

GRYPHONS' MEMORIES

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This story is set a short time after Tarin was introduced to Gregin's friends, Halen and Prosen. One day they reminisce, and decide to visit the place where Tarin lost his virginity. Upon arriving, they find they're not the only ones to be taking a trip down Memory Lane....

It was very late afternoon. The sun was sinking towards the horizon, colouring the skies with hints of the wonderful chromatic symphony that would soon announce the entry of Night into the Halls of the Heavens.

Tarin sighed regretfully as the sun disappeared from view. "And so another day is done," he murmured, partly to himself. He cast a glance to his lover, who met his gaze with a gryph-grin. "Ever the romantic, aren't you?" Gregin said warmly.

"I suppose I am," Tarin replied, scratching idly at his right ear, "which makes watching a sunset all the more delightful." He sighed and got to his feet, stretching out all the kinks in his limbs. "Come on...let's go find some dinner." With that, he leaped into the air, flapping his wings and soaring out low over the lake in front of his aerie. Gregin joined him shortly, and together they scoured the lake's surface, keeping an eye out for the large trout that were a popular delicacy for the two of them.

"There's one!" called Tarin, just before he swooped down and snatched a nice-sized trout from the water. Another happened to catch his eye, and with barely a thought Tarin grabbed that one too. Having got his meal, he gained altitude and swung around to head for home. "Wait for me!" complained Gregin, who hadn't succeeded in catching a trout yet.

Tarin grinned as he passed his lover, and continued flying towards his aerie, which he reached a couple of minutes later. Depositing the fish inside his cave, out of sight of casual thieves, he winged his way back over the lake to assist Gregin in his fishing.

The stars were visible by the time the two gryphons had finished their dinner. It was a warm night, so they were lying on their backs, staring up at the night sky and commenting on the beauty of it.

"Look at that group of stars there, to the left of that cloud that's drifting across. That's the Sickie," said Tarin, pointing out another familiar constellation. Familiar to him, at least; Gregin tended to ignore the heavens, unless he had to fly at night, in which case he used them for navigation.

Gregin nodded, then yawned widely. "Another late night?" Tarin eyed his lover with a wry grin. "Too much loving will be the death of you if you keep that pace up."

"Ah, shut up." Gregin batted at his friend's head with a playful swipe. "If I'm going to die, I'd rather it was from too much sex than something mundane like an arrow through the heart."

"Be careful what you wish for," Tarin warned, rolling onto his front and getting up. Shaking himself, he headed into his cave and his sleeping mat. "I may kill you yet," he said, turning his head and winking at Gregin, who was a few steps behind.

"Really? I'd like to see you try." Suddenly uttering a loud cry of mock challenge, Gregin leaped at his friend's back. Tarin whipped around, hackles instantly raised, fearing an attack. "What the --" was all he got out before Gregin collided with him. Together they went head over heels onto the sleeping mat, Tarin ending up pinned underneath Gregin's slightly larger bulk.

Despite his situation, Tarin found his current state rather arousing, and before he knew it his maleness was sliding out of its sheath, pressed between their two bodies.

Gregin felt the growing presence, and he grinned widely at his lover. "Ah, finding this exciting, hmm?" He moved off Tarin, so that Tarin's cock could be free to move. Beneath him his own cock was swelling, and sliding out into the cool air to dangle freely.

"You know, sixty-nine is one of my favourite numbers," remarked Tarin casually, reaching down and stroking his member with a gentle claw. "What about you?"

The other gryphon chuckled, and moved to straddle his partner, lowering his cock towards Tarin's beak, which opened wide to take the full thickness. Each of them took the other's prick right down their throat, curling their tongue about the hard meat lodged in their gullet, massaging with gentle swallows.

After only a couple of minutes Gregin succumbed to his body's urges, flooding Tarin's mouth and throat with a load of warm, sticky semen, which Tarin gulped down as best he could without losing a drop.

Gregin rolled off his lover, panting with exhaustion. "Wow...it's been a little while since I've done that," he murmured, eyeing Tarin's still hard cock. "What are you going to do with that?"

