

Bird Flu

Written by KZ3

Part I

"They warned Sam to never EVER go bird hunting in the Ashford forrest, but nothing ever happened to the poachers who did so in the past. 'Bad Omens' the superstitious locals would say, stories of people who went into the woods and never came back. He always believed they were just tales created to scare children, besides, it wasn't like he was going to go KILL the already severely endangered birds. Catching and selling a few of the rare breeds would net him enough cash to pay off his student debt. He swore to himself it was a crazy one time thing and then he'd never do it again.

Course, that's how it started. Turns out he was really good at it. After the first catch he came to realize the money was too good and easy to net to quit, so he kept going. Weekend after weekend he'd sneak onto the 'reserve' and set hidden traps for the unsuspecting Avians, catching them, removing them from the ecosystem and practically condemning certain species to near extinction. He knew he was wrong, but the amount of cash he was making made him indifferent. The birds could always just repopulate right? There were already plenty of species, who'd care if one disappeared?

In the end, it wasn't a horde of angry PETA activists or police officers t that caught up with him for what would of been a simple misdemeanor in his State, it was the IRS. Many thousands of dollars in unreported spending and earning meant felony tax evasion, a charge that would be inevitable if he kept running his little 'operation'. He was gonna stop, go back to being legit right then and there, but he figured, with just one more run, he'd make enough to set himself up with a financial cushion for the next five years.

That night he snuck back into the forrest and, but nearly all the birds that had once been there were gone. After a few hours of waiting, watching, and walking he was going to give up, but then saw a bird he'd never ever seen before. It's feathers were red and practically glowed in the moon's light. He managed to catch it in one of his traps, but it burst out before he could secure it, scratching him in the process. He tried to follow it immediately, but the deep wound on his arm forced him to seek aid.

It was only minutes before the wound was infected and the changes began. Turns out, the Ashford forrest had a way of repopulating itself whenever the ecosystem was

irreparably damaged. Sam wouldn't have to worry about debts, money, or jail anymore; his sentence was to fix what he'd done the long way. "



Part II



An athlete gets infected with the same virus .
Probably from accidentally stepping in that huge pile of (what he thought was) ooze during his morning jog. He's currently learning the drastic consequences of his misstep the hard and....immensely pleasurable way.

Leaking all over his gargantuan meaty talons with his equally impressive manhood, he can only desperately caw for any form of help as a beak slowly slides out his mouth and the crown of his first very large egg pushes against his prostate and the rim of his anus, right into his shorts.

BONUS

Another infected victim after being scratched by a strange flying creature.

