

The Floran was on the hunt for his next meal. Little did he know that someone was on the hunt for him. . .

He bounded through the dense taiga, ears twitching as he moved about. Then, he heard a cry: "Help! SOMEBODY HELP ME!" He turned around, concerned, and went towards the voice, rushing to the scene.

Soon, he found the person who had cried out: it was a tan-feathered Avian, currently lying against one of the trees. There was a large tear in her clothing, and her hand, stained red, was resting on her torso.

The Avian saw the Floran, and her eyes widened in fear. "P-Please don't kill me!" she begged, trying to move away from him.

The Floran's eyes widened, and he approached her. However, instead of killing her, he asked her, "Are you alright? Why are you here? What happened?"

A look of relief filled the Avian's face, and for a moment, she was dumbstruck. A minute later, she recovered from her daze, and replied, "I-I was attacked by some sort of large creature. . . I barely managed to escape it! Luckily I was able to get away, and drag myself to this spot. Can you help me?"

The Floran nodded, and drew some vines from his pocket, to help heal her. "Let Floran see the wound."

He reached over, gently lifting the Avian's bloodied hand away from her belly . . . but what he saw shocked him. There was no wound there at all! Confused, he looked up—but before he could move further, he suddenly found himself on the ground, his back held against the tree by the Avian. And she was giving him a sly, devious smirk. . . This couldn't be good.

"Looks like I caught you," the Avian said triumphantly, in a much darker, more confident tone of voice. "You see, I was sent to deal with you, you pesky plant, and my little "damsel in distress" act was just a ruse to lure you in." She laughed. "I'd say it did the job pretty well, don't you?"

"W-What do you want from Floran?" the Floran asked. "Why are you doing this?"

The Avian giggled, and ignored the question. "Normally, this would be the part where I tie you up and drag you to your destination," she teased, reaching underneath her wing. "But since you were such a good little plant, I have a much better spot in mind to store you in. . ."

As she spoke, she leaned down against the Floran, and pushed her breasts against his face. Then she ran them across his head, teasing her captive and making his face flush bright red. "Like that, you little plant?" she mocked him. "Oh, this is going to be very good, very good indeed. . ."



She continued to rub her boobs on his face, teasing him with slow, gentle moments, and strong, heavy pushes. Dumbstruck by all this, and blushing quite thoroughly, the Floran let her do this, and actually enjoyed it a little bit. .

He felt the soft, squishy flesh come against him, and felt her nipples underneath her clothes. . . This made him blush like mad, and he Avian smiled, seeing how much she was stimulating him. “Oh, you like that, now do you?” she teased her captor. “Let me play with you just a little bit more then. . .”

She ran her breasts across his head, then reached out a hand, and put his head in between her boobs! The Floran’s face turned redder as the breasts pressed against his cheeks, and the tan Avian moved them up and down with a smirk. Having those beautiful orbs surrounding him was almost comforting, and it made him momentarily forget about the situation he was in. . .

But then, the Avian leaned back, retreating from him. “That’s enough play time for right now,” she teased him. “Let’s get you where you belong. . .”

She pulled a device from a hidden holster in her wing, one the Floran happened to recognize: it was a shrink ray! He tried to get away, but the Avian’s grip was too strong, and she pointed the device right at his head. There was a loud /ZAP/, and a bolt of energy went into the Floran, making his skin tingle. A moment later, he began to shrink.

He felt his legs growing smaller underneath him, making his height shorter and shorter. He had been eye to eye with the Avian, around her height, but a moment later his eyes met her neck, then her chest, then her stomach! He was growing smaller and smaller, and when he looked down, he saw he was shrinking right out of his clothes. This wasn’t good, not at all. . .

The Avian watched triumphantly as her target began to grow smaller. This felt quite good, and she giggled. She couldn’t wait to play with him once he was small enough. . .

