

# GRYPHON'S TRYST

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*Storyline: A female gryphon is exiled from her clan after committing adultery, the worst possible offence, aside from murder, in gryphonic society. On her search to find another lover she happens upon two woodcutters, both married. After an initial shock, the two men are won over by the gryphon's charms, and thus they engage in a pleasurable experience.*

It was a chilly day, though not uncommonly so for a day in mid-autumn. A cold breeze whipped through Rozura's feathers as she flapped away from her clan, and her disgrace. It was less than a week since she had been exiled from her clan for cheating on her partner, and already she was feeling the aching urge to be fulfilled sexually.

Hundreds of acres of trees flowed endlessly below the gryphon's body, boring her to the point where she was half-dozing, letting her subconscious mind take over the basic navigation. If she strayed off course, then her brain would put her back on track without her having to be fully awake.

After a few more hours of flight thirst crept up on Rozura, forcing her to become fully conscious, enabling her to search out a source of fresh water. Scanning the terrain below her, she espied a large lake nestled in the heart of the forest. *Perfect*, she thought to herself.

It was on the verge of sunset when she backwinged to land elegantly by the side of the lake. Even with her very sharp gryphon's eyes, she could barely make out the far shore. She looked around for any danger, out of habit, despite the fact that few animals found it worth their while to attack an angry gryphon, and noted the presence of a small lean-to about twenty metres away. Peering closely, Roz could make out silvery strands of cobwebs over the entrance, indicating that the shed hadn't been used in quite some time. Satisfied, Roz bent down to drink, lapping up the icy water until she had slaked her thirst.

"Hmm, sunset. Guess I'd better find some shelter then." Roz glanced at the lean-to. "Why not?" She made her way over to the roughly-built house, and looked inside. Rain sweeping in through the open door had warped the boards of the floors and walls, and scattered over the floor were numerous leaves from the forest close by. Definitely long unused.

'Not bad,' Roz thought as she swept leaves out the door with her wings and tail. Having done that, she settled down on the floor, putting her head on her forelegs, and went to sleep.

Dawn came, the sun grudgingly rising above the horizon to light the forest, through a light drizzle. Rozura woke, stretching her limbs out like a cat, easing out the kinks that had resulted during the night. She padded outside, and stared around her, listening to the early morning sounds of the forest, accompanied by the light pattering of the rain.. Sighing with pleasure at the ethereal atmosphere of dawn, she went behind a bush to perform her natural functions, then trotted down to the lake's edge to have a drink. She'd fed yesterday on a particularly unfortunate deer, so she wasn't feeling all that hungry for the moment.

What she *was* hungry for was a lusty male. She had a major hankering to feel a cock banging in and out of her cunt, and she couldn't scratch that itch no matter how hard she wished. Rozura grumbled to herself. She would just have to satisfy herself.

Roz went back into the dilapidated shed. It was a little on the chilly side out there, and wet. At least she'd be dry in the shed. Roz shook herself thoroughly before entering. Made no sense to be wet inside either.

Lying down on the floor, her wings spread to avoid crushing them too much, she reached forward with one of her slightly longer-than-average forelegs, and rubbed her pussy carefully with her paw. "Ohhh," she moaned gratefully, feeling some of the tensions of the previous days slip away to be lost in her pleasure. Most gryphon females couldn't do this, but thanks to her limbering exercises, and longer forelegs, she could, with satisfying results.

Roz was working her way to a reasonable orgasm when she heard voices approaching. Her mind shrieked for her to get out while she could, but her heart just wanted her to stay put and rub herself to a climax. Just as the voices got to the door, she hit the peak, moaning loudly, adding a keen of ecstasy as her orgasm crashed through her system. Juices flowed viscously from her cunt as she wound down, panting.

She opened her eyes, and glanced to the door. In the doorway stood two men holding long rods strung up with thin line, amazed expressions on their faces. One was of medium height, with greying hair and grey eyes; the other was a bit taller than the first, with brown hair flecked with grey, and light blue eyes. Both dripped water on the floor. Rather than act embarrassed, despite the fact that she was, Roz remarked flippantly in clipped tones, "What? You haven't seen a gryphon have an orgasm before?"