"Fuck you, of course," said Tarin, getting up and nuzzling Gregin's cheek. "If you can handle it?" He chuckled at the other's indignant expression. "Of course I can handle it," muttered Gregin as he moved onto all fours, crouching down at the front and waving his rump around.

Tarin took his cue and mounted the other gryphon, his cock finding the puckered anus easily and sliding into it. Gregin sighed in pleasure as his arse was invaded once again by a hard prick. "Mmm...that feels so good," he moaned, turning his head to regard his friend.

"Yes...believe me, I know what you mean!" Tarin took his time, making love to Gregin with long, slow thrusts of his maleness. Eventually, though, his instincts took over, and he finished off by pounding his cock into his friend's tailhole with wild abandon, making Gregin keen with painful pleasure. Finally, with a loud keen of ecstasy, Tarin rammed his prick as deep as he could and let go.

Gregin almost came again when he felt the warm sensation of Tarin's cream spurting into his bowels. Had he had a little more energy, perhaps he might have. He clenched his anal muscles, milking the cock blasting his insides for all it was worth.

Too soon it was all over, and the two gryphons lay on the sleeping mat, lying on their sides, with Tarin's softening prick still inside Gregin's butt. "That might not have killed me, but it was still very good," Gregin murmured, craning his head around to lick Tarin's beak.

"Well...perhaps that might be achieved next time," remarked Tarin, licking back before resting his head on the mat.

All was quiet for a few minutes, save for their breathing, until Gregin broke the relative silence. "Tarin...are you still awake?" A tired voice answered, "Hmm...yes?"

"I was just thinking...remember Elania, and the good times we had with her?" There was silence for a few seconds, before an answer came. "Yes, I do." A pause, then, "Why, Gregin?"

"I don't know. Reminiscing, I suppose. Do you think she'd still remember us? Even if she doesn't, I'd still like to know if she's...alive, at least."

"Yes, I think I agree with you on that score. Why don't we go pay a visit? A covert one, of course. We don't want to go scaring the villagers, do we?" Tarin chuckled, and snuggled closer to Gregin.

Gregin sighed. "No, we don't. Before we do that, why don't we have a look at that clearing we fucked her in...you could say it's one of my best childhood memories."

"That sounds fine to me." Another long silence stretched before Tarin said, "Goodnight, Gregin." A sleepy answer was mumbled back. "Goodnight, Tarin."

Tarin awoke to find his right ear being quietly nibbled. "Stop that!" demanded Tarin sleepily, struggling into an upright position to stare at his lover. "What's the big idea?"

"No idea," Gregin said, sniggering at his pun. He stopped his nibbling and sat back, waiting for Tarin to fully get his wits gathered. "Did you have any plans for today?" he asked when he felt that the other had had enough time to collect his thoughts.

"No...I don't think I did. Why?" Tarin peered closely at Gregin's face, more specifically his eyes. "Do you have something to suggest?"

"Well, remember that little conversation we had last night? I thought today would be a good day to follow up on that. The sun's shining, and there are only a couple of puffy clouds up there. What's to stop us from going visiting?"

Tarin thought about that for a few moments then said, "Nothing I suppose. Let's have breakfast first, shall we? I know where there's a bevy of partridge." He tilted his head to the side questioningly.

"Ooh, partridge! Haven't had one of those in ages. Can't quite get the knack of catching the buggers." Gegin muttered a rude word under his breath, then brightened up. "Come on, then." He stalked out of the cave, followed by Tarin a moment later.

After having had their breakfast -- Tarin graciously caught three partridges for Gegin, and the same for himself -- the two gryphons flew a couple of miles to the south, eyes on the lookout for clearings. "I think that's the one!" said Tarin, losing altitude to investigate.

He landed a few seconds ahead of Gegin, looking over the large expanse of grass with curious eyes. "Hmm...I think this is the spot. Ah! There's the path, so if I follow that..." The gryphon began to wade through the long grass to the sketchy trail that existed, then turned onto it, going down into the forest that surrounded the large clearing. "Yes, this is the place!" Tarin called back over his shoulder. "This is the log that she sat on while she waited for me."

