you how to fish from the sea!"

Alex's blue eyes lit up. "Wow, really?"

"There's no better teacher in my opinion. And this is a perfect location."

"When do the lessons start?"

"John will come in a few days. So tomorrow you start class and I'll be your teacher. For the next two weeks, you'll be on a steady diet of reading, flying, fishing, and yours truly will be testing you."

"Sounds intense."

"It is. I've got to get you ready to meet the others."

"Others?"

"Despite how it may look, we are actually organized. We have leadership in the family. Think of it as a secret family business, sorta like the mafia, only we don't steal and we pay our taxes. Our mission is to preserve the family and protect birdkind."

Alex's gaze drifted along the ground in thought.

Luke could see that Alex's mind was burdened. He reached out and took Alex's hand and looked him in the eyes.

"I flew that plane with my eagle senses because it gave me the greatest ability to accomplish the goal of a safe flight. For you to accomplish the goal of helping birds, you need to take advantage of all that you have. You need to not only know what it is to exist as a bird but you also need to know how others think birds exist. There's selections in that library from scientific literature but also from fiction. News articles and religious texts. Anything to do with birds and people in this region. It's a lot but I'll help you through it."

Alex nodded.

Luke sat back, as he released Alex's hand, still looking him in the eye. "Ultimately it'll prepare you for the life ahead. But... I hope, too, that it will help you choose your particular area of expertise in our mission."

They both looked to the west as the sun touched the sea. Alex was thrilled to be a part of something new and challenging. The secrecy added a special energy to it and what mission could be better than helping protect the planet. But he was also nervous, hoping he wouldn't let Luke, or his new family, down.

Welcome to the Family

Chapter 11: Hot Tub Meeting

Alex woke up softly at midnight. Eaglesdale, as the retreat house was known, felt like a home to Alex and it was the first time in days that he had a private room and space to himself. He had retired to bed soon after dinner and Luke encouraged him to rest well for his training.

But despite his sleepiness, as soon as he faded back into consciousness his mental wheels began turning. There was no way he was going to simply fall asleep again. He was too excited for the adventures ahead. He was eager to learn and discover his special role in the family.

As Alex lay there, he heard a hoarse laugh and a muffled voice. It came from beyond his bedroom window at the back of the house. *That doesn't sound like Luke. And why would he be talking to himself?* The slatted wooden blinds shimmered with blue-green light and he could hear the hum of hot tub jets. *Sounds like someone else is here.*

Lifting himself up, Alex peered out the window and parted the blinds. Sure enough, there was a visitor. He was a man around 30 years old by the looks of his smooth skin and firm body. At the moment, his head was half transformed, wearing the bluish hooked beak of an osprey, golden eyes, and stripes of brown hair and white feathers. He looked fit, with wide shoulders and chest, but not sculpted like a bodybuilder. He was sitting next to Luke, who was likewise half transformed, in the bubbling, steamy water and they were engaged in conversation what looked like light conversation.

The in-ground jacuzzi was part of a lovely, private backyard space for relaxation and bathing. A natural Artesian spring provided abundant water for the house, garden, and all needs on the property. Excess was diverted here to create a small flowing stream that bubbled up from a shallow circular pool lined with fine, cemented, river pebbles. The water was too cold for most humans to tolerate so next to it was a jacuzzi pool, built into the ground. Below these two pools was a third larger shallow pool with a short gurgling stream falling into it. There were ingenious cedar slats that could be moved to divert cool water from the spring or hot water from the tub, or a combination, into the input stream and alter the temperature of this bathing pool.

There was also a shower head above it and the whole area was covered from above by beams of cedar laced with summer vines. Short columns of polygonal basalt rock defined the back wall of the bathing space and were capped by blooming rhododendrons.

Casual human observers would have been baffled by the odd shape of the pools. They were shallow at their ends, presenting gradual inclines and small stacks of round river stones like steps for children. There was also a driftwood scaffolding to the side and a platform of clean sand. Situated above these were radiant heat panels. A few stray feathers belied their true intent—a bathing and drying area for birds.

In fact, the whole house had special accommodations for birds. All the doors had foot-level buttons that were easy to depress for unlatching the door, in addition to standard doorknobs. There were small spittoon-like receptacles, each with a perch, situated around the common areas. These were convenient bird toilets, a task that was far more urgent and frequent than it was for humans. At first, Alex had wondered why people wouldn't just transition back to humans here, but on the other hand, why shouldn't they be in whatever form was most relaxing and natural to them? It was supposed to be a retreat from the anthropocentric world, after all.

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It didn't look like the two men were trying to be private so Alex slipped out of bed and prepared to join them. He didn't have a bathing suit, but he knew that this family had little pretense. As Luke had put it, birds have no modesty. But, he was told, if it ever bothered him, no one would fault him for discretion.