The Floran felt his feet shrinking down: first his toes began to decrease in size, one by one, and then the rest of his foot got reduced. The same thing happened with his hands: the individual fingers shrunk first, then the palm. His legs and arms shortened significantly, and when he looked up, he realized his field of view was getting smaller too. . . Or, in other words, his head was shrinking down as well! His body was all shrinking at the same, rapid rate; this was a disaster!

His mind raced as he tried to think of a way to stop this. Was there any way to stop oneself from shrinking? Nothing came to mind, and so he helplessly reduced in size, feeling his clothes fall off his body as he shrunk more and more.

The Avian watched as the Floran got smaller happened, smiling to herself. He was getting what he deserved. . . And she couldn’t wait to have even more fun.

The Floran reduced in size more, and his clothes fell on top of him. A moment later, it was done.



Now the shrinking process was complete, and the poor Floran was only about a foot tall! Smirking, the Avian reached into the pile of the Floran's clothes, and pulled out her captive, gripping him tightly with two fingers. Smirking, she put the naked alien above her breasts, pulled her shirt forward, and then dropped him on one of her boobs. The Floran, still dazed by the whole thing, let this happen.

Then, he realized the situation he was in, and his face turned scarlet. The Avian, seeing this, chuckled and said in a cold voice, "I hope you can try to enjoy your special trip. . . Or not. It's up to you, plant. And on that note, you should start humping."

The Floran, confused and frightened, let out a, "Wh-What?"

The Avian frowned, and looked down at him with an icy stare. "I said," she repeated, in a dark, menacing voice. "start humping. /Now/."

The Floran nodded, and quickly obeyed her command.

He grinded his hips against her breasts, going slowly at first, but soon picking up with more speed and intensity. He whimpered, scared of what the Avian might do to him if he didn't comply, and that powered his humps, made him really move.

The Avian smiled triumphantly as she felt the Floran grinding, and she let go of her shirt, hiding him underneath her clothes. "Good plant," she sneered. "I'm glad you're obedient at least. . . Now keep going. And don't stop unless I tell you to, understand?"

"F-Floran understands!" he replied. "Floran will keep going."

"Excellent."

And so, he did just that. The Floran kept grinding his hips against her boob, and clung to it with both of his hands, feeling the soft, feathered flesh underneath his fingers. If he wasn't in such a precarious position, this might actually be enjoyable. Not to mention the fact that he felt himself growing more and more aroused as he grinded. . .

The Avian smiled and looked around the woods, enjoying the feeling of the pesky plant against her breasts. It felt rather nice to have a submissive little pet like this, and she smirked, happy she had dominated the stupid plant so thoroughly. She looked around for the right way out, and then started walking, whistling to herself as she did so.

The Floran kept grinding, and he felt his cock beginning to harden underneath him. That was a little embarrassing, if he was being honest . . . but in situation, he supposed he should hold onto every bit of pleasure he could get. He continued to hump against the soft, beautiful boob, and pre cum dripped out from his penis, trickling down the feathered breast. . . He blushed, then kept going.

The Avian kept walking through the forest, looking this way and that as she moved. The last thing she wanted was to be ambushed as she had her captive, but as she was currently in Avian territory, there was no need to be as worried about that. Still, she



kept her guard up, glancing here and there as she walked, making sure nobody else was about. She smiled to herself and kept going.

The Floran kept grinding his hips, and ran his body up and down the length of the Avian's breast. The smooth, soft, feathered flesh underneath him actually felt pretty nice, and he felt his dick getting harder as he moved against it.

The Avian felt this too, and she stopped walking for a moment. "Geez, someone's excited," she snorted, making her captive blush. "Do what makes you happy, I guess. . . As long as you do as you're told."

The Floran nodded, and kept humping. He ran his penis against her flesh, gyrating his hips and moving about quite nicely. His arousal grew as he did so, and he felt himself nearing his limit. . .

The Avian continued moving, walking through the woods. She was about halfway to her destination, and still feeling quite victorious over the whole situation. She smirked to herself as she moved.

The Floran kept going, and then, it happened. He orgasmed with a loud shout, cum squirting from his member and landing on a different part of her breast. He paused for a second, taking a moment to catch his breath before continuing.