Gegin came up beside Tarin and looked for himself. "Not much interesting about a log, is there?" He stepped back and watched as Tarin padded away a few metres further into the trees, looking about him with a calculated gaze. "And I think it was right here that I mated for the first time." Tarin bent his head down and sniffed at the ground. "It's a little hard to be sure; it's been over five years, and any traces of our activities will be long gone."

"True," Gegin said, moving up behind his partner, who sighed wistfully. "Hmm...I just had an interesting idea," he murmured, his tufted ears perking up slightly. "How about a re-enactment? Can you remember what you did that day?"

Tarin turned his head to peer at his lover. "Well...I suppose I can. I'll try. I assume you're going to play Elania's part."

"Well, obviously. You'll be playing yourself. We can't, of course, do everything the same. For a start, we'll be fucking anally." Gegin laughed at that admission, then added, "Not that it would be any less pleasurable had I that extra hole."

"I've sometimes wondered what it would be like to have a pussy," Tarin commented, lying down on his back with his legs spread out. "This is how I was arranged to start with. She bent down over me, and started throating me."

The other gryphon chuckled, and immediately followed up on all that that statement implied. He was an experienced cock-sucker, and had the head of his mate's prick nudging its way into his throat in a few seconds.

Tarin let Gegin continue his throating for a minute or two, before reaching down and tapping him lightly on his head. "Then she got onto all fours, and told me how to mount her," he said with a gryph-grin. Gegin chuckled around his mouthful of meat, letting it slide out, glistening with saliva. He then got to his feet and moved away a couple of metres, looking over his shoulder at his friend.

"Well, I already know how to mount somebody, so let's just skip to that part, hmm?" asked Tarin with a note of laughter in his voice. Gegin joined in his laughter, then nodded. "Go ahead." He moved his tail out of the way, watching Tarin's pink cock extrude from its furry sheath as his friend stepped up behind him.

Tarin raised himself to stand on his hind legs, shuffling forward to rest his weight on Gegin's back. Forelegs draped around his friend's sides, he began to hump forwards, seeking the puckered hole that would permit him entrance into Gegin's warm body. A few seconds thrusting was all it took, and the head of Tarin's maleness found its mark, sliding in through the tight muscular ring into the heat of Gegin's rectum.

The mounted gryphon sighed as he was invaded once again by his lover's cock, pushing backwards in an effort to cram as much into himself as possible. The look he shot back at Tarin was one of fondness.

“And so we are one again,” remarked Tarin, the words coming unbidden to his mouth. He withdrew slowly, feeling Gegin’s muscles clamp down around his member, then, just as the tip of his cock threatened to pop out, pushed back in again, moaning softly.

The two lovers began to mate, slowly and lovingly, as they had never mated before. Somehow, making love here in the forest, where Gegin had first experienced the joys of sex, it seemed that it should be a special occasion.

A few miles away, in a small village that nestled deeply in the valley below the forested foothills, a young vixen was sewing, a blanket for the coming winter. Her flaming red curls hung around her face, the occasional stray hair falling down across her eyes. White ‘freckles’ liberally peppered her face, giving her muzzle a slightly mottled look.

As she sewed, she thought idly, her thoughts roaming around, settling down for a few moments on one thing, before flitting off to another. Almost unconsciously she found the image of a gryphon in her mind. He was small, probably a little shorter than she if he was to stand on his hind legs. His fur and feathers were predominantly black, the remainder of his body being various shades of brown. His expression seemed to be one of amusement, his eyes shining with suppressed happiness.

“I wonder how Tarin is doing,” Elania wondered to herself, drawing the new green shawl she had received from her husband for her last birthday around her shoulders in response to a light gust of wind from the open window in front of her. “It’s been such a long time since I’ve seen him.”

In her mind she began to replay the memories of their times together, still fresh in her mind as if they had been only yesterday. The first time they had met, in the cool dimness of the forest; the wonderful pleasure she had got from the virginal gryphon’s efforts; the encounter with the other gryphon, Gegin. He was quite handsome too, she recalled. A smile curved her lips as she remembered.

