

Waiting For Tonight

By Bartan Tirix

The weather was definitely colder up in the mountains, but it was to be expected. Carefully scaling down the old walls of ruins, the white charr exercised her climbing gear quite well. New inventions, especially ones that were rather untested, rarely work out this good without some sort of tweaking.

At least the fall wasn't too large if something did happen to go wrong, reaching the bottom quite easily and contemplating of making a device that would slow descents. Like a glider or a hoverboard of sorts. Maybe one of those giant bunny mounts she's been hearing about once in a while, stories about how they can fall from great heights and remain perfectly fine.

Regardless, one thing at a time. Finally able to take a vacation away from her workbench, the engineer took a deep breath of that crisp air as she walked through the small valley. Knowing that somewhere around here the griffon resided, the one she was searching for. Keeping an eye out and four ears perked for any signs of it. Instead, coming across a rather large campfire in the corner of the mountains. A somewhat overdone slab of meat was spotted hanging off a makeshift rack as the charr overlooked it from afar.

The scent didn't quite appeal to her, really, but judging by the many claw marks and dozens of feathers nearby, Linet was indeed in the correct spot. Catching the heavy footsteps of something large making its way up the mountain path, she waited for it semi-cautiously. Making sure the large giant spotted her in the wide opened area before offering a peaceful wave at the dark skinned cyclops. "Tomtom, I presume?" The large feline asked, keeping still and stoic, even though she only came passed the giant's knees in height.

"I be him, yes." He answered back with a rather rough voice. "Your one of those large walking cat things-"

"Charr, yes. The Lionguard just down the mountainside told me about you." She stated, watching him carry several large logs and place them in a pile near the fireplace. "Specifically that you owned a Griffon." That seemed to change the large one's mood towards his visitor completely.

"Ah, you're here to see my Beaker, is it?"

"You are correct. I'm working on a way to create a saddle for flying creatures, and I'd like to study how large griffons can get. I heard you tamed and trained the world's-"

"Finest Griffon, yes! That would be Beaker! Never before have you ever laid eyes on a magnificent creature, I promise you!" The cyclops boasted.

"I'll trust your word, Tomtom." The white charr stepped forwards. "I'm Linet, and I'd like to study Beaker up close. With your permission, of course." The dark one looked over her for a moment, more puzzled when the feline started to dig through her bag. "I got you a gift as well, be it you allow me to check out Beaker or not, you can keep this." The white one handed him a large telescope, seeing his rather confused look about such an object. "It's a spyglass, it allows you to see from far away."

"Spyglass?" The giant repeated, taking a hold of the object and hearing her to suggest being careful with it. Showing him how to unfold the thing and look through it, almost giggling at the perspective the object gave him.

"Just be careful with it, it is rather fragile." A look at the charr was once again more on the delighted side, as Tomtom nodded.

"Beaker's not here right now, out hunting and searching for a mate." He stated, tossing a log in the fire and testing its warmth. Not noticing the near excited smirk across the feline's muzzle as she attempted to hide it. "He flew west, across river. Up those mountains, he likes to perch." Her red eyes followed his gesture, able to see where he was talking about and almost being able to spot the dark griffon in the overcast sky. "He's used to people visiting, so should be okay to approach."

"What about touching?"

"Not so much, no. You can get him to touch if you use blue berries found in bushes over there." Ah, yes. She's heard about these. As well as- "Just be careful not to use red berries. Juices inside make griffons mad." He watched as she took notes. "You can wait here if you like, but he'll be a few days before returning. Might be better off taking another trip here later."

"That's quite alright, I'm looking forward to scaling another mountain." She chuckled. "Blue berries, then he should be good to touch, yes?"

"Yes. Then he'll let you near him."

"I'll try that then. Thank you, Tomtom." Linet said her farewells and headed east. Truth is, she knew more about the berries than the giant did. Even had a full container of each within her backpack, and did much research on them quite extensively before making her trip out here. The red ones didn't make the griffons mad, no. They made them aroused, more sexually aggressive towards those who were around them. Often enough challenging males in their vicinity for dominance, regardless of species. Females, however...

