

GRYPHONS' MEETING

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This story is set a little after the events of Gryphon's Threesome, but before those in Gryphons' Discovery. It explains how Halen and Prosen met each other, and established a relationship.

It was a hot day, sometime near the end of summer. The sun shone down on Halen's fur and feathers as he coasted above the pine forest, utilising the thermals to make his flight light on effort. As far as his eyes could see, the land stretched out below him, a patchwork of various greens and browns, the blues of the ocean and the snowy white of the mountains in the distance. *A nice day for flying*, thought the gryphon, circling idly over the forest, scanning for any signs of food hiding below the green canopy. There were plenty of deer in the area, and a significant number of them usually hid in the forest from their hungry predators. Chasing them out could sometimes be difficult, but that was part of the fun of hunting.

He swooped down until he was only a few metres above the treetops, flapping his wings a little more to fight the thermals' currents. Far below, through the millions of pine needles, he spotted a small deer. Though he was totally quiet, the deer looked up with a panicked expression, and immediately bolted, running deeper into the trees.

"Oh, man," muttered Halen, pondering whether it was worth the effort required to track it down. He wasn't particularly hungry, but what he didn't eat would be scavenged later by the other inhabitants of the forest. "Bleh, I can't be bothered," he said to himself, gaining altitude and wheeling away to seek something else.

On the eastern border of the forest there was a logging camp, which had been logging for only a few months. Gazing down at it, Halen saw several furs of various species working industriously to process the logs they had obtained, sawing, chopping, planing and other tasks required to get the wood ready for transport. Normally Halen would just ignore them, but on this occasion there was something different. For a moment he couldn't put a claw on it, then he figured it out – a lot of the workers were missing. "That's odd," he murmured, circling the site slowly to see if he could spot them.

After a few minutes of searching, he located them on the pebbly shore of the nearby river, seemingly excited about something. He dived in closer to get a better look, and almost fell out of the sky in shock. There, surrounded by at least a dozen furs, was a gryphon, engaged in the most sexual activity he had ever seen. A fox was currently thrusting his cock down his throat, while a rather burly wolf was beneath the gryphon, getting a buttful of hard cock. Under the gryphon's tail, a bear's cock was pistoning in and out. The surrounding furs seemed to busy pleasuring themselves and each other, while they waited their turn at the gryphon.

This is incredible! exclaimed Halen mentally, hovering above their heads. Some looked up, noticing the shadow he cast over them, and waved at him, yelling various things, some rather crude. As much as he was shocked and disgusted that one of his people could stoop to such vulgarity, he found it strangely compelling. His eyes fixed on the stiff member sliding in and out of the other gryphon's tailhole, seeing with his sharp vision traces of thick semen splattered around it, indicating that he'd already been serviced. Unbidden, his sheath began to swell and thicken, as his cock slipped out of its own accord. Sighing with resignation, he carefully backwinged to a landing on the shore, beside a couple of foxes.

"Okay, what's the deal here?" he demanded in a loud voice, looking about him with his best piercing stare. "Why is that gryphon involved in such activities?" *And why do I feel as if I want the same treatment?* he added silently.

The two foxes looked at each other. "Well, this is our way of working off sexual tension. Some of us get together for an orgy, and we go at it until we're all sated," said one of them. He pointed at the gryphon with his thumb. "He happened to see us this time, came down, and asked if he could join in." At Halen's sceptical expression he added, "Ask him yourself – when Gart's finished fucking his throat."

A loud groan punctuated his remark, and Halen shifted himself to see the named fox holding the gryphon's head hard against his crotch as he ejaculated down his gullet. He pulled out a few seconds later, so that the gryphon could clean him off with his long, agile tongue, then sighed with satisfaction and went off to sit down somewhere.

Halen stepped forward through the crowd and looked hard at the other gryphon, trying not to watch the action going on behind and underneath him. "By what are you known as?" he demanded, "and does anyone else in your clan know you're doing this?"

