The chill winter air chased the denizens of the village inside. The young male fox did not even bother to read the sign as he shoved his way into the inn. Renard was about average height for his race and seemed about a foot shorter than the wolf manning the inn. The fox was bundled up on top of his natural protective, shiny red furcoat but it was not until the warmth of the hearth he felt he could finally relax. The inn was bustling with activity with local patrons and travelers alike. Renard chuckled to himself as he recognized none of the people there. He set down his backpack with his ill-gotten gains. The robbery of the noble’s estate went without a hitch and he lost his pursuers many leagues ago.

Renard went up to the counter and gave a winning smile as the old wolf innkeeper eyed him. “ Welcome to the Howling Rest. Staying the night, son?” The old man seemed to scrutinize the grinning fox. He was not one of the local troublemakers as far as he could tell. Judging by the looks of the fox’s garb he was not all too ready for winter “We got one room left, lucky break. Ten silver a night.”

“Oh, wonderful! That is rather fair in these crowded and chilly times I should think.” The fox forked up the coin and chuckled at the old wolf. “Been long on the road, y’know. Been a rough road travelling through the winter air.”

The innkeep huffed at that. “We’ve heard about trouble coming from Northwood to our quiet village. I don’t suppose you got news about all of that, eh?” The wolf seemed a touch skeptical of his recent guest, but the young fox seemed to be unarmed and harmless by the looks of him. Besides the wolf despite his advanced age seemed rather well-built and tough.

“Oh certainly not, sir, I skipped that place altogether. I could hardly keep my head up from the wind and snow! I can’t rightfully say I knew of any ‘trouble’ on the road, aheheh.” The thief lied out of his teeth with no shame in his eyes. His gang was scattered up the pass from Northwood, but Renard found himself with the reward of their robbery. Suckers, he thought. He placed his ill-gotten gains in his small room and hid his bag underneath some loose floorboards before returning for evening dinner.

The food included dishes of soup, pork, and desserts from the local bakery nearby. A wrapped-up hawk woman entered the tavern from the darkness. Her sharp yellow eyes with white and brown feathers. She spot with the innkeep and frowned as she learned they were booked. She spotted the fox enjoying a meal. She had almost a foot on the fox and sat down next to him. She smiled at Renard and spoke with a smooth voice. “Well aren’t you cute, nice to meet you!” She offered a warm smile as she scooted next to him.

The fox seemed a little on guard at the intrusion, but his heart fluttered when he noticed her chest and pretty white feathers. “Nice to meet ya, name’s Renard. Who do I owe the pleasure?” The avian giggled and looked at him closely. “I’m Angel. I came here to rent a room for the night, but they’re full up. So I though I’d at least enjoy dinner, find some lovely company to chat with before finding somewhere to hunker down in this chilly winter.” Renard’s grin widened as the gears turned in his head. “Ah, I just rented the last room how about you stay with me for the night? I don’t mind sharing.” The hawk beamed at that and stroked her talons on the fox’s shoulder, “Really? Oh that’s so kind of you! How about I buy us some drinks..?”

Before Renard could answer the lady ordered them some strong spirits. They clinked their shot glasses together and drank.They went for another round. And another. Angel learned on Renard and stroked his chin. “Your fur is so soft. So irresistible. Why don’t we go to our room, sweetie?” her sultry voice stoked something within the fox at hawk lady’s words. She gently tugged him along, but he noticed she was strong and muscular. He was starting to feel his pants begin to tighten as they went to his room. With the door closed and locked Angel shoved Renard onto the bed. His rear landed on the bed as his arousal rose.

The fox sat on the comfortable bed facing the avian lady he was increasingly enamored with. His grin widened with anticipation and lust rising. Angel eyed him for a few moments, taking in the smaller mammal before her as she swayed toward him with a tipsy air. She brushed her talents against his chest. “You’re so adorable I could eat you up!” She chuckled as she leaned toward the fox, tugging off his shirt. She shoved into him and loomed over him, seemingly bigger than he thought she was as her talons felt his soft fur. She leaned down to peck him on the cheek and her large avian tongue licked his neck, savoring his taste as the fox cooed in pleasure at the sensation. He never had been with an bird before, but her feathers were so soft and her plumage was so beautiful, so inspired with its white with streaks of brown. In his eyes she was very much like an angel as her talons stroked his muzzle with surprising delicate touches. While her talons were sharp, her feathers were so soft. Renard tugged off her pants which she shrugged off before removing her shirt and bra.