“Those were good times,” she murmured, finishing working with the current length of thread, and tucking the needle into the hem for safekeeping. Elania leaned back in her chair, staring out the window at the mountains in the distance. “What the heck,” she said to herself.

The young vixen got out of her chair and stepped into the next room, where her husband Jaret, an older fox with a slightly grizzled muzzle, was preparing lunch. He turned his head to smile at her, and gestured at the pot he was stirring. “Lunch will be ready in a just a moment,” he said, his voice light.

“That’s good,” Elania murmured, moving over to give her husband a kiss. She sat down at the table, and studied the grain of the wood. “Would you mind if I went for a walk this afternoon?” she asked, looking up again.

“No, of course not. Where to?” Jaret fetched two bowls and two spoons from a small cupboard, and placed them on the table. He then took the pot off the range, and poured half the contents into each bowl. “Vegetable soup,” he said, sitting down, “with the addition of my ‘secret spice’.”

Elania chuckled, then took a sip of the steaming soup. “This is pretty good,” she commented, nodding in appreciation of her husband’s culinary skills. “Even if you have no intention of telling me what the secret is.”

Jaret smirked a little, tapping his nose conspiratorially. “Everyone has to have their little secret or two, otherwise where’s the fun in a relationship?” They were silent for a couple minutes, then Jaret spoke again. “Where was it you were going to walk to?”

“Oh...just into the forest again. It’s a nice place to walk through. When it isn’t raining, of course.” Elania took another spoonful of soup, looking away from Jaret’s gaze.

“May I join you?”

Elania looked up quickly, almost dropping her spoon into the soup. “Uh...sure, why not?” she said, her voice developing a very minute quaver to it. That put a hold on her plans for the afternoon. She *had* been thinking of going up to the same place that she and Tarin had first met, and bringing herself off with a new ‘toy’ she had bought a week ago, imagining that it was Tarin

who was fucking her. ‘Actually,’ her mind stated calmly, ‘it could be a great opportunity to make love in the same place that you and Tarin did.’

The rest of the meal went by in silence.

After lunch Jaret and Elania put on their coats, for the day was a little on the nippy side, and went out of the house. They strolled up the main street -- which was in effect the *only* street in the village -- and out into the cultivated fields beyond. “Duvall’s crops are growing well,” Jaret observed as they passed a large field of pumpkins. “They’ll do well at the show.”

“Yes, though I think Anidas might outgrow him this year.”

The couple chatted idly as they went. The fields gradually gave way to trees, which thickened into a forest a few minutes later. “Jaret?” Elania began uncertainly, not entirely sure how to bring up the subject of her past. “May I ask you a personal question?”

Jaret turned his head to regard his wife with curiosity. “I guess so. What is it?” He suddenly lurched forward as his foot snagged on a stray tree root. “Bloody roots!” he swore.

“Well...did you ever do anything, when you were younger, that you knew was wrong? And enjoyed it?” The words came out in a rush. Elania looked at the ground, her ears heating up and turning bright red inside with embarrassment.

A cough was her only answer, before Jaret broke the silence again. “Uh...yes, I did.” He looked around, as if to see if anyone was trying to listen in on them, then spoke in a loud whisper. “I had sex with my dog. He was a mongrel that I rescued when I was about ten. It wasn’t until I was twelve that I actually...did anything with him.” Jaret’s ears were even redder than Elania’s.

Elania stared at her husband, then began to laugh. “You have no idea how relieved I feel hearing that. I just wanted to make sure that you were open-minded enough to hear me out.” Jaret looked at her expectantly. “About five years ago, I was walking further up, to get some berries from the top meadows. You know how good those berries taste, don’t you? Anyway, one day I stopped for a rest...” The young vixen told her bemused husband how she met Tarin, then Gegin. “To this day, I still think that I enjoyed some of the best sex in my life with those two.”

Jaret chuckled, and hugged his wife. “That’s okay. Looking back, I think I can say the same about Brutus.” They continued to chat pleasantly as they walked through the forest, climbing up into the hills.

