

Diplomatic Exercise

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for Zary Vial

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and Epsilon

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Epsilon slammed a feathered hand on the table. His words echoed through the war room: "I don't care what Father says, you *must* take me with you!"

Letting out a sigh, Admiral Zary repeated the same answer he had given countless times before, with measured pace: "You know as well as I do – your father wants you here. Who will rule over the kingdom should something happen to him?"

"Then I can come back! Look, Zary..." The prince paused for effect, lifting his gaze to meet the eyes of His Majesty's First Military Advisor. "Please, I've trained for combat all my life. You've said it yourself – I've got natural gift for combat tactics. I could save lives out there. You *need* to take me with you to the Eastern Front, where I can prove my worth instead of sitting around the palace all day long."

Zary crossed his arms resolutely. Even if the young owl had a point, his father, the king, had made it clear on multiple occasions that Epsilon was not to leave the palace grounds under any circumstances. "I'm sorry, but the king's word is final. You will stay here," the larger male rumbled. "And besides, you have no training in diplomacy. A commander – and a commander's assistant – must both demonstrate proficiency in not only tactical combat and strategic matters, but in diplomatic relations as well."

"So that's it then," Epsilon said. "I can't go with you because I haven't shown myself proficient in diplomacy. But unless I'm permitted to leave the palace, I can never get diplomatic experience or show proficiency. It's a catch-22." The owl threw his hands up with exasperation. "There's no winning! But I vow, on my father's honour, this isn't the last you'll be hearing of this, Zary. I *will* convince you to take me with you tomorrow," he growled, extending a finger. Before the larger male could get a word in, Epsilon had turned and was already stalking from the room with a loud huff.

The admiral gathered his papers and slowly exited the room, shaking his head. Epsilon certainly had his father's determination. Zary would be lying to say the owl's fiery disposition didn't remind him a bit of the king himself in his younger years. But the king's instructions were clear, that Prince Epsilon was to stay at home and keep watch over the palace's more domestic affairs. Even if the young man felt smothered, this was best for the kingdom.

Given the flurry of duties Zary undertook with the remainder of his afternoon, the exchange was soon pushed from his mind. Preparing to ride to combat was no simple undertaking and plenty of matters needed attending to before he could set off in the morning. It was with surprise, then, that he received a note in the early hours of the evening from one of the palace servants. The note, lettered with careful precision, read:

Zary,

I would like to continue our discussion from earlier. Please come to my personal quarters at 23.00 so I may make one final pleading before you. Don't be late.

Best wishes,

Prince Epsilon

While the huge finch wasn't in the habit of taking such flippant orders, he could scarcely refuse such a request from any member of the royal family – and he had to admit, he *was* curious to hear the prince's final words on the matter. For better or for worse, Zary had a soft spot for Epsilon. Perhaps for that reason, it was at promptly 11 o'clock that the finch found himself rapping softly on the prince's door, just as the letter had instructed.

"Come in," a voice called softly from within.

Pushing the door open, Zary was surprised to see the room dimly lit by the warm glow of candles scattered throughout the room. A pleasant, floral scent filled the air. The finch's eyes, though, were drawn to the sight of the slender, toned owl lounging on his large, plush mattress, enrobed in naught but a silky, transparent cloak. Prince Epsilon gracefully rose to his feet before gliding across the room towards the larger male. As Epsilon approached, through that flowing cloak, Zary could see that the prince had donned a cock ring and twin armbands of gold. The owl's shaft was flaccid, about four inches long, with a simple, elegant gold ring encircling its base. It hung heavily in front of golf ball-sized nuts, forming an attractive package that would have enticed most any

lover. Up above, those gold armbands accentuated the shape of a pair of pleasantly toned arms. The owl's biceps exhibited a modest, alluring definition even in their present, unflexed state. Though as Zary's eyes trailed from the avian male's shaft up towards his armbands, he found himself appreciating the defined Adonis belt pointing towards his desirable package, then the gentle curves of his defined abdomen, and finally the swells of his firm, if modest pecs. By the time Zary's eyes had come to settle on the prince's eyes, Epsilon was standing mere feet in front of the large finch.

"I'm glad you made it," the prince murmured softly. At such a short distance, the difference in not only their heights, but also their builds, was readily apparent. Zary stood over a foot taller than Epsilon, an impressive 7'2" to the owl's 6'1". While Epsilon had a fairly slim, athletic build, akin to many of the kingdom's best gymnasts and swimmers, it was obvious even through Zary's tunic that the military leader was built like a tank. The fabric stretched tight across his heavy pecs and his generous paunch, not to mention the breadth of his cannonball-like shoulders.

