

A Feral Breed

Kirisha, a green scaled anthropomorphic Utahraptor, sits down at her computer, adjusting her white lab coat, her supple clothes underneath hiding her moderate bust. She grabs her white ceramic mug of coffee that says #1 Assistant and sips it. Her yellow reptilian eyes look to her computer screen then to a reinforced glass box cage of a feral white feathered utahraptor with a blue feather crest, tail fluff and along his arms.

Wrapped around his neck is a collar with a tag that says, "Sakanz." Attached the collar is a black leather body harness that goes along his back and flanks, around his thighs. His dangerous sickle claws are slipped into claw covers and chained to his ankles to keep raised and nobbed off making them completely useless. Reinforced black leather glove mittens are around their hands, cuffs locking them into place, making his hands completely useless more so that they are chained by a relatively short chain to prevent him from doing anything meaningful with them. A black leather muzzle is slipped over his mouth, with an opening just big enough in the front to allow him to lick up any nutritious fluid that he is given.

Sakanz gives a needy growl, dangling nice and hard between his legs, sticking out of his cloaca is his aching cock, "Let me out," he tries to say but his words are full of mumbled growls.

"Hmm? What was that? Sorry I can't hear you. Doctor Circe is the one in charge of such things. You signed the contract and volunteered for extensive feral research on the differences between feathered and scaled raptors," says Kirisha with a smirk sipping the coffee.

He gives a glare with his yellow eyes before a soft raptoric chirp, causes him to look off to the side, a sleek feminine anthropomorphic green feathered Deinonychus. Slender in body, flat chested, her green eyes are fierce, her white lab coat draped over her hiding the clothes underneath, "Morning Kirisha, how's the coffee?"

Kirisha takes another sip, "Tastes a bit off today. Is this a new pot?"

Circe smirks, "It is. A special brew."

"Next time try Columbian, if you don't mind," she responds.

"I'll keep that in mind," she says, walking over to her computer, tapping on the keyboard with her sharp ebony claws, her black scales visible on her hands and feet, "Hmm, yes he should be almost ready for the next round of tests. Those nanite hormonal injections have done wonders in making him want to breed anything before him, while increasing his submissive nature. Excellent, a nice controlled breeding stock."

"Now all we'll need is the female for him to stud," she sips more of the coffee, "You said there was a delivery today?"

Circe smirks, "Yup, should be here very soon. Any minute actually..."

Kirisha raised an eye ridge, "Shouldn't we make preparations for her arrival?" she asks with a curious raptoric purr, tilting her head slightly to one side, looking to her boss with increased curiosity.

“Don’t worry, everything has been taken care of. But now that you mention it... why don’t you check the security on the neighboring cage, just to be safe. One can’t be too careful. They do share our intelligence and self-awareness.”

“But not the fine print reading skills,” chuckles Kirisha looking over to Sakanz who let out a huff through his nostrils, his member twitching, dribbling pre-cum while watching Kirisha walk over to the same reinforced glass cage typing in the security code before stepping inside, “I’ll check the connecting causeway between the cages first. Don’t want them to breed before its time.”

Circe walks over to the cage, her raptor claws tapping on the ceramic tiles with a soft click, her sickle claw raised high, “That would be a shame, yes,” she says, holding back her own excitement, thinking, “*Any moment now...*”

Kirisha checks over the locks and after a few moments’ steps away, saying “Looks good here.”

“Excellent,” she replies, watching as Kirisha’s breath grew heavier, faster, heart began to race.

Kirisha gave off a soft groan, her body beginning to tingle, “I think that coffee isn’t agreeing with me, I feel a bit off,” she comments, taking a few steps toward Circe before stumbling to the ground.

The Deinonychus leaned in the doorway the way to escape with a raptoric smirk, “Actually my dear Kirisha, I think it's agreeing with you just as I had planned,” she responds, Kirisha grunting and groaning her body tingling more and more.

“Huh?” she says her mind becoming foggy and jumbled her body beginning to shift and change. Her flexible anthropomorphic tail begins to stiffen as soft cracks are heard along her back. Heat begins to burn throughout her body, centering in the very core of her body but spreads out with each beat of her heart which grows heavier and faster.