Renard felt the avian’s breasts, the soft feathers adorning them. He leaned his head to the side as she lapped his neck, tasting him. He canted his head to kiss her back. His tongue entered her beak as her longer tongue even touched the back of his throat, delicately tickling him without making him gag. “Gods, you’re so hot, Angel. I want you…” The hawk returned the fox’s stare with bedroom eyes. She straddled the fox. “Well, I heard foxes loove the taste of chicken…” She stroked the fox’s erect length with the sides of her talon. He rubbed his member, teasingly and giggled at his facial expressions.

The fox writhed in pleasure at the avian’s touch. She then pressed her talons on his shoulders and began to rhythmically move back and forth on top of him. His thick, reddened cock brushed against her pulsating cloaca. The two of them moaned as she grinded against him. Her movements increased faster and faster as the fox’s dick began to throb at the top. The fox’s tongue stuck out of his mouth as he entered the hawk repeatedly. His tip aligned to her reddened entrance as the pressure increased. The hawk lady grinded against the fox’s groin with their hips slapping each other with increased force. The hawk stretched around the fox’s throbbing cock as his tip rammed into her. She cried out and clacked her beak.

The fox was lost in sexual bliss as the hawk rode him with half-lidded eyes. “F-fuck yes…!” He came inside her, but the pressure did not stop. There was a wet schlopp as their fluids mixed. Their moans of pleasure increased as the lewd wet sounds persisted, and they worked into a second orgasm. Renard caught his breath, expended and exhausted. He was absolutely thrilled and grinned widely at the beautiful bird lady he fucked. She grinned back at him with hungry eyes. “Mmh, you really are an angel…I do love the taste of poultry” She canted her head at that. Leaning forward she whispered to him. “Oh, I’m not done, yet, my little thief.” He laughed at that, his bliss and arousal causing his brain to lag before he noticed her beak open and close itself around his head.

“Mmmh!?” The fox reflexively tried to pull away from the bird laying on top of him. But, she was already straddling him and kept him in place. His confusion and exhaustion slowed him further as she slurped on his head. The fox’s head disappeared into her beak and quickly the fox’s head was pulled into avian throat which began to stretch open to accommodate her prey. Her tongue slurped over the fox’s neck and began to have trouble around his shoulders as her progress slowed. Renard thrashed and panicked; however, his screams were lost inside of her avian chest. His muffled pleas reached no one as the hawk lady continued devouring him.

Eventually the hawk’s beak found purchase and she used her impressive physical strength to lift the thrashing fox into the air and lowered his shoulders into her beak. Gravity and peristalsis lowering the doomed fox into the avian’s gut. Renard slipped further into her throat as his panicked legs kicked uselessly in the air. Angel shook her head working her beak up his body. Teasingly, the hawk’s long tongue fondled her meal’s still-erect cock. As his body continued to slide down she stroked the fox’s length until he came a third time. The fox shuddered as the pleasure hampered his struggling. His legs slipped into her beak as her belly began to expand to accommodate her meal. His tail, stiffened and panicked swayed as it, too began engulfed by the avian.

As the last of Renard slid into her beak she slammed her mouth shut with a clack, entombing the fox inside the prison of her body. Her system began to stir as the fox’s upper body rested inside of her stomach. His panicked cries received no answer from the woman who simply considered him food at this point. She lifted her head up and swallowed again. The bulge in the bird’s neck moved as the fox’s body descended to the awaiting chamber below. Her neck plumage soon retracted back into place as her food sunk further inside her digestive track. As he fox’s legs sunk underneath the beautiful, feathery chest the fox was enamored with Renard curled up as he was covered in slimy juices.

With the fox captured the hawk leaned back on the bed with a contented sigh as her belly loudly worked over the fox inside of her. She looked proudly at her widened midsection that carried her passenger during his ‘flight’ inside her churning stomach. She gave a look of smug satisfaction at the prospect of reducing the little thief into her meal. “ohgodspleaseletmeout.” The fox’s whining was difficult to hear over the noise of her stomach, but she could feel him squirming inside of her. The avian’s belly shifted and moved as the fox’s head and limbs pressed against his fleshy prison. The fox’s pleas turned into muffled gurgles as he protested. Her pudgy belly gave her a rather chubby look, although her avian body and plumage partially disguised her figure. From the outside looking in she seemed chubby or perhaps pregnant, but few would imagine an entire fox was writhing inside of her guts.