It was difficult to say what would happen, but Linet was definitely prepared for anything to go wrong. Taking the journey acrossed the river and up the mountains was enough to keep her excitement for such a thing in check. So thankful that she declined the help of a sherpa, likely having those four ears blush deeply everytime she thought about getting close to that large beast.

Truth be told, she's always had an attraction for such a thing; doing it with wild creatures. It was all but fantasy though, providing she was alone in her tent or workshop. Now, however, Linet got to see if the real thing was just as good, if not better than what she pictured in her head. Sure, she could start with smaller creatures, but encountering the elemental compound in those berries was her discovery and her discovery alone.

That is, if her theory was correct. Let alone her alteration to make the compound stronger within the berries. Finding a place to reside for the night and pulling out the tightly sealed jar, grinning at it like she did with the discovery of the aphrodisiac. Almost wanting to try opening it now and get that wonderful sweet scent, like a sugary cherry wine. Just one more night, then she can have her answer. Hold off for one more night...

Though it was getting dusk, the white feline did take a good look around. Spotting nothing in at least a mile that could see or hear her start to pleasure herself at the mountain's base. Resting on a thick blanket over the cool grass, so thankful she was done with the snow of the shiverpeaks now so she could just gaze at the stars without freezing her nose off. Her black spotted white coat still thick enough to keep her warm, even without the extra heavy blanket. Not to mention, allowing her to travel in something a lot more freeing, the airflow easily reaching her chest and thighs as they were cooled by the evening temperature.

No wonder she was thinking such thoughts, gazing at the red berry jar once again and wanting to smell it. Just a little whiff wouldn't hurt, would it? Maybe even just a little taste herself? Just to see if the new formula was appealing? Not like she did that much to it, just enough to enhance the scent a little for more long distance travel.

Thirst overcame the charr, as she reached for a bottle to drink out of. Heavily breathing before such a thing touched her muzzle and she caught a rather thick texture of the liquids. Easily telling that it wasn't water but still drinkable and quenching. Looking at the label after she was done and reading the strange notes she's messily put on them within the dim light of the setting sun. "Elixir D... Durability? Has to be. I've never made one for Death yet." Experimental still, sure, but no big deal. Was only for one of those 'Just In Case' moments anyway.

Setting the half empty bottle down, those red eyes set on the jar once again. Nearly making her whimper of impatience as that same thought returned. Taking a deep breath and coaxing herself. "One small taste, for curiosity sake." Linet said aloud, reaching over for the air tight container. "Then I'll go to sleep. Tomorrow, I'll find Beaker... A-and get some data." Not even she believed such an excuse. I mean, to find a way to ride griffons and take flight would be quite the experience, but she couldn't even kid herself. The charr was looking for a different kind of riding experience, and I can't believe I just typed that.

The lid was on tightly, as if to lock her out of such a thing and demanding that the feline went to sleep! That patience would be rewarding! Like hell if she was going to listen to a jar, and eventually forced the lid off. Nearly stunned by the thick aroma that it gave off as a tad bit spilled on her chest, sweet and intoxicating like a rose colored cloud. Putting her mind into a haze, it became so concentrated

while contained... Somehow. Whatever alterations she did with it was perhaps a tad too much.

Still, the scent was unreal, even getting the charr a lot more excited as she dipped a claw into the jar and closed it. Heaving for a few moments to get her scrambled thoughts organized enough to remember what she was doing. Granted, not realizing that her other paw started pawing under her skirt after it set the object down, getting Linet to purr a bit before giving that juice covered claw a lick.

It was surprisingly warm to the touch, almost spicy as it danced along her somewhat dry tongue. Strong like a liquor of sorts, but that could be due to the previous drink she had. Still, it was enough for the white one to desire a little more of a taste, not even attempting to consult her logic or conscience because it took nothing to throw it on cloud nine. Opening the jar much easier this time and taking a long, decadent inhale of the berries inside before a strong lap.

Such a thing nearly electrified her maw's pink appendage on contact, like strong sour candy. Still containing such sweetness that lingered and almost demanded another taste. Then another, and another that almost caused the charr to become too woozy. Forcing her to put it down for a moment and catch her breaths, sending a lightweighted feeling through Linet's body as waves of tingles got her fur to stand on end. Gathering up in her pelvis as if to pleausurably shock her sex a little, inviting the other paw inside to join in.