Her gaze moved down to the men's crotches. Both were showing obvious signs of interest, much to her delight. 'This could get interesting,' she thought. She got up off the floor, juices dripping from her pussy, and turned her rump to them, showing off her best attribute. Many males had said her pussy was wonderful, and she hoped that these two would find that true as well.

"Want some of this boys?" Roz asked coyly, with a hint of steel in her voice. One of the men came forward, the shorter one, the front of his trousers tenting. He cleared his throat, then managed to say, "I, er, you see, i' wouldnae be righ', wi' you bein' an animal, ye know." A wistful look came over his visage. "Bu' it's ben so long since I've 'ad a bi'. Ain't that righ', Charlie?"

Charlie nodded mutely, his gaze firmly fixed on Roz's wet pussy. "Och, aye, t'would be, aye." Looking down, Roz could see a massive bulge straining his trousers too.

"Oh, don't be so prudish. None of us has had a good fuck in ages, and I'm blowed if I'm letting you go before I get some! I could easily tear a limb or two off you if I wanted to, you know." The two men, glancing at Roz's long talons, and her muscular stature, seemed to agree wholeheartedly with this statement. "Aye, yer righ' abou' tha', lass."

"Roz. The name is Roz," the gryphon stated firmly. "And you would be? I like to know who I'm dealing with in these small matters of the flesh. Mostly for paternal knowledge just in case, but I hardly think I need to worry about that right now." She turned around and stared at the first man, eyeing his crotch. "And while you're at it, pull your pants off, too. Let me get a good look at you."

The man did as he was bid, his mate following his example, both putting their rods against the wall. "Name's 'Arry, lass...sorry, Roz, and this 'ere's Charlie. We're only 'ere 'cos our wives 'ave ben naggin' us too much lately, and me and 'im thought we'd get some rest up 'ere, away from 'em. Do some fishin' we thought." He stood naked from the waist down, his massive erection waving in the cool air. Harry watched Roz nervously, aware of his vulnerability at the moment. Charlie stood a little to his left and behind, with a cock almost as big as his mate's.

The gryphon nodded agreement. "I see. Be' ye never thought t' be doin' a bi' o' fuckin' as well, did ye?" Roz imitated the broad accent of the man. "That's one heck of an accent you have there. But enough talking. Let's get down to business...and I *mean* 'get down'." She grinned at her pun. "Take me. Any position, doesn't matter. Just get that thing in me."

"Righto," Harry mumbled. He looked the gryphon up and down, then said, "Me wife an' I arn much for anythin' new. Same thin', every nigh', for years. Jus' once, I wan' t' do i' like the dogs do."

Roz grinned at him. "That's how we gryphons do it anyway, though some have been adventurous enough to try other ways...." She trailed off, a glint in her eye pointing out the implication.

Charlie spoke up from beside the door. "I'll try somethin' new, lass. Wife's an ol' stick-in-the-mud when i' comes t' sex." A wide grin was spread across his face.

A wry grin was sent his way. "Thanks for sharing that with me. I'll be sure to put that info to good use." She turned her gaze back on Harry. "Maestro, if you please?" The suggestion of a raised eyebrow was evident on the gryphon's face.

Reaching forward to grasp Roz's hindquarters, Harry positioned his cockhead at the entrance to her pussy. With one slow, smooth movement, he drove the full length of his prick into the gryphon's cunt. Both man and gryphon shared a long drawn-out sigh at the penetration; Roz, at being filled once again by male meat, and Harry, at the feeling of being lovingly gripped by a warm, silky pussy. His wife's, by comparison, was dry and uncaring.

Harry pulled himself out to the last inch, then pushed back in again, shivering with delight and the thrill of the illicit lovemaking. Roz murmured quietly, savouring the wonderful sensations in her cunt.

Charlie looked around for a place to sit and, not finding one, he leaned against a wall, in such a place that he was able to view fully the proceedings. He lightly fondled his prick, watching with interest as Harry began fucking in earnest.

“It’s been so long,” mumbled Roz, leaning back into Harry’s gentle thrusts. “And it’s great not having a heavy male on my back. Honestly, some of the males I’ve been with are damn near as heavy as a buffalo. Ooh, that’s it, a bit more to the left....” The gryphon almost purred in pleasure as Harry shifted his position slightly.