“Nearly there,” Elania said after nearly an hour had passed. “Just around this bend. Funny...I swear that I can hear them. Must be my imagination.” She glanced at Jaret with a slightly puzzled look, and started walking quicker.

Around the last bend, her eyes met with an incredible sight. Only a few metres away, by the log that she had sat on, were Tarin and Gegin. But she wasn’t quite prepared for what they were doing. “Tarin? Gegin?”

“Did you hear something?” Tarin asked Gegin as he thrust his maleness deep into his friend’s bowels. “I’m sure I heard someone call our names.”

Gegin looked around, and his beak dropped open. “Elania? Hey, Tarin, it’s her!” Suddenly he realised what position he was in, and looked away, a little embarrassed.

“Huh?” Tarin stopped moving and peered down the path. Indeed, the vixen who had introduced him to the joys of sex was standing there, her eyes wide -- from shock or surprise, he couldn’t tell. He was speechless for a few seconds, while he tried to figure out something to say. “Uh, hi,” he said finally, his nares flushing bright red. “Nice to see you again.”

“So this is Tarin and Gegin.” Jaret came up beside Elania with a raised eyebrow. “Nice to meet you two.” He took a few steps closer, to get a better look at them. “So, how long have you been together?” he asked, partly out of curiosity, and partly for need of a conversation starter.

Tarin thought for a few seconds before replying. “Not sure...about three months. Does that sound right, Gegin?” He peered down at his friend, who turned his head to look back. “I think so,” he said. “Not very long anyway.”

Jaret nodded, and fell silent, not really sure of what to say next.

The awkward silence was broken by Elania stepping up to hug her husband. She chuckled quietly to herself, then said, "Jaret, I'd like you to meet Tarin, and Gregin. Gregin's on the bottom, and Tarin's <i>in</i> his bottom."

A few seconds passed before the others caught onto the joke. "That was terrible, love," Jaret groaned, hugging his wife to him. "Now, didn't you say that you wanted to make love here?" He grinned at the two gryphons. "Perhaps we could have a foursome?"

Elania looked at Tarin, then Gregin, her muzzle opening slightly in a smile. "What do you say, boys? Think you're up to taking us on?" She glanced sideways at Jaret. "He likes anal too, so...." She raised an eyebrow suggestively.

"Sounds like a great idea to me," Gregin said, chuckling. "I suggest that we move up to that clearing, though. More room, and probably a little more comfortable for us."

Tarin dismounted his mate, then all four of them walked a little further up the path to the clearing in which the gryphons had landed. "The grass seems to have got much longer," Elania commented, noticing that it now reached up to her knees. As she walked, she took off her coat, letting her pert breasts be exposed. Her husband grinned at her, then began doing the same. It was getting a little warmer, anyway, thanks to the abundant sunshine.

When they finally stopped, under the shade of a lone oak tree that stood in the clearing's middle, both foxes were naked, and quite aroused, more so in Jaret's case. "Your mate is quite well endowed, isn't he?" Tarin said of Jaret to Elania, curving his beak into a gryph-grin. His eyes were focused on the eight inches of maleness that stood out proudly from the fox's body.

"I like to think I am," Jaret replied modestly, despite the big grin stretching his muzzle. He lightly rubbed his right hand up and down its length, smearing the drops of pre-cum that were oozing from the tip around with his thumb.

"I have an idea," Elania said, a suggestive tone in her voice. "I know how much you boys like fucking anally, so Gregin, why don't you show Jaret how good it is to feel a gryphon's cock up his rear? I'll take Tarin for a bit. We can swap later. Deal?" They all agreed, and split into their separate couples, near enough to each other to watch.

Smiling widely, Jaret and Elania got down onto their hands and knees, and looked at each other. "Here's to friendship," the young vixen said as Tarin moved to mount her for the first time in so many years.

Gregin straddled Jaret, positioning his ready cock at the rear entrance to his body. There was plenty of pre-cum leaking from the gryphon's tip to lubricate the tight passage well enough. "Be gentle," Jaret said, moving his tail aside and looking back at Gregin. "It's been a very long time since I had anal activity."

