

# GRYPHON'S ESCAPE

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Written as an art/story trade for Blaze

It was a chilly winter morning when Blaze winged his way up into the still air, having taken the first – and most likely only – opportunity to do make his escape. Behind him yells of panic and outrage faded into the distance as he climbed higher, anxious to get out of visual range. The bright orange gryphon panted hard as he flew, using long-unused wing muscles to stroke through the air. At last, after months of unremitting patience, he was free!

"I can't keep this up," he muttered to himself after a couple hours of flying; his wingbeats were starting to get out of time with each other, causing him to fly in a slightly drunk fashion. "I need a rest, and soon." He looked down, studying the large body of water that he was currently flying over. "Just my luck that they decided to build a research facility on an island in the middle of nowhere."

Far off in the distance, at the limit of his eagle-eyed vision, Blaze could see the faint green smudge of land. Much too far for him to reach safety before his strength gave out. "At least I'll die free," he murmured, ceasing his tired flapping and just letting his momentum carry him a little further, and gravity bring him down to the ocean's surface.

He glided for a few minutes before he touched down, skimming his claws through the tops of the waves before he settled into the water. "I must be heavier than I thought," he noted as his body sank almost immediately. After a few seconds of floundering about he figured out that moving his legs would help him to stay afloat – and propelled him, albeit rather slowly, in a forward direction. "Okay, this could work," he murmured, moving just fast enough to make headway against the waves, yet stay afloat.

After about half an hour he was starting to tire again, but not so quickly as he had when he was flying. "What I wouldn't do for a faster method of travel right now," he muttered, focusing his eyes on the land on the horizon, hoping that it looked even a bit closer.

A short time later Blaze became aware of an odd shimmering in the air, with a slight blue tinge to it. As he approached he felt the feathers on his neck quivering with energy, and the fur on his back starting to stand on end. Upon further examination, he saw that it seemed to extend as far as the eye could see at right angles to his direction of travel. "Now what the heck could this be?" he asked himself, swimming as close as he could to the unusual phenomenon. He stretched his neck out, intent on giving it a more physical examination, and was suddenly blinded by a flash of intense blue light. This was presently followed by pain the likes Blaze had never felt before, even in all the tests the scientists back in the facility had subjected him to. Moments later he blacked out.

When he came to, it was night time. Clouds obscured some of the stars, and the moon was waxing just above the horizon. Blaze slowly raised himself into a sitting position, and groaned as pain awakened in his head again. "What the hell was that?" he muttered rhetorically, looking around carefully.

A sandy beach, glittering slightly in the bright moonlight, stretched into the distance. Waves lapped gently a few feet away, the gentle susurrations oddly soothing to his jangled mind. Aside from that, and the calls of nocturnal birds in the distance, all was silent.

"Ah, I see you're awake." The voice, coming from not far behind him, was low and oddly sensuous. "You've been asleep for quite some time," said another, more feminine, voice.

Blaze turned around slowly to find the speakers were...a pair of gryphons! He opened and closed his beak a few times, totally speechless. *I thought I was the only one!* A few seconds passed before he managed to utter something. "You're...like me!"

"What an astute observation," murmured what must have been the male. In the pale moonlight his features were almost impossible to make out, but Blaze could see that he had large tufts atop his

ears, as did the female. “Nice to see your brains aren’t scrambled after coming through the Barrier.”

“Eirann, be nice,” admonished the female. She came closer, allowing Blaze to get a somewhat better look at her. Her colouring wasn’t distinguishable in the soft moonlight; about all he could tell was that her fur was fairly light coloured, her feathers much darker. “My name is Lavina,” she said quietly by way of introduction.

“I’m...Blaze,” the dazed gryphon responded, forgetting his name for a moment. “Jeez, what the heck hit me? I even forgot my own name!”

Eirann came forward and parked himself next to his mate. “That, my dear fellow, would be the Barrier. Nobody knows exactly what it is. It lies somewhere out there in the ocean,” and he waved with a talon in the appropriate direction. “Those who live around here, and that includes the folk residing in the water, know to avoid it. On the odd occasion, an unfortunate being comes through the Barrier from the other side. Most...don’t survive the experience.” He cleared his throat uncomfortably.

A chill went through Blaze when he heard those words. “I guess I’m one of the lucky ones,” he murmured, slowly twisting his head around to stare out to sea. “No wonder I feel like a mountain’s come down on top of me.”

