

## An Unconventional Catch

Grick

Though new to the hunt, the harpy maneuvered with expert agility. A mix of pale-brown feathers, she wove through the canopy in a blur. Locked in a tight controlled V, the harpy's oddly jointed wings contoured her arms and then stretched another half meter past her wrists. Tail feathers fanned widely from her hips, twisting and adjusting to her many arcs and banks. A clear membrane shielded her emerald eyes from the wind that fluttered the white down covering her otherwise humanoid face. Tufted feathers protected every inch of her skin save for the exposed scales of her hands and legs. A loose anklet of blue brook stones tangled uneasily around her clasped talon.

Ahead, her quarry squandered time glancing over his shoulder as he ran. A human tall enough to pass as a man yet spotted enough to be marked as a boy. He was clothed in a loose linen tunic befit of a miller's son. The harpy had spotted lithe, carrot-topped lad through the web of bare branches, and moments later she was nearly upon him.

Outstretched talons met unbraced shoulders, and upon impact the human boy whiplashed onto the forest floor. Carried by her momentum, the harpy rode the boy over several paces of dried leaves and fallen branches, leaving behind a cleared wake.

Ecstatically, the harpy shredded the human's clothing with her feet, lifting and dropping him many times as she hopped and flapped. The boy meanwhile hollered for help and flailed his limbs to batter at his assailant's orange-scaled legs. Unfamiliar with human tongue, the harpy paid as much attention to the screams as she would to the yowls of a captured rodent, and she easily shrugged away his clawless blows.

Every clutch of her talons tore free another patch of fabric and sent the human tumbling. Scrambling, he hugged fast to the trunk of a sapling oak to prevent himself from being flung. Thus braced, he would then begin to stand only to have the harpy land upon him and wind him upon the ground. This continued until he eventually found himself bereft of all clothing, at which point the harpy merely pinned and released him rather than tossing him about. To the boy's confusion, his assailant took care not to slice or puncture him, preferring instead to pounce upon him with only enough force to prevent him from rising. After several attempts, the boy ceased his efforts and lay panting on the forest floor.

No sooner did he surrender than a brusque tug rolled him onto his back. The harpy loomed over him, legs bent, wings mantled, needled teeth bared into a parody of a friendly smile. One talon rested atop his chest; the other pinned his wrist. With a quick bob, the harpy lowered her face so close to the boy's that they could feel each other's breath. The boy shut his eyes fearfully, expecting the creature to bite. Defying his expectation, she merely licked the fuzz of

his upper lip. Visibly confused, he reopened his eyes in time to see her kiss his forehead before rising up once more.

The harpy paused to assess the boy's taste. Then she nudged him with her talon till he sat up propped against the tree trunk. Folding her wings behind her back, she then swung her legs over him such that she nearly sat upon his shoulders. Her sex hovered uncomfortably close to the boy's face, filling his nostrils with a strange and musky scent. He recoiled against the bark, but had no strength left to mount any severe resistance.

Brushing against the soft white feathers, he twisted his head to look up at the harpy. She returned the look and chirped something in a quick, stuttered language. When the boy clearly failed to understand, she gyrated her hips gently such that her slit threatened to split over the bridge of his nose. Licking her lips, she repeated the command.

Tentatively, the boy attempted a few brief licks at the harpy's mound; the creature's tail feathers shivered in response. When he found the flavor pleasant, he quickened his pace and leaned into his task. Though fearful for his life and resentful at his humiliation, the boy felt strangely relieved. If the harpy had come to satiate her lust rather than her hunger, he might yet emerge with his life. Gladly he would suffer sexual abuse for this chance. After all, he would much prefer a mangled pride to a mangled body.

The harpy cooed appreciatively, cradling the human's head between her thighs. She had hear of this particular pleasure only by reputation, and in experiencing it she tensed and twitched and rocked uncontrollably. In her excitement, she soon slathered the boy's face in a glistening sheen of clear fluids. Bucking fiercely, she slammed the boy's head against the tree trunk rhythmically. Each hump loomed her sex a little further around the boy's mouth, pulling free with a wet schulk whenever she retracted.