"Zary, perhaps I could help you out of those clothes," the owl offered slyly. "I've seen all the effort you put towards maintaining your strength. It's such a shame you often choose to keep this proud body covered when it clearly deserves... appreciation," he cooed.

Zary saw the prince's shaft was beginning to plump up, stirring with arousal as he spoke. The finch knew this was inappropriate. He should have declined, gone to his bedchamber, pretended none of this had happened. But... he couldn't. Political ramifications be damned, the slim owl had him enraptured. It was with only the briefest of pauses that Zary agreed. With a nod, he began to lift his tunic, exposing the first inches of his feathered belly.

Epsilon, however, stepped closer, bringing a brown, clawed finger to Zary's chin. "No, let me," he instructed.

"Alright," the larger male grunted, lifting his arms for Epsilon to disrobe him.

As the owl lifted the lower hem of Zary's shirt with one hand, another rubbed across the finch's cream-feathered, round belly. While there was a padded layer of fat, ample strength resided beneath, it was obvious. That hand traced up across the large male's torso as Epsilon raised the shirt higher, exposing the finch's full, heavy pecs. Feeling the densely-packed strength residing in those powerful slabs of pectoral muscle, a shiver ran through Epsilon's body. He'd long admired Zary's strength from both near and afar.

For years, a thrill inevitably ran through the prince's body any time the two came into contact, particularly when the large finch tutored him in combat techniques.

But tonight was different. It was his first occasion to admire the finch's build in such an intimate way. Zary's physique was honed for raw strength. He trained for power above all else, and the results spoke for themselves. While he didn't maintain the definition Epsilon had, his body rippled with such strength he could undoubtedly wrestle a wild bull into submission.

While Epsilon pulled the shirt higher, Zary lifted his arms, stretching his pecs flat as the owl tugged his tunic off. Relieving the large male of his shirt, Epsilon was treated to the revelation of Zary's broad shoulders and thick arms. The larger male was easily twice as wide at the shoulders as Epsilon. Dark red feathers adorned deltoids, biceps, and triceps that had grown swollen with strength from countless years of training and honing. It was no wonder the admiral needed all his armour custom-tailored! His arms were easily as wide as Epsilon's thighs, those powerful biceps bulging impressively with each little movement.

"Wow..." was all the owl could utter at first. "A body like this *needs* appreciation. But... I will be doing it on my terms," the prince declared, tossing the admiral's shirt to the floor.

"Is that so?" Zary inquired, cocking an eyebrow. With anyone else, Zary might have flat-out refused. But the prince's demeanor was strangely enticing to the large finch; he was surprised and aroused in equal measure by the little owl's forwardness. The admiral's eagerness showed through the increasingly prominent bulge in his trousers. What was ordinarily five inches long in its entirely flaccid state had plumped up to six inches in a matter of seconds and the outline of the finch's arousal was growing more defined by the second.

"Absolutely," Epsilon replied as he reached a hand down to the larger male's bulge. "You're a big guy all over it seems," he complimented as his taloned fingers cupped Zary's bulge through the thin fabric of his trousers. "And this big guy is all mine for the evening," he purred.

Epsilon was rewarded by the feeling of Zary's shaft pulsing larger in his hand as he spoke – it seemed the finch enjoyed his assertive demeanor, so Epsilon opted to push the envelope further: "If I've got a mind to, I could make you my toy for the rest of the night... Ride that big dick for hours until you empty those heavy balls inside me..." By this point, Zary's semi had grown even larger than Epsilon's own 6.5-inch erection, though it clearly had a bit more growing to do before it reached full erectness. The

relatively petite owl was beginning to leak a faint trickle of precum from his own rock-hard erection, and he had a feeling his large companion wasn't too far behind, thanks to his teasing.

"Now, why don't we get you a little more comfortable?" the prince purred as he slipped a seductive finger down between Zary's waistband and his soft, feathered paunch. Tugging the trousers lower, he revealed the first broad inches of Zary's semi-turgid shaft. As he exposed more of the finch's endowment, not only did the rest of his large member come into view, but his heavy, tennis ball-sized nuts were revealed as well. Epsilon's hands darted down to cup those huge balls, feeling their impressive weight and need. As he fondled those hefty orbs, he heard a soft moan escaping Zary's beak. "They're so nice and heavy. It must have been a while since you last came, huh, big guy?" the prince teased.

