

GRYPHON'S RECOVERY

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Storyline: A seriously wounded gryphon is found by a dragon who, concerned for its health, takes it back to his cave to nurse it to full health. Utilising a couple of the dragon's innate abilities, the gryphon makes a full recovery, and takes away with her the memory of an interesting convalescence.

NOTE: Dr'keli'in is pronounced dr-KEL-ee-in, and Thirana thih-RAH-na.

The moon hung low in the sky, the tip of its crescent barely touching the horizon. Scattered across the dark celestial sphere were the last remnants of the night's stars, gradually losing their distinctness as the sun neared the horizon.

With a blaze of brilliant orange, the sun made its appearance, heralding the arrival of a new day. All over the forest, birds and animals began to wake up, twittering, chirping, grunting their way into the day.

Eventually, the light of the morning reached with seductive gentleness into Dr'keli'in's cave, playing over his elongated face with tender fingers. Slowly, one sapphire-like eye opened, appraising the situation. *A nice day*, the dragon thought to himself. His other eye opened, this one of an emerald green, and together both looked upon the world outside — at least that portion that he could see through the narrow cave entrance.

Dr'keli'in yawned, letting the light reflect off massive teeth glistening with saliva. Getting to his feet, he sauntered casually to the entrance, ducking his scaled head to avoid the low ledge that formed the top of the doorway. Immediately his scales came alive with rampant fire. Small scales of burnished copper caught the light, and held it captive, releasing tiny flashes of it with every movement. He spread his large wings out, letting the warmth of the sun seep through into tired muscles.

He gazed out over the land below him. Years ago he had battled almost to the death for this cave, and he was glad that he had won. His scars and wounds had taken a month or so to heal comfortably, even with his natural healing ability, but it had all been worth it, just for this view alone.

The dragon's stomach rumbled noisily, alerting Dr'keli'in to his body's needs. "Time for breakfast," he said happily to himself. He stepped carefully to the edge of the cliff his cave was perched on, and leaped forward, snapping his wings open to catch the breeze that would raise him up into the sky. After a hundred and fifty-two years, the dragon still felt a surge of exhilaration at the initial take-off. This time was no exception.

Wheeling above the farms and forests that clustered around the mountain his home was part of, Dr'keli'in kept watch for ill, old or weak cattle, often standing apart from the rest of their herds. In the long run, the dragon had done the farmers a favour, by taking the trouble of cattle disposal out of their hands, and into his stomach. Some of the farmers didn't really like that easy solution, but went along with it because their neighbours did.

Below, he espied what seemed to be two injured cows, lying in a field, close to the edge of the forest, out of sight of the farmholding. *How convenient*, Dr'keli'in thought to himself, spiralling down to backwing lightly a few metres away from the doomed cattle.

The two cows set up a terrified bawling, which was abruptly cut off after a few seconds by a talon drawn swiftly across their throats. "Such noisy animals," he commented aloud as he dismembered one of the carcasses. "Now deer, those are reasonably quiet, though a bit flighty and hard to catch." He picked up a forequarter, and tossed it into his mouth, swallowing it without bothering to chew. "Hmm...not bad. Slightly bitter, but I've had much worse. It takes the edge off one's hunger, anyway."

Dr'keli'in was about to chuck the other forequarter down his throat when he heard a loud bang, followed by a horrendous shriek, somewhere in the forest behind him. "Another hunter and his gun," he sighed. "What poor devil has got him steamed?" Another shot, another bloodcurdling shriek, then silence.

Abandoning his kill for the thrill of curiosity, the copper dragon carefully made his way into the forest. He was small enough that he could fit through the gaps in the trees, which was to his advantage. A lot of animals fled into the forest, thinking that he couldn't go after them. They were usually fatally wrong.

Straining his hearing to its limits, Dr'keli'in moved through the forest, stopping often to sort out the sounds of the forest from the one he was looking for. Finally he heard it, a faint rasping breath.

Stepping carefully over the leaf litter, the dragon crept towards the source, and eventually came upon a mottled brown shape, covered with dark red stains, and lying quietly. Getting closer, he saw it was a gryphon, the red stains being its blood seeping out in oozing rivulets.

"By Draco," he swore under his breath. "Such a beautiful animal shouldn't meet such an untimely end." His copper scales caught a ray of sunlight, flashing briefly, as he bent his neck forward to inspect the gryphon closely. Putting one ear against its side, he listened for signs of life. A very weak pulse throbbed, and the breathing was almost non-existent. *There's still hope!* he thought.

Dr'keli'in closed his eyes, and delved into the area of his memory devoted to holding magical spells which, in comparison to the rest of his mind, was rather minute. All dragons had some sort of magical training, and he was one of those that hadn't had much, much to his regret. So much he could do, yet without the proper instruction.... Thank goodness for spell books.

Out of the dark recesses of his memory floated up the almost forgotten words to a minimal healing spell, fine for small injuries, or patching up larger ones to be treated later. Dr'keli'in opened his eyes, sat back on his haunches, and waved his arms through the air in front of him, chanting words barely pronounceable by any tongue: "Arukhat! Hrzhortum! Lingthra gotem, gmntarla drallak...." The dragon stopped, scrambling mentally for the last two words. *Damn!* he thought. *It's been so long since I cast this wretched spell...Ah! Now I remember! "...janxigo, Vinznayit!"*

In the space between his two 'hands', Dr'keli'in saw a shimmering start up, tinged with various colours. Moving carefully, he waddled over to the dying gryphon, and gently placed his hands on it. Immediately a soft absinthine glow began to spread over the injured gryphon. Everywhere it touched, the effects were astounding, even for its limited power. The large holes that had been torn by buckshot were sealed by a skinlike material; gashes were closed up; the breathing got slightly better, slowing down to a more normal pace, and its heartbeat strengthened. Internal organs that had been damaged were partly repaired, the rest of the work requiring the odd healing powers of dragon semen and a spell. Female dragons kept small bottles in reserve in case of such injuries, but males had the source already on them.

The yellow-green glow faded away slowly, until nothing was left of the healing spell. Dr'keli'in checked carefully over the gryphon, now in a spell-induced slumber, and sighed with relief. "Now, how do I get —" He broke off and, shooting a quick glance at the gryphon's face to make sure it was still asleep, bent forward and lifted up a hind leg to check its gender. "— her home for some proper care?" The dragon cocked his head, taking mental measurements. *I should be able to carry her, if I try,* he thought. His gaze, for some reason unknown to him, lingered on the area below her tail until he made a conscious effort to look away.

He stepped forward, and gently slid his forelegs under the gryphon, lifting her up with some effort. Turning around, he looked back in the direction from which he had come. *This is going to be tricky,* he thought idly. He wasn't very good at walking on his hind legs, only resorting to it if he had no other choice. This was one of those times.

Carefully Dr'keli'in tottered forward, one slow step after another, his eyes roaming rapidly to watch out for anything that might impede his progress. All the while he muttered soothing words to the

gryphon, unsure of why exactly he was doing such a thing. He'd might as well have been talking to a log for all the answer he was getting.

Finally the dragon reached the field, feeling rather sore from using muscles he normally rarely used. *I hope you're worth all this*, he grumbled silently. Looking around to make sure the area was clear of spectators, he bent forward, spread his large burnished wings, and began flapping them, raising a small cloud of dry dirt from the ground.

Dr'keli'in felt the strain in his muscles almost immediately; he really wasn't used to carrying such heavy loads. He made a short prayer to Draco, asking for the strength to get him, and his unconscious patient, home safely. He wasn't a religious dragon, but if he ever needed someone to watch over him, it was now.

Flying slowly, the copper dragon made his way back to his cave, his wing and arm muscles complaining the entire journey. When at last he landed on the cliff outside his cave he was on the verge of dropping the gryphon just to save himself. With a lot of groaning on his part, Dr'keli'in carried the gryphon inside, laying her on the padding he himself used as a bed, before collapsing on the hard ground beside her. Before he fell into an exhausted sleep, he moved the gryphon's tail so he could view the strangely inviting pussy hidden beneath. *Ah, the things I wish I could have, but can't...* The tired dragon stroked the revealed opening with longing, resisting the urge to insert a clawed finger, sighed, then withdrew it, curling up to fall asleep.

Through Dr'keli'in's foggy mind filtered a strange whimpering sound, amidst garbled cries which he couldn't comprehend. Suddenly he awoke, turning immediately to the injured gryphon beside him. She was flailing around, as if trying to attack an enemy, whimpering in abject fear.

The dragon watched worriedly as the poor animal thrashed around. He was sure that if he left her alone, her dream would disappear by itself, but he couldn't stand to watch her in such a state. He reached forward and gently took hold of her forelegs. "It's all right," he crooned in as reassuring a voice as he could manage. "You're safe now. Safe."

As if his words got through to her panicked mind she quietened, still whimpering, and throwing out the occasional paw. *Now might be a good time to wake her up*, Dr'keli'in thought. He shook her shoulder, muttering under his breath a couple of words to cancel out the sleep effects of the healing spell he had used. Almost immediately the gryphon woke up, blinking her tired eyes rapidly.

Looking around, her gaze came to rest on a long copper muzzle. Looking further she realised she was looking at a face. A dragon's face. With a shriek to bring down the cave's roof, she leapt backward, lashing out with a quick leg movement.

The poor dragon was rather bewildered at her reaction. He'd expected her to be surprised, but not in this way. He tried to calm her down with soothing words, but over the noise she couldn't hear him. Finally, having reached his limit, he let loose with a roar to wake the dead.

The effect was instant. The shrieking gryphon clamped her beak shut, and trembled silently. With his rather sharp eyesight, Dr'keli'in noticed some of her wounds had opened up again from the stress of her movements. "Right," he began, in a more normal tone of voice. "I am a friend; let's get that fact established right at the outset. I brought you here so I could help you. Got that?"

The gryphon nodded mutely. "Good. I am not in the habit of eating those I help, even if you are technically an optional part of our diet." He grinned in what he hoped was a friendly smile. "Besides, I rather like you, in a...er..." The dragon coughed uncomfortably. "Never mind. I just like you, all right? Now, what's your name?"

After a few seconds of internal debate, the gryphon spoke up in a light, brassy voice, with a quavery undertone. "Thirana," she said, her voice echoing in the cave several times before dissipating into silence.

Dr'keli'in nodded. "A pleasure to make your acquaintance, Thirana. I'm Dr'keli'in, or Drek for short." He bowed his head courteously. "Now, please come over here so I may look at your wounds

again. I see some have opened up again, and I'd hate to think what you'd be doing to your insides." The copper dragon gestured to the padding, eyeing Thirana intently. "The spell I used to heal you was designed only to do patch up jobs, until a dragon with proper healing knowledge and magic is available."