“Hmm. I’ll go get you something for that headache,” said Lavina. She headed down the beach, leaving shallow claw- and pawprints in the dark sand. While she was gone Eirann engaged Blaze in simple conversation, being careful not to tax his Barrier-abused mind. “What’s it like on the other side? No-one’s ever come back to describe it.”

Memories of the research facility flashed through Blaze’s mind. “I can’t really say,” he responded. “Most of my life was spent in captivity, being subjected to all sorts of horrible tests...like how much pain I could stand before I blacked out. Maybe that’s why I survived coming through the Barrier; I’d built up an ‘immunity’ to the pain.”

The other gryphon was silent for a few seconds. “You’re a brave gryphon,” he finally said, raising a claw and patting Blaze gently on the shoulder. “Not many would take such a risky chance.”

“It was better than spending my life in endless human experiments. I would rather have died than gone another day without freedom.” Blaze flumped down carefully onto the sand. “You have no idea what it was like. I was starved for days on end, deprived of sleep, deprived of *air*, and even....” He trailed off and lowered his gaze to examine the sand. “Even masturbated for semen samples,” he finished, almost inaudibly. It couldn’t be seen, but the insides of his ears were bright red with embarrassment.

Eirann winced. “Good heavens,” he murmured, shaking his head at such cruelty to a fellow gryphon. A small part of his mind dwelled on the last image, of Blaze being stroked to climax by an alien hand. Unbidden, his sheath began to swell, and the pink head of his member slowly slipped out of it. Lost in his little fantasy, he failed to notice until Blaze’s voice brought him back to reality.

“Are you okay? You seem a little distrac....” Blaze trailed off, his eyes going to the pink rod pointing up at him. Eirann had sat on his haunches, so his cock was now jutting several inches out from his body. “...ted. Oh.”

“Aww, crud,” Eirann muttered, wondering how he was going to explain his erection. He was saved by the return of Lavina, trotting quickly up the beach towards them. In her beak was a bunch of the astringent-tasting leaves that provided an hour or two of pain relief. She dumped them onto the sand in front Blaze, and turned a stern glare at her partner. “Honestly, Eirann. A few hours of inactivity, and you’re hornier than a rhino. A bit longer without sex won’t hurt you.” She turned back to Blaze with an apologetic look. “He’s a sex-crazed maniac, but I love him. Now,” she went on briskly, “eat one of these leaves, and your headache will ease up for a while, followed by one every two hours until the pain’s gone.”

Blaze looked at the leaves and made an expression of disgust. He was a meat-eater! Then he thought, *Obviously these two must eat them, otherwise they wouldn’t offer them to me.* Sighing heavily, he picked up one of the long tapered leaves and began to gnaw on it, shuddering at the

bitter taste. By the time he had consumed half of the leaf his headache was already fading to more tolerable levels. *Thank heavens for small mercies.*

“Feeling better now?” Lavina asked, tilting her head to focus a golden eye upon him. “Sorry for the taste, but you know what they say: if it tastes bad, it’s gotta be good for you.”

“Actually, I’ve never heard that saying,” admitted Blaze, quickly finishing off the rest of the leaf with a grimace of distaste. He honestly was starting to feel much better now. “I wasn’t exactly taught anything while I was captive.”

Lavina fixed the orange gryphon with a level gaze. “Then how did you learn to talk, then? You had to have learned from *somebody.*”

The question caught Blaze by surprise. “I, uh...have no idea,” he said finally. “I don’t remember being taught any language. I’m an animal, after all. I’m not supposed to be able to talk, yet I do, and fluently.”

“Hmm. Well, you do, and that’s the main thing.” Eirann nuzzled Blaze’s cheek with his beak. “Thank goodness you’re not speaking Orc or Dragon – we’d never understand you.”

“Yeah, I guess.” Blaze fell silent for a few minutes, lying down on the sound and putting his head on his foreclaws. The headache was definitely going away. The other two went away a short distance and started talking in low voices, glancing at him now and then. *They must be talking about me,* he thought.

His suspicions were confirmed when both came over and stood in front of him. He raised his head and looked up with a slightly wary expression, waiting for one of them to speak. Eventually Lavina spoke. *She must be the dominant partner.* “We’ve just been talking about what to do with you, and we’ve decided that, for the meantime at least, you’re welcome to stay with us. Unless you’d rather go solitary...?”

Blaze was somewhat surprised by their offer. He nodded briefly, his beak creasing into a slight smile. “Thank you,” he said quietly, slowly getting to his feet so he didn’t have to crane his neck upward. “That’s very kind of you. Are you sure I wouldn’t be a nuisance? I don’t want to overstay my welcome.”