“Circe, help!” she chirps out, which ends in a soft growl, her teeth growing sharper, multiplying as her muzzle grows longer. Her claws doing the same, body growing larger, wider, breasts sliding into her body, chest smoothing out completely as her pelvis changes, forcing her legs forward, while the tail grows ever thicker.

“You’ll be doing plenty of helping soon Kirisha. Just relax and feel yourself grow stronger than you’ve ever been before.”

Kirisha looked up at Circe, her vision fading in and out as her neck thickens muscles expanding, her feminine legs growing stronger, larger, her feet claws sharper bigger, her sickle claw expanding out while keeping its trademark shape.

Kirisha feels her clothes grow tight around her body, soon beginning to tear apart revealing her soft red silky undergarments which are torn asunder by her ever-growing body. The heat growing within her, arousal, lust, feral instincts growing ever more prominence in her mind while intellect and self-awareness remains intact, but she can already feel the new desires that were subtle in her life be thrown into the forefront.

Her breaths grow deeper, nether regions merging together into a nice wet needy cloaca. With each passing moment her anthropomorphic features fade, becoming ever more feral. Every ounce of strength Kirisha had was being sapped away to feed the changes within her. Her sleek green scaled striped body growing larger in size, muscles expanding, growing stronger while at the same time unable to utilize it as the changes progress through her.

“Circe, why...” she cries out with a soft growl.

“You didn’t read the fine print in your contract as my assistant, did you Kirisha?”

Her yellow serpentine eyes grow wider before quickly narrowing, focusing on her boss who simply admires the ever changes that rush through her. Over a period of an hour the changes will be complete, leaving Kirisha fully transformed into her feral ancestry with all the instincts and desires that come with it, while retaining her core intelligence.

As she lays there, body burning with a newfound sexual lust and need that confused her lesbian mind, Circle took the opportunity to prepare Kirisha for the next stages of her transition into her full-time lab assistant.

Kirisha panted heavily watching Circe dragon in the leather bdsm gear that Sakanz himself sports. She feels as if her entire body has run a marathon. Helpless, she feels the collar being wrapped around her neck, claws twitching, wanting to lash out as the green feathered raptor who gently runs her claws along Kirisha’s muzzle.

“Don’t blame me, you didn’t read the fine print. But don’t worry. I’ll take good care of you, and you’ll be a nice well-trained pet for me. You’ll absolutely love it. I’m sure of it,” she responds, locking the collar into place. The black leather with gold studs has a tag on the front that has the words “Kirisha” engraved upon it.

“I will get my revenge...” she growls.

“Oh Kirisha, when I am done with you. You’ll be thanking me for what I’ve done to you. Trust me, I know,” she gives a sly smirk, looking over to Sakanz who lets out a huff and growl feeling himself so very needy, smelling the aroma of Kirisha’s burning heat.

She pants heavily, “Circe...” she lets out a softer growl, feeling her heat growing within her newfound cloaca. Her larger body means a larger area of need, and more pleasure that burns within her, but at this moment she is too weak to do anything but watch as her boss slides the leather body harness around her body. Tightening the straps around her legs, locking them into place. The leather runs near her cloaca, the pressure from it giving a subtle tease on her body making her feel a positive delight on feeling the leather across her scales, feeding into her own natural fetish she with leather.

“Just a few more parts and we’ll be good to go,” says Circle, grabbing her sickle claw harness, sliding the metal across Kirisha’s claws, locking them into place, attaching a cuff around her ankle that holds her sickle claw back, a soft nub on the end making her deadly claws completely utilize.

Kirisha panted, growling softly, claws twitching before they were bound in place. Her sex tensed, heat building within her, growing stronger, “*I can’t be more turned on by this, can I? No, that can’t be it, it’s the transformation,*” Kirisha thought, shuddering while her hand claws

are slipped into black leather mittens, tightened at the wrists, before chaining them together making her heads completely useless. Kirisha's claws run across the inside of the leather, unable to even scratch the interior made worse as she's unable to find any purchase on the inside of them, leaving her feeling even more helpless to Circe, even more aroused.