The Avian noticed this, and she got an idea. A very good, devious idea. . . "I told you not to stop, And so, I now have a task for you, plant," she snapped. "Are you ready? Listen good, understand me?"

"Floran can do that," her captive quickly responded.

"I want you to guess why I've come for you today," she said, smirking. "So here's the deal. You can ask me three questions, no more than that. Try to ask me more and I'll punish you, understand, plant?"

"Floran understands!" the captive alien said quickly. "So . . . Floran can ask three questions. . ."

"That's right," the tan Avian said. She continued walking through the woods. "Go ahead and ask before I get bored."

"O-Ok! Floran's first question . . . what is your name?"

The tan Avian raised an eyebrow—she hadn't been expecting that. "My name is Yolonil," she told her captive. "Of all the things to ask. . . You stupid plant. Anyway, next question. Go on."

"Of course, of course. Floran's second question . . . do you do this often?"

The tan-feathered Avian chuckled. "Do I pretend to get wounded and captive Floran's often? Not really. I only do it to those who deserve it."



"I . . . I see. Floran's third question . . . why did you capture me?"

"I figured you'd ask that," Yolonil said, laughing. "You got too close to our territory, crossed it more than a few times. And people like you need to learn their lesson."

"But why—?"

"I said only three questions, remember, plant?" the Avian sneered. "Now for your punishment: keep humping down there. /Now/. Get to work!"

The Floran obeyed her words immediately, fearing retribution if he did otherwise. The Avian continued her walk through the woods, and soon, she reached her destination.

Yolonil yawned and walked into the house, happy to be home. She made her way to the bedroom. Inside was another blue Avian, who waved at the tan-feathered one. "You've been out all day, Yolonil," the blue Avian said. "Where have you been? Is everything alright?"

Yolonil laughed. "Oh, everything's perfect, Qetzali! In fact, I subdued the captured the Floran who was getting too close to our settlement. . ."

Qetzali's eyes widened. "Really? How did that go?"

Yolonil paused for a moment, thinking. "I was surprised," she admitted. "I thought he would see me as easy prey and attack. But instead, my damsel in distress act made him try to help me. . ."

Qetzali tilted her head. "That's interesting. So, you have him?"

Yolonil smirked. "Yep. He's right here~!"

She removed her top and revealed the Floran clinging on tightly to her breast. Qetzali stared in surprise. Then, she giggled. "Aw, aren't you adorable!" she teased the Floran. "Can I play with him?"

"Sure. Finally, someone can get this stupid plant off of me," Yolonil said. She picked up the Floran and plopped him onto Qetzali's palm, then handed over the shrink ray as well. "Here, have this in case you want to spice things up even more~!"

"Thanks!" Qetzali exclaimed. "I'm sure we'll have some good times."

"Good. I want nothing more to do with that stupid little plant. I'll be back later." Yolonil left the bedroom, and closed the door behind her.

Qetzali turned back to the Floran with a smile. "Thanks for making things easy for me," she said, sitting down on the bed. "But honestly, you're not much use to me in the state you're in. Momma Bird prefers someone who's a little more bite sized. . ."



She lifted up the shrink ray and turned a dial on it, then shot. Before the Floran could react, a beam came out of the device, hitting him with a /BBBZT!/ He blinked, feeling dazed for a moment. Then, he started shrinking once again.

It was surreal, seeing and feeling the whole process get done to him again, but at a much smaller size. He didn't think he could get smaller than he had been before, but apparently he was quite wrong about that. The Floran watched as he started getting closer and closer to the floor, his legs reducing in size underneath him. It was all very strange, and he whimpered, unsure where things were going to go next.

Qetzali watched this with amusement. Seeing the Floran shrink was actually pretty fun, and she was already imagining the great things she would do to him once he was bite sized. It was going to be glorious. . .

