

Sizable Show
By: RaddaRaem
For: CuraNull

Traffic, be it by car or by foot, stuttered to a halt.

THOOOOOOOOOOO

Raucous creaks filled the air as street lights and crosswalk signals alike flickered on and off.

THOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Lips pulled flat, their fingers clinging tight to the cracked leather lining their SUV's steering wheel, a frazzled feline nervously cast his gaze towards his rear view mirror.

THOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Back and forth the sharply dressed cat let his eyes dart between what was before and behind him. Step by seismic step a colossal pair of taloned and distinctly avian feet came into focus. Taking their place at the end of the long line of cars idling behind him, titanic toes a twiddling, the feline couldn't help but gawk at how casually they rivaled buses in not only length but width.

THOOOM THOOOOM THOOOOOOM

A syrupy baritone, its rib rattling octaves rolling across entire boroughs in waves of sound and fury, chuckled. "Don't mind me," boomed the owner of said stompers.

Forcing down a nervous swallow the flustered feline remained locked in place. Foot on the brake, shoulders bunched, and sweat beading along his brow... he was simply incapable of acting. As was everyone else for that matter. In spite of the sizable stranger's assurances the city remained at a standstill.

With a playful roll of his eyes, Cura could but shake his head. "I mean it! Shoo! As you were! I'm just here to sight see not be a sight to be seen!" Hands held out before him, gingerly swishing at the open air, the colossal crow bid them to all but ignore him. Being larger than life he could only hope against hope that, for a pleasant change of pace, he could cast his eyes on all others rather than have all eyes be on him!

Ominous creaks billowed out from the biggest of bird's feathery frame when he so much as idly shifted in place. The energy displaced by the creaking of his tendons was enough to send skyscrapers swaying. Plumes of steam rose from the gaps between his toes as the asphalt itself, through the sheer friction of his scrunching soles, practically melted away to mold to its contours.

Forcing down a nervous swallow the flustered feline let his foot off the brake as traffic, and the city itself, crawled back to life.

“There we go!” Happy hums, every one of which carried a sonic boom behind it, reverberated within Cura's throat. Although...

Brows arched, Cura tucked his chin against his chest. Even at his say so traffic continued to slog along at a snail's pace. Moooooooooooooostly on account of the fact that bicyclists, buses, and more had to veer past his heels and into oncoming traffic if they wanted to advance.

“Oop!” Cheeks clenched, the crow let slip a husky chirp as he squeezed past the thighscrapers flanking his waist. Stepping onto a side street, his broad feet spilling across not just the narrow roads but onto the very sidewalks, the enormous avian brought his arms to rest atop one of the few structures that rivaled him in size. “Sorry about that!”

Bringing his feathery chin to rest atop his forearms, gray scales stretching from the tips of his clawed fingers to his elbows, Cura contentedly indulged himself in people watching. Pedestrians slapped at the hoods of cars jutting across the crosswalks; Lively crowds gathered before caravans of food trucks; Musicians busked along the foot paths coiling through the public parks. Sure they still cast him errant glances now and again, especially when his all consuming shadow blanketed entire city blocks, but for the most part they went about their little lives as if he wasn't even there!

Swishing his tail feathers to and fro the colossal crow cast his attention elsewhere. Rooftop parties were groovin' and schmoovin'; Street festivals, cordoned off by orange and white road barricades, unfurled across narrow and sun soaked streets. Oh it took every ounce of restraint he had to look at it all with his eyes and not his hands!

KACLICK

Perking to attention with a curious chirp, Cura tucked his chin against his shoulder. Looking back behind him the enormous avian couldn't help but snicker. There, their face beet red and looking guilty as can be, a not so subtle admirer peered at the crow's bodacious backside through the glazed wall of their high rise apartment. Phone clasped between their hands they nervously tamped down the flash and volume of the camera shutter.

“Oh? Like what you see?” cooed the crow. Eyes narrowed into a smug and knowing smile Cura tucked his thighs together before sensually sashaying for his adoring fan. Every wobble, every wobble, and every clap of those ass cheeks sent unseen shockwaves radiating out from his rear. His admirer, slack jawed and frozen in place, helplessly yelped when their blinds rattled out of place and crashed to their carpeted floor.

“Good!” Cura clarified. “Because so do I.” Shuffling backwards, his thick toes carving through concrete, and the crow gently pressed his rotund rear against the high rise. Back and forth he ground his glutes against it as he put on the show of a lifetime for a special little stranger. The thought of those apartment units drowning in darkness, his overwhelming everything blotting out every last trace of sunlight, sent a shiver up his spine. “Now then...” Cura mulled to himself while he graced the high rise a pronounced booty bump. “What to do? What to do?”

Shuffling forward, paying little mind to the concave pair of craters punched into the apartments behind him, the crow hum hum hummed while he leaned forward. As air conditioning units and generators compacted into scrap beneath his forearms Cura tossed his head to side to side. The live performances, amateur but endearing, taking place in the park would be a delight to indulge in!