"Are you going to be a good girl or do I need to muzzle you?" asks Circe holding out a black leather muzzle much like the one that Sakanz has, that will leave her unable to speak, only able to slip her tongue out, making the rows of her sharp teeth as useless as the rest of her body.

"You won't get away with this," Kirisha remarks.

"Ah, you were supposed to at least say, 'You won't get away with this Mistress'." Circe says waving a claw, "Poor pets need a little bit of training, but once broken they are always better for it," she says, taking the hood, sliding it around Kirisha's muzzle, forcing her mouth open as a series of rings keep her mouth held open while cushion covers her teeth making them harmless to anyone. The leather wraps around her green muzzle, locking into place around the back of her head, her claws with how they are chained and now reduced in what they can reach means she is totally helpless to remove it. The realization of such makes her sex burn ever hotter.

"There we go. Nice and prepared for becoming my good controlled dominant pet," Circle says with a smirk, moving over to run her black claw tip along Kirisha's dripping hot sex.

Kirisha let out a curious raptoric throat purr, tilting her head to the side for a moment before letting out a defiant huff before her claws tense and twitch as her sensitive flesh is teased by the much smaller raptor.

"I can tell by the look in your eyes you are surprised. It's much easier to go with what you know, and I know your dominant streak my dear. I will train you to obey me, and take our submissive friend in the other room, who..." She looks over to the other cage. Sakanz has his head up against the glass trying to get as close as he can, his breath fogging the glass as he lets out a raptoric whine, eager to get in there and feel himself sink into Kirisha, "So very eager to meet the new you. But first I want to make sure you know who is boss, Kirisha. After all I sign your paychecks," she chuckles.

Kirisha responds with a huff, her strength slowly starting to come to her but at the moment she is still far too helpless to do anything, "*Not funny Circe,*" she thinks.

"Oh, come on, have some sense of humor," she says, gently running her claws along Kirisha's cloaca, slipping the claw into the wet folds. The pleasure of which is far greater than anything Kirisha has experienced before. Her entire body burned with delight, pleasure filled her, running along the much larger spine, up into her mind, making her feel delightful, "You like that don't you?"

Kirisha responds with a soft huff, trying to wiggle but when Circe runs her claws along the opening again, teasing her she let out a soft muffled moan, the pleasure building within her but she could tell it was far from what was necessary to find a release, which her body *desperately* needed, "*How is she doing this to me? It feels so good. I can't just submit to her like this. Though I didn't know she was bisexual. If I knew that I might have asked her out on a*

date... She does look sexy even with a flat chest. Wait, why am I...” her thoughts are cut off by another slow teasing pet, her claws slipping deeper into her body, the bondage around her sickle claws growing taut as they twitch. Kirisha releases a long pleasure growl, body growing even eager.

“You like that, don’t you girl?” Circle asks, moving over to Kirisha’s muzzle, running her dripping claws in front of the hole in the muzzle, “Why don’t you taste how eager you’ve become.”

Kirisha shakes her head, letting out a huff.

“Don’t be like that. I know you’ve tasted yourself before. Why don’t you taste the new you. You might like it. And if you do what I say, I will make sure I feed that beast within you, who has become so eager to do what I say...,” she chirps.

Kirisha’s nostrils flare, breathing in her sharper senses smell the heat of her own sex on Circe’s claws, but more importantly she can smell her boss’ own desire to fuck. The lust building within her which then makes her realize something even more shocking... she can smell the arousal of the other raptor. His twitching aching member for a flash moment appears in her head, the thought of him in her floods her veins with a growing lust, making her pant heavier, “*I was never turned on by him before why do I feel this... desire... no. Need to **fuck** him?*” Kirisha thinks, a soft raptoric whine escaping her throat, tongue slipping out lapping at her own sweet juices, the tangy flavored delight was better than she was anticipating, more so she wasn’t even aware of her own compliance in the act till her red rough tongue was already coiling around Circe’s claws, licking them completely clean.

Circle gives a toothy smile, “That’s a good girl,” she responds, gently petting Kirisha’s head, moving in front of her, “Now was that so bad?” she asks with a soft raptoric chirp in response.