Alex opened the glass sliding door and stepped out wearing a bath towel. The two men were resting back, looking up at the stars. When they heard the door, they turned their heads and watched Alex approach.

Luke broke the ice. "Can't sleep?"

Alex nodded. "I felt like I could sleep forever when I went to bed. But when I'm alone with my thoughts, I can't stop thinking."

Luke chuckled. "Ah, well, naturally. As you might guess, this fishbird is John. John, this is Alex. Please join us."

Alex slipped the towel off and laid it down on a deck chair. John nodded as Alex stepped slowly into the steaming water. His bulbous golden eyes narrowed with bluish feathered lids and feathers sprang up from his chest. Alex was intrigued by John's change in appearance. Then he was self-conscious that he was staring and becoming aroused. He quickly dropped his waist into the bubbling water before an embarrassing erection occurred.

John held out a scaled blue-grey hand with talons for nails. "Pleased to meet you, student."

Alex shook the offered hand and replied, "Thank you. I'm excited for it."

John's irises spasmed and his beak corners curled slightly. "Clearly."

Luke giggled. "I've told Alex our family is very 'open,' but you're the first 'brother' he's met. Go easy."

John tilted his head towards Luke. "Hey, he's gotta learn the birds AND the bees you know. At least he's not being broken in the way I was. I didn't have the nice, structured introduction you provide."

Alex was listening but had closed his eyes. He found it more difficult to transform with social distractions, but he managed to achieve his half-transformed shape with large orange beak and black feathers on his head and chest. But he failed to stop there and before he could pause, his lower half transformed also including his black tail pushing painfully out from his rump. He stood up quickly to accommodate the big feathers and revealed to all that he had a huge, pink avian erection.

"Oh fuck!" He quickly tried to hide it with his feathered wingarms and splashed Luke and John with water. "Sorry! Shit!" He pulled his tail between his legs and plunged back into the water.

For Alex's sake, Luke tried to stifle his laugh but didn't do a very good job of it. He held up a clawed yellow hand as if to say *I'm sorry, don't mind me*.

John leaned back and smiled wide. "Very nice... color scheme. Bundesadler? Funny, last time I saw the German national bird, I don't remember one of *those* on it."

"Ha ha ha!" Luke busted out laughing.

Chapter 11: Hot Tub Meeting

Alex turned bright red and muttered through his smile, "No, I don't suppose you did."

John nodded and clicked his beak. "Really, don't be embarrassed. You're definitely among friends. We may kid around here but we don't mean anything by it. We all had to adjust when this was new."

Luke's laughing had dulled to a giggle and when he tried washing that down with a drink of water he erupted into a fit of coughing.

John shook his head. "He's a lovable dork isn't he?"

Alex felt better with the focus shifting away from him. He had feared that his instructor would be someone old and crusty with no sense of humor but John was quite the opposite. He watched him hug Luke and pinch his feathered cheek while he playfully resisted and they horsed around like best friends. Alex found himself hoping he would have that rapport soon too. Luke's eyes smiled and he nipped at John's beak. In a moment they were locking beaks in a warm kiss. Now Alex really wanted to be involved. In fact, he was wishing he could be in between them.

The jets in the tub stopped bubbling and Alex sat staring and listening to the two bird men kissing and stroking each other's wet feathers. Their beaks tapped together while their hungry breathing echoed in their hollow beaks. Their tongues lapped and the water gently splashed. The two paused and gave a warm glance into the water at the enormous pink erection between Alex's legs. They didn't laugh this time.

John jerked his head. "Come on over, if you like. We won't bite... much." He winked and snapped his beak.

An electric thrill sank through Alex's chest and he immediately slid through the water towards them. In a moment he was laying back between them, letting his taloned feet and lower body float to the surface, no longer concerned that his member was showing tall.

Alex floated in bliss while Luke caressed his chest and stomach and John delicately nibbled his ear feathers and massaged the back of his head. His cock bobbed at full attention as wave after wave of pleasure tingled down his spine and tightened his loins. Luke's hand slid down his belly feathers and grasped his penis firmly making him groan and stir his limbs. Luke moved his beak to Alex's crotch while John wrapped his arms around his chest from behind. Alex looked down his body to see a big bald eagle head between his legs, smiling back and rubbing his smooth beak against his erection.

Alex moaned again and his cock bobbed and oozed precum. "Oh my god, yes, I want this. *Aber*, I wonder..."

John whispered back in his ear fluff, "You wonder what this would be like as full birds, don't you?"

Alex nodded, "Ja."

"Luke told me this about you. Listen, first thing to know about me is I teach by example. Best way to find something out is to do it. So, let's do it!"