“Oh, don’t be silly. It would be churlish of us to leave you to your own devices when you’re a newcomer to our shores. We’ll help you to get your bearings, then you can set off on your own whenever you like.” Eirann looked up at the sky and hummed to himself. “Being such a late hour, we’ll take you to our aerie, and let you sleep for a bit in our room.”

“But where will you sleep?” Blaze protested. “It wouldn’t be right for me to kick you out of your own room.”

“Oh, we have another place where we can sleep. The ‘guest’ room, if you will. You’ll see what we mean later, trust me.” Lavina added under her breath, “And it’ll probably still be occupied when we arrive.”

Eirann grinned. “I heard that. Well, we’ll just have to kick them out, won’t we?” He turned to Blaze. “Do you think you can fly a mile or so? It’s not so far to walk, either, if you can’t.”

“No, I’m fine...I think.” Blaze experimentally tried getting airborne, and after a few hard flaps of his wings he managed to get airborne. He flew a couple of circuits just to make sure he hadn’t suffered any ill effects from his encounter with the Barrier. “Yup, I’m all set. Just a few twinges in my left wing, but otherwise I’m pretty good.”

“Excellent. Shall we be off, then? Just keep us in sight and you’ll be right. Hey! I rhymed!” Eirann seemed genuinely pleased at himself, and Lavina just sighed and shook her head, though she was smiling.

The three gryphons took off and headed inland, arriving at a rather large clearing less than five minutes later. “Wow, you’re really close to the beach,” murmured Blaze, backwinging to a slightly rough landing beside a stump he hadn’t seen from the air. He glanced around, trying to examine his surroundings with his limited night vision. In the middle of the clearing was a small hill, only a few tens of feet high. Shown in stark relief by the moon’s light was what seemed to be a roof on stilts, sheltering a large hole in the side of the hill. “You live in the hill?” Blaze asked Eirann, who was gesturing for him to follow.

“Yup. Welcome to our humble home.” As they drew closer they started picking up the unmistakable sounds of pleasure coming from the entrance. “Oh, bother. They’re at it again,” Eirann muttered. “I thought they would have gone home by now.”

“What’s going on in here?” Blaze asked curiously, his ears swivelling around, taking in the unusual sounds.

“Oh, that’s probably Jerryn and Rhea again. They’re...um...how do I explain this?”

“We’re swingers, dear,” Lavina replied, coming to her mate’s rescue again. “We get together for orgies sometimes to work off our sexual energy.” She glanced slyly at Eirann, though the eye movement was almost impossible to see in the dim light. “Eirann’s rather fond of taking Jerryn up the ass, aren’t you, dear?”

To Blaze’s eyes, it looked as if the other male was definitely embarrassed. As well, he could see the stirrings of arousal once again showing between his legs. “I, uh, like a bit of male-on-male sex,” he murmured, shuffling his feet around. “It’s not too bad receiving it either.”

“And I like a little lesbian action myself,” admitted Lavina, fluttering her wings a little. “What say we join them?” After a moment’s thought she extended the invitation to Blaze as well. “If you’d like to sleep, then feel free to use our own room for the time being. We’ll sleep in the other room, when we’re finished.”

The orange gryphon was more than a little bewildered at this pair’s open attitude to sex. For that matter, he’d never had any experience with sex at all, so was rather curious about what it felt like. His body was calling for sleep, but somewhere deep within him something else was calling for release. Almost unbidden, his cock was slipping out of his sheath, for the first time not under the influence of a human hand. His first reaction was to lie down, concealing his arousal. Then he considered Eirann, whose member was now fully extended and bobbing with his heartbeat, and didn’t *quite* feel so self-conscious. “Um...I’d like to join in,” Blaze said quietly, his voice cracking a bit with nervousness, “but...I don’t know how. Sounds silly, I know, but it’s not exactly something I’d learn in a research lab.”

“True. We’ll be happy to guide you through it. Lavina, I think you’d be better at the slow approach than Rhea – you know what she’s like when she’s in full rut.”

“‘If it moves, fuck it. If it doesn’t move, fuck it until it does.’ Yes, I know how she is. You go in first, while I give Blaze some private tuition.” Lavina turned to Blaze and gestured with a claw for him to follow her into the aerie. “Do you have any idea of what’s involved in sex, Blaze?” she asked, turning into a doorway off the main passage into a snug little den, about big enough to fit three gryphons comfortably. Light emanated from the ceiling in some fashion that he didn’t quite understand, lighting up the whole room.