The Floran felt his toes and fingers reduce in size, shrinking down first, and after that, his hands and feet shrunk as well. His arms shortened with his legs, and his field of view got narrower and narrower; his midsection also went down with him. All of him shrunk at the same time, reducing him bit by bit. Once again, his mind raced as he tried to think of some way to escape this situation, some way he could reverse or stop the shrinking process. But like before, he came up empty. There was no way out.

Qetzali watched as her new plaything became smaller and smaller, giggling to herself as she watched him. She just couldn't help it. . . He was just so cute! She raised her palm up with him in it, staring in amusement and amazement as he shrunk. This was going to be very good, very good indeed. . . She couldn't wait.

The Floran felt himself getting smaller and smaller still. . . Would this ever end?! He whimpered, unsure what to think as he kept shrinking and becoming even tinier. Looking up at the Avian, he wondered if she would show him any mercy. . . Probably not, considering the treatment of the first one. But maybe he could beg with her to let him go. . . As all of this was filling his mind, the shrinking process completed itself, and he stopped getting smaller. Phew!

Now the Floran was only a few inches tall! Still feeling a bit dazed because of the whole situation, he looked up at the Avian, and saw a smile on Qetzali's face. She grinned down at him and said, "Perfect. Now, let's get you where you belong."

Qetzali opened her mouth up wide. The Floran whimpered—so this was what she meant by bite sized! He scrambled to find a way out of this situation, but before he could take action, he was thrown right inside of the bird's hungry maw!

He landed smack dab in the middle of her tongue, which he tried to grab onto . . . but he was far too small to get an adequate grip on the organ! Qetzali giggled and pressed the Floran against one side of her beak, running her tongue against his body—and against his shaft, which was still erect.



“Mmm, you’re delicious!” the Avian teased her prey. “Such a succulent little morsel you are. . . Definitely a favorite for this Momma Bird!”

Then, the tongue pushed the Floran towards the back of her throat. “Go on, little guy,” Qetzali said. “You better jump up and grab onto Momma Bird’s uvula!”

This is when the Floran reached his breaking point. He had been kidnapped, eaten, and now the Avian was taunting him by telling him to jump above her throat?! He’d had enough.

He sobbed and went down on his knees in the middle of her tongue. “Please, give me mercy!” he begged. “Floran will be a ‘good little plant’; Floran will do anything you want! Just don’t eat Floran—Floran does not want to be just a snack!”

Qetzali noticed his breakdown and frowned, a worried look on her face. She had been trying to have some mutual fun, and had no idea that Floran was so distressed. “You don’t have to fear,” she told him. “I’m not going to have you for a snack.”

The Floran sniffled. “R. . . Really?”

The blue Avian nodded, and spoke to him in a soothing tone. “Don’t worry, little guy,” she reassured him. “I know you’re a ‘good’ Floran, and you don’t deserve the harsh treatment that your kind gets. I was just being playful—I won’t hurt you. I had no idea you were so scared. . . I’m sorry I made you afraid.”

“Floran . . . is appreciative,” the plant alien said. “Thank you. That makes Floran feel a little bit better.”

Qetzali smiled. “You’re welcome, little guy. I want you to be happy. 7In fact, I want my mouth to be a soft, warm safe haven for you.”

The Floran sniffled. “R. . . Really?”

Qetzali replied, “Yes. Now, you’re pretty close to my throat. . . Do you want to jump onto my uvula?”

The Floran nodded. “O-Ok. . .”

He took a deep breath, then jumped up into the air, diving at the Avian’s uvula. He caught it, wrapping his arms around the soft flesh. As he did so, he accidentally rubbed his hips against it—a moan escaped his lips as he did so. That was pretty hot. . .

Qetzali noticed these activities and smiled. “Looks like somebody’s having some fun, huh little guy?” she teased.

He blushed. “Oh, I’m sorry, Floran is—”

“Shh, shh, it’s ok,” the Avian reassured him. “You want to hump my uvula? Go right ahead. I think we’re both going to enjoy that quite a bit.”



Unlike with Yolonil, the Floran happily and immediately complied with Qetzali's wishes for humping. And so, it began.