Cheering on local musicians he had never heard of and flaunting his show of support as their biggest fan! But... ahh some of them looked nervous enough as it was. Performance anxiety, and the dread of simply putting yourself out there, was a hell of a thing. Not to mention his applause and encouragement was all but assured to drown them out! What kind of fan would he be if he did that?

BEEP DE BEEP

“Hum?”

Shouts, and car horns of varying shrill makes and models, carried through the streets as a muscle car repeatedly revved and gunned their engine. Be they aggressively tailgating, or running red lights at their leisure, panicked pedestrians were forced to hurl themselves aside at a moment's notice. Cheeks puffed out, Cura narrowed his gaze.

VROOM DE VROOM VROOM VROOOM

Lifting his heel with a haughty harrumph, Cura slammed it back down into the pavement just as the misbehaving miscreant gunned beneath him. Raucous crunches, creaks, and wails bellowed out as the muscle car screeched to a halt.

Plumes of smoke, reeking of diesel and coolant, trailed out from beneath the crow's foot as the vehicle's hood magically transformed into a mangled mess melded into the asphalt. The car's tires, having popped clean off its frame, wobbled down the sidewalks. “Hmph. Enjoy going nowhere fast,” Cura taunted.

SKRRRRCH

Scraping his sole along the pavement, sparks and oil slicks spilling out from beneath it, the boastful bird casually kicked the muscle car and its gobsmacked driver into an alley. “Play stupid games win stupid prizes,” Cura muttered with a roll of his eyes.

“Now where were we...” hum hum hummed the colossal crow as he let his mind wander in earnest. Oh! Right! While he would love nothing more than to attend an impromptu if not intimate concert he risked ruining the experience for everyone else. Why his very shadow risked, well, overshadowing the entire experience! Not to mention his booming bass would drown out not only the crowd but the bands themselves! Scaled hand cupped to his beak, Cura wistfully sighed. He was quite simply TOO big a fan.

The crow's eyes wandered towards the caravan of crowded food trucks. With how fanatically the locals flocked to them he could only imagine the quality of their cuisine! Which...

Brows arched, Cura dragged out an emphatic exhale. Even if all he asked for was an appetizer, given his sizable stature, he'd still empty their stocks in an instant. He couldn't, he wouldn't, be that guy who ruined it for everyone else!

“There has to be something...” the crow quizzically cawed. While he had sauntered over to sight see was he really resigned to being nothing more than a wumbo wallflower? Cura hummed as he tossed his head side to side. Then again was it really so bad to be one? He was, after all, here to enjoy the show not put on one!

KACLICK

Well...

Hands on his hips, Cura blew a kiss to a shameless someone still trying to snap pictures of his ample ass cheeks. Even through the high rise's cracked and crumbling facade, shards of glass trickling down to the streets below, his flustered fan just couldn't tear their eyes away.

Exceptions notwithstanding.

Shifting in place, and dropping to a crouch, Cura turned to face his admirer once more and delicately planted a finger upon what remained of their glazed window.

KRKKKKKK

The tip of the crow's clawed digit effortlessly pierced the reinforced glass. As panicked bleats filtered out through the fissures spidering across the length of the high rise, Cura traced a circle. Pronounced cracks filled the air until-

KRSHHHHH

With an errant tap the carefully carved out circle, along with the whole of the window, crumbled away. "So much for subtlety," Cura snorted. Arching his brows, and shrugging his shoulders, the biggest of birds casually proceeded to shove the whole of his hand through. "C'mere."

Muffled shouts filled the apartment as the object of the crow's affection tried to scamper and scurry away to no avail. A ram sporting shoulder length hair, his pulse quickening in a mixture of panic and pleasure, impotently yelped when a set of fingers as thick as he was tall curled around him. A contented chirp rose within Cura's throat when he felt the ovine's form pinched tight between the wrinkles lining his palm.

THOOOOOM

The scritch of those cloven hooves. The pinch of those curled keratin horns. Cura eeheed at how, with a firm yet tender squeeze, those frantic wiggles went still as he utterly entombed his ogling admirer in the creases of his grasp. Rising to a stand the crow cupped his hands together before relaxing his grip.

WHEEEEEEEEEZE

Flopped onto his back, head propped up against the base of a scaled finger, the smartly dressed ram gulped down lung straining amounts of air. Heart pounding against the back of his rib cage he warily gazed up up up at Cura's handsome visage.

A disarming chuckle boomed out from the bird's beak. "Hello hello to you too," he teased.

"H-h-hey..." the ram nervously bleated back. "You're uhh. I'm umm. Sorry for-"

“Don't be!” Cura tutted. “Hard to fault you for admiring the view. After all...” he trailed off with a wink. “I am too.”

The ram's dark fuzzed and flustered face seethed crimson as streams of syllables and half-formed thoughts poured forth his mouth.

“...How's this then? Why don't we indulge in a bit of show and tell?” Cupping the ram to his puffed out chest, fingers daintily stroking along his horns, Cura gestured to himself with his free hand. “I treat you to a show...” the crow said with a sashay. “And you tell me all about your adorable self. Deal?”

Steam wafted out from the ram's ears as sank into the colossal cutie's chest. “D-d-deal.”