“You stole from the wrong people, Renard. You think it was a coincidence a cute girl wanted to ‘share’ your room? You’re a treat, but not in the way you had in mind…” She giggled again as the fox redoubled his efforts to escape. With a loud belch her belly shrunk and clung over the fox like a second skin wrapping over him. Renard curled up in the fetal position as the hawk’s innards massaged him and her gastric fluids soaked into his fur. The hawk sighed as her hand trailed over her gut. After her belch, she picked bits of red fox’s fur out of her beak. The cries and protests from the fox continued unabated as he desperately tried to escape. Several minutes later to her surprise the fox found his way back into her throat.

“LETMEOUTLETMEOUT!” The fox suddenly opened her beak, surfacing from his hellish prison. His fur was damp and he looked quite panicked. “Someone h-“ Angel shoved a talon into his feet back into her beak. She stood up and lifted her head again with a big gulp, “N-no, no-“ The fox’s form bulged inside of her throat a second time before falling deeper inside of the avian. She gave another powerful gulp before the bulge sank back to its rightful place in her belly. “Phew… you’re more of a fighter than I thought...” A malicious grinned crossed her features, “and you sort of do taste like chicken.” With that she gave another massive belch.

Angel massaged her gut over the next few hours. The fox’s subsequent efforts weakened and he went silent as the undulating of her belly drowned out his cries as the night deepened. The hawk nodded off to sleep and the fox’s form became harder and harder to make out in the hawk’s stomach. Her distended belly shrank into newly formed pudgy curves as the nutrients were absorbed inside of her intestines. As morning came, she sat up on the bed that still smelled of stale sex of the previous night. Angel looked at her gut which had mostly been reduced back to its normal size after an evening of digesting fox meat. She yawned and stretched her beautiful avian form.

She peered into a mirror and marveled at her remarkable plumage and feathers. She groomed herself properly to look presentable for the day. Her meal did a number on her beautiful form, but the curves added to her powerful thighs and butt. She grinned at herself as a familiar pressure began to build up beneath her tail feathers. She grunted as the ex-fox built up at the end of her digestive tract and seemed eager to return to the outside world. The cloaca the fox was lustfully fucking would soon herald the return of his transformed new form as his remains clogged up the butt of his erstwhile mate for the night.

Angel lifted her brown tail feathers in the air as her cloaca pulsated and widened. With great force the hawk’s rear shot out a steady stream of white glops of hawk shit soiled the bed with the dried-up sexual fluids of the hawk and fox. The white waste exited the hawk’s plush rear entrance and the increasing pile of Renard settled onto the stained cushions. It took well over two minutes for the avian seductress to shit out the fox’s remains with a satisfied coo. The former thief was given the justice he deserved as Angel disposed of the cretin for stealing from the one who hired her to hunt down this fugitive. She lowered her tail feathers as the pile of fox settled onto the sheets.

With a look over her shoulder she wiped her butt with Renard’s discarded shirt before tossing it onto the substantial pile of hawk waste. Bits of fur and fox bones littered the bed. Her avian system utterly destroyed Renard’s body into an unrecognizable mess. Most of his body would fuel the hawk with energy for the day and the rest would rest and stink up the room he bought for the day. “Aaah, fuck, yea Renard that’s it. Now we see who you truly are~ “ She giggled again, proud of her work in absolutely destroying the fox. The thought of fucking him, devouring his body, and reducing him to her next bowel movement was empowering. With a satisfied sigh she looked around the room for a time.

She searched under the bed and stepped on a loose floorboard. “Oooh, there you are sweet thing.” She chuckled as she found the fox’s belongings including the gold and jewelry he had stolen. The other bandits had already been dealt with and disposed of just like Renard and he was the final one to be brought to justice and add to her beautiful avian form. “It was so nice of you to invite me to stay warm, Renard. With you on my belly I think I’ll be just fiiine… It’s a cold winter, so stay warm!~” She winked toward the bed and unlocked the door before heading out her way into the winter.