Grudgingly Thirana nodded, moving over to the padding, keeping one keen eye focused on the dragon. She *was* feeling very sore internally. She hadn't realised she'd been so badly hurt. "Lie there on your right side, if you wouldn't mind?" Drek turned from her to amble further into his cave to where he kept a few essentials, including a large spell book. Large, of course, to hold the huge writing on its pages. Dragons weren't the best at writing small.

Thirana watched her rescuer nervously, her tail twitching from side to side in her agitation. While she studied his movements she thought back to the start of all this trouble. As if reading her thoughts, Drek asked, "How did you come to be in such trouble, hmm?"

She didn't particularly want to tell him, but she didn't have much to lose, so she did. "I was hunting," she said sullenly. "I usually don't hunt in forests but I wanted a change of scenery. That, and there are some animals that live only in the forest, so one has to go in and get them."

Drek mumbled to himself, reading out of the spell book, stumbling over unfamiliar pronunciations. "Please, carry on. I *am* listening." He placed the book on the ground next to Thirana, and slowly began muttering a spell, placing a taloned hand over one of her wounds to heal it.

"Well, I was trying to dig my way into a burrow underneath a tree when a hunter surprised me. We gryphons aren't exactly good friends with humans, and before I could escape...he shot me." Thirana fell silent, gasping as the healing magic started taking effect. There was a momentary sensation of incredible pain, then a light transition to a local euphoria as the wound was healed. After a moment or two Drek took his hand off, inspecting the area. "Not bad. You understand that you will have scars, don't you? Some may be seen, others won't be."

The gryphon nodded. "Wounds and scars like mine are considered to be a mark of honour, even when the recipient ceases to live." Gryph-grinning wryly, she added, "Of course, I much prefer to be alive to show them off." She chuckled, wincing at the pain she caused.

"I wouldn't laugh if I were you," Drek admonished with a grim smile. "I'll fix you internally soon. Just let me finish up on the outside, as that's much easier to repair." As an afterthought he added, "I don't *think* you're haemorrhaging."

Thirana watched with interest as the dragon went from one wound or laceration to another, not uttering a sound through the moments of intense pain. As he did his work, she started comparing him to a gryphon male. *In his own way, he's quite handsome, she thought, and so much kinder. None of the gryphons I've been with have had that sensitive touch.*

Her thoughts were interrupted by Drek's completion of her outer body. "There. Finished. Now, the hard part." He sat up on his haunches, and looked at Thirana. "The next step you might find somewhat repugnant. To repair the damage on the inside, you'll have to drink about a pint of my semen. That, coupled with the right spell, will help restore your insides to proper condition again."

The gryphon grimaced, the corners of her beak curving downward into a small frown. "That much, huh?" She would have liked to have spoken her true feelings, but she didn't. More and more she was liking this dragon's bedside manner. "Well, if it will help..."

Drek turned away from Thirana, slightly embarrassed by what he had to do. He was glad that he rarely had to perform this unusual method of healing. Reaching for a large wooden bowl to catch the outflow, the copper dragon began to stroke the area between his legs gently. Within a few seconds he began to feel the first stirrings of his member. To aid the process, he thought about Thirana, and what he'd like to do with her.

From a small, smooth slit low down on his abdomen his cock began to emerge, pale pink deepening to dark red with a copper undertone. Drek looked down, watching its gradual appearance with longing. He was broken out of his reverie by Thirana's voice. Turning his head he glanced at her. "Pardon?"

"If you wouldn't mind...I'd like to watch," the gryphon repeated. She grinned at the dragon's expression of surprise. "Why not? I *would* like to see where this wonderful elixir comes from." She said it in a suggestive tone, hoping he'd pick up on the subtlety.

He did. With a raising of his eyeridges, he turned around, exposing his equipment to the gryphon's scrutiny. "Nice cock you have there," Thirana murmured, awed by the incredible size. It was much bigger than the largest gryphon cock she'd ever seen. Watching it grow bigger as it slid out of the dragon's body, she suddenly realised that never before had she wanted to be fucked so badly. Especially as she was a virgin, having managed to keep the males away from her by dint of her willpower and her claws and beak. She had never liked a gryphon enough to lose her virtue to him, and here she was with a dragon, a totally different species, and quite willing to give it all up for him.

"May I touch it?" Thirana asked, watching the object of her desire reach its full potential. At Drek's rather eager nod, she reached out with a paw-like hand, carefully keeping her claws sheathed. It throbbed gently, with a hint of power, within her grasp. "It feels...strange." She started moving her hand idly up and down the shaft, wondering if the dragon was as eager to ravish her as she was to be ravished.

Drek shivered, emitting a low moan of pleasure as his maleness was stroked. He watched with calm interest what Thirana was doing. "Come closer," she said quietly. "I want to try and take this thing down my throat."

He did as she asked, slightly nervous about his cock being in such a vulnerable position. Thirana had no qualms about it. She carefully got to her feet, and opened her beak wide, stretching her neck out until it was straight.

The dragon took his cue, and gently guided his hard meat into the gryphon's mouth, cautiously sliding it in all the way, feeling her tight throat muscles try to resist the huge invader.

Thirana's breathing became slightly laboured as she tried to breathe through her nares and cope with the cock at the same time. Moving her head backward it slipped out partially, allowing her a little more freedom. Tentatively she started a regular motion, her head bobbing up and down on the prick stuffed into her mouth.

Moaning blissfully, Drek resisted the urge to thrust, letting the horny gryphon do a wonderful job on his meat. He couldn't wait to fuck her later, once he'd performed the major healing spell.

Time passed, though it was probably only two or three minutes. Drek was getting to the point of climax, and he tried pulling out so he could finish off in the bowl. Thirana shook her head slightly, but firmly, and continued moving her head up and down Drek's cock.

Sighing, the copper dragon let the gryphon have her way. About a minute later he shuddered as a powerful orgasm swept through his body, triggering the release of his cum.

The gryphon nearly choked on the first spurt, letting a lot of the very warm fluid spill out of her beak before she gained control of her gag reflex. After the second spurt she was swallowing as much as she could, anxious not to miss out on the remarkably sweet tang the cum had.

After about a minute and a half, Drek finished pumping his first load of spunk down Thirana's gullet. As he pulled out of her mouth, long strings of gooey cum stretched, then snapped.

Looking at the last few drops dribbling from Drek's cock, Thirana was surprised to see that the dragon's emission was a faint, almost electric, blue, rather than the boring, ordinary white of most cum. "Aren't you supposed to say a spell, as well?" she asked, suddenly remembering the original purpose of his ejaculation.

"Oh, that's right! I forgot!" Drek scrambled for the book, leafing through it until he found the page he required. "There maybe a lot of pain, initially, but it will soon pass." Looking away from the gryphon's gaze he mentally added, *At least I hope so; I've never had the spell done on myself.*

Drek cleared his throat and took a deep breath. Putting the book on the ground, he began to wave his arms in small gestures in time with the spell's iambic rhythm. "Ghozi, tarzi, Whreksnitanya, pyntra mwungot, borzhta Qanya!" The last word was a shout, and on that word Drek clenched his fists and brought them straight down, cutting twin arcs through the air.

With a cry of intense pain, Thirana doubled up, writhing in agony on the padding. Drek turned away, not wanting to watch her suffering. Unfortunately he couldn't really block his ears, so he heard every terrible noise coming from Thirana's mouth.

An agonising minute later, the pain began to ease, to be replaced by a heady euphoria. The gryphon gradually quieted down, relaxing her tensed muscles. A sigh of relief escaped her beak, and she opened her eyes to focus on Drek. "Did it work?"

The dragon nodded. "I'm pretty sure it did. It's a very powerful spell, and has never failed yet. I really don't like the side effects, though. Having to cause more pain to cure it? Rather a paradox to me."

"Hmm...." Thirana mumbled an agreement, and turned her eyes onto Drek's nether region. She was disappointed to see it was nearly deflated, and sliding back into his body. "Will you take long to...recover from your..." She trailed off, ending it with an inquisitive stare.

Drek shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I'm not sure. Is half an hour too long for you?" He rumbled throatily at Thirana's sulky 'yes'. "Never mind. Until I'm ready, I'm quite sure I can give you something to occupy you." He gestured for the gryphon to stand up then, when she did so, moved behind her and bent his long neck down so his head was level with her rump.

Thirana almost jumped when she felt something tickling its way into her pussy. As it gently twisted into her depths, she craned her neck around to see what Drek was doing. Seeing his head directly under her tail, she knew immediately what he was up to, and settled herself to enjoy the stimulation. No gryphon had ever offered *this* service to her!

The subtle muskiness emanating from the gryphon's pussy wound its way into Drek's sensitive nostrils, combining with the sweet taste of her juices to give him an overall wonderful experience. He could feel that she was very excited, physically, and he made sure to give her as much out of his penetrative licking as he could.

After a couple of minutes, Thirana began shuddering through her first major orgasm, keening in uninhibited ecstasy. Her muscular contractions almost put Drek's tongue out of action, squeezing it hard until poor Drek was whimpering in pain of his own.

Once it had subsided the dragon stared at Thirana. "If you're going to do that every time you climax, I think it might be better if we didn't...." He shrugged. "I've never come across such a powerful reaction."

Panting, Thirana looked back at Drek. "Sorry...about that." She collapsed onto the padding, her breathing quick and shallow. "I didn't know I could achieve such heights of pleasure." Her face took on an expression of concern. "Did I hurt your tongue much?"

Drek shook his head. "Well...you did, yes, but it's easing off now." He carefully laid down next to the gryphon. "I think we'd better just rest for a while, until things get up and running again."

Thirana nodded her agreement, and laid against Drek's warm body, feeling his deep breathing, hearing his internal noises. She sighed contentedly and soon drifted off, followed not long after by Drek.

It was nearing late afternoon when the two awoke. "We must have slept for a few hours," Drek muttered, gazing at the sun's disc through the entrance to his cave. He shook his head and returned his attention to Thirana, who met his gaze. "Ready?" he asked, trying to keep the hint of eagerness out of his voice.

"Yes, I'm ready." Thirana got to her feet and stretched several times, then stood quietly, waiting, her tail lifted up to reveal to Drek the object of his mounting passion.

Drek could feel his lust begin to rise almost immediately as he drank in the sight of the warm fleshy opening that was soon to be his to enjoy. Down below, his cock began to make its appearance once again, smoothly sliding out until it had reached full stretch. When it was fully hard he shuffled forward and took up a position behind and above Thirana.

Carefully he mounted the gryphon, her body fitting nicely into the space beneath him. He sighed as his prick made first contact with her pussy, sliding deep into her hot, silky cunt. The fit was a bit snug, but it was a comfortable feeling, to both parties.

