

GRYPHON'S FIRST TIME

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The forest was dim, holes in the canopy above creating small patches of sunlight which dappled the path winding through the stately trees.

Along the well-worn trail walked a young vixen from down in the valley. Deep red hair with auburn highlights hung in loose curls around her face, which was decorated here and there with white 'freckles'. Her body was covered in a loose lavender dress, tied at the waist with a length of purple twisted cord. Her tail swished idly behind her through a slit in the fabric.

She hummed a tune as she followed the path, which led steadily upwards to the high ranges, where the best berries in the area grew, to be gathered into the basket she swung in her right hand.

The forest was thinning out, giving onto grassy clearings when she came across a large log, lying next to the path. After nearly two hours of walking, the log looked inviting enough for her to take a seat for a few minutes.

Clearing a space, sweeping dirt and bugs off the log, she sat down, looking around herself, listening to the assorted sounds of the forest: birds cheeping and twittering, leaves rustling in the slight breeze, a distant trickle of water, someone wailing....

Frowning, she got off the log, and crept around, tracking the source of the strange keening noise. After a few minutes, she discovered a mass of feathers and fur, uttering strangled cries, and shaking with misery.

"Are you all right?" she asked the strange animal.

Startled the animal whipped around, baring its sharp beak, its hackles raised to intimidate, assuming a battle stance.

Carefully the fox backed away, holding her hands out to show empty palms. "It's okay, I'm not going to hurt you," she said in as soothing a tone as she could muster.

The animal, whom she now recognised as a gryphon, relaxed noticeably, nodding slowly as he sat back on his haunches. Sitting he was about a head shorter than she, who stood at five foot ten. His feathers were brown, extensively mottled with black, his fur a deep bark colour with more of the black spots.

The fox crouched down, to be on a lower level than the gryphon. "What's your name, if you have one?" she asked carefully. "I'm Elania."

The gryphon looked on the verge of breaking down again, and shook his head hard. With a bit of difficulty he managed to squeeze out, "Tarin." A few moments of silence followed before he added, "Other gryphons not like me. Say I'm ugly. Too much black. Black is bad luck."

She had noticed that the black markings did seem to be rather prevalent. She nodded sympathetically. "How old are you?"

"Ten summers," came the halting answer. "Now is first mating season, but no females for me. Me too ugly." His body began to shake again, and the strange keening issued forth from his throat.

Interesting thoughts began to run through Elania's mind as she took stock of his underparts, clearly visible. She had had dalliances with the family dog, often stroking and sometimes sucking him to completion, and one experience with a horse, but never had she done what was currently uppermost in her mind.

Elania cleared her throat, hoping to herself that she knew what she was doing. "If you're...um...willing...." She trailed off.

Tarin looked up, his raptorial features twisted into an expression of extreme sadness. "Yes?"

The young fox took a deep breath and, before she could lose her nerve, said, "I will be your mating partner. That is, if you wish. To me, you're...well, for a gryphon, you're rather handsome. I think your black spots make you look older than you are, somehow." She swallowed nervously, trying to keep her eyes on his, rather than on his groin area.

The gryphon stared at her, then glanced up and down her body. She stood up so he could see her better. "But...you're different. Not gryphon."

Elania nodded. "True, but we have much the same, er, equipment that other animals have." Changing the tack of the conversation slightly, she asked, "Do you know what mating involves? Have you ever seen other gryphons...doing it?"

A shake of his head indicated a clear negative. "Mating done alone, no watchers. No-one teach me how mating done."

He seemed about to break down into his pitiful keening again, so Elania hurriedly moved forward, hunkering down to try and hug Tarin. "That's all right. I've done it a few times myself. I'll teach you, though you may learn some things a bit differently."

Almost absently she moved her right hand down to the space between his legs. Carefully she felt his parts. A nice set of balls, she thought. Above them she could feel a stirring, as his maleness became more evident.

Her breath quickened slightly, and she looked into Tarin's eyes. *I'm going to do it*, she thought to herself, staring into his deep brown eyes. She stood up, and began removing her clothes, revealing a nicely proportioned figure beneath. Her breasts were firm, and modestly sized, and a wide white streak ran from between them to her groin.

Elania stood, naked, in all her feminine glory. "This is what a fox looks like underneath her clothes." She squatted down, and gently fondled the young gryphon's genitals. "Does that feel good?" she asked, stroking the furry bulge of his emerging erection. She could see the tip of his organ beginning to show itself from its sheath.

Tarin nodded hard, shifting his hindquarters around on the ground as the fox brought his member out of hiding.

Out from his body slipped the long, veined prominence that was his penis. A bit longer, and thicker, than most of those she had experienced. Elania continued to stroke its length as she gazed into Tarin's eyes again. "Very nice, Tarin. You'd be the envy of most males of my species, I should think, with a cock this size."