"I'm Prosen, and I was thrown out of my clan for doing just this. As you can plainly see, I'm a very gay gryphon." His speech was sprinkled with quiet keens and moans as he was pleased. The wolf beneath him sped his movements up, pounding himself against the gryphon, which in turn shoved him onto the bear behind him. Prosen suddenly let out a loud keen of ecstasy as he was pushed over the edge, spurting his seed deep into the wolf's guts. The wolf followed moments later, his cock spasming as he shot his load over the pebbled ground. The bear came last, grunting as he slammed his hips against Prosen and held him there, no doubt flooding his guts with bearcum.

Finally the three of them were still, panting and moaning softly. The bear slid out of Prosen's arse and lumbered off to the stream to clean himself up. The wolf slipped himself off the gryphon's cock and walked, somewhat bowlegged, to the stream as well, leaving a small puddle of semen soaking into the ground.

Prosen slowly lay down, partly on his side, leaving his dripping cock exposed. "Show's over, people," he said to the surrounding furs. "Go play with yourselves until I'm rested up." He looked up at Halen, running his gaze over his lean, but muscular body. "You're a handsome one," he commented. "I bet you get all the girls flocking around you."

"Actually, no," Halen began, caught a bit off guard by the unexpected compliment. "I've only been with two...." He looked away, somewhat embarrassed by that admission. His slightly elder brother could often be found chatting up the females, who hung onto his every word, but himself? Not a chance. "And I think that was more out of pity for me. My brother's much more popular than I am."

"Pity. I think you're rather cute," Prosen replied, tilting his head slightly and grinning.

"You think so? None of the girls think I'm worth the ir attention. Even some of the boys say more to me than the girls." Suddenly Halen had a recollection of a few times when he had been talking to his friends. They'd looked at him strangely, as if they'd found him...attractive. "Ohhh," he breathed, his mind putting two and two together. "I think, however, that some of *them* were, um...interested in me." The revelation was something of a shock to him. Perhaps even his best friends considered him a worthy sexual partner.

Prosen didn't miss the slack-beaked expression on Halen's face. "You poor thing. Had a sheltered upbringing, didn't you? Gay gryphons are more common than you might think. Didn't you ever notice a friend or two going off by themselves somewhere, with sly grins on their faces, as if they knew something no-one else did?"

It hadn't occurred to him until then, but Halen wasn't going to admit that. At least, not just yet. "Well, yes, but...I didn't think anything of it at the time. I was only just coming into sexual maturity myself, and I was too busy trying to get the attention of the females in my aerie to notice anything out of the ordinary."

"Hmm. How long have you been having female troubles?" Prosen asked curiously. "I don't mean to pry, but there could be a few reasons why you're not having success. Could be the wrong pheromones being given off, for example."

Halen pondered that for a short time before replying. "I suppose that could be a factor. I noticed that whenever I got closer to a female I particularly liked she would put up with me for a short while before she started making excuses to be somewhere else. I could never figure out what it was about me that was so repelling to females." He sighed and lay down close to Prosen, being careful to not lie on top of any patches of semen still remaining. "Maybe I'm gay, and I don't know it yet."

Prosen shifted position, allowing him to stroke a claw gently over Halen's right foreleg. "It's okay if you are. You said yourself that there are males who like you, and, mostly likely, would want to mate with you." He paused for a few seconds before continuing, a slight blush showing through his cheek feathers. "I, for one, would count myself lucky to have such a handsome gryphon as my mate."

"I...I don't know what to say," Halen murmured, caught off guard by Prosen's admission. He took a few moments to study the other gryphon, trying to look casual as he did so. Prosen's colouring was fairly plain, being various shades of dark brown all over except under his wings, where it was much lighter. There was some nice musculature hidden beneath the smooth, slightly shiny fur; he resisted an urge to stretch out a claw and caress them. Inevitably his gaze ended up resting upon the full sheath and surprisingly large balls, which were hidden underneath a casually positioned leg. The fur around his sheath's opening was matted from the drying cum.

