

Amidst the frigid, windswept expanse of a snowy mountain summit, a young harpy boy named Telin soared through the biting cold air. His entire body was adorned in cream-white feathers, a stark contrast against the pristine snow beneath. His avian features were striking: yellow bird feet that ended in razor-sharp talons, wings with dark green tips at their ends, and piercing blue eyes that glittered with determination.

A light blue beak framed his expressive face, and he wore a small leather shirt that clung to his feathered torso. A light green scarf was wrapped snugly around his neck.

Telin wore no pants, for nature had already provided him with feathers to conceal his private parts.

Telin fought valiantly, his agile form darting through the air. Clutched in his clawed feet, he wielded a colorful bow, each arrow nocked firmly in place. He launched the projectiles with precision, using his beak to pull back the string and let loose. The arrows streaked through the air, finding their mark with deadly accuracy.

His enemies were horned goblins, grotesque creatures with pig-like snouts and crude wooden clubs gripped in their gnarled hands. They snarled and grunted, their eyes filled with malice as they swarmed around Telin. Some of them even hurled jagged rocks in a desperate attempt to bring down the flying harpy boy.

But Telin wasn't alone in this perilous dance. Another harpy, his plumage as dark as the night sky, fought beside him. The black harpy matched Telin's skill and ferocity, the two of them moving in perfect harmony as they defended their mountain sanctuary from the marauding goblin horde.

As the battle raged on, Telin's breath came out in huffs of frosty air. He fought tirelessly, his colorful bow flashing in the icy light. Arrows found their marks, and goblins fell, but still, they kept coming, an unending tide of these ugly creatures.

"Damn!" Telin exclaimed, his voice barely audible over the howling wind. "They just keep on coming, one after the other. Is there no end to this?"

Beside him, the black harpy replied urgently, "We are being outmatched by their numbers! We must call for help."

Telin shook his head, his eyes never leaving the encroaching goblins. "It's fine, as long as we're careful, it's manageable."

The black harpy's eyes narrowed. "Fool! You've just learned about not trying to do everything by yourself."

Telin clenched his beak. "I've got it. I'll buy us some time so you can get us some backup."

"Roger," the black harpy acknowledged, then swiftly took flight, disappearing into the snowy sky.

Telin watched him go, feeling a surge of confidence. "If it's just dodging and avoiding them... even I can do that."

Telin landed on a rocky outcrop jutting above the goblins, his feathers ruffled from his intense aerial maneuvers. Unbeknownst to him, a sinister transformation was underway just behind him. A black puddle materialized on the snowy ground.

A demonic hand emerged, its palm housing a grotesque eye that stared unblinkingly.

Before Telin could react, it suddenly exploded into a multitude of inky, nightmarish hands, each one snaking towards him with malevolent intent.

These ghastly appendages latched onto Telin's limbs and body, gripping him with an iron grasp that held him in place.

Telin's eyes widened in terror as his muscles seized and burned wherever the demonic hands touched him. Desperation filled his voice as he cried out, "What is this?"

"My body, it won't move," he gasped, his movements becoming sluggish and uncoordinated. The paralysis spread like a creeping frost, encasing him in a nightmarish prison of helplessness.

As the excruciating torment continued, Telin's vision dimmed, and the world around him faded into darkness.

The demonic hand transported Telin with eerie swiftness, carrying him. The goblins, their grotesque faces twisted in glee, cheered and followed.

Telin's consciousness returned in agonizing fragments, and he found himself sprawled on the cave floor, his wings and limbs still paralyzed. Confusion and fear gripped him as he glanced around the dimly lit cave.

"Where is this?" he murmured, his voice weak and quivering.

Before him, three of the goblins he had battled earlier stepped into his vision, still reveling in their triumph. One of them held a bone cup filled with a steaming, oily dark-red liquid. Their shrill laughter echoed in the cave as they approached Telin.

With a sinister grin, the goblin holding the cup moved it beneath Telin's beak, forcing him to drink. Telin resisted weakly, muttering, "No, I'm not going to drink that," but his immobile body betrayed him.