Thirana gasped when she felt her pussy being penetrated, and instinctively tried to resist the entry before overcoming that urge, relaxing so the dragon might gain an easier entry.

Once Drek was fully embedded, with the exception of a few inches left exposed, he began to fuck her slowly, with gentle thrusts designed to ease her into her first intercourse, and to maximise the pleasure sustained.

As she was being fucked, Thirana found herself leaning back into the dragon's thrusts, wanting to get as much of his huge meaty cock into her as possible. She was soon at the point of keening in her throes of rapture, added to by Drek's rumbles of his own pleasure.

The minutes dragged on, and their fucking tempo increased to a relatively brisk pace. The dragon was ramming his full length into the gryphon's now more flexible cunt, every thrust met by a backward push onto his cock.

Eventually the dams of lust broke. Roaring and keening together in cacophonous harmony, Dr'keli'in and Thirana reached their peaks, his cock spewing out hot jets of blue spunk, mixing with her juices to form a spicy fluid which soon began to leak out of Thirana's pussy to puddle on the ground.

Drek pulled out slowly, Thirana clenching her cunt muscles to keep his seed inside her as he did so. She then collapsed to the ground, panting rapidly as she tried to regain her breath. "That...was just...so...amazing," she managed to say between pants.

Wiping his clawed hand carefully up the length of his shaft, Drek nodded in agreement. He lifted his hand to his mouth, and licked the tangy residue off it. "Indeed it was." With a slightly shame-faced expression he admitted, "I must confess that that was only my second time." He didn't seem very winded at all, perhaps due to his larger size and better staying power.

Thirana looked up, surprised. "Really? You were so good at it..." She laid her head back down, and sighed heavily. "I feel so...happy, exhausted...it's a hard feeling to describe." She felt the dragon lie down next to her. "Perhaps you could add being hungry to that list," she said. "It's been a while since we've eaten."

"Yes, you'd be right about that. I never got to finish breakfast this morning, thanks to you." He nuzzled her affectionately with his muzzle. "I'm sort of glad that you did interrupt me. I wouldn't have had the chance to meet you, otherwise." He yawned, his teeth glinting in the late afternoon sunlight. "I suppose I had better get some form of sustenance for both of us."

Drek got up again and made his way to his cave entrance. "I'll be back in about...an hour." He turned and launched himself off the ledge. Thirana watched him fly off, and settled herself for a short nap.



[Click picture for full-size \(on Internet\)](#)

The dragon was back a little more than an hour later. In his arms he carried a large section of an unfortunate deer that had caught his attention. "I've had mine." He waddled awkwardly into the cave and placed the venison before Thirana.

"Why, thank you!" Thirana was genuinely surprised at his offering. She hadn't expecting this much in the way of food. "I hope it died quickly. I don't like my prey to suffer unnecessarily." She received a nod in mute reply. "Good." She ripped a chunk off the haunch, and swallowed.

A slightly uncomfortable silence set in while Thirana dined. Finally Drek broke it by clearing his throat. "I suppose you'll want to be off then...tomorrow, I mean."

Thirana swallowed, then glanced at Drek's face, immediately picking up his regret from the droop of the corners of his mouth. "Well...I really should get back to my own kind." Another extended pause. "Of course, I don't really have any family or friends. I guess I could stay a while longer." She gryph-grinned at Drek. "I much prefer your company to that of the gryphons of my clan. The males want me for sexual gratification, and the rest treat me as I'm not there...which, now that I think on it, I usually am. Not there, I mean."

"Really?" Drek sounded incredibly relieved. "That's great!" He actually seemed to blush. "I've actually taken to you quite a lot. Whether it's love or not, I don't know, but I'd like to find out." He raised an eyeridge in a gesture of inquiry.

The gryphon laughed lightly. "I like the way you think. We can find out together." She quickly finished off the rest of the deer haunch, then stood up to pad out to stare out of the cave. "Watch the sunset with me?" she asked, not turning her head to speak to him.

Drek smiled, and joined Thirana. On the horizon, the burnt orange disc of the sun slowly sank, letting the dusk encroach. "Beautiful," he said. "Just like you."

Thirana leaned against the dragon, feeling warm and secure in his presence. "Thanks. You're rather handsome yourself." She sighed, revelling in the perfection of the moment. Together, gryphon and dragon watched the remainder of the day pass by, until the moon's crescent showed itself on its backdrop of glittering stars.

GRYPHON'S CHOICE

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A few months have passed since Dr'keli'in found the gryphon Thirana in the forest and healed her. Their tentative liking for each other has grown into a more permanent relationship with Thirana taking up residence in Drek's cave.

The dawn, as usual, sneaked up quietly upon the world. As if reluctant to illuminate the land, the orange disc of the sun ascended languidly into the heavens, sharing its gift of light with the awakening world.

Somewhere high in a cliff-face a small cave entrance was bathed in warm rays, worming their way inside to play upon the face of its draconic owner. Burnished copper scales flashed with subdued brilliance as the light gently massaged their owner into wakefulness.

Dr'keli'in opened his eyes, one emerald green, the other sapphire blue. Such a combination was odd in a dragon, but Drek had always prided himself on the way his eyes looked like fiery gems.

Yawning widely, showing off his intimidating array of dental facilities, he shifted position slightly, so his eyes would not be blinded by the sun shining directly through the cave mouth. He turned his head to regard the figure still sleeping within the curve of his much larger body.

The gryphon began to stir as the warmth of the sun seeped into her body. She yawned, then slowly opened her golden eyes. "Morning, love," she murmured, craning her neck around so she could peer at her lover's face.

"Good morning, Thirana," Drek said, leaning his neck forward to nuzzle her beak. "Did you sleep well?" He yawned again while waiting for an answer.

"I did, yes. I had a wonderful dream.... I was flying, higher than I had ever flown before...but I was not in my body. That is, it *was* my body, but not the one I have...." Thirana stopped and looked deep into her lover's eyes. "I was a dragon, like you, only my scales were a brilliant golden colour." She sighed wistfully, her gaze unfocusing slightly, seeming to look straight through him.

Drek blinked at this revelation. Thirana as a dragon.... As much as he liked her as she was now, sometimes he caught himself wishing that she was like him...or vice versa. "Would you...like to be a dragon?" he asked gently, figuring that might have been the reason for the sigh.

Thirana came back to reality, blinking rapidly. "Hmm? Oh...I've often wished that I was one, especially when I see the effortlessness that you seem to exhibit in your flight. The softness of your scales, the wonderful colours...." She grinned and reached around with one paw to stroke Drek's genital slit. "Your sexual prowess...."

"Ah, yes, well..." Drek murmured, blushing slightly, though the colour change of his scales was too subtle to be noticed. "I'm glad you think that of me." He fell silent for a few moments, thinking deeply before speaking again. "Thirana," he said, quietly, "are you *totally* serious about wanting to be a dragon?"

The gryphon blinked, looking at him with longing. She did not speak, turning her head away to regard the opposite wall. Did she really wish to lose her familiar brown fur and feathers, and gain a scaled hide of whatever colour she chose? Could she sever all ties with her kind? There might still be a gryphon male out there who would care for a female in the right way....

"Yes," Thirana suddenly said, swivelling her head to gaze deep into Drek's eyes. "Yes, I am. I'd give up life itself to be one, even for just a day!"

Drek nodded slowly, sudden flashes of light reflecting off his head scales. "Very well. A dragon you shall be. But," he added, when he saw his lover was about to say something, "the change will be temporary; long enough for you to be able to get a taste for being in a dragon's body. Now, you may speak."

“Actually, I was going to do what females would do, and scream and jump around for joy, but I think I’ll pass on that process, and cut to the chase.” She grinned at the dragon and reached up to lightly pat the side of his muzzle. “Before we do anything, I think I’d like to experience sex as a gryphon one more time.”

“This early in the morning? Drek laughed quietly at Thirana’s pouting expression. “Well, I guess we could.” He smiled as Thirana carefully lay on her back, wings positioned so as to not do them any damage. Relaxing her muscles, her hind legs spread apart, showing Drek the wonderful vision of her already wet pussy. “What a beautiful sight,” Drek murmured as he bent forward to lightly brush the tip of his tongue across Thirana’s feminine lips.

Thirana jerked back momentarily, flinching from the contact, before she got control of her reflexes and started enjoying the attention. She sighed with pleasure, closing her eyes as she felt Drek’s agile tongue worm its way into her hidden cavity, probing around, tasting her juices.

The dragon had almost his entire tongue buried inside the gryphon, lovingly twisting it this way and that to provide his lover with miniature orgasms. With one more light flick of his pointed tongue he withdrew it, then, looking up to watch Thirana’s reaction, he very gently brushed the tip over her puckered anus and inserted it a few millimetres.

“What the...?” Thirana exclaimed, opening her eyes with a start. Her eyes widened as he continued to push his tongue into her anus. She lifted her head, opening her mouth to protest, but before she could say anything Drek began to caress her rectal walls. “Ohhhh,” the gryphon moaned, lying her head back, enjoying the incredible sensations of having her tailhole reamed. Adding to the feeling was Drek’s breath, warm from his nostrils, blowing across her pussy lips.

Drek was filled with an odd sense of pride as he delved his tongue into Thirana’s anus. Seeing her react in such a passionate fashion made him wish all the more for her to be a dragon like himself. He felt the muscles of her rectum begin to contract, and he lingered briefly before slowly pulling his tongue out of her, not wanting to suffer any oral damage.

As her lover slid his tongue from out of her body she came to a shuddering climax, her keening echoing from the walls about them. A warm flow of fluid seeped from her cunt, and Drek eagerly bent to the task of lapping it up, not wanting a single drop to be wasted.

A wave of contented exhaustion washed over Thirana as her climax wound down, and she looked up to Drek with the corners of her beak bent in a smile. “Give me a few moments; then we can move onto the fun part!”

Drek rolled his eyes dramatically at her understatement, chuckling as he did so. While his gaze roved over Thirana’s body, he reached down and began to gently rub his genital slit. Moments later his maleness began to emerge, pale pink at the head, and darkening to a coppery red near the base. By dragon standards Drek was average-sized, but even so he was pretty close to the one-foot mark, if not longer.

“I never get tired of seeing that wonderful cock of yours,” said Thirana, eyeing it hungrily. “What say you give my pussy another look, hmm?” she added coquettishly.

“Of course,” murmured the dragon, moving to straddle her body. Gently he lowered his lower body, positioning himself so the head of his cock was just touching her wet cunt. Then, with a wicked grin parting his muzzle, he began to thrust into her with very short strokes, barely penetrating her at all.

“Hey! What’s the big idea!” Thirana protested. She batted at Drek with a foreclaw. “Don’t you tease me with those short jabs! A girl can’t stand being teased in that fashion....”