Kirisha responds with a soft huff, a little bit of defiance as she feels such an act already weakening quickly. Something about Circe has become so alluring, so dominant that it was hard not to feel a tear in her mind from feeling a focus on her, and that feathered male raptor that was so eager to have her.

Circe took the moment to undress in front of Kirisha, letting her lab coat hit the floor revealing her black leather strap of a bra around her chest feathers, and the small panties that just covered her sex, “How about we give that needy boy a good show. Do that for me I’ll make sure you get some before you get to have your *fun* with him. And you *know* what that means,” she explains.

A shiver of delight runs down Kirisha’s spine, compounding the heat within her body. She let out another whine trying to resist these new urges, but her feral body was too strong for her. To demanding, “*How can such a lovely raptor like her take over me like this,*” she thinks, letting out a whine, nostrils flaring, eyeing her leather covered sex, knowing the scent coming from behind that thin viel that she was just as much in need as she was... no that was a lie. She was in far much more need than Circle, and her becoming mistress knew it.

“Hmm... maybe I should have you wait. You were rather *hostile* to me earlier about this,” Circe suggested, as Kirisha just manages to push to her feet her head nuzzling along Circe’s soft feathers, her tongue slipping out of the muzzle to gently lick across the raptor’s leather panty covered sex.

“*No... I need... I need to resist... but... I need this. Please. Please. Please. Let me have this. It will lead to more fun. It feels good. Let me have this. Please, please, please,*” Kirisha thought, and with each please she gently licks across the leather sex, pushing it into Circe’s body.

The green feathered raptor moaned softly, gently caressing and petting her head, “You’ve already managed to get back onto your feet, what a good *girl*,” she says, the words sending tingles of delight into Kirisha’s body, right up into her mind, encouraging her to lick harder, her sex dripping, burning with ever hotter need, pushing her into a malleable state of lust.

Circe chuckled, “Well since you are so insisting... I think I could relent and let my pet have a little fun,” she mused, gently guiding her over so she’s turned to give Sakanz a full view of Kirisha licking into her sex, and giving him glimpses of the both raptors’ dripping sexes. Circe drops her panties giving Kirisha full access to her folds. Each lick covered her entire crotch, the rough tongue teases her flesh, causing Circe to moan in delight.

“Easy girl. Don’t go too hard. I need you just to get me ready for the next show,” she commanded.

Kirisha responded with a soft needy raptoric whine but complied, slowing her licks, letting the soft tangy essence of Circe flow onto her tongue, teasing her with such a delightful flavor that made her want Circe even *more*, while at the same time building a new partnership submissive dominant relationship with her.

The smaller anthro raptor gently caresses and pets Kirisha’s head, feeding the larger feral raptor into her new instincts of submission and obedience. Letting the natural instincts and pleasure guide Kirisha into her new place. With each pet, with each soothing raptor chirp, Kirisha was lulled deeper into her new state.

With each passing moment Kirisha felt more aroused, growing ever more eager to do what she must to get to that delightful climax. To share a moment with her Mistress. She let out a soft raptoric purr, her claws tensing and twitching within her bondage. She gently and nuzzled, licking at her Mistress sex, enjoying her touch while looking over to Sakanz who whined in need. His desire to fuck having long overtaken him. Kirisha chuckled in her mind, “*Such a good submissive one. Perfect for me to have.*” Her feral instincts guide her directly where Circe wants, where she has planned.

Circe pulls away gently tapping Kirisha on the top of her muzzle, “Good girl. But now I will give you a show. After that, you can have him,” she chirps, giving Kirisha sly grin, walking over to the security door that leads to the hallway that connects the two cages, “Wait here,” she commanded.

Kirisha felt the force of her Mistress’ words into her mind. She nods, letting out a soft raptoric throat chirp, audibly confirming the command was received and accepted.

“Good girl,” she says looking over her shoulder at Kirisha, who’s stiff tail swayed side to side eagerly like a good well trained dog, “*Works every time,*” she thinks, entering the code, the door opens, the anthro raptor walking toward Sakanz, who has grown ever more eager to have a bit of this fun.