Halen, almost reluctantly, tore his gaze away from Prosen's nether regions and glanced back up to his face. "Do you really think I'm...handsome?" he asked with some uncertainty. "No-one's ever said that about me before. Actually, that's not quite true," he added as he thought back. "A couple of the guys said things along similar lines. At the time I thought they were just kidding, but...I guess they weren't."

"It's nothing to be ashamed of," Prosen said quietly. "You are who you are, no matter what anyone else thinks." He paused for a few seconds to let that sink in before he continued. "By the way, what do you think of me?"

"Well, I..." Halen trailed off, wondering how to describe Prosen. He'd never been in the position of complimenting a male before, so he was afraid that he might cause some offence if he said the wrong thing. After some indecision, he said simply, "You look...nice." He bowed his head and studied the ground, then murmured, "You, uh, have a nice body."

Prosen chuckled. "Well, I knew that, but thanks for the confirmation. You don't think I look too muscular? Some guys don't like that, and I'd hate to put off a prospective partner because of it."

Halen shook his head. "No, I think you're built just right, especially for flying. You seem to have very well-defined wing muscles," he said, reaching forward and lightly outlining the mentioned muscles with a claw.

"Thank you," Prosen murred, fluttering his wings a little in pleasure. "You're the first to say that." He cast a quick appraising glance over Halen's body, a little disappointed to see that he had positioned himself so nothing of his nether regions could be seen. "I do honestly think that you'd make some lucky gryphon a fine catch. Those tufts on your ears make you look so sexy!"

Now it was Halen's turn to look pleased. Before he could reply, however, a short badger pawing himself off a short distance away broke in. "Getting all lovey-dovey, are ya?" he called laughingly. "I'll bet he's a good fuck, eh, Prosen?" He winked provocatively at Halen for effect.

Halen's beak opened and closed, the gryphon lost for words as he tried to think of a suitable response. Prosen beat him to it. "Trust you to say something like that," he said in a disapproving tone. "Whether he is or not isn't important. You don't need hot sex to have a lasting relationship. Maybe *you* do, but I don't." He made shooing motions at the badger. "Now, why don't you go put your cock where his mouth is," he said, gesturing towards the bear who had pounded his rear earlier, "and quit bugging us." He snorted and turned back to Halen. "Just ignore him. He's always like that."

A rather worried expression was on Halen's face as he answered. "It's all very well being fancied by other males, but I *don't* think I'd want to be mounted. I mean...doesn't it *hurt*?"

"Honestly? For the first-timer, it's probably the most pain they'll have ever experienced. For someone like me, about the only pain to feel is when someone oversized crams himself in, like Fergus over there," Prosen said, pointing at the bear again. "But the feeling you get from being so full, that cock just moving in and out, every thrust a jolt of pleasure...." He trailed off with a happy sigh. "The best part is the rush of orgasm, feeling that cock throbbing hard as it fills you up with thick, creamy seed...."

Such detailed descriptions can often affect certain parts of the body, and this time was no exception. Halen watched with wide eyes as Prosen's sheath quickly thickened with arousal, and the pink shaft of

his cock slipped out, already dripping with precum. What was even more wondrous was that Halen's own body was responding in a similar way. As much as he wanted to suppress his reaction to hearing male-on-male sex described so graphically, he found himself stretching out on his side to let nature take its course, much to his embarrassment.

"Would you like me to take care of that for you?" Prosen asked quietly, his gaze moving between Halen's face and his nether regions. "Oral sex is a pleasure quite like no other."

Halen just nodded, shifting position again so his full erection bobbed freely with his heartbeat. "This is all so...strange," he murmured, watching Prosen move himself around so that his beak was poised just inches away from his member. He flinched momentarily when he felt the other gryphon's tongue encircle the tip of his cock, getting a mental image of the damage the sharp beak could do to him, but with some effort he made himself relax.

Prosen gently eased the first few inches of Halen's cock into his mouth, being careful to not scrape the flesh with the edges of his beak; he knew first-hand what might happen if he was too eager. His agile tongue curled around the thick shaft, stroking it gently, eliciting pleased moans from Halen's throat. A gryphon's beak wasn't designed for sucking, but Prosen more than made up for it in other ways.