Stepping out of his pants, Zary merely nodded in reply. As Epsilon spoke, he couldn't help but think about how heavy his nuts felt indeed, and how he wanted nothing more than to sink his thick shaft into the slender prince by this point. Just the thought of pushing his large member into the smaller male had him completely hard already.

"I figured you'd be hung, but this is more than I was expecting," Epsilon admitted as he wrapped a hand around the cream-coloured flesh of Zary's erect cock. The owl's fingers couldn't fully encircle the breeder. On the contrary, a distinct gap of over an inch separated his thumb and the rest of his fingers as he slowly stroked that thick shaft. "It's thicker than my wrist! And it must be, what, nine inches?" he enquired.

Zary's cock was achingly hard by this point, as erect as it had ever been. The big guy searched his memory: nine inches sounded right, and agreed with a soft, affirmatory grunt.

Epsilon spoke as his fingers glided over Zary's veiny, needy shaft. "You're quite a bit bigger than any of my other toys, but it's no matter. I love big guys, and I'll be taking you to the hilt before we're through."

Then the prince abruptly released Zary's cock. "As far as you are concerned, tonight you are nothing more than my extra-large dildo, Zary. Understood?" he asked with a sudden air of authority.

The finch felt a deep emptiness as the heavenly sensation of the prince's stroking stopped all of a sudden. It had been years since he'd felt this needy, and it was dawning on him that he was truly desperate for Prince Epsilon to empty his nuts, no matter the

cost. "Yes, Sir," he agreed, glancing down at his rock-hard rod. All nine inches of his extra-thick cock were eagerly throbbing, and a steady flow of precum was trickling from his mast's swollen head.

"Very good. You're already plenty hard and ready for me, I see," Epsilon murmured. "Take a seat on my throne. Allow me to show you exactly how I treat my toys," he ordered with a nod to the ornate, padded seat a few yards away at the edge of the room.

The large male complied nearly automatically. Anything to bring him closer to release. If this was the position Epsilon wanted, then it was with only a few long strides that the admiral was seating himself on the soft padding of the prince's decorative throne and spreading his thighs, feeling his heavy orbs rest solidly on the fabric beneath.

The prince roamed over to his bed, shrugging out of his thin, transparent cloak. He opened a drawer in the nightstand and withdrew a few items. Taking something from the small table, he approached Zary.

"Now, we couldn't have a toy trying to speed things along if he gets too needy," Epsilon explained as he brandished two short lengths of black, nylon rope. The prince fed the first cable through a gate in the arm of his throne, bringing its ends up towards the finch's wrist. "It bears repeating: you are my toy, Zary, and you don't get to cum until I think you're ready," he explained as he tied the cord snugly around Zary's wrist, effectively binding his arm to the chair.

As Epsilon turned to Zary's other wrist, he continued speaking: "I've always loved big guys, and you're definitely the biggest I've had. I can't wait to feel how that thick cock feels inside of me," he cooed. When he'd finished binding the finch's wrist, the prince reached over to Zary's heavy balls, rolling those fertile orbs in his palm. "So big all over," he complimented. A hand roamed up to the admiral's belly, fingers running over the soft feathers adorning his firm gut. Epsilon couldn't help but admire the power of the abdominal muscles beneath that pad of fat. Soon enough, Epsilon's hand was brushing over Zary's pecs, feeling the barely-restrained strength within his broad, powerful chest. "So big and so strong, you really are well-equipped for breeding. And you're all mine," Epsilon murmured.

The prince rose to his full height, returning to the bedside table where he'd laid two last bits of gear. Taking them into his hands, he returned to where Zary sat bound to his throne. Brandishing the items, the owl revealed not only an expertly-fabricated leather

harness, but also a black falconry hood, embellished with an impressive plumage of crimson feathers at the top.

"Are those for me?" Zary asked curiously, cocking an eyebrow as he weighed up the items Epsilon presented.

"Of course. Like I said, you are my toy tonight, my big dildo to ride. All that matters is that big, juicy cock of yours and those needy, productive balls. Anything else is a distraction, so let's take those distractions out of the equation," he announced, brandishing the hood. A wry smirk had spread over the prince's features as he spoke, and the confidence and plainness with which he'd made that declaration sent a shiver of excitement up Zary's spine.