Hanging on the hallway wall is a black leather leash with a clip at the end, she enters the other room, where Sakanz takes a step back, letting out a soft raptoric chirp and trill, “*Hello Mistress,*” he thinks, eager to have her so close again, lowering his head to let her clip the leash to him.

“Such a good boy, knowing exactly what you must do,” she says gently petting him on the head.

The male feral raptor gently nuzzles and licks into Circe’s claws, while she continues to pet him for a moment longer, before walking over to gently take a look at his needy throbbing raptoric flesh. She reaches out and touches the wet throbbing penis, giving it a good squeeze, feeling it pulsate in her claws, “Oh you are really ready to go, aren’t you?”

He responds with a soft trill, nodding profusely.

She smirked, looking over to see Kirisha is now the one pressing up against the glass to get a better look.

“*She’ll need a little more time to regain her strength. I want her at her best when she takes him,*” Circle thinks, tugging on the leash, lowering Sakanz head, “Sit.”

Sakanz lets out a chirp, lowering himself, unable to sit and pose but closer to lay down, body low to the ground, claws tightly up against his body, he looks up at Circe with wanting needy eyes.

She tugs on the leash, causing a jingle, “That’s a good boy, now on your back,” she commanded.

He responds with a soft raptor chirp, pulling his gloved claws tighter against his body, rolling onto his back, exposing his belly to Circe, who promptly puts her foot onto it.

“Good boy,” she says with a smirk, moving her foot over to his throbbing cock, letting her sickle claw gently tease his throbbing aching sensitive flesh, causing him to buck up in unending need. Pre-cum dribbling down his length, warm slick, slow moving like a slowly erupting volcano, that has far more to give.

Sakanz responds with a raptoric chirp, bucking his hips against her, before she pushes him back down. He leans up, feeling the tug on his leash, eyes locked onto his Mistress, which he only looks away when their eyes meet, showing his total submission to her control.

Kirisha feels her own feral desires build within her, her cloaca burns with ever growing need. She feels the moisture build up within her folds, beginning to glisten and drip as she can no longer contain her wanting desire to ride that cock, hoping with every fiber of her being that she will be allowed to, further drilling into her mind the new hierarchy that she’s adhering to. Soon she finds herself leaning up against the glass wanting to get a closer look while Circe positions herself over the throbbing flesh.

The green feathered raptor's sex twitches, knowing the delights that are awaiting her. She keeps the leash nice and taught, keeping total control over Sakanz while gently running her sex over the throbbing cock, "Good boy. You really want your Mistress, don't you?" she asks with a sly toothy grin.

"Yes Mistress!" he tries to say, but the gag in his mouth, only allows his eager raptoric chirps to escape. He pants heavily, growling in ever growing need, his mitten claws still kept tightly against his scales, the chains that hold them together rattle while Circe positions herself over him, her green feathers wet and matted from the dripping fluids that coated his length.

"That's a good boy. And you've been such a good boy for so long, that I think you get to be rewarded," she says, teasing him, using her free hand to guide the raptor's cock tip into her wet folds. She feels his warm flesh pierce into her body, spreading her sensitive flesh nice and wide while she lowers herself down onto his large feral length.

Sakanz chirps and pants heavily in delight while Circe gives off a soft moan, her free claw now gently rubbing her labia while she is spread further and further, the lower she slides herself up onto him, while keeping the leash taut, keeping a constant reminder that *she* is the one in control of him.

The green feathered raptor moans softly, sliding herself down, her body amazingly able to take his large dick with some struggle but also with a trained ease. Her tight folds grip the raptor's cock, his claws visibly twitching, his body shuddering underneath her, adding to their mutual pleasure while she slides up and down his length at a pace that *she* dictates.

Helplessly Sakanz is taken by his Mistress. He keeps looking up at her, resisting the feral urges to look at the female in the cage nearby. He sees her only in his peripherals. Unwilling to anger his Mistress to look at the target of his feral instinctual desire. His nostrils flare, smelling the delightful scent of his Mistress' arousal but also that of Kirisha. His heart pounds, cock twitches, pre-cum spurts into Circe with ever increasing delight as he is taken harder, faster, body kept on edge, body shuddering, ready to explode and unleash himself into her.