To be honest, Blaze hadn’t the faintest idea, and he said so. Lavina chuckled quietly and nodded. “Once you’ve learned, you’ll never want to do without it again. Now...sit down, and I’ll begin the first ‘lesson’.”

Blaze did so, his curiosity increasing as Lavina approached him and nuzzled his beak. There was an interesting scent emanating from her...something he didn’t quite recognise but knew instinctively. She turned around slowly and batted at his beak with the tip of her tail. As she did so, he caught a stronger whiff of that intoxicating scent. He glanced down at what lay beneath her tail, and laid his gaze upon the puffy pink lips that hid Lavina’s inner sanctum from view. Bending his head down a little to get a better look, his nostrils were filled with that heady aroma, inducing sudden sensations of lust within him.

Lavina looked over her shoulder and grinned at his wide-eyed expression. She moved her gaze down and was pleased to see that his body, if not the mind, recognised her femsex for what it was. His dark pink member was quickly extending, throbbing and oozing a large drop of precum from its tip. *I don’t think he’s got the patience for a romantic approach*, she thought with amusement. Aloud she said, “Take me, Blaze. Climb on top and make wild love to me.” She crouched down and raised her tail high, inviting him into her body.

It was an offer that Blaze wouldn’t have refused for anything! He raised himself up on his hind legs and tottered a couple of steps toward Lavina, his cock jutting proudly into the air. In moments

he was draped over the female's back, thrusting without much success to gain entry. "Just go slow, Blaze!" admonished Lavina. "Take your time, and it'll go much better."

Blaze stopped, took a slow, deep breath, and concentrated on what he was trying to do. After a few experimental jabs he found his mark, and with relief (and some measure of embarrassment) he pushed his cock into Lavina's silky depths. Once he was inside he took a moment to analyse his situation. The sensations coming from his cock were interesting, to say the least; a feeling of intense warmth and wetness was the primary one, with an undertone of tightness. After this moment's reflection, it suddenly occurred to him that he didn't know what the next step in this venture was.

As if his partner had heard what he was thinking, she suggested, "Try moving in and out of me a few times, and go from there."

He did so, chastising himself a bit for being so dense. As he pulled out Lavina tightened up around him, as if reluctant to let him go. He pushed back in, and she relaxed. Slowly he got an easy rhythm going, his movements becoming more confident as the minutes went by. Lavina encouraged him now and then with quiet moans and suggestions, while she moved against him in counterpoint.

Blaze was on the verge of climax when Eirann poked his head in to see how they were getting on. "Oops. Sorry," he apologised when the startled Blaze lost his footing momentarily, almost causing both him and Lavina to collapse onto the ground. "Just wanted to see how you were going," he explained. "We're all finished up in the other room."

"Yes, thank you, Eirann." Lavina rolled her eyes in exasperation. "You could have waited five minutes." She looked back at Blaze, clenching her vaginal muscles around his cock, which had softened slightly. "All right, back there?" she asked. "He didn't scare you too much, did he?"

"Not really. I'm more startled than anything else. Just don't do it again, okay?" he said to Eirann, who had walked in and laid down next to them.

Eirann nodded, still looking apologetic. "Of course. We're all used to it, but it never occurred to me that you might not want to be intruded upon." He grinned then and said, "Now hurry up so I can get a crack at her!"

Blaze laughed and nodded, feeling his arousal rise again as he resumed thrusting into the sexy female beneath him. Moments later he felt something strange curling around his cock, and he looked around to see Eirann had wedged his head between the two gryphons and was adding his own touch of pleasure to the experience, lapping at the juices leaking from Lavina's pussy.

He didn't last much longer with the increased stimulation. With a loud screech of ecstasy – his first *real* experience of it – he rammed his cock as deep into Lavina as he could and released his lustful load in a series of strong pulses. Eirann hastily pulled his head away before he could sustain lasting damage to his tongue, and watched with a grin as Blaze filled his mate with gryphon seed.

Finally Blaze dismounted and sat on his haunches, panting hard, his tongue lolling out. "Wow," was all he could say for a while as he slowly regained his breath. His dripping cock retreated back into his sheath, the only evidence of its activity a smear of semen and pussy juice on the surrounding fur.

"You really are sex-crazed, aren't you?" said Blaze as Eirann made to take his place behind Lavina. "Don't you ever get enough?"