Once she felt that there was no more to emerge, she asked Tarin to lie on his side, or his back, if possible. When he had, she bent forward, breathing deeply of the musky scent that filled her nostrils. "I'm now going to suck on your cock, so don't feel any hesitation to moan, or whatever it is gryphons do to show their pleasure."

Tarin shuddered when he felt Elania's tongue flick lightly on his cockhead, delving into his peehole. A few seconds later, and he felt his penis being engulfed by a warm, wet hole, accompanied by the licking he had received to start with.

"Good," he said in as close to a whisper as he could get. He suppressed an urge to thrust into Elania's mouth, and lay quietly, enjoying the oral pleasure he was getting.

With a movement that was the result of lots of practice, Elania took the whole of the gryphon's cock into her mouth, the last three of four inches actually going down her throat. She used her throat muscles to massage the cockhead, still sucking and licking the strangely delicious penis she had taken in. She grinned inwardly when she heard, and felt, Tarin groan in ecstasy.

Finally she stopped, and withdrew the meaty rod from her mouth and gullet. It glistened in the dim light with her saliva. "Okay, now, Tarin. This is the fun part." She moved away a few feet, to a clear patch of ground, and positioned herself on all fours, shifting her tail to expose her bits. "Come on over here."

She watched with longing the swinging of the gryphon's penis as he took the few steps to her. "Get behind me." When he had done so, she asked, "Now, do you see the folds of skin in the middle there, between my buttocks?"

"Yes," came the reply.

"Sort of straddle me, two legs on each side, until the end of your cock is just touching me there. I'll guide you in." A weight settled on top of her, and she rearranged her arms' positions to allow for the extra mass. At her pussy entrance, she felt the unmistakable roundness of a cock. She reached behind, grunting with the effort of supporting herself on one arm, and took hold of his fleshy rod. "Right, now move forward a little more."

Tarin did as he was told, and Elania felt some resistance to the size of his cock on its entry. “Stop for the moment. It’ll take me about minute to adjust for your cock’s size.”

Elania felt her cunt muscles moulding themselves around the couple of inches or so that had intruded into her body. “OK, now sort of push forwards with your hips; gently, mind.” She sighed with bliss, feeling the satisfaction of having her pussy full with male meat again, despite the fact that it was another animal’s, rather than a fox’s, penis filling the empty space.

“That’s it. Pull out a bit, then slide it back in again. Keep doing it.”

Tarin set to it, withdrawing all but two inches, then pushing his cock in again to the hilt. Elania was pleased that she could take his entire length. She moaned quietly with pleasure as Tarin became more familiar with the experience, driving his cock into her cunt with increasing speed and force.

After a few minutes, both were near their peaks, Elania telling the gryphon to hump her faster, and Tarin grunting out various incomprehensible words as he got closer. The fox used her tail to rub Tarin’s balls, hoping it would stimulate him more.

Finally they came to a roaring climax. Elania almost collapsed from the intense orgasm she had, Tarin adding his part to it by shooting vast quantities of hot, thick cum into her pussy. With every thrust, more of the gryphon’s jism spurted into her minge, to the point where the semen started leaking out in small squirts around the tight seal of Tarin’s cock jammed into her pussy.

“Oh, wow! That was heavenly!” groaned the fox, managing to persuade Tarin to get off her so she could rest. When he pulled out, his cock liberally iced with cum, she felt another small flood escape her body, oozing down her legs. Seeing that the young gryphon’s penis was still emitting spunk, she turned around, and took his cock in her mouth again, tasting Tarin’s emissions, swilling them around her mouth before swallowing.

Eventually, Tarin’s seemingly infinite supply of spermy liquid dried up, and his penis retracted back into its sheath. Elania, after cleaning herself as best she could with a few large leaves, shrugged on her lavender dress, and getting down on the ground again, gave Tarin a hug. “How was that?”

A beatific expression was plastered over the gryphon’s face. “Very good. Much pleasure. But, still, no gryphons will mate with me.” His face lost the radiance it had in an instant.

“Don’t worry, Tarin,” Elania said soothingly. “There’s bound to be a female somewhere who will like you. Until then, I’d be very happy to ‘mate’ with you again, if you want me to?”

A violent nod spoke volumes. “All right. I’ll come up once a week, until you say otherwise. Okay?” Another nod. “Thank you...E-la-ni-a.” Tarin pronounced each syllable carefully.

“Now, I’d better get these berries before some animal eats them. Goodbye, Tarin. I’ll see you soon.” Giving him one last hug, she turned away to collect her basket.

As she resumed her walk up the path, she realized she was looking forward to the next coupling with Tarin. For a total beginner, he was very fulfilling. She idly wondered how silly it was to disregard someone by their colouring. With love-making like that, colour was definitely not important. “Hmmp. A lot of female gryphons sure are missing out on what he has to offer...”

Elania disappeared around a bend, lost to sight in seconds.