"Hold it... not yet. I'm not done with my fun," Circe commands, looking down at him.

He keeps his head low, looking up at Circle, nodding and purring in acknowledgement of her command, his body ready to blow at a moment's notice only kept at bay by his Mistress' whim.

Circe chirps in delight, her moans growing deeper, fuller as she becomes full of his length over and over again. She rides him faster, harder, angling herself so he can hit her sensitive spots, sending her delight to ever higher levels. Her body tensing in the amount of pleasure his length is able to give her. Far more than any anthro raptor could. She feels herself on the brink, soon clenching down hard, climaxing, letting out a raptoric trill.

The pleasure call from Sakanz's Mistress reaches his ear holes. He knows he's done his duty, by giving the pleasure that she desires and wants from him, yet he doesn't take the opportunity to climax. He knows he wasn't given permission. He squirms and wiggles, wanting to release, so eager to explode, on the precipice of the total unleashing of the torrent that has been built within him. All he needs now is the permission to do so.

Circe feels her climax rush through her, a tingle of delight, a surge of pleasure, her sex milking and squeezing Sakanz's cock for all that its worth and then some. Her powerful walls squeeze and tease him, edging him further and further, beyond his breaking point. Her hot juices rush down his length, adding to the torturous pleasure that she's subjecting himself too. Two feathered raptors enjoying the other, leaving the scaled raptor Kirisha wanting.

Slowly Circe pulls off from him, leaving his cock twitching, throbbing, aching, ready to explode at any. The cool air around his cock, made all the worse by Circe's hot fluids that are cooling his length even faster, which stokes the fires of his burning lust.

"Whew, I really needed that. Being a little pent up makes you really not think straight. I need to be in my right for the breeding program," Circe says, standing up, looking down at Sakanz, "Stay," she commanded.

He responds with a needy chirp, keeping his body exposed, legs spread as much as his feral body would allow, leaving his cock dripping with his pre-cum, slathered with his Mistress' juices, making it glisten under the fluorescent lights.

"Good boy," she says, taking the loop end of the leash, sliding it around his cock, "Be good now, and wait for me," she says with a raptoric chirp, heading back to the other room.

Kirisha watches her approach. With each step closer, was another bash against what little will she had left against her powerful feral instincts. She huffed, and growled in delight, tail hiked, head lowered, claws pulled up against her body. Her instinctual body language tells Circe everything that she needs to know. That she has submitted to her authority and that she is the leader of this pack of raptors, and that she has become so eager to breed. Circe smiled, with her sharp pearly whites showing, entering the room, a new leash in hand.

Kirisha let out an excited trill-purr, ready to be of service. In the back of her mind she felt the wanderings of her resistance, *"How could I have let this happen? I'm a strong and powerful. So very strong and I love how Mistress looks. How could she overpower me so easily? Is this just how strong she is? She is lovely. I do love how powerful females are. I prefer women, want them, but... why can't I stop looking at that delicious cock of his? I want it in me, more than I have ever wanted anything before... except the desire to serve my Mistress."*

Circe leashes Kirisha, gently petting her on the head, which she responds with a soft tender nuzzle, gently licking her hand in the same manner that her male feral counterpart did not long ago, "Are you feeling better Kirisha?" she asks.

Kirisha nods several times, letting out an eager purr.

"Are you ready to apologize for your arrogance?"

She repeats what she just did.

"Good girl," Circe says, removing the muzzle, "What do you say?"

"I'm so sorry Mistress for having doubted your words. I have never felt so strong and powerful before," she lets out a purr-chirp.

"I accept your apologies, now come. Time to show your dominance over your packmate," says Circe, tugging Kirisha along who grows ever eager, her cloaca burning hotter than the sun, her breath deep, heavy, showing her eagerness.

“Yes Mistress,” she replies, keeping her head low, claws tight, she walks with her toward Skanaz who remains exposed and submissive. He lets out a soft raptoric chirp, body aching needing to have him and ride him for all he’s worth.