Roz looked over to Charlie, who was now lightly jerking his cock. “Charlie, come over here,” she asked, letting a shudder run through her body. “Get in front of me. I’m going to suck you dry.” She hesitated when she realised that her beak wasn’t exactly designed for sucking anything. “Well, maybe I can deep-throat you instead.”

Grinning at the thought of the treatment he’d get, Charlie obeyed, though he was still a little anxious about his equipment being in such a vulnerable position. “I won’t do anything you’ll regret later,” Roz assured him. “Now point that thing in the right direction, and I’ll see it gets a good massage.”

Harry considerably stopped fucking so Charlie could get himself started, then resumed, watching with amusement the expression on Charlie’s face change from trepidation to a smile of enjoyment.

Rozura herself moved back and forth, feeling like one of the animals she’d seen impaled on spits over a fire, only this fire was internal. She’d never had *two* cocks before, and never one in her mouth either, so she considered this experience very special, one of the best she’d ever had, or could remember.

She used her strong throat muscles to massage Charlie’s cock, and her long, agile tongue on the rest of his manhood. She was pleased at the reactions she was getting out of him and his mate; no male gryphon had ever been so responsive, most couplings being along the lines of ‘wham, bam, thank you, ma’am’, which left her feeling only temporarily fulfilled at best. Very few had actually managed to bring her to orgasm.

Charlie looked down at his member being given preferential treatment, then up at Harry. “I’ll be’ yer wife don’ do anythin’ like this, eh, ‘Arry?” He resisted the temptation to thrust, and just let Roz do her thing.

“Ye go’ tha’ righ’,” said Harry, shifting into a higher gear, adding a slight rotational motion to his fucking. He grinned as Roz cried out with a keen of pleasure, rather strangled by the hunk of meat blocking her airways. “I’ll be’ Roz ‘ere don’ ge’ much ou’ of sex, either, do ye, love?”

All Roz could manage by way of reply was a slight shake of her head. A multitude of thoughts ran through her mind, the main one being that she was close on the verge of achieving a very satisfying climax, and judging from the actions of the two men, she guessed they were in much the same position.

Harry shifted himself a bit and thrust from a new angle. Roz almost choked on Charlie’s prick as a tsunami of heightened feeling crashed through her system. From her throat issued strangled noises as the gryphon tried to cry out in the midst of her passion.

Concerned, Charlie quickly withdrew his meat from Roz’s throat, letting her gasp her way through her orgasm. Behind her, Harry stopped, trying to see what was wrong. After shuddering through the immense physical excitement she had just had, Roz looked up into Charlie’s eyes, then craned her head around to peer at the other man. “I’m fine, I’m fine. That was just...the most...incredible climax I can remember. Thanks, Charlie. I nearly died trying to force my keening out past that cock of yours.” She stopped and took another breath. “Carry on. Do your worst!”

The two men literally plunged themselves back into the tasks at hand. Harry lasted little more than a dozen thrusts before exploding with pent-up lust, burying his cock deep within Roz’s cunt with each spurt. His juices mixed with hers to make a spicy cocktail, which leaked out, running down his balls and legs.

Watching his mate reach his peak, Charlie quickly followed suit, shooting strong jets of thick cum down the gryphon’s throat. Again she gagged at the foreign sensation, but Roz overcame the compulsion, and happily accepted the man’s deposit. She’d bring it up later so she could savour the full flavour of his seed.

Utterly spent, Harry and Charlie pulled their cocks out of Roz’s orifices. As a courtesy, Roz licked them clean, finding the strange taste of her juices from Harry quite pleasing. All three lay on the floor, exhausted from the activities of that morning.

Roz broke the silence. “Thanks, again, for all you’ve done for me. It’s been so long...I think I would have gone nuts in a few more days. If I was desperate enough, I might even have fucked a stag...if one ever came close enough to do so.” Her statement was met by tired smiles.

“Thank *you*,” began Charlie, “for providin’ us wi’ a form o’ en’ertainment we would never have though’ of. Our wives would never le’ us hear the end of i’ if they ever found ou’ abou’ this.”

“Who’s going to tell? I’m all for doing it again,” remarked Roz. “I’d be quite happy to stay around for a few days, and you guys can get some fishing done....” The last was said with a sly wink and a suggestive tone.

The two men exchanged glances with each other, a big grin coming over their faces, then with Roz. Together, all three laughed, a toast to future pleasures.