"Not often," came the reply as Eirann shoved his slightly longer member into Lavina's rump. "I'll take any chance that arises to have sex. It's not like we have anything better to do, eh love?" The latter was said to Lavina, who had pushed herself back against her mate with fervour.

"Definitely."

As exhausted from his earlier efforts as he was, Blaze started feeling aroused again as he watched the other two gryphons mating with a passion he'd never seen before – naturally enough, considering where he'd come from. He recalled what Eirann had said about his enjoying male-on-male sex, and decided to take the initiative. He got to his feet, his re-emerging cock swaying gently beneath him, and moved up behind Eirann. "Mind if I 'butt' in?" he said, emphasising the rather bad pun. Rearing up on his hind legs, he shuffled forward a step or two and draped himself over

Eirann's back, eliciting an "Ooof!" from him as Blaze's weight landed upon it. He took a few moments to get his aim right, then pushed hard, slowly impaling Eirann on his cock.

"Owwww," moaned Eirann, stopping his thrusting to concentrate on relaxing his long-unfucked anal muscles. "Go easy, there! It's been a long time since I was last fucked."

"Sorry," Blaze apologised, still working his length into the other male's tight tailhole. Eventually he was all the way inside, and he took a few moments to nuzzle Eirann's ears, mrring quietly.

Eirann began to move again, wincing as the shaft plugging his butt slipped out as he thrust back into Lavina, and even more so when he pulled back. "This'll take a while to get used to," he murmured, returning the nuzzles.

Slowly the three gryphons established an easy pace, moving in opposition to each other to maximise the pleasure the males' thrusts gave. Eirann was feeling it the best, being in the middle. Each time Blaze's cock slid into his rump it hit against his prostate, giving him little jolts of pleasure and further increasing his lust.

Blaze was enjoying this new experience as well. *I was missing so much in the facility!* he mused as he pounded his cock in and out of Eirann's gradually loosening tailhole. His orgasm was coming upon him again, despite his having come only a few minutes ago, but he thought he could last longer this time

He was wrong. Lavina suddenly let loose with a screech to almost wake the dead as she hit her climax, her pussy spasming tightly around her mate's member in a vise-like grip. That, and the constant prostrate prodding from Blaze, pulled Eirann over the edge, coaxing a large amount of thick male milk from his balls to splatter inside her. Blaze found himself following suit as Eirann's anal muscles clamped down on him in an almost painful, yet very pleasurable, massage. A keen of somewhat lesser proportions than Lavina's escaped from his throat as his second load of cum surged up his shaft and into Eirann's rump.

The trio hung at the point of ecstasy for nearly a minute before they came down from their high, all collapsing onto the ground, chests heaving from their intense exertions. No one said anything for several minutes until they could breathe relatively normally again. "Are you *sure* you've never had sex before?" Lavina said, eyeing Blaze with amusement.

"Yeah, I'm sure. I demonstrated that the first time, remember?" Blaze yawned widely and stretched his wings out as far as he could before folding them against his back again. "I had no idea sex took so much out of a gryphon."

"You'll get fit soon enough, don't you worry!" Eirann affirmed confidently. "Sex at least three times a night will get you fit in no time."

"Speak for yourself," Lavina retorted, swatting her mate with her tail. "Horny bugger." She said it with affection though, and her eyes showed a mischievous twinkling.

Blaze stretched himself out on the ground and yawned again. "I don't know about you, but I'm going to get some sleep. If you're going to fuck again, go somewhere else, please?"

"No worries. We're going to get some sleep too. Aren't we dear?" Lavina prodded Eirann with a claw before he could say anything. He just nodded with pretended meekness, giving Blaze a wink. "Come on. We'll go sleep in the other room. You *did* clean up, didn't you?" she asked as she got to her feet.

"Yes, dear," murmured Eirann, following Lavina out of the room. "Sleep well," he said over his shoulder before he disappeared from view around the corner.

"You too." Blaze laid his head on his foreclaws and sighed heavily. *In all my days, I never thought that I'd ever find myself in the company of other gryphons,* he mused. *Neither did I ever expect to experience sex. I hope they don't wear me out too much.* He grinned widely at the thought and chuckled. *Plenty of time for that. But for now...I'm happy as I am.* He shifted position a few times, making himself comfortable, then waited for sleep to claim him.

As if sensing his slumber, the gentle light surrounding him dimmed until only a faint trace of it remained.