While the proud admiral had never dabbled in BDSM gear before – let alone as the submissive! – he had to admit, seeing the smaller male so confidently wielding this harness and hood, it seemed like a natural progression from the restraints he'd allowed the prince to secure over his wrists. Epsilon had explained the gear's purpose as casually as if he were talking about the weather. It just *made sense* to cover Zary's eyes and ears, if he was to be the smaller male's toy to ride tonight. Zary was certainly willing to give it a try, as he nodded in assent.

As Epsilon crawled up over his large body, he wrapped the harness first around his back, bringing it over his cannonball-like deltoids and under his thickly muscled lats. Zary shuddered and let out a soft moan as he felt the prince's smaller shaft rubbing up against his own cock. Glancing down, he was as surprised as he was aroused by the sheer difference in size between their members. Epsilon's 6.5-inch length was perfectly respectable, and his girth was more than ample enough, but pressed firmly against Zary's leaking hard-on, it was clear to see it was only half the width of the finch's huge, swollen breeder.

Following Zary's gaze, Epsilon spoke. "That's right, big guy. That huge cock of yours is perfectly huge for me. It's almost like you were custom-built for my pleasure, nice and huge to stretch my tight ass as wide as I need." The owl fastened the harness at the front before leaning in to kiss Zary's cheek.

"Now, let's finish getting you geared up so we can get to the real fun," he announced as he lifted the hood. Lowering it over Zary's large head, he adjusted the pads over his eyes and ears, effectively obscuring the large male's vision and hearing. After lowering the chin strap over Zary's beak, he pulled it tight, securing the hood snugly over the admiral's head.

Epsilon climbed off the throne, admiring his handiwork. The proud admiral was seated upon the throne, wrists bound and cock throbbing in the warm evening air. In that harness and hood, he was perfectly packaged for the smaller male's pleasure. The owl licked his beak appreciatively, giving his rock-hard shaft a couple obliging strokes. He turned to grab a bottle of lube – strategically placed nearby after a previous session in this exact throne – and popped the cap off.

As Epsilon slathered the cool fluid over Zary's hard, veiny shaft, the big bird let out a shuddering groan. Epsilon enjoyed sliding that foreskin up and down over the finch's swollen-looking cock head, feeling how firm and needy the admiral's shaft was. "Perfect, nice and firm for me," the prince murmured to himself as his hole twitched in anticipation.

Before long, the owl could restrain himself no longer. He climbed up onto Zary's lap, straddling the finch's fat shaft. Lifting his tail feathers, he lowered himself down until the admiral's broad tip was pressing against his tight hole. With a soft sigh, Epsilon focused on clearing his mind and relaxing for the wide stretch he would inevitably face. Then, the prince was lowering himself down onto that thick shaft.

As Zary's tip sank into the warm depths of Epsilon's hole, the large finch let out a muffled gasp. It had been far too long since he'd been inside another male like this. Epsilon was steadily sinking down on his thick rod, and every millimeter felt like bliss to the huge bird. He wanted so badly to grab Epsilon's hips and help him down further, but a soft tug against the restraints confirmed that the owl remained in complete control.

As the prince sank lower, he couldn't help but let out a grunt as the entire head slipped inside him. He had never stretched so wide before! That shaft was thicker than his own wrist, after all, and it certainly felt that way – it felt like he was taking an entire fist! Still, he clenched his jaw and forced himself to continue lowering himself down.

The owl's efforts were rewarded as more of Zary's fat breeder sank inside, and soon, that wide shaft was pressing hard against the owl's sensitive prostate. What a sensation! As Epsilon shifted slightly, waves of pleasure rippled through his body, congregating at the base of his cock and forcing a large glob of precum from his straining tip. The prince continued lowering himself further onto that monster. For all the additional challenges in taking a man this size, the pay-off was more than worth it; his prostate was being mashed harder than it had ever been, and since he got to control the speed of penetration, he was more than happy to experiment with taking his extra-large, throbbing dildo to the hilt.

As Epsilon slowly bobbed up and down, sinking lower each time, he had soon taken most of Zary's shaft. The sensations of his tight, warm insides were clearly driving Zary wild as well. The owl teased, unsure if the big male could hear him: "I bet that feels great for you, huh? Sinking into the tight little prince must feel like you're taking a virgin. Well, it's not too far from the truth," he grunted. "You're so thick, I think the next-biggest guy I've had was only half as wide. No wonder I'm so tight on you..."

Pushing down a bit lower, he took the final inch of Zary's dick, hilding the big bird inside himself. Epsilon felt Zary futilely bucking his hips beneath him, desperate for more stimulation. Squeezing the finch's thigh, Epsilon cooed, "In good time, big guy. Remember your place, my toy."