The boy caught shallow breaths between each thrust, focusing his energy on lapping the harpy's inner folds when he dove. The sooner the creature gained its pleasure, he reasoned, the sooner he could be free of it. However, with every advance the harpy spread herself wider and wider over the human's face, and he wondered whether his shortening reprieves outside the pink-lined tunnel might dwindle to nothing.

His fears were validated when a particularly violent push on the part of the harpy wedged his chin irretrievably inside her snatch. Pinned against the tree, the human could only slap uselessly at the harpy's legs as she ground against him. By painfully slow degrees, the harpy stretched her black lips over the human boy's face using his chin as a point of leverage. Only through immense effort did the harpy eventually pull her tense pussy all the way over the crown of the human's head. Tangles of fiery hair tickled her clit as it dragged over his scalp. For a moment, she paused to pant. Then with a heave accompanied by a hawk-like screech, she enveloped the rest of the head and neck until halted by the human's shoulders.

The boy's skull bulged noticeably in the harpy's womb, wobbling slightly against the oppressing chamber. The harpy's vaginal walls shook in automatic spasms in response to the powerful vibrations of the human's screams. Drooling, the harpy leaned against the tree as her hips wiggled snugly against the human's collar. The boy's hand clasped her ankle, snapping her back to reality.

What had begun as an unreachable itch had developed into a deep vexation as she pounded herself down against the human. Angrily, she unfurled her wings and flapped into the air, falling repeatedly onto her quarry. The struggle battered her already straining pussy against the rigid brace of the human's bones. The bones broke first, and the harpy slid sorely down and around the human's chest.

Crossing the human boy's torso seemed impossible at first, but the harpy soon adjusted to the exquisite stretch. Heaving herself up and down, she made solid progress until the rippling pleasure of the boy's ribcage halted her with a crushing orgasm. Sputters of cum squelched in brief rivulets over the boy's abdomen. Once it subsided, the harpy resumed her giddy pushing, albeit at a subdued pace.

When she passed the boy's bellybutton, the harpy found herself at an impasse. She could crouch nor further, and the boy's body had become so lubricated that every attempt to such the boy up resulted in him sliding back out. The boy kicked his legs and clenched his hands while the harpy puzzled over what to do.

First, she tried grasping the boy's rear with her claws and shoving him in, but this only succeeded in slickening his body further and arousing him awkwardly.

Next, she tried to hoist her hips into the air while lowering her face to the ground so she could slurp in the rest of her snack with gravity as her aid, but the full weight of the boy bearing down on her pussy proved more painful than pleasurable, and she collapsed dejectedly after her second try.

Fortunately for her, her efforts had both trapped the tip of the boy's erect cock into the lowermost reach of her pussy lips and stimulated it enough to drive the poor human to an agonizing finish. With the boy thus sedated, the harpy found she could stand him up on the ground and force his knees to lock. Bracing him against the forest floor, she passed the barrier of his hips and descended greedily over his legs. The boy resumed kicking too late to stop his envelopment, but the alternated wiggling of the two meaty limbs proved enough to spark yet another of the harpy's orgasms, this one powerful enough to suck up his feet in a sudden splurt.

Fatigued, the harpy took several minutes to appreciate herself. The human boy settled entirely in her womb, and the distinct bulge erupting from her middle clearly displayed his struggling impression. Wet gurgling heralded the start of his slow digestion. Concealed by the

drooping mass of her gut, the harpy's pussy still quivered as the human thrashed and squirmed, ejecting infrequent dribbles of pale cum.

Later that night, the harpy would finish with the boy in an immense splash over the side of her nest. For now, however, she enveloped her roiling mass in her wings and cuddled the suffering human to airless sleep.