"Ohhh, that feels so good," Halen said, his eyes closed as he concentrated on the pleasurable sensations coming from his crotch. He started bucking his hips a little, thrusting his cock deeper into Prosen's mouth, nudging the back of his throat. Prosen moved his head, and Halen suddenly felt no resistance as he slid his cock fully into the soft tightness of Prosen's gullet.

An expert fellatist, Prosen handled the thick cock easily. *Got him!* he thought with a mental grin. It was always satisfying to hear that gasp of surprise as his partner's whole cock was swallowed completely. He reached for Halen's balls and lightly stroked them with gentle claws, squeezing them just enough to make Halen moan quietly.

By this time, unnoticed by either gryphon, an audience had gathered around them, made up of those furs that weren't presently occupied. Some were just watching with mild interest; others were stroking their cocks as they viewed the oral action before them. One, a fox with a penchant for being daring, went closer, rubbing his member quickly, the flesh slick with his precum. Quietly he padded forward, until he was only a foot or so away from Halen's head. He stretched forth his hand, and started scritchng gently behind the gryphon's ears.

Halen opened his eyes, wondering who was doing that, and saw the fox sitting in front of him, erection pointing towards his beak. It took a few moments to realise what the fox wanted, and he pulled his head back, not wanting to do *that* just yet. Then he thought, *Is it really that bad? Prosen seems to enjoy it a lot.* He tossed the idea around in his mind for a few seconds before deciding that he'd might as well give it a try. He moved his head forward again and opened his beak, extending his tongue as far as he could.

The fox took the hint and shifted forward, placing the tip of his cock within Halen's beak. "This your first time, eh?" he murmured softly, smiling as Halen's tongue gently curled around his maleness.

Halen nodded, looking up into the fox's eyes, seeing an expression of understanding in them. He took a moment to answer him. "It is, yes. It's...weird, but...I guess if it feels really good, it would be mean to not reciprocate." He went back to the business at hand, reaching out with a claw to gently grasp the base of the fox's cock and guiding it into his mouth.

"Mmm, squeeze a little harder," murmured the fox, slowly thrusting his member in and out of Halen's beak, pleased that the gryphon seemed to be handling his size quite well; he gagged only a couple of times.

Halen's mind was a jumble of emotions, switching rapidly between a sense of revulsion at the whole 'gay' atmosphere, wonder at being in such a sexual situation, pleasure from both giving and receiving oral sex, and an increasingly strong feeling of freedom from the 'correctness' of gryphonic society. He could hardly believe that he was lying here, sucking a cock while another gryphon went down on him.

It was all too much for him to handle. He suddenly reached his climax with a screech, muffled by the fox's cock, that made some of the nearer furs wince or cover their ears, his cock pulsing strongly in Prosen's mouth as he came.

Prosen was prepared, but he was still surprised by the volume of semen that flooded over his tongue. *Wow! He must not have come for ages!* he thought as he gulped down the first mouthful. It was quite thick, and he had a little trouble forcing it down his throat. The taste was fairly sweet, however, and he savoured it as much as he could. It made a pleasant change from the diet of bitter and salty cum he usually received.

Seeing Prosen start to swallow down the cream spurting into his beak, the fox grinned and started jacking himself off into Halen's mouth with quick strokes of his hand around the base of his cock. The gryphon's eyes opened fully and looked up into the fox's, before focusing on the cock waving in front of his beak, which he opened wide to receive the gift of vulpine cream. The fox shuffled a little closer and grunted as he let loose with a volley of white, somewhat watery cum. Most of it splashed into Halen's mouth, but some of it missed and landed on his face, seeping into his feathers.

Eww! thought Halen when the first rivulets of semen trickled down his throat. He swallowed the stuff with some reluctance, not liking the bitter taste much, but he kept it up though, not wanting to disappoint the fox. The cum that had splattered over his face felt warm and sticky, and he had to close his right eye to prevent the fluid from flowing over it.