He grinded his hips across the warm, wet, soft surface, smiling as he did so. He loved feeling the uvula underneath his legs, and it felt great underneath his hands, too. This was actually pretty nice, really, now that he wasn't stressed about being a captive, or being forced to do it. The Floran smiled, and continued his work.

Qetzali grinned as she felt the Floran humping her uvula. This all felt pretty nice, and she smiled to herself as the tiny guy got to work. She couldn't wait to see where the evening would go from here. . .

The Floran gyrated as he moved, bringing his hips against the organ he clung onto. Smiling, he felt his cock beginning to harden, and another load of pre cum came out of it, dripping down and landing in the Avian's throat below. He continued to hump the uvula with a smile, and couldn't wait until he finally reached climax. . .

Qetzali felt something fall in her throat, and felt the hard penis against her uvula, then put two and two together with a giggle. "Someone's so eager," she teased the Floran. "Don't worry, little guy—I completely understand, and I approve! I'm glad I can make you happy tonight. . ."

The Floran smiled and kept going. He brought his member back and forth against the uvula, doing so slowly at first, but then picking up speed as he went along. He felt his member getting harder and harder with each passing second, and his arousal only increased the more he humped. The soft, wet uvula underneath him only got him more turned on. He was getting close. . .

Qetzali smiled as she felt the Floran get more aroused as time went on. "Man little guy, you're having fun!" she teased him. "I'm glad that Momma Bird can help please you. . ."

The Floran blushed madly, and continued to hump. He grinded his legs and hips against the uvula, smiling as he did so, loving the way the organ felt against his privates. Just a little more. . . And then. . .!

He came with a loud cry, cum squirting from his cock and landing down in the throat. His grip on the uvula tightened, and the Floran paused for a moment, still riding the high.

Outside, Qetzali grinned as she felt the plant alien finally climax. "Catch you breath, little guy," she reassured him. "Then you can keep humping Momma Bird's uvula."

"Ok!" the Floran called. He paused for a moment, and then continued eagerly.

As the Floran continued to make love to Qetzali's uvula, the Avian could feel a burp coming on. "You know," Qetzali said, "if you keep humping my uvula and pleasing it, it'll make me burp. . ."

"Oh," the Floran said. "Do you want Floran to stop?"



“Well, do you want me to burp?” the Avian asked.

Before the Floran could even process the question he immediately blurted out, “Yes, Momma Bird. I want you to burp.”

Qetzali giggled. “Well then, go on. Hump a burp out of me.”

The Floran smiled, and complied.

He grinded his hips against her uvula with a happy grin, letting himself feel the smooth, soft, squishy organ between his legs. The Floran treasured this experience, and gripped the uvula tight with his fingers, letting his arms wrap around it so he was hugging it tight. Once he was in position, he wrapped his legs around it, too, so that he was clinging to the uvula with his whole body! It felt amazing to sit like this, and it would make for better grinding, too. .

Qetzali smiled as she felt the plant alien wrap around the organ. “Oh, that feels pretty good,” she commented, smiling. “Go on then. Keep pleasuring Momma Bird!”

The Floran did so with a happy grin. He brought himself back and forth against the uvula, grinding his hips against it with delight and pleasure. Doing so got him turned on all over again, and his cock began to harden once more. . . Perhaps he would orgasm for a second time in here? That would be nice. . .

Qetzali felt the tiny plant alien getting aroused, and she smiled. “Looks like you’re having a great time pleasing Momma Bird,” she teased him. “Don’t worry, I’m happy too. . . I’m glad you’re having a great time, ha ha!”

The Floran smiled, and kept going, glad that he had pleased his Momma Bird. He brought his whole body against the uvula this time. First he pressed his privates against it, squeezing the entire area with his wrapped around legs, loving the way the uvula felt against his penis. Then he brought his stomach and chest against it, feeling the smooth surface against his nipples. . . It was amazing stimulating, and felt incredible, better than most things he had felt in intimate moments like this. . . Finally, he brought his head against the uvula, letting the squishy surface touch his face. It was all amazing, and he treasured this for just a few brief moments. Then, he leaned back, and continued to hump.