The white feline was lost in her own rhythm for what felt like hours, but the sun still remained just over the mountains. Leaving her to sing to herself while shifting around, those paws doing wonders for her slit. Far more than ever before, as she continued to toy with herself. Until something heavy landed nearby, finally snapping her out of that infinite loop and become more aware of her actions.

Scanning the opened area, she started to see the silhouette of a large winged creature. Almost instantly knowing what it was... Who it was. Was it possible that she was hallucinating? The charr did feel a little out of it, still, but if it wasn't... Maybe Linet could have that attempt tonight.

Quietly, she opened the jar once again, trying to think of how she could possibly get the large bird to mount her. Taking a large dip of those berry juices and applying it to her sex, staining her white fur and underwear pink before adding more and more to it. Keeping an eye on the searching griffon, hearing it purr loudly and scan the area for such a scent's source. Even taking several of the small berries and shoving it into her folds before the large beast came into her lamplight.

It was nearly twice her size, quadruped and a very dark grey coat. Nearly black, with just a few traces of lighter grey around its chest and neck's mane. A beak like a hawk, dark yellow eyes studying the white charr. Releasing a growl at her before prowling. Watching the feline close the lid to the jar quickly and lay still on her back, coming closer while following the heavy scent of the alchemist's concoction.

Linet stayed completely still, watching it with her own red eyes but trying not to make eye contact. Just in case he seen it as a challenge. Leaving the tamed beast to explore her small camp at its own pace as Beaker spread his wings to make himself appear larger. Trying to scare her off, but she remained put. Keeping her breaths low and stable.

The black holes along the large beak almost flared as the griffon's eyes nearly followed the scent like a trail of mist. Leading that threatening maw under the charr's skirt and studying her undergarments; a simple black thong-like clothing. Completely soaked with that heavy haze and nearly feeling like her lower lips were burning slightly. Another rather vocal sniffs from the grey one, and detected Linet's fluids from her session previous to his arrival... One of a female, not male.

It was the thing that truly got Beaker to become much more friendly with the white one, starting to lap at the clothing that barricaded her slit. Feeling a strong tongue, covered in what felt like dozens of blunt needles or long teeth as it was rewarded with a bit more of those flavors. Nearly making the charr whimper in pleasure as it sent a ticklish wave through her body. However, it could be a lot more if that damn cloth was out of the way. Yelping when she felt that sharp beak snatch her clothing and attempt to pull it off her, however only causing it to tear near effortlessly.

First contact with that tongue got her to start singing once again, as the griffon lapped at her folds assertively. Being rewarded as he started to nudge her body and lap around her sex for that precious juice. Soon discovering that inside resided more of it, and get that tongue to separate her lower lips a bit roughly. Causing the female to lean forwards and place a paw along that broad neck.

But that didn't stop the griffon from continuing, allowing the feline to stroke his beautiful black mane as it reached inside Linet with that spined appendage. Getting her to gasp loudly as Beaker discovered a berry within, making that dark tail of his to start wagging as he pulled it out and crushed it with the roof of his maw. Instantly being rewarded with a strong taste that was nearly addictive.

Another venture within the feline's cave, that tongue searched. Scanning her inner walls and gathering any residue of those fluids it could possibly find as the charr cried in bliss. Shifting her hips unintentionally as the beast continued to lap at her, soon causing the white one to climax as it pulled out another berry. Giving Linet a moment to breathe as the griffon quickly resumed.

Traces of the last one was soon discovered, pushed quite a bit back and close to her cervix. Feeling that tongue venture deeper and deeper into her body was like a constant storm of bliss, creating wave after wave that triggered her reflexes. Squeezing that intruder tightly as it got more and more determined to get that final red juicy gem! Pressing his beak over her pelvis to get that appendage in further and further until it could touch it, lapping at the red berry with a wave-like flow of that tongue. Causing those spines to flex and stroke the charr's tunnel until the item was obtained!