As the strange concoction coursed through his veins, Telin's protests grew fainter. "Stop it," he pleaded, his voice fading. "Let me go."

But it was too late. The heat surged through his body from his stomach, his vision grew increasingly blurry, and a fog settled over his mind. Thoughts slipped away like elusive dreams, and he struggled to remember who he was and what he had been doing.

"What was I doing again?" Telin thought, his identity slipping further and further from his grasp as the shadows of forgetfulness closed in around him.

As Telin's consciousness waned, an overpowering sexual lust surged through him, coursing like electric jolts through his body. His beak quivered in desperate desire. One of the goblins, a cruel grin on its twisted face, reached into its loincloth and pulled out his cock. It was an odd, oddly twisted thing, thinning the tip, and emanating a strange, off-putting odor. Its skin glistened with an unsettling slime. It was hairless like the little ball sack below it.

Telin was both repulsed and ravenously horny. His feathers rustled with discomfort as the goblin approached him, dick still in hand, and playfully smeared it against Telin's cheek. Confusion clouded Telin's thoughts. Something about this felt wrong, but the hornyness gnawing

at him seemed unbearable, and he had forgotten why this would be weird.

"What should I do?" Telin questioned himself, his inner turmoil palpable. "Should I suck it?"

The goblin pointed insistently at its own mouth, signaling for Telin to follow suit. "Like this?" Telin asked, his resistance fading. He hesitated, then extended his tongue, cautiously licking the pointy tip of the goblin cock. It tasted a little salty, and the strange slime only made it weirder.

With a menacing grin, the goblin seized Telin's head and, in one forceful motion, shoved the sausage into his open beak and down his throat. Telin's eyes bulged, and he began to groan and gag, struggling to comprehend the bizarre and unsettling turn of events.

In the midst of his torment, Telin continued to gasp for air as the cock twisted and contorted inside him, its presence an agonizing sensation that seemed to reach all the way to his stomach.

Then the goblin pulled the dick out, giving Telin room to breathe, before shoving it back in and this time inserting it even deeper with faster strokes in and out.

Telin's senses still alerted him to another goblin approaching from behind. Its grip was unyielding as it forcefully grabbed his back, causing Telin's hips to rise under its firm hold. Choking on cock, his mind clouded by lust and desperation, Telin couldn't help but wonder, "Does he want to fuck my butt next?"

The goblin at the front jerked in short thrusts squirting his bestial semen straight into Telin's stomach. Telin heard it gurgling in his belly. A few moments later the goblin slowly pulled out his elongated cock, tickling Telin's throat and tongue, granting Telin a precious moment to gasp for air. With difficulty, he looked over his shoulder and, his voice trembling, he pulled apart his feathers to expose his anus to the goblin behind him. "How's this?" he asked, his voice tinged with a mixture of fear and excitement.

The goblin fixated on Telin's twitching anus and began to poke it with his dick. He tested the tension and tightness.

Telin was resistant but at the same time his body ached for more. His own bird penis started to grow and peak out from below the feathers. It twitched in excited anticipation.

Without hesitation, the goblin rammed his cock into his ass. Telin gasped at first but as the penis started to elongate and untwist his whimpers became moans of pleasure.

The goblin cock started to hit Telin's prostate, massaging the swollen knot with each relentless thrust. With each shove a little bit of Telin's own semen dripped out.

Telin grunted in pleasure as the tension began to ease away and he fully gave himself up to the cock and the goblins' powerful ramming. Tears welled up in Telin's eyes as the intense massage brought both pleasure and ecstasy.

"Why is this happening?" he asked himself suddenly, crying out in lust as the corkscrew penis of the goblin extended just a little further than

before, caressing deep parts of Telin he didn't know could be reached.

He questioned why he was subjugated to this ordeal, but as the goblin's fucking grew more intense, he found himself moaning, "Keep going. Harder. Deeper!"

The goblin, guided by Telin's peculiar desires, then shifted Telin onto his back. Telin asked, "What are you up to now?"