Slowly, but much too slowly for the gryphon’s liking, Drek fucked into her with longer strokes, literally inching his way inside. Finally, though, he was driving his full length into Thirana’s slick pussy.

Thirana’s hind legs were stretched far apart to allow Drek to fully access her facilities, and now she clamped them to her lover’s sides, wanting him to shove just that little bit more into her hungry pussy. She could feel another orgasm building up, almost certain to reach its peak in the next minute or so.

Drek humped into the gryphon with loving, yet wild, abandon, revelling in the sensation of her silky cunt sliding against his prick. “Oh, Thirana, love,” he moaned quietly, “brace yourself....”

With a loud screech of ecstasy Thirana came first, her pussy clenching hard around the dragon’s cock, eliciting his own climax. Hot jets of blue cum spurted into her overflowing depths, mixing with her juices to form a tasty sauce which flowed out of her body to puddle on the floor. Halfway through his ejaculation Drek pulled out, finishing it off over the fur and feathers of Thirana’s chest.

All too soon their bodies lost the massive rush of pleasurable endorphins, sinking into the lethargy of consummated love. Thirana and Drek lay together, side by side, the gryphon’s body still sticky with dragon semen. “Sex as a dragon will be even better,” said Drek, lovingly licking some of his emission off Thirana. “You get a lot more of this stuff, and we have a lot more stamina.”

Thirana laughed wearily. “I’ll bet. I’ll make my own mind up, thank you. Now...are you too tired to fetch some breakfast?”

The sun was nearing its zenith by the time Drek was ready to perform the transformation spell. He had spent over four hours reading the spell, which covered nearly ten pages in his book, making sure his pronunciation was perfect. One wrong syllable and Thirana might find herself in another body — quite possibly that of an elephant, or an ant if he really muffed things.

Thirana lay at the cave entrance, looking down upon the lush forest beneath. “Have you finished yet?” she asked, with an undertone of impatience. “At this rate it’ll have to be done tomorrow.”

“All right, all right.... I think I’ve got it now.” He turned and looked up from his spellbook with a serious expression. “You do understand the risks, don’t you? If I don’t get this spell exactly right, you may have to spend the rest of your life as...well, whatever it is that you end up as.”

“Yes, I do. And if you do muck something up...well, you’ll have tried your best.” She gave him a look of total understanding, smiling slightly. “Now...can we get on with this? The anticipation is killing me.”

“That might not be the only thing to kill you,” Drek muttered to himself as he moved to the cave entrance. “For safety’s sake, we’d better do this on the ground, just in case.” He gestured Thirana to precede him, following her in a lazy spiral down to a small clearing in the forest.

Once they had landed, Drek took up a spot off to the side, waving Thirana into the middle, where the sunlight was the brightest. “Um...I’ve never cast this particular spell before, so I have no idea what will happen during the process, so...if you decide at any stage that you don’t want to go through with it any more, just say so.” At Thirana’s nod he took a deep breath, and began the incantation.

“Drastifari yulonat, Tznyaqista Polygho!” began Drek, his eyes closed in intense concentration. He rested on his haunches weaving his forelegs in a complicated pattern as he chanted. “Xi hyjolka, byzlinek....”

Thirana watched Drek weaving and chanting, then glanced down at herself. She might miss her gryphon’s body after all. It was small, reasonably agile, and the fur kept her nicely warm in winter. Then she thought how wonderful a dragon’s scaled hide felt under her claws, the lithe muscles, the long tail....

Her musings were interrupted by the gradual appearance of a pale green nimbus around her, and a strange tingling began to make itself felt. Startled she shot a look at Drek, who seemed to be in the midst of a weaving frenzy. His words were incomprehensible, but somehow she sensed the power that they held when chanted correctly. The green glow increased its strength, causing Thirana to shut her eyes against the brightness.

The dragon was almost at the conclusion of the spell, his chanting getting louder as he strove toward his goal. Shouting in what was almost a roar, he uttered the final words, “Juxta Phrenga, tviqla Ionat Zyk DRACONIS!” Upon the last word Drek swept his arms through the air in a massive arc, clapping his hands together with a sound like violent lightning.

An odd sensation of melting was the first inkling the gryphon had of the physical changes taking place on her body. All over she was transforming, her limbs and beak lengthening, her wings increasing in size, her tail stretching out behind her. For one brief instant she was part gryphon, part dragon, then the dragon's attributes began to dominate. Her eyes changed to a frosty blue, her vision becoming slightly sharper. Her wings lost their feathers, leaving behind a bare skeleton which was quickly covered by smooth black scales. Instead of a wickedly curved beak she now developed a long muzzle, with teeth filling her jaws. Muscles filled her body out in places she had never dreamed of, then, as a final touch, she was swept over by a wave of black, from muzzle to tailtip.

As the green nimbus faded she blinked her new dragon's eyes, noticing with some surprise that colours were now more intense, and began to check herself over, swivelling her neck as far as she could in her examination. "Did it work? I mean, did it work properly?" she asked anxiously, suddenly realising that her voice was much deeper than it should have been. "Uh...Drek?"

"Hmm?" Drek shook his head, coming out of the semi-trance he had been in. "What? Oh! It worked! I think.... Let me have a look at you. Oh, did you ask me something?"

"I asked you if it worked properly," Thirana replied, still a bit anxious about her voice. "I'd also like to know if I have anything that *shouldn't* belong on me."

Drek hummed to himself as he circled the former gryphon, looking her up and down. "Well, you seem to have everything in their proper places. Why, is there a problem?"

"My voice!" said Thirana with some anxiety. "My voice isn't supposed to be this deep is it? And if it is, then I can think of only one reason why that may be so. Could you check down below, please? I'm a bit afraid to move in case I fall over or something."

The dragon blinked at Thirana, then carried out her request. He went around the back and lifted up her tail, then felt around her abdomen. "Um...." Drek coughed uncomfortably. "You're male," he said apologetically. "It didn't occur to me until after I'd learned the spell that you never told me which gender you wanted to be. Without a gender specification, the spell chooses at random." As an afterthought he added, "And you're black because I couldn't remember the word for 'gold'."

"Oh, great," muttered Thirana. "Can't you do something to make me female?" She — no, *he* — looked back at Drek with a worried expression on his new face. "Don't worry about the colour; that's not the problem."

"Don't be so quick to put down males. We can do things that females can't. We can ejaculate, for starters," he said wryly, coming forward and giving Thirana a wink. "And we can have proper penetrative sex with other males, whereas females can't do that." He grinned, adding, "Male-only sex gives us just as much, if not more, satisfaction as does hetero sex. Why don't you give it a try first, hmm?"

Thirana mumbled a few swear words under his breath. "All right, Drek. It's only temporary, after all. First, though...I think I need to learn how to use this body." He tried taking a step, and almost fell over. "Uh...it may be a while before I'm up to any sexual activity. Practise makes perfect," he sighed, moving another foot to slowly bring it forward.

It took Thirana most of the day to work out the basics of his new body; by sunset he was walking confidently, and could exercise his wings. "I won't attempt flight until tomorrow; the wing muscles in this form are rather different to what I'm used to."

That was soon followed by the question of shelter for the night. The sky was gradually darkening, and grim-looking clouds were moving in from the west, a presage of rain to come during the night. Drek solved the problem by searching along the base of the cliff face, where he vaguely remembered a small cave. "Here we are," he said when he led Thirana to their temporary shelter. "It's a little on the snug side, but it's only for a night, so...." He trailed off, glancing up as a drop of rain landed on his muzzle. "And not a moment too soon."

The two managed to fit themselves into the not overly spacious cave, and looked out at the now pouring rain. They were silent for a few minutes before Thirana asked, "How long will the spell last?"

"Hmm...that's a little hard to say. Usually it gives out after four days, but on the odd occasion it's been extended up to seven." He grinned at Thirana in the growing darkness. "That should be plenty of time to show you the *ahem* ins and outs of being a dragon." He chuckled, seeming inordinately pleased with his pun.

Thirana groaned, nudging Drek hard in the ribs. "That was uncalled for," he said, his black face unseen in the darkness. "Wait a minute," he added, thinking for a moment. "As a dragon, I should be capable of using magic, right?"

"Well," Drek said uncertainly, "technically you can. But you have to be trained to use it. I learned from one of the older dragons in the land, Sn'lexa'in." He paused, then added, "She must be in her nineteenth or twentieth century by now."

"How old are you?" Thirana asked, curiosity temporarily overriding his interest in magic. Or, for that matter, me?"

The copper dragon was silent for such a long time that Thirana thought he had gone to sleep. "About four hundred and sixty-seven, I think, give or take a few years. As for you...that's an interesting question. It's never come up before. You appear to be adult-sized, so you must be at least a hundred and fifty. Young, by our standards."

Thirana mulled that over briefly before nodding, though the gesture couldn't be seen. "Okay. Now, back to the magic. How do I go about getting trained?"

"Well...there is a mountain in the far south where those dragons who are the most educated in magic live. For lack of a better name, we call it 'Magic Mountain'." Thirana groaned at the name. "Terrible, isn't it? Anyway, once I'd reached my two hundredth birthday, I flew down there, and I was taken by Sn'lexa'in to be her apprentice. It took me about twenty years to learn the basics, and another thirty to progress to getting my own spellbook." He gazed at Thirana in the darkness, even though he couldn't actually see him. "The book holds most of the complicated spells; minor ones are usually retained in memory." He paused moment, then went on. "Of course we all learn a few when we're young, like mage lights." Whispering a couple of words, a faint white glow began to appear above Drek's left paw, gradually intensifying and rising into the air until both dragons could see each other. "Great for those dark nights."

"I see. So are there many dragons who don't learn magic? One would think that fifty years of learning would put many off."

Drek waved his head in a 'sort of' gesture. "At a guess, I'd say probably three-fifths of dragonkind go on to higher learning. Sometimes those extra spells come in handy...." He trailed off, grinning. "As I've already demonstrated to you."

"Hmm, yes, you have," murmured Thirana, glancing at the mage light. "Could you teach me how to do that? We don't exactly have much else to do right now."

"I could try, I suppose." Drek looked out at the darkness, the rain barely discernible, then back to the former gryphon. "Well, the first thing you need to do is clear your mind of all distractions."

That was easier said than done. Just when Thirana thought he'd done it, a cricket would chirp, or a pebble would be dislodged from high up on the cliff face. After about half an hour of continued attempts, he managed to focus on the blank 'wall' that he had created in his mind. "Ready," he murmured.

"Now, repeat these words: Uncrez dematra. Be careful on the pronunciation." He nodded in approval as Thirana said the words with barely a misstep. "All right. Now, say them again, but as if you really mean it. Oh, and hold out a foreclaw, too."