“That’s a good girl,” Circe says, feathers rising in delight, petting Kirisha, guiding her over to him, unleashing her, “Now show your dominance over him. Otherwise he’ll be the one dictating when to take you. The rest is in your bound-up claws,” Circe says with a soft chuckle, “*This shall be amusing.*”

“Yes Mistress,” Kirisha responds, strutting over to Sakanz, her claws extended though bound within her black leather mittens, she let out a dominating growl, looking down at Sakanz, who gives a softer raptoric chirp in response, “I know you enjoyed the view, perhaps a closer look will get you more rearing to go,” states Kirisha walking over him, letting her juices drip down onto his snout, a few hitting the ring hole which he eagerly licks up, growing all the more eager with each passing moment, the feral female raptor scent driving him wild, but not as much as what Kirisha does next.

She lowers her head, her rough tongue coils around the pink throbbing flesh. She hears Sakanz groan and chirp in delight, a long growl escaping his mouth, vibrating his body which makes the rough tongue of hers tease him even more. The male raptor’s taste is far more delicious than she could have ever anticipated, a wonderful popsicle delight, coated in Mistress’ very own juices, making it a tapestry for her taste buds, adding more fuel to her feral flames.

Sakanz tenses, feeling those sharp teeth against his tender of parts. Kirisha takes the cock into her jaws, the hot breath blowing down along the length, tongue continuing to lap, and with no real functioning lips, it made it impossible to really “suckle” his cock, but the moment of feeling himself so exposed to her, made him shudder in delight.

“Good, good, you are starting to make him understand where he stands in the pack,” Circe says with a raptoric purr of delight, watching as Kirisha’s tongue coils around the leash’s loop.

Kirisha looks to her Mistress, shooting her a wink, pulling the leash into her mouth pulling it off of his length, tugging on it, nice and hard causing the leash to suddenly grow taut, knocking Sakanz into a submissive whine, looking up while Kirisha adjusts herself to stand over him, face to face, leash in her mouth, own hands still bound and useless.

“What a clever idea. I knew you’re the right girl for the job Kirisha,” says Circe.

Kirisha gives a soft trill of approval at her Mistress’ words, giving her a playful wink, while jerking her head back to tug harder on the leash, the chains on their gloves wrists rattling as Sakanz’s head is jerked forward.

The male raptor lets out another soft needy whine, his cock twitching, feeling the hot drips of the dominant feral raptor over him. He bucks needlingly, feathers fluffing out, trying in vain to impress the female before him. His instincts begging him to just slip into her, pound into her, release his essence, but his higher mind knows that he is in no position to make such demands, which adds to the lustful burning moment he finds himself in.

Kirisha would smile if she could, but her mouth is full of the leash. She only releases it a moment just to bite down lower on the leash, exerting greater force over him, while lowering herself down onto his needy member. Circe moves in only to help guide Sakanz's cock into her aching cloaca.

Kirisha feels a rush of delight, feeling a length slip into her, her feral instincts rewarding her with a mind-numbing bliss that almost forced her just to slam down on the length. She barely managed to contain herself while she grinded herself down on the cock, beginning to ride him for all he's worth.

Sakanz whined and moaned submissively before Kirisha, body ready to explode, but fearful to let himself completely go as the female was just getting going with him. The two beginning to bond and slip into their roles as submissive and dominant feral to their Mistress who held both of their leashes.

As the feral breeding session began, Circe was taking some notes, humming to herself, while both were ready to explode and unleash their feral breasts within onto the other. Kirisha pulled the leash hard, growling dominantly, as Sakanz could hold it back no longer, flooding into Kirisha with his hot sticky seed, of which Kirisha was all too happy to accept, but with the look in her yellow eyes the male raptor knew this was just the beginning of a long mating session, not that he minded it...

"When you are done Kirisha, you'll have to write up a report. Just because you're feral now doesn't mean I will be letting your other duties go lax," Circe warned.

Kirisha gave Circe a little look which was quickly put down by her own fierce glare. Kirisha quickly nodded, accepting the terms before going back to taking Sakanz for all he's worth.

Circe smiled, "Ah, today is a good day," she chirped.