

Veineas walks down the stone pathing of Harbor, stretching out as the wings at his hips flutter. He tries to stay proper with his job and mission, and overall he has good reviews. But today is certainly not one of those days where he's able to hold his professionalism. The hammerspace calligraphy inside of his dress is working overtime to stash away at his absurdly large and hard cock, as well as his churning and swaying balls. Not many people who encounter Veineas would possibly guess the size of his cock, especially when it is so juxtaposed against his feminine form, but it's practically the size of his arm, and almost twice as thick. Despite knowing that all of his endowment is hidden he can't help but feel flustered as he walks down to his fortune telling office. Truth be told, he tries to resist his urges quite a lot, despite the intimacy, it's part of his job. However, there are some days where he is extremely pent up, and everyone is looking like ball filler. Despite this, he quickly shakes off the fog inside of his head and picks up his pace towards the office.

The albino raven enters his office, only to find his secretary is the one recruiting a reading today!

"Oh, dear Mearcair? Is something really bothering you this much? You typically don't believe my methods are truthful.."

Veineas inquires with a slight amount of worry to his voice. Mearcair is typically one of those people who doesn't really believe in superstition. While there is magic within this world, it's not like it's limitless, there's only so much you can do with calligraphy. If Mearcair is getting so desperate for answers that he's trying with Veineas? That certainly means something is really bothering his fellow raven.

"At this point I'm out of ideas, I still miss her.. I want to know when I'll get over this.."

Veineas sighs, he already knows where this is going. Mearcair had broken up with Noctua ages ago, since due to purity reasons, he didn't exactly feel comfortable dating a sex worker. But it really seems his heart had other plans.

"I can give you visions, but I can't really tell you the exact time, Mearcair."

"That's.. that's fine with me."

Veineas is a little cut off guard by his secretary's agreeableness! Typically people would get upset or annoyed.

"Well, why don't I get some cards.."

Veineas breezes over to his shelf of various fortune telling icons. Taking a sharp blushy inhale, as he feels his member throb aggressively. His balls churn and slosh deep inside of that dress, the albino orbs sagging and swaying with each step, desperately demanding a release they aren't getting! Mearcair is right there.. maybe he could.. no! Get back to work, Veineas! He retrieves the cards and sits across the table from Mearcair. Shuffling the deck of the

recognizable Major Arcana cards. Each one is white with pink bird imagery, and bright blue skies behind them.

“ Are you familiar with how this procedure goes?”

Mearcair nods, he has seen Veineas do card readings several times, even his brain full of doubt and suspicion has always wondered why those readings always seem to be accurate. Vein gives a gentle nod in return, placing down three cards from the top of the deck, and then flipping the leftmost one.

“The Lovers, downcast. This card is one of the few that is quite literal in its meaning. A previous relationship of yours has ended in a negative light, from what I could assume was one sidedness.”

Mearcair nods, he naturally expected to get a card like this. In the beginning, it doesn't really prove anything! Although a part of him is beginning to notice that Veineas seems shakier and a little.. huffy! Vein is holding on by threads, even as his talon moves to turn the next card, most of his thoughts are about how nice it would feel to have the cute bird across from him slowly sloshing away inside of his sack. The daydream about spluttering the office in bird seed.. it would take a while to clean up but a femboy can dream.

“Death, upcast. Despite its negative reputation, death does not mean simply the act of passing away. In fact, this seems to be one of the best cards you can get with your request. Your present shows the ending of a cycle and the beginning of a new.”

Mearcair actually seems to brighten up a little bit, his fleeting brain immediately forgetting about the sight of Veineas' pent up hunger.

“Cmon! Flip the next card!”

Mearcair doesn't even care if he doesn't wholly believe the cards, Veineas always seems accurate and he's pretty desperate to know if he's ever going to get over anything. Veineas nearly completely loses his professionalism when he turns over the final card.

“Th.. The Empress! Upcast.. a card representing.. fertility..”

Veineas completely slips on the other definitions of the card, he's too damn horny for this. He launches up from the chair and gently pushes the table aside, Mearcair gets scared a little and jolts backward, only to find that he can't leave the chair!

“ Sorry about this.. I just.. fuck..”

Mearcair doesn't even get to ask what he's story about before Vein pulls off his dress. Finally, revealing the source of all the bizarre actions. His large pink bird cock is already hungrily leaking

precum! Mearcair's cheeks quickly start burning with a fiery red hue! He hadn't expected such a plush curvy figure to have this large of an endowment. He doesn't get to comment much on it before it is immediately enveloping his snout. Veineas luckily doesn't have to feel too bad about it. Because he can already see Mearcair's own cock rising in his pants. The white raven's member seems to swell and grow in size, Veineas using a growth spell to make it significantly larger.. that way it can slurp down the other raven with extreme ease! He moans and huffs as he feels his secretary thrash and wiggle gently while the tip completely envelops the bird's entire top half! The massive influx of warmth inside of his member. Its already massively satisfying Veineas' urges. The tract continues to bulge and ripple in odd patterns as Mearcair's head is pressed up against the absurdly musky walls. He opens his mouth to speak. But it is immediately silenced by a large wave of precum instantly filling it up. He blushes quite massively as he swallows the load. His feathers are completely ruined at this point, but that's the least of his worries, as his head finally clears the entrance of Veineas' massive testicles. He opens his mouth to speak again, but he's completely choking on his words, his boss is devouring him with their fat cock! Not only can he not do anything about it, but he's enjoying it! Vein slumps against the chair as he feels the back end of his fellow birds talons slip through his cockhole. Letting out a guilty and shaky exhale, as the last of his secretary is completely pumped inside of his orbs! Briefly forgetting his guilt as he feels a large load coming on without even touching his cock! He blushes furiously as he involuntarily splatters a massive load against a wall of his rewards and accolades, most of them commenting on his professionalism! Whoops..

Mearcair, now trapped inside of the bird's colossal white balls, can't help but gently stroke himself off inside of the dutch oven-like environment. It is hot and sweltering, musky and absolutely reeking. None of these stop him from quickly stroking up and down his own relatively large member! Veinias was about to feel guilty again, but instead he gets even more flustered than the person he just devoured! Is Mearcair really enjoying this that much? He reaches down and gently rubs the testicle that Mearcair was sealed away inside of. Blushing, vividly as he hears the chirp announcing that Mearcair just finished contributing some of his own cum to the pool of seed that he is sloshing inside of. In a way, Mearcair' sees that these predictions were technically accurate... after all.

This was a sudden change, and the person he is inside of now is incredibly fertile~☆