Extending his right foreclaw out in front of him, Thirana imagined the words written on his mind's 'wall'. "Uncrez dematra!" For a few seconds nothing happened, then a white glimmer began to slowly appear in his palm. He watched with interest, and not a little amazement, as the glow increased in size

and brightness until it matched Drek's one. He focused on it, and it drifted to a position above his head, causing his scales to gleam with an almost malicious brightness.

"Very good. Your first act of magic." Drek grinned, then added, "When you wish to douse it, just say 'Aff'." He demonstrated, leaving the small cave lit by only Thirana's light. "Simple as that."

"Great." Thirana glanced up at the hovering mage light, and smiled. "I think I'll keep this one for a while; until I'm ready to sleep, anyway." He stared out into the wet darkness, the soft sound of the rain falling lulling him. It seemed like only a few seconds before Drek was nudging him. "Hmm, what?"

Drek cleared his throat. "Well, seeing as we're in this cave, and have nothing better to do, how about we explore your new body? You know mine well enough, certainly."

Thirana blushed, though any coloration would not have been seen at all in any circumstances. "Yes, you're right about that. After all that I've done today, I think I'll just let you do the work." Having said that, he moved to lean against the cave wall, giving Drek more space to work. He carefully lay down on his side, exposing his underparts. With a slow smile, Thirana nodded to his lover to begin.

His copper scales reflecting the soft glow that was the mage light, Drek shifted his position, reaching out a foreclaw, and gently stroking the other's genital slit. Thirana shuddered slightly, and almost immediately a small pink rod began to protrude from the blackness of his scales.

Grinning, Drek bent his head forward, flicking out his tongue to lightly touch the burgeoning maleness. "Ah, so eager," he murmured when he saw it grow visibly longer and harder. Not waiting for it to fully come to size, the copper dragon took Thirana's cock into his mouth, lovingly curling his long, agile tongue around the girth.

Thirana gasped, and involuntarily bucked his hips, thrusting close to the whole length into Drek's muzzle. "Damn, that feels good," he murmured, swivelling his head to regard his lover.

No comment came from Drek's mouth as he suckled gently at Thirana's cock, drawing its entirety into his mouth, feeling it nudge the back of his throat. A gleam came into his eyes and, without warning, he began to worm the tip of his tongue into Thirana's piss slit.

A hiss escaped Thirana's throat when he felt Drek's tongue trying to slither down the inside of his prick, and he jerked away, darting a startled look at Drek. "Don't do that, please," he asked. "I don't want to come too soon."

Drek nodded his understanding, and went back to sucking and pleasuring the firm, meaty cock lodged in his muzzle. It pulsed slightly, the small contraction followed closely by another. He quickly withdrew the length from his mouth, not wanting Thirana to drain himself just yet.

Now he moved around to the base of his lover's tail. Extending his long tongue, he tickled the puckered ring that would admit entrance into Thirana's lower body, and gradually inserted a few inches. Anal muscles clamped down on Drek's tongue, eliciting a startled "Urk!" from him. Undeterred, he flicked his tongue's tip around the warm cavity that surrounded it. While he did so, he reached between Thirana's legs to gently grasp his member, stroking it slowly.

It was all Thirana could do not come right then and there. His self-disciplinary efforts showed through the constant shuddering his body was experiencing as a result of Drek's ministrations. He was almost relieved when he felt the tongue slide out of his rectum, and the slow stroking of his cock stop.

Smiling to himself, Drek gave his lover's anus one more caress, then shifted his gaze to Thirana's deep blue eyes. "And now, my love," he said softly, "I will make love to you, once again." His lover changed position, getting onto all fours, lifting his tail out of the way. "Thank you," Drek murmured, as he took his place behind his mate. The glistening head of his maleness touched lightly upon Thirana's tailhole, then languidly pushed in a couple of inches.

Thirana gasped as the initial penetration sent a wave of pain through his lower region, but he resolutely held a verbal reaction back, not wanting Drek to stop his intrusion. He felt more of his lover's hard meat force its way into his virgin hole, slowly and surely, until the soft scales of Drek's body pressed against his.

“There, now, love,” whispered the copper dragon, resting lightly on Thirana’s back. “The worst is over. The first time is always the hardest. The pain will soon pass.” Having said that, he pulled out a little bit, then pushed back in, repeating the action, while he crooned lovingly to Thirana.

He’s right, thought Thirana a minute or so later. The pain had eased to almost nothing, and was now being replaced by a tentative pleasure, as his rectum got used to the stiff cock sliding in and out of it. He found himself rocking back and forth in time with Drek’s movements, revelling in the sensation of the full length of the cock driving into his bowels.

It could not last forever, unfortunately, and Drek soon had to bow down to his body’s urges. He thrust powerfully into Thirana’s rear one last time and let out a muted roar as he orgasmed. His cock throbbed hard with each shot of warm, blue semen that spurting into the hot cavity that surrounded him.

Thirana almost came himself as Drek let his seed splash deep into his bowels. He knew there must be a lot of it, so clenched his rectal muscles hard several times, grinning when he felt another few spurts of cum shoot into him.

It seemed like hours, but in reality it was only a minute or two. Drek pulled his softening cock out with a wet slurping sound, the last drops of cum being squeezed out by his mate’s anus clamping down on him as he withdrew. He moved up beside Thirana and nuzzled gently at his muzzle. “Thank you, Drek,” came the loving comment, “but don’t you rest just yet. It’s *my* turn to show my love.”

Drek grinned wryly. “Of course. I couldn’t let you go unsatisfied.” He watched with blue and green eyes as Thirana stepped carefully to his rear, and moved his tail to the side to gaze upon his own puckered ring. “Don’t worry about hurting me; I’ve done it quite a few times,” he said with amusement.

A look of startlement crossed his mate’s face, but it was quickly replaced by an expression of longing, then lust. Thirana wasted no time in mounting Drek, nudging his cockhead into position, then thrusting hard. He momentarily wondered as he hit bottom how he knew exactly what to do; after all, he had been female for all of his life. ‘Must be instinct,’ he thought, returning to the activity at hand.

A short barking yelp escaped Drek’s throat as Thirana slammed his cock into his tailhole. He was not a stranger to a good butt-fuck, but this one left him amazed at the ferocity his mate was demonstrating. He forbore to say anything, just relaxing and letting the wonderful sensations pleasure his body.

‘So this is what it’s like to make love as a male,’ Thirana thought as he rammed his cock into Drek’s hole again and again. ‘It’s not half bad.’ Part of his mind wondered if he was doing Drek any harm, considering the force of his thrusts, but another part overrode it, focusing on the pleasure he was getting from his member.

Despite Thirana’s state of arousal, it still took him the best part of ten minutes to end up at orgasm. A triumphant roar echoed through the cave, causing a stalactite or two at the cave’s rear to fall and shatter on the ground, as the black dragon poured his liquid passion into Drek’s bowels. He fucked his cock into him a few more times then, as the supply of cum dwindled, he slowly pulled out, noticing with detached surprise that his cum was a pale green.

“That was intense,” Drek remarked when his lover collapsed next to him. “So, how did you enjoy it? Was it everything you hoped for?”

“Oh, it was, definitely,” muttered Thirana, leaning against Drek for some support. He felt exhausted; little wonder considering he had never had to exhibit that much energy before. “Just out of curiosity, my cum is green, and yours is blue. Why?”

Drek blinked at the odd question. “I can’t say that I know. Semen coloration seems to be a random thing. I’ve come across many colours in my encounters. Yellow and white is quite common, and so is blue. Green is a little less common, and red a little rarer.” He grinned. “I even came across a dragon with *black* cum, would you believe? That really gave me a shock.”

Thirana nodded, a slight smile on his face. "I would imagine so." He yawned widely. "I think it's time for sleep, don't you agree." Upon Drek's smile and nod, Thirana extinguished his mage light, and laid his muzzle on his foreclaws. "Goodnight, love. And thank you."

"Goodnight...and you're welcome."

The next day was spent in the cave, as the weather had deteriorated into a full blown storm. Torrential rain lashed the forest, occasionally blowing in through the cave's entrance.

"Ohhh," moaned Thirana, glaring despondently out into the miserable conditions. "If this keeps up I'll never get to fly." He lay his head on his claws and snorted, blowing a small puff of dust out of the cave, to be caught by the driving wind which, thankfully, did not penetrate the warm hollow.

"Oh, cheer up, love," murmured Drek, lying down beside the black shape of his mate. "We can still pass the time profitably, hmm? Perhaps a little more exploration?"

Thirana sighed heavily. "Maybe, but this kind of weather always gets me down. I just feel so...lethargic; nothing seems to interest me much when it's raining."

"Ah, I see. Yes, I know what you mean. Well, perhaps we could work on your magical training. If you feel up to it, that is." He smiled slightly when he saw Thirana's head lift up a few inches. "I could teach you the spell to keep you dry. Where I came from, it was invaluable. Wettest climate on the planet."

"Well...that might occupy me for a little while. All right." Thirana moved into a more upright position, then looked at Drek. "Okay...what first?"

Drek thought for a moment, then nodded to himself. "Let's see...the words are 'dryppetikken', and they require this gesture." He demonstrated, moving his claws in an approximation of rain falling, then crossing and uncrossing his arms in a gesture indicating 'never'.

"Hmm..." Thirana again focused on his mental 'wall', inscribing the words in it, then spoke them aloud, accompanied by the gestures. "I don't feel any different," he commented, looking himself over, in case there was a physical manifestation of the spell's power.

"You're not meant to. Test it." Drek waved an arm towards the storm outside, following a step or two behind. "See, it did work," he said with a grin once they were several metres away from the cave. The black dragon was blinking in undisguised astonishment, checking himself over intently. A sudden gust of wind blew in, eliciting a massive shiver from Drek. "Unfortunately it doesn't keep the wind out."

Thirana raised an eyeridge, then inspected himself closely. About an inch from his scales there was what seemed to be just a layer of air. He poked himself with a claw, testing it. "It's just air," he remarked, glancing at Drek with some amazement.

"Of course it is. I'm not entirely sure how the spell functions, but it keeps us dry, and that's what counts." Drek looked upwards, scanning the imposing facade that was the cliff. "Now, in theory we should be able to fly up. That is, *I* could. I'm not sure about you. This kind of weather isn't the best to train a flyer in."

"What the heck," muttered Thirana after a moment of internal debate. "I'll give it a shot. The wing mechanism isn't *that* different from a gryphon's...I think." He flapped his wings in emphasis.

The copper dragon nodded slowly. "If you feel you can cope, by all means, go right ahead. The clearing might be the best place to take off from. Thank goodness we don't need to take a run-up, or else we'd never get off the ground."

Thirana grinned wryly, and set off in the direction of the clearing, his lover close behind.