"I understand," Gregin replied, pushing gently against the resistance of the fox's tight pucker. "I had a similar worry when I met a couple of other gay gryphons. To my knowledge, there are only four of us in the aerie." He gasped almost in unison with Jaret as his cock suddenly slipped through the fox's anus and deep into his rectum. "I didn't hurt you, did I?" the gryphon asked, momentarily concerned for his new partner.

Jaret shook his head. "Not much. It's more discomfort than pain, really." He flexed his rectal muscles a bit, clamping down on Gregin's prick then releasing it, eliciting a happy sigh from the gryphon.

While his friend began to fuck Jaret with short, gentle strokes, Tarin was pounding away at Elania's rump, thrusting his maleness deep within her bowels. "Oh, how I've missed being fucked by you," the vixen murmured lovingly, turning her head to look Tarin in the eyes. Her tail swished to and fro behind her, tickling Tarin's underbelly.

"I've missed fucking you," Tarin replied, suddenly changing his tempo to a more relaxed one as he turned his head to regard Jaret and Gregin with some amusement. "They seem to have hit it off quite well, don't you think?"

Elania nodded, a smile on her face. "Yes. It's nice to see Jaret sort of visit his childhood again. She grinned, then made another suggestion. "What say you and Gregin double fuck me again, while my husband takes the one on top up the ass?"

“I think that’s a great idea,” Jaret said from underneath Gregin. “I want to know what it feels like to fuck a gryphon up the butt.”

In a few short minutes they had taken their new positions. Elania was sandwiched between Gregin, fucking her pussy from beneath, and Tarin on the top, taking her other hole. Jaret was positioned behind Tarin, smoothly sliding his eight inches of cock in and out of the gryphon’s loose tailhole.

“Oh, gods!” Elania cried as she was pummelled in both holes by the gryphons’ dicks. “I’d forgotten how good this was!”

“I’m starting to envy you, hon,” Jaret said with a wide grin as he drove his hard prick deep into Tarin’s male orifice. “You have two holes, and we’re stuck with only one. I won’t hold that against you, though.”

Together the foxes and gryphons worked their way up to explosive orgasms. The chain reaction was started off by Elania, who had risen to her climactic peak by dint of the two cocks thrusting into her hot depths. She came with a shriek of ecstasy, clamping her pussy and rectal muscles hard around the two fleshy rods embedded within her. That was enough to goad the gryphons into giving up their loads of thick cream with loud keens of pleasure. Jaret, not wanting to be left behind, rammed his cock hard into Tarin’s tailhole and began to pour forth his own offering of jism.

For a few seconds they all felt as if they had reached the pinnacle of their pleasurable lives, but the feeling slowly faded away, leaving them with the lethargy that usually accompanies lovemaking of all sorts.

Jaret draped himself over Tarin’s back, smiling down at his wife sandwiched between the gryphons. “That was an experience and a half, wasn’t it?” he said with some measure of understatement.

A tired smile curved Elania’s lips as she turned her head to look at her husband. “Yes, it certainly was. One, I think, I would love to experience again. What do you boys think?” she then asked to the gryphons.

“Fine with me,” said Gregin, chuckling under Elania’s and Tarin’s combined weights. “But if you don’t get off me you may end up one gryphon short next time. I’m sure Tarin wouldn’t want his mate to be squashed to death.”

Slowly the foursome broke apart, lying down in the grass underneath the tree for a while as they all recovered from their sexual exertions. “I’m tired, hon,” the young vixen said after a few silent minutes. She laid her head on Jaret’s lap. “Let’s just stay here a while, hmm?”

Jaret stroked his wife’s hair and nodded, glancing at the gryphons, who had already fallen asleep. “Of course, dear. Sleep if you wish. I’ll be here to hold you.”

Elania snuggled her head into his lap more comfortably and sighed contentedly. “Thanks,” she murmured, closing her eyes. In a few moments her breathing became deep and regular, indicating that she was now asleep.

Smiling to himself, Jaret lay back and closed his eyes, joining her, and the gryphons, in quiet slumber.