The goblin, displaying an unexpected expertise in this fucking, bent Telin's lower back up into the air and began ram its cock into Telin's asshole from above, letting him slap down on the harpies hips. Telin, surprised by the unconventional approach, allowed it to happen, realizing that the goblin's deep thrusts were some of the most intense experiences he has ever had.

While the goblin squeezed Telin's prostate in this position even harder, more cum flowed out of Telin's bird cock. It dribbled right into his open mouth and on his beak.

Heat and pleasure surged through Telin's body, as she urged: "Please don't stop! Please don't stop! Please don't stop!"

The goblin pistoned even faster and harder turning Telin's mind into a canvas of pleasure.

Two things exploded suddenly in Telin's lower body. One was the squirting orgasming goblin in his ass that filled his insides with cum. The other was Telin himself, crying out as he had never felt this kind of pleasure. His cock pulsed and jumped, raining down cum all over his face and into his beak. For a moment Telin didn't see anything except sparkling stars and eternal white.

He got pulled back into reality when the goblin slid out of his butt.

Telin lay there for a moment, shaken and exhausted from the intense fucking. He couldn't help but ask, "Is it finally over?"

In response, the goblins forced more of the red, oily liquid down his gullet, their lust still not satisfied.

When Telin opened his eyes again, he found himself bathed in the soft glow of the cave entrance, and his heart leaped as he saw his human friend, Reva. Dressed in a white tunic with a sword at his back and fiery red hair, Reva was a welcome sight indeed.

"Reva," Telin whispered, his voice tinged with exhaustion.

Reva offered a reassuring smile but said nothing. Instead, he helped Telin to his feet, offering support. Telin couldn't help but muster a smile of his own, saying, "You're late, but I knew you would come for me."

Relieved beyond words, Telin allowed Reva to guide him out of the cave and towards his hut. Covered in a warm blanket and seated in front of a crackling fire, Telin finally felt a sense of calm settling over him.

"I've finally calmed down," Telin remarked, watching as Reva added more firewood to the blaze.

However, before Telin could express his desire to clean himself up after the unsettling ordeal, Reva acted without a word. He moved behind Telin and lifted him off the ground, prompting Telin to protest,

"Huh? Are you going to wash me? No need! It would be embarrassing. I can do that on my own."

Telin's world shifted abruptly as the hallucination of Reva and the cozy hut vanished, leaving him with a jarring sense of reality. He had never left the cave. Confusion and dread gripped him as he looked down and saw the cackling goblins beneath him.

It was not Reva who had lifted him but a towering gray orc, fully naked, his erect, monstrous dick holding up Telin's small bird penis. Telin's heart raced, and he realized with a sinking feeling that the bizarre ordeal was far from over.

"Wait," Telin whispered, as this huge cock poked at his asshole. He let out a deep moan as the tip slipped in, already stretching him so much that he felt his legs shaking.

Unexpectedly, the orc pulled Telin down with a quick jerk. The colossal meatrod drilled itself through Telin's belly, whose scream echoed through the cave. His whole body shaking, Telin panted and choked, his whole body tingling and beaming with arousal. His body has completely abandoned Telin and desired nothing more than to be handled like the piece of meat it was.

The orc slowly pulled out and jammed his dick back in, even deeper. Telin felt it poke towards the walls of his belly.

As the orc kept ramming and stuffing Telin's ass, he could do nothing but mindlessly moan and quiver. He was nothing more than a cockglove now.

The orc started groaning deeply and sped up his merciless pounding, with one last deafening roar he erupted into Telin jetting massive amounts of cum into Telin's insides, pushing the harpy boy as deep down as possible onto his beast cock.

Telin felt a sudden rush of nausea and then spew white cum vomit onto the ground.

The orc let go of Telin's arms holding him in the air with its dick alone before Telin slowly slid off and fell to the ground.

No thought filled the harpy's mind anymore. Only one last whisper: "Reva..."

The goblins surrounded him again, more bone cups in hand, ready to continue.