The admiral may have heard him, judging from the muffled response the prince heard emanating from beneath that hood.

Epsilon began to raise himself up again before lowering down on that large shaft. Letting out a soft, shaky moan, he repeated the action, feeling each time that shaft pushed against his prostate. Adjusting the angle while he rode, he positioned himself so that he could pound his prostate over and over, every thrust of his big toy bringing stars of pleasure to his vision.

It wasn't long before he felt Zary beginning to buck and tug against the restraints, clearly on the verge of cumming. However, Epsilon stopped riding. "Uh uh, you don't get to cum until I say so," he admonished over Zary's muffled, desperate cries for release. The prince could actually feel that cock throbbing hard inside him, desperate to release the potent seed stored in those large, tennis ball-like orbs.

After a minute or so, though, Zary had regained his composure and Epsilon began to ride again. This time, Epsilon stroked himself as he pleased himself with Zary's shaft. He jerked his six inches, feeling his own cock leak and drool in pleasure from the immense stretch the admiral was giving him. It wasn't long until he felt a familiar pressure building at the base of his cock.

Zary felt the prince riding him faster, bringing him closer to the release he needed so badly. He'd been denied once before. Would the prince keep him waiting longer? His heavy nuts demanded satisfaction. He could barely think straight, for the thick haze of lust clouding his mind. The finch began to buck his hips, desperate for that last bit of stimulation to bring himself over the edge. This time, however, Epsilon didn't stop riding

him! The prince seemed to slam himself down harder, bringing greater pleasure to both males.

Throbbing wildly, Epsilon knew his cock would be blowing any second now. His hand was a blur, stroking his cock feverishly to bring himself over the edge. Zary was obviously close to cumming as well, and that spurred the prince to redouble his efforts, riding the finch's cock as best he could, sinking down onto that nine-inch length over and over.

Finally, Epsilon threw his head back in bliss as his cock began to spasm, spurting out the first ropes of his seed across the floor of his bedchamber. As his hole clamped down tightly over Zary's cock, he could feel the finch spilling his own seed deep within him, depositing a load deeper in his bowels than any other man had before. The owl shot an impressive amount of seed over the floor, spilling what felt like every ounce of seed his balls could possibly offer. Zary, for his part, was depositing an impressive quantity of sperm into the prince. The edging Epsilon had subjected him to meant tonight's load was particularly explosive – far larger and more violent than his big nuts would normally produce. After what felt like an eternity, his cock finally stopped throbbing, and his orgasm began to die down.

After several moments of calm, lying back against the large finch's muscular chest and soft belly, Epsilon slowly lifted himself up, pulling off of the admiral's semi-soft shaft. Epsilon felt so full, he wasn't sure he could keep all that seed inside him. A small stream flowed out when Zary's cock head popped out of his well-used hole, but aside from that, he was managing well enough with the remainder – thanks, no doubt, to just how deep Zary's nine-inch shaft deposited the load within him.

Epsilon first unbound Zary's wrists, setting the rope to the side. Then he undid the chin strap of Zary's hood and the harness about his chest. Slowly pulling all the gear off, he was treated to the sight of the larger male's well-pleasured expression.

"How was it, Admiral?" he asked with a soft peck to the cheek.

"Fantastic, Sir," Zary murmured quietly. He was clearly still in a daze of pleasure.

"Now, you will accompany me to bed, Zary," Prince Epsilon instructed. "Have you thought on whether I may accompany you in the morning?"

For a moment, there was no answer. Shaking his head a little, Zary finally replied, "I think you've demonstrated how persuasive you can be. I will speak to your father in the morning."

"Very good," Epsilon replied with a self-confident smirk. He leaned in to plant a kiss on the finch's cheek. "Now, let's get some rest. We can clean up in the morning before we set off."

Zary shook his head. There was a reason he'd always had a soft spot for the prince, and it would be a pleasure to bring him along tomorrow. For now, though, he wanted nothing more than to rest with his good friend. Rising to his feet, he scooped Epsilon off his feet and carried him over to the bed.

Setting the prince down, he climbed in behind him, hugging the smaller male close against his well-built torso. "Rest well, Prince Epsilon," he murmured.

Secure in the admiral's embrace, Epsilon already felt his heavy lids fluttering shut. "See you tomorrow, Admiral Zary," he cooed as he drifted into a restful slumber.