By the time they arrived a few minutes later, the wind had abated a bit, much to Thirana's relief. Strong winds were hell on a flyer, and there was no way he wanted to end up a broken mess in the treetops due to turbulence.

"Well, I've never had to teach anyone how to fly before, so...I think the best way to go about it would be to just let you figure it out on your own."

That was exactly what Thirana had been thinking, and he wasted no time in putting that premise into effect. He stood in the middle of the clearing, eyes half closed against the wind that was gusting from the north. 'Here goes nothing,' he thought to himself.

Taking a deep breath, he concentrated on his wings, trying to envisage how the muscles might look and differ to a gryphon's. Then, with a strong leap of his hind legs, he thrust himself into the air, flapping hard with mighty pumps of his wing muscles.

Once, twice, three times he flapped, each time rising a little higher into the air. 'Hey, I'm flying!' he exclaimed to himself, feeling his muzzle curving into an idiotic grin. The sensation of flight seemed slightly different, but it wasn't totally unlike flying as a gryphon, he was pleased to note.

Slowly he climbed until he was nearly fifty metres above the swaying treetops. Up here the wind was a little fiercer, but there weren't any trees to create eddies to foul up his flight. He focused his eyes down on the clearing below, the only one for two or three kilometres in any direction he noted. He could just make out the coppery form of Drek moving into the centre to gaze up at him.

Thirana swooped down again, until he was close enough to be able to distinguish Drek's facial features. "Look, Drek! I'm flying," he cried giddily to the dragon on the ground, waving an arm in addition.

"Yes, I can see that," Drek called back, smiling widely. "Wait there, and I'll join you." He spread his own wings, the scales shining dully in the dim light, then leaped up into the air, clawing his way up to a position by Thirana. "Come on," he said, circling his mate, "why don't we go for a little tour of the countryside? Get a dragon's-eye view, as it were."

"Sure, why not?" Thirana was scant metres behind Drek as he turned, climbed, and began to fly westward, heading over the massive cliff to the lands beyond. Looking down, Thirana could see that the land below had fractured at some time in the distant past, causing part of it to sink below its original level, creating the escarpment the cliff was part of.

As they flew, the weather lessened in its ferocity, until they broke into clear skies some miles away from their starting point. Small villages dotted the landscape below, tiny clusters of houses built around dirt roads, their only link to the outside world. "Beautiful, isn't it?" said Drek, beginning a slow circling dive towards a small lake that shimmered in the afternoon sunlight.

Thirana declined to comment until he had landed beside Drek on a deserted stretch of beach on the northern lakeshore. "I've never flown this far west before," he remarked, gazing about him with a sense of wonder. "Beauty seems more...beautiful, if that makes sense, through a dragon's eyes. The colour vision is much better than a gryphon's. I mean, before, I would have said the trees were green, and the lake was blue. Now, I can pick out the individual shades of green and blue. It's wonderful."

"I'm glad you think so. This is my favourite place to come when I feel a need for tranquillity. No one bothers me here, though sometimes I get the *very* occasional adventure-seeker." Drek snorted with an amused laugh. "It doesn't take much to persuade them to leave me alone. A cordial 'Hello' is usually enough. Then they run off screaming."

"Oh, really?" Thirana chuckled, then stretched himself out in the warm yellow-grey sand. "Mmm...I've never had the opportunity to lie in sand and enjoy it before," he said, smiling. "It was always too hard to get out of my fur and feathers when I did."

"Yes, I'd imagine that could be quite a problem," the copper dragon replied, waddling forward into the gently lapping water. "Join me for a swim? Though we're primarily fliers, we still enjoy a swim now and then." Drek's face took on a smug expression. "I pride myself on my ability."

Thirana thought it over for a few moments, then shook his head. "No, not right now. Maybe later. I've just got comfortable here in the sand...." To emphasise his point he dug his forelegs into the sand, and laid his head on the sand between them.

"Suit yourself." Drek slowly moved into the lake, gradually submerging until only his neck and head were showing, then, with a quiet splash, he disappeared. The only evidence that he was there was a small V-shaped ripple as he swam off to another side of the lake.

After five minutes Thirana started feeling a few pangs of concern, as Drek hadn't come up for air. 'I hope he's all right,' he thought to himself, scanning the water's surface.

Another two minutes, and he was really starting to get worried. Lifting himself out of the sand he stepped quickly down to the water, and waded in, shivering at the icy temperatures, until he was wholly submerged.

Blinking rapidly, Thirana managed to adjust his vision for underwater conditions, and then began swimming towards the area he had last seen Drek. 'Telepathy would be a great help right now,' he muttered inwardly as clouds of silt and weeds churned up behind him.

He had been searching for ten minutes when it suddenly occurred to him that he had been beneath the water far longer than he thought was possible. 'If I can stay down this long, then Drek must be able to as well! What an idiot I am!' With that thought, he rose to the surface, exhaling loudly as he broke through into the air.

A moment later the sound of another exhalation nearby drew his attention. "Drek!" he yelled plaintively, "where the heck have you been? I've been looking for you for ages! I thought you might have drowned or something...."

Drek swam over and nuzzled Thirana's nose. "No worries. I can hold my breath for twenty minutes, more if I really have to." He sniggered to himself. "I figured that if I stayed down long enough I'd get you worried enough to come into the water looking for me. When you did, I just followed a little way behind you."

Thirana stared at his lover with a range of emotions flickering over his face, the predominant one being irritation. "You find that funny, do you? I hate being toyed with like that. Playing with someone's emotions just isn't on." His words gathered some heat as he continued. "What would you have done in my position? Still only half-aware of draconic abilities? I was worried about you, dammit, and I was afraid I'd lost you!" The black dragon was shaking, sending tiny ripples through the water.

Backing away a few feet, Drek blinked, looking at Thirana with growing contrition. He stayed silent for a minute, thinking. "Thirana, I'm sorry. Sometimes I take our abilities for granted, never really thinking that not everyone knows what we are capable of. I didn't think to tell you about our breath control." He swam closer, pulling Thirana into a gentle embrace. "In future, if you're not sure about something, please ask, and I will tell you what you wish to know. Again, I am truly sorry for putting you through that. It was just a little joke that had slightly unforeseen results. Forgive me?"

The look in Drek's eyes was pleading, and Thirana knew that he was telling the truth. "Well...if you ever do that to me again, just watch out, that's all," he murmured, kissing Drek on the nose. "I forgive you, though I think I'll have to exact a little payback of my own." He looked up into the sky, noticing it was starting to cloud over, then back to Drek. "How about we go home? It could get to be a little unpleasant here."

"Hmm, you might be right, there. Come on; I'll race you back to shore!" On that note, Drek spun around and headed for the beach again, followed by a slightly indignant Thirana. "Hey! I wasn't ready for that!"

It was late afternoon, and the sky had cleared, when Drek and Thirana arrived back at Drek's cave. "It's so good to be back, even though the beach was quite nice. You think we could bring some of that sand back here to cover the floor?" Thirana looked around the cave appraisingly, tilting his head to regard Drek with a gleam in his eyes.

"Ah, no. As much as I like sand, it tends to find its way into the tiniest of cracks, and it's quite difficult to get it out again." Drek made his way over to the padding they used as a bed, and lay down on it, sighing softly. "Are you in the mood to go hunting at all? I'm tired. Must be my age sneaking up on me," he said with a slight grin.

“Well, I suppose so. What do you feel like?” Thirana waited patiently for Drek to make up his mind, scratching idly at an itch on his right eyeridge.

Drek waved a foreclaw in a ‘so-so’ gesture. “I don’t really care, just so long as it’s juicy.” He paused to think, then added, “Though a deer wouldn’t go amiss.”

“Deer it is then. I think I saw a herd as we flew back.” He turned and stepped to the cave entrance again. “I won’t be long.”

It was about half an hour before Thirana came back, a deer carcass clasped in his front claws. “I’ll have to improve my tracking and hunting techniques,” he commented, dropping the deer down in front of Drek and lying down. “They could see me approaching miles away. I was lucky to get this one.” Casting a quick glance at its face he added, “Silly fool tripped over and broke his leg.”

“We take what we can get,” Drek said philosophically, looking the animal over. “Seems to be about...a year old? He hadn’t come into his first proper growth of antlers, anyway. The young ones are the best. So tender.”

“I’m a predator too, you know,” Thirana said, grinning. “I know what you mean.” He bent forward and ripped a hunk off the deer’s rump, chewing slowly. “Not bad, though I think its running wasn’t good for the muscle tone. It’s gone stringy.”

“Ah, well. You tried your best. Remind me to give you a quick lesson or two on how to sneak up on your prey, sometime.” Drek started his meal on the head end, tearing into the neck.

After they had dined, both dragons lay at the cave entrance, watching the sky going through its nightly ritual, dimming from light blue, sliding through the wonderful spectrum that sunset provided, into the sober hues that signalled the end of day and the start of night. “It’s sort of a pity that the cave doesn’t face west; the sunsets are always so beautiful,” Drek sighed wistfully.

Thirana glanced over at Drek, then gently nuzzled his muzzle. “If it helps, think of sunrise as sunset in reverse. It’s not quite the same, I know, but it’s still just as pretty as sunset.” He was silent for a few moments, then he went on. “Sunrise has always been my favourite, personally. I like to lie and listen to the world waking up. There are so many sounds that you hear only in the morning.”

“How profound,” murmured Drek, seeing his partner in a slightly newer light. “I had no idea you thought that way. Must come from having a female mind. Most males wouldn’t notice beauty if it fell on their heads.”

The black dragon chuckled. “You’ve got that right. Unless it was in a female, in which *any* male would be stupid not to notice it. Mind you,” he continued, “beauty is in the eye of the beholder, as they say.”

“True, which leads me to wonder what someone who was born blind would think of, say, a rose, or a sunset. They cannot see, so beauty, to them, would be an unknown concept.”

“You have a point, there. Hmm.” They sat in the growing darkness, until the final light of day had been banished from the sky. “Well, time to...do whatever it is dragons do for nightly entertainment.”

“Oh, I quite often stare at the walls. If you’re really still, and strain your hearing, you can almost hear the walls talk. Hey!” Drek ducked a friendly blow to the head, and backed away. “Okay, okay, so that wasn’t funny. We could always tell stories; that’s a favourite past-time for many families, though as lived by myself for so long, that wasn’t an option, unless I talked to myself.”

Thirana pondered for a moment or two, then smiled. “What about ‘Hangman’?” He grinned at Drek’s puzzled expression. “I write down a series of lines, each representing one letter of a word. What the other player has to do is guess the word, letter by letter. If a letter is present, it is written in. If not, then a line is added to a stick figure man, hanging from the gallows. The game ends when the word is guessed, or the man is hanged.”