A few seconds later, and it was all over. The fox had a sated expression on his face, and Prosen had pulled his head off Halen's spent cock, licking his beak with his agile tongue to make sure he hadn't missed any traces of cum. "Delicious," he said with a grin. He shuffled up to snuggle next to Halen, when he noticed the streaks of white painting his face. "Bend your head down," he told the other gryphon, applying his tongue to the task of cleaning Halen up. "Much better," he said once the last drop of cum had disappeared. "Now, how did you like it?"

Halen blinked and looked at Prosen. "Uh...well, it was...very different to what I'm used to. I, uh, liked it when you went down on me. A lot." He glanced over at the fox, who was also looking at him expectantly. "And I guess I like having a dick in my beak too, though...I have to be honest about the taste. It was awful." He lowered his head, flattening his ears slightly in embarrassment.

"No worries, mate. I get that a lot," the fox replied, smiling. "Some keep coming back for more, believe it or not." He ruffled Halen's head feathers and slowly got to his feet, looking around at the furs that had gathered around to watch the two gryphons. "Seems you had a captive audience, too," he said before he padded off to wash himself off in the river.

"Ohhhh," Halen moaned, lowering his head and covering his face with a claw, totally ashamed now. "I forgot about them."

Prosen patted the other gryphon on the shoulder. "Don't worry about it. They love this kind of thing, and they're quite discreet. Many of them have partners at home, and kids." He leaned over and gently nibbled at Halen's ear tufts. "So, overall, did you enjoy yourself?"

"Well, yeah, I guess I did. May be a while before I do it again..." Halen trailed off as he mulled over the events of the past few minutes. He *had* had a good time, and Prosen seemed like a great gryphon to be with; in fact, he was the only sexual partner he'd had who hadn't made an excuse to not do it again. He turned his head to regard Prosen thoughtfully. "Uh, how did I, er, taste to you?" he asked quickly, blushing slightly beneath his feathers.

"Sweet, the best taste there is," replied Prosen, "with the possible exception of a good haunch of venison." He grinned back at Halen. "I wouldn't mind getting another cropful from you. That is, if you'd want to visit again, sometime. These little get-togethers happen every week or so, and you'd always be welcome."

That was something to consider. Right now Halen's mind was fairly confused, and he wanted some time to think about things, like the possibility of his being, at the very least, bi-sexual, if not gay. That

was a rather disturbing thought, and it weighed heavily on his mind. “I’ll...think about it. It’ll take me a while to get my head around this whole...being gay thing.”

“Take all the time you want. By the way...you never did tell me your name.”

Halen blinked, and managed to look sheepish. “Sorry. The name’s Halen.” A moment later his stomach gurgled and rumbled in complaint at having not been fed. “Er...make that Halen the Hungry. I was hunting before I ended up here, and I got pre-occupied.”

Prosen laughed. “Then you should go catch something then. I should too, but I can see some of these guys want a go at me, so it’ll have to wait. Perhaps I’ll see you soon?”

“Mmm, maybe.” Halen slowly got to his feet and stretched out his legs and wings. “It was good to meet you,” he murmured, glancing around and smiling wryly when he saw the small queue of furs waiting to get with Prosen. “I’ll leave you to it, then.” He crouched down, then leapt into the air, gaining altitude with slow beats of his wings. Circling around, he waved a claw down at Prosen. “Have fun!” he called, grinning widely, before straightening up and boosting himself above treetop height, catching a thermal rising from the warm rocks beneath. As he winged away, part of his mind started processing the events he’d just experienced. It had certainly been an eye-opener, there was no doubt about that. On one hand he’d found that he seemed far more attractive to males than he thought. He didn’t really mind, but the idea was a little disquieting. On the other hand, he hadn’t found his first gay experience to be all that bad. Yes, he could probably indulge himself again; out of curiosity, mind you. Well, he’d see what a week’s time to cool off and think would do for him.

Halen found himself flying over another clearing before too long, and right in the middle was a small deer, for a lot of which the forest was a good hiding place. He took his mind off his ponderings for the time being, and concentrated solely on sneaking up on his prey – hard when one cast a big shadow on the ground. Perhaps if he approached from the trees and glided just at the right angle....