Qetzali felt this entire thing, and she smiled. . . It all was absolutely amazing, and she was happy to have this experience with the plant alien. “I wonder if you’re going to cum again,” she teased him. “We’ll have to see, won’t we? We’ll find out together. . .”

The Floran blushed upon hearing that, and he smiled. He kept moving, bringing his hips against the uvula with a happy grin. Going back and forth, he felt his dick getting harder underneath him, his arousal growing more and more with time. Perhaps he would cum again, like Momma Bird said. . . It was only a matter of time. . .



Qetzali felt her stomach acting up, and she told the plant alien, "I feel like I'm going to belch soon. . . But I'll try to swallow it down so instead of a few small burps, you'll get one big one. How does that sound?"

"That sounds great!" the Floran replied. "Let's do it, Momma Blrd!"

Diane grinned. "Good." She leaned back and felt him moving in her mouth, enjoying every second of this.

The Floran continued his activities, bringing himself against the uvula with more and more force. He moved quickly, loving the way it all felt as he pressed his sensitive parts against the smooth, soft organ. This was certainly amazing, and it made him smile. Even better, he was getting closer and closer to climax. . .

Qetzali felt the little plant alien humping away in her mouth, and she grinned. "You're doing a good job. Hmm. . . You know, maybe if you ask the burp nicely, it'll stay down a little longer," she teased him.

The Floran eagerly did so. "Please, burp, go back down to Momma bird's belly!" he exclaimed as he humped her uvula.

Qetzali giggled. "And since all the stimulation to my uvula is causing this, maybe ask Miss Uvula to keep that belch down, too."

"You got it!" the Floran replied as he grinded against the organ. "Oh, Miss Uvula, keep that burp down!"

Qetzali smiled. "Good pet."

The Floran kept humping, bringing himself back and forth against the uvula. He felt his cock getting harder underneath him, and he rubbed the uvula against his hips, stimulating himself even more. Just a little bit further, and then. . .!

Qetzali smiled as she felt the plant alien grind against her. She could tell he was getting close, and she couldn't wait for him to finally, gloriously cum. Down below, she could feel the burp rising in her stomach, and hoped she could hold it until after he finally orgasmed. . .

The Floran changed things up, going slow and steady one minute, then fast and heavy the next. He switched between the two, trying to do his best to pleasure his Momma Bird. He wanted to give her a good time, and have a good one as well. His arousal grew and grew, more and more, and his face turned red as he moved. . .

Qetzali held down her belch as best she could, letting it build up down below. She wanted to give him the best possible burp, so she tried to swallow it down, waiting for the right moment. . .

The Floran kept moving, and soon enough, he reached it. The plant alien climaxed with a shout, a loud of cum shooting forth from his penis and landing in the throat below. As



he came, his arms and legs squeezed tightly around the uvula, and he paused, catching his breath.

That's when it happened. Qetzali stopped holding herself back, and she finally burped: a loud /UUUUUUUURP/ came up out of her throat, a forceful, moist breeze that knocked the Floran right off of her break. He fell into her throat, which sucked him forcefully downwards, into the tight, cylindrical tunnel of the esophagus.

At first, he was scared he was going to be digested. But then, he heard Qetzali say, "Don't worry, little buddy—it was great to have such a cute little toy having so much fun inside of my mouth. I can't wait to do it again once you're back in my beak."

So he wasn't a goner after all. Phew! He continued to slide down her throat, and soon, he plopped down into her belly.

The stomach greeted him with grunts and growls, sounds that were almost soothing to the Floran. He leaned against one of the walls and closed his eyes, trying to make himself comfortable. A few minutes later, he had dozed off.

Qetzali lied down in bed and closed her eyes. Soon, she was fast asleep.

And so, predator and prey snoozed away. Tomorrow would bring more delights.