“Sounds intriguing. Where did you learn it? The fact that it’s called ‘Hangman’ sort of suggests that you’ve been around humans for a time.”

“Yeah, when I was younger I made friends with a little human boy. He wasn’t afraid of me, like most children, and he taught me a few things.” Thirana lay down, and scratched some lines in the dust of the cave floor. “Right. What’s your first guess?”

After numerous games of ‘Hangman’, most of which Thirana won, they retired for the night, cuddling up together on the padding. “Two more days, and then we’ll be able to make you a dragon permanently,” Drek whispered into Thirana’s ear.

“I know, love, I know. Only, I think that I want to be gold next time. Black is so...depressing, don’t you think?”

“On you, it looks elegant,” Drek said, smiling. “Any thoughts on what you’d like to call yourself? ‘Thirana’ is a gryphon’s name, not a dragon’s.”

That had never occurred to Thirana before now, and he was suddenly apprehensive. His name would be virtually his only link to his past. “I don’t know,” he said slowly. “I’d like to keep ‘Thirana’, but... Perhaps we could fiddle it so that it keeps some similarity?”

“Oh, I think that can be done.” Drek kissed Thirana on the neck. “Anyway, don’t worry about it. Save it for the day. Goodnight, love.”

“Goodnight.”

The next two days went by quickly, with Thirana learning more about being a dragon than he had known previously. He picked up a few more useful spells, and improved his chances of catching prey.

It was nearing noon on the third full day since his transformation when Thirana noticed the first signs that he was starting to revert back to being a gryphon. The pale green nimbus slowly surrounded him, and very gradually he felt his wings begins to shrink, losing their solidity as the spell faded out.

Unfortunately the changes were happening in mid-air. “Drek!” he called, in a panicky voice. “I’m changing back!” Even as he said that, he was losing altitude quicker than he cared to be. The best he could hope for was a soft landing in a field, of which, thankfully, there were plenty below him.

Drek was flying up ahead, lost in a semi-trance as he scanned the landscape for wild game, when he heard Thirana’s panicked cry. “Oh, shit!” he muttered, banking in a tight turn to return to his falling mate.

The black dragon was shrinking rapidly as he descended, his tail shortening and sprouting fur, his scaly hide was replaced by brown feathers and fur, wings resuming their original form. The glow faded, and Thirana found himself flying normally again. He dropped down into the nearest field, and backwinged to a gentle halt.

“That was intense!” he remarked as Drek landed beside him, concern written plainly on his draconic features. “I thought I’d crash for sure.”

“You’re you again,” Drek replied, looking his partner over carefully. A surreptitious glance under the tail confirmed it. “Yes, you’re definitely back to normal. How does it feel to be a gryphon again? And *female*?”

Thirana blinked, checking himself — no, *herself*, now — over. “Hey, I am! And my voice is back again. Oh, I’ve missed that so much.” She sighed, clacking her beak. “I feel...well, the body’s familiar, but it seems to have so many limitations that I hadn’t noticed before. Like the lack of magic.” She tried casting a spell, and, as she had expected, nothing happened. “I can almost *feel* the non-presence of magic.”

“So...you still want to be a dragon?” asked Drek, his voice neutral. “I’ll love you in whatever form you are, but I still think that a dragon’s body suits you far more.”

The gryphon thought it over for a minute. Yes, it was sort of good to be back in her old body, feeling the wind whispering through her feathers, ruffling her fur, and yet...she had enjoyed being a dragon, having a smooth scaled hide, those strong teeth, the size advantage.... “As much as I like being a gryphon, I think being a dragon holds more attraction...especially if I can bear you children.”

“Children...” Drek almost choked on the word. He had never, in all his days, thought he’d ever find a mate willing to be a mother. Thinking on that a bit further, he realised he’d never really had the intention of having little dragonets of his own either. It had seemed so distant a prospect...and yet here he was, listening to his lover offering him that opportunity. “I don’t know what to say,” he said, a little stunned.

“Don’t say anything, love. Well, just tell me you’ll love me for as long as we shall live.” Thirana stepped forward to nuzzle Drek, who bent his head down so she could do so. “I love you, and always will, until time itself stops.” He kissed her gently on the beak, then cleared his throat quietly. “Of course, now we have to make the change permanent.”

“Oh, yes! I’d quite forgotten. Is it the same process as before?” She glared at Drek when he looked away from her gaze. “Spit it out. I know that look. What’s the catch?”

Drek sighed. “Well, the spell is the same, but it requires a physical component, which, ah, is...” The rest of the sentence was mumbled. “I didn’t quite catch that. What did you say?” Thirana pressed.

“Dragon semen,” muttered Drek, a little louder. “Only...it requires more than one dragon to supply it...”

The gryphon stared at him, blinking. “You mean...more of the same treatment that you gave me when you healed me?” A few seconds passed before the significance of Drek’s reply sank in. “Wait a minute...more than *one* dragon? As much as I like your cream, I don’t think I could drink that much.”

“Um...you won’t have to,” Drek replied carefully, eliciting a sigh of relief from Thirana. “The rest is delivered elsewhere...” He winced at the withering stare the gryphon gave him. “For best effects, an orgy — “

“An orgy?” screeched Thirana, not letting Drek finish his sentence. “You want me to share my body, not only with you, but with others?” Her voice rose, maxing out at the top of her range. “Who do you think I am? A sex-crazed *slut*!?”

Right then Drek felt like sinking into the ground, to disappear forever. He had never seen her this mad, and to see her in this mood upset him greatly. “I’m sorry, Thirana, but if you really want it to work, then it’s the only way. I can’t do it on my own.” His voice was imbued with heavy overtones of guilt and sadness.

“Okay.” Thirana’s voice dropped back to her normal tones, and she smiled sweetly at him. “Whatever you say. Of course you’ll have to introduce your friends to me. After all, I can’t go around having sex with dragons I don’t know, can I?”

Drek was floored. He had never seen anyone change so rapidly from one mood to another like that before. “I...I... No, I guess you can’t...but why did you get so angry...?”

“Payback, for the other day. Now we’re even. You play rough with me, and I’ll give you exactly the same treatment. That’s fair, don’t you think?” Thirana looked extremely smug, and for one brief instant Drek wanted to rip the smirk off her face, before rationality cut in. “Okay, so you got me back. Yes, that’s fair enough. I promise not to do anything like that again. Satisfied?”

“Of course I am, and I’ll promise as well. Now,” she went on brusquely, “when can we get going on with this gathering? I’m up for as soon as possible, but sooner would be fine.”

A grin crossed Drek’s face, and he shook his head. “I’ll have to go call on my friends first, to see if they’re available. Of course they will be unpartnered males. Some females might be understanding about their mates going out and having sex with someone else, but some aren’t, and I’d rather not have to deal with any angry females right now.” He eyed Thirana rather pointedly after that remark.

“Well...perhaps if I went along to give some moral support? And maybe explain the circumstances?” Thirana ruffled her wings, stretching them out, then flipped them onto her back again. “A female-to-female chat.”

The dragon thought about it, then nodded. “Only as a last resort, mind. I know five bachelors off the top of my head, and I’m pretty sure they’d be quite happy to indulge themselves.” He glanced up at the sky, mentally working out flying time. “If we hurry, we can recruit two of them before darkness

sets in.” With that, he leaped into the air and began flapping his wings, quickly winging his way into the distance. Thirana had to labour to catch up with him, but once she had she mirrored his speed as best she could.

The sun was a few minutes away from setting when Drek and Thirana arrived back at their cave. “That worked out very well,” said Drek as he came in for a neat landing on his ledge. “I knew they’d be eager for some relief after being alone so long.”

Thirana chuckled, following Drek into the cave. “Yes, I guessed that from their expressions. I think that if ‘lust’ were a colour, they’d be absolutely glowing with it.” She laid down next to a wall, and looked around idly. “You know,” she said, “your cave is positively spartan. Don’t you have any sense of individuality? Even the most frugal gryphon’s aerie has some items that identify them as being a unique being.”

“Hmm?” Drek peered at Thirana, then around his cave. “I don’t have many visitors, and what few *do* visit have never once said anything about my living arrangements. I’ve always thought that what I have is quite sufficient. No more, no less.”

The gryphon sniffed in disdain. “Well, I’ll have to do something about that, won’t I? Some colour, at least, wouldn’t go amiss.” She began to mentally fill the cave with ‘individuality’, while Drek looked at her in disgust. “Females!” he sighed, rolling his eyes. “If you’re that unhappy, I’ll let you make some additions, but only if I agree to it. Will that do?”

“I think so,” Thirana murmured, her tone of voice clearly implying that that wouldn’t do. “I have a friend who’s quite a skilled artist. How about a painting of us on the wall there?” She pointed at the opposite wall, one of the few totally flat places in the cave.

“Well...I’ll grant you that concession. I’ve often thought that something should go there, but I never got around to doing anything about it. Anyway,” he went on, changing the subject, “are you nervous at all?”

“About tonight’s activities? A little, but knowing that you’ll be here as well, in emotional and *heh-heh* physical support is enough to keep most of the butterflies at bay.”

The dragon nodded, his eyes turning away to get a glimpse of the fading sunset. “Well, I’m glad you’re coping with it. I’ve never been one for being a public spectacle, and now have to share my intimacy with two others!” A noticeable red flush coloured Drek’s cheeks, and he turned away so his mate couldn’t see him blushing.

“But the end result will be worth the embarrassment, won’t it?” Thirana’s voice was gentle, soothing. “We’ll finally be together as dragons, to share our lives and our love indefinitely.” She got up and strolled over to nuzzle Drek’s side. “And we will have little dragons of our own to cherish, should you want to be a father in the future.” A few moments of silence, then, “I’d do anything for you, Drek. Would you do me the same courtesy?”

There was a long pause, so long that Thirana thought that Drek hadn’t heard her, before he spoke. “Yes, love...I would.” He swung his head around and gazed into the gryphon’s golden eyes. “I would most definitely do anything for you.” He felt passion rising up within him, and with a strong effort he managed to suppress it. The passion would have to wait a couple of hours.

Thirana felt the same urges trying to force their way to the forefront, but she overrode them, knowing that very soon they could be unleashed with wild abandon. Calmly she asked, “Perhaps we should fill in the time with some games. ‘Noughts and Crosses’, maybe?”

About two hours after sunset the first of the two other participants flew in, almost missing his landing in the darkness. “You might want to brighten up that mage light a bit,” he remarked critically. “You know what Tren is like at flying in darkness.” The new dragon made a fist, and slapped it into the other foreclaw. “Damn near killed himself last time.”

“Rh’nabo’in,” greeted Thirana, looking up from another game of ‘Noughts and Crosses’. “You didn’t hurt yourself when you came in?” She got up and inspected the arrival briefly, once again marvelling at his colour and tone. Rh’nabo’in, or Rhin for short, was slightly smaller than Drek in stature, and much leaner, but in contrariness to his looks, he was very muscular. The majority of his body was covered in brilliant emerald scales, which shimmered in the illumination provided by the mage light. Upon his wings, stretching across nearly half of the wingsail area, were scales of a fiery red, which Thirana found very attractive.

“No, no, not at all,” murmured Rhin graciously, extending his head to nuzzle her beak. “I just misjudged my landing, is all.” He looked over her shoulder to peer at Drek. “Looking forward to the action, Drek? And what is that you’re doing?”

The copper dragon looked up from his ponderings. “To answer your first question, I am, yes. To the second, I am playing ‘Noughts and Crosses’ to pass the time until both you and Tren are present. Thirana, it’s your move.”

Thirana came back over, and frowned. “You blocked me! Well, I’ll just block you then,” she mused, making a large cross in one of the corner squares. “Remind me to teach you how to play ‘Chess’ sometime. Very challenging, and a single game may last for hours.”

“Oh, I’ve played that!” exclaimed Rhin, resting on his haunches beside Thirana. “That game that has all those black and white squares, and the pieces capturing each other?” Thirana nodded in agreement. “Ah, yes. I gave it up because no-one else knew how to play, or I kept losing.”

“I had the same problem, so I just played against myself, developing strategies. Perhaps I could visit sometime and give you some lessons, hmm?” The gryphon watched Drek make his move, then put down her final cross. “I win again.”

“No more, thank you,” Drek said earnestly when Thirana opened her beak to ask for another game. “I’ve been losing almost consistently for the past two hours, and I’m not going to lose any more...at least, not tonight, anyway. Besides,” he added, smiling and pointing a claw, “Tren is here.”

A muffled obscenity, and a series of loud scratching noises, came from outside, then a pale sapphire blue dragon scrambled in. “Honestly,” muttered Rhin, shaking his head. “After six centuries you still haven’t perfected night landings yet?”

The blue dragon glared at Rhin, then grinned. “Not quite, no. I make it a point *not* to fly at night. You know my night vision is terrible.” He saw Thirana cocking her head at him, and he bowed his head flordily. “My lady,” he murmured, putting into his words all the charm that he could muster.

“Save it, Tr’neva’in,” answered Thirana coolly. “I’ve been charmed already, so don’t waste your breath. It was a nice gesture, though.”

Tren snorted, then sighed. “It was worth a try, I suppose.” He looked at the other two dragons with a raised eyebrow. “So when does the show start?” he inquired, eagerness in his tone.

“My friend, you’ve been alone too long,” Drek said with mock sadness. “Go out and capture a fair young maiden; that should keep you occupied for a short while.” He grinned impudently at Tren then chuckled. “Oh, don’t worry. Eventually someone will fall into your embrace, but until then...you’ll have to be content with the occasional bout of wild sex.” He glanced at Thirana with a smile. “Speaking of which, are you ready to be taken by three lustful dragons? Well, two lustful and one passionate?”

Thirana deliberated for a few seconds, putting on a display of reluctance. “I don’t know...one of you I could take on, possibly two, but three? Hmm...what the hey? Let’s go for it!”

“Hold it!” said Drek before the other two had time to move more than a step. “I should like to do this with some measure of dignity. Thirana, as you are going to be at the centre of all this, do you have any preferences on who you would like to take each orifice?”

“Well, as I’ve never been taken up the rear end in *gryphon* form, I think you, Drek, should have the honor of deflowering my tailhole — again.” Thirana grinned, then continued. “As for the other two, I

don't really care. I'm sure both will be male enough for me." Curving her beak into a winsome smile, she turned and lifted her tail, showing off her seeping femininity.

"I get dibs on her cunt!" called Rhin before Tren could formulate a sentence. "If you want, we can swap later." The blue dragon waved a foreclaw in dismissal. "Ah, never mind. Any hole will do an old codger like me."

As if the movements had been planned beforehand, Rhin carefully settled himself on his back, and began to lightly stroke his genital slit, from which his dark pink cock started peeking out. Without any prompting Thirana moved to gently lick at it, feeling it get harder and longer as she performed her ministrations. When it was at full stretch she gave the cock one more lick then, with a little assistance from Drek, she got into position on top of Rhin. She felt the cock's tip nudging her pussy lips, and she carefully slipped herself down, slowly taking the hot meat into her body.

Drek smiled with pride when his mate took the whole of the green dragon's shaft into her pussy, then gestured for Tren to take his place. "Comfortable?" he asked Thirana gently.

"He's a bit bigger than you, but I can cope with it," assured the gryphon, before she turned her head around to open her beak wide for Tren's cock. The blue dragon moaned softly as his prick was engulfed by Thirana's willing mouth, the tip going partway down her throat.

Now it was Drek's turn to mount his partner. Straddling Rhin's lower body, and being careful not to tread on his tail, he moved up until his upright member was at the entrance to Thirana's bowels. "Remember, this may hurt a bit," he whispered softly to Thirana, who just nodded as she couldn't answer around the delicious cock in her throat. Gently he pressed forward, his cockhead pushing against the gryphon's anus. With the aid of a generous spurt of pre-cum he slid into his mate's body, immediately aware of the cock bare millimetres below his own.

A nod to both Rhin and Tren started the main action itself. Both Rhin and Drek held Thirana still, to allow them to thrust into her holes. Drek was astounded by how sensuous it felt, having another prick sliding almost directly against his own, as he tenderly began to bugger the gryphon with short, even strokes.

Rhin, having been deprived of sex for quite a while, wasn't thinking of such things as he thrust in and out of Thirana's cunt. All he was aware of was the wonderful heat and wetness of the cavity pulsing around his maleness, the cock rubbing against his, and Tren's underparts hovering above his muzzle. A fleeting idea whisked through his mind, and he extended his tongue, lightly flicking it against Tren's puckered hole.

"Hey! Don't even think about it, Rhin!" grumbled Tren, involuntarily bucking forward into Thirana's mouth when the tip of Rhin's tongue pushed through his sphincter. "If you want to do that, wait until we've finished here, then I'll be quite happy to continue."

Thirana didn't comment. She was too busy dealing with the hunk of dragon cock lodged in her mouth and throat. Her tongue curled agilely around it, stroking up and down, while she sucked gently on it, utilising her throat muscles to massage the head.

For a few minutes, all that could be heard were the various moans, grunts and slapping noises as the three dragons fucked Thirana, then heavy panting began to dominate as they drew closer to their orgasms.

"I think it's time to recite the spell," Drek managed to say, trying to keep a tight rein on his climax. Receiving nods of agreement, he started mentally preparing himself, quickly running it through his mind again, though it was difficult when he was so distracted. "Drastifari yulonat," he muttered, "Tznyaqista Polygho!" He removed his grip from Thirana so he could make the appropriate gestures.

As the spell wound on, the panting grew faster and louder, until even Drek was struggling to keep the spell going. Thirana was glowing pale green again, and her eyes were wide with anticipation.

Eventually the spell came to its climactic conclusion. "Juxta Phrenga...tviqla Ionat...Zyk DRACONIS!" Drek swung his arms wide, his foreclaws meeting in a clap that echoed with finality

around the cave, then roared as a second later he ejaculated, hot jets of electric blue jism spurting hard into the gryphon's back passage from being held back so long.

Almost simultaneously the green and blue dragons came as well, with loud, triumphant roars of their own. Thirana's pussy and anal muscles clamped down hard around the two cocks inside her, the strong pulsing of their spurting bringing her to a climax too. Her normal keens of ecstasy were blocked by Tren's hot cock spewing what seemed like several pints of spunk down her throat, almost causing her to choke. As it was, a lot of it escaped the confines of her mouth, dripping down onto the dragon beneath her.

Thirana felt the changes begin almost instantly, the odd melting, her limbs lengthening and expanding, fleshing out. It was almost a pleasant feeling, slightly euphoric. She blinked as the nimbus faded, and found her holes were still occupied. The former gryphon, slowly took the still dribbling prick from her mouth, licking the residue off the head, then swivelled her head to examine herself. Brilliant golden scales shone in the mage light, a very pale silver hue overlaying it upon her wings. "It...worked?" she asked into the awed silence.

Drek backed out, withdrawing his spent cock from Thirana's much larger anus. "It seems to have succeeded, yes," he said with a tired smile after noticing Rhin was still embedded. "Perhaps you'd better get off Rhin now..."

"Oh! Yes, of course." She very carefully moved forward, feeling the softening dick in her pussy sliding out, then off the green dragon lying on the cave floor. He had a beatific expression on his face...and he was out cold. "I think the excitement was too much for him," she said with a grin.

"So what do you think? Is the colour all right? And I assumed you wanted to be female? Besides that, considering we were still inside you when the change took place, I'm not sure what would have happened to Rhin if you'd changed into a male," Drek added with a chuckle.

"Hmm, true. I suppose Rhin will have to sleep over until he wakes up. Tren, you can go or stay, though with your landing abilities..." He trailed off, grinning at the slightly malicious glare shot at him. "I'll never live that down, will I?" complained Tren, sighing heavily. "It's just not fair."

Drek smiled, moving to pat Tren on the shoulder. "Never mind. I'm sure you'll get it right sometime.... In the meanwhile, you're quite welcome to stay the night, if you don't mind Rhin's snoring. I've heard he's quite bad."

"Thanks for the offer, but no. I'd better get back. I don't trust anyone in my neck of the woods not to go into my cave and nick some of my gold." He flapped his wings in a stretching motion and waddled over to the cave entrance. "It was nice seeing you again, Drek. You'll have to come over again with your mate. She's quite the looker."

"I'll keep that in mind," Drek murmured, raising an eyeridge at Thirana. "Take care now." Tren mumbled something under his breath as he launched himself off the ledge, heading into the quarter-moon darkness.

Drek turned to Thirana, and twined his neck about hers in an affectionate gesture. "Now that you're a dragon, we can give you a proper dragon's name. You said that you wanted to keep something of your old name in it?" The gold dragon nodded. "Let's see...ah. Th'rana'in should do, hmm?"

"Th'rana'in...I like that. Just call me Thir for short, though." Thir sighed happily, feeling the warmth in Drek's body spreading to hers. "Let's say we copy Rhin's idea, and get some sleep, hmm? If he does snore, I want to get as much as possible before he does!"

The copper dragon laughed, pulling away and licking Thir's muzzle. "Good idea, love. A good idea." Together they made their way to the padding, lying down beside each other, Drek curled protectively about Thir. "Welcome to the first day of your life as a dragon," he whispered into Thir's ear, before both he and Thir fell into a loving slumber.