Pulling it out and once again giving the female a few moments to breathe as he enjoyed such a gift, soon searching for more of it and following the scent up her clothing. Not noticing Linet grab the Jar and open it quickly, pulling out another berry for Beaker to have, so as long as he stepped forward enough to claim such a thing. Not even giving it a second thought and she nearly whimpered as the large beast was nearly on top of her. Blushing deeply and nearly turning those white ears red when she seen his, well, 'Red Rocket' halfway out of a grey sheath.

The charr got excited. Really excited, as she started to shift on her frontside. Ignoring the griffon's demand for another one as the jar was pulled away from him. Growling lowly at her, until he

was rewarded with another juicy treat. Lining herself up for such a thing and pressing her own haunches against the griffon's tool, it purred in curiosity. Almost looking at those red eyes in alert while half stepping back. Watching that white paw pull out another one and that beak attempt to snatch it, only for the feline to be quicker. Getting him to step forwards once again and feel his weapon press under her sex, nearly causing those folds to drip over it in heat.

Beaker understood what she wanted, looking at the smaller charr once again as if to ask 'Are you even sure?' Causing her to respond with a nod and a near begging whine as the feline pulled out another berry from the jar, giving it to the beast without hassle while she quickly reached down and lined that weapon top against her lower lips. Not expecting the dark bird to thrust forwards and slide that spear-tipped flare inside her, getting Linet to cry out loudly in bliss as the red tool throbbed proudly inside her.

Such a reaction made the griffon smirk, so easy to please such a strange creature as he was once again offered another berry. Taking it and enjoying such juices as the feline got used to his girth for a few moments, knowing that it was likely going to get bigger, considering she could almost feel his pulse through it. Pumping more and more blood to get the weapon stiffer within her, but it felt amazing. Better than such fantasies could possibly provide!

A few adjustments of her position, and Linet shifted her body over the red spear. Lightly sliding it in and out of her sex before Beaker started taking over, thrusting quite harshly with such raw strength. Forcing the feline to take more and more of its length with every movement, as she expressed such pleasure vocally within the vacant space around them. Taking no time at all for those folds to squeeze his tool tightly as the charr climaxed, leaking out her juices and making it easier for that beast of a spear to slide in.

The small spines along the tower's walls grew thicker and thicker as the bird became ready, softly scratching her inner flesh while collecting droplets of the charr's juices. Pulling them and washing her tunnel to better lubricate such a weapon's function as it continued to grow within her. Causing the feline to rake and claw the blanket they leaned over as Beaker started to gear up, getting a bit faster and rougher while widening those folds with every thrust.

Another treat was offered, as the griffon attempted to get access to the jar under her. Having the container become pulled out of his reach and only receiving a small portion of its contents. Growling at the white one for such a thing, but accepting the berry regardless, continuing to please her for another reward. Rather surprised at the punishment the cat-thing could take as pushed his tool deeper and deeper into her, while her contractions allowed the rest of his length to be pulled out of his sheath more easily.

As much as Beaker didn't want to admit such a thing, he was actually enjoying the situation. The tight feeling, the wonderful rewards that caused his body to tingle strangely. Mostly tasting like the ones he's discovered before, but at the same time; quite different. Did all these creatures have such things? Being offered another one immediately got his attention as he attempted for the jar again, growling when it was pulled away. Damn witch! Another heavy thrust to punish the female with pleasure as he felt a few heavy squirts enter her body.

A deep purr leaked out of the griffon's throat as he savored the taste, nearly tracing the funny feelings all the way under his tail and feel... Something get a little tighter. Continuing his work to please the white feline as she climaxed over and over again, trying to keep a good eye on Linet's paw to reach under for another berry-there it is! The large grey one pressed a paw hard on her upper back as soon as the jar was spotted, forcing the charr into the ground/thick blanket as she whined blissfully.

However, that instantly turned into a yelp when the beast grabbed the container with his beak and pulled it out of Linet's reach. Punishing her with a deep thrust with every attempt she made to gain it back as the griffon cleaned the entire jar. Almost huffing heavily when he was done the scent of it was so strong, but releasing a very large satisfying purr afterwards. One that seemed to give relief to his thickened pouch under his tail, not recalling it ever feeling this... Bloated.

Still holding down the feline, he put all his weight on her for a few moments as the wonderful juices made their way down his throat and into his belly. Causing a thick vibration that Linet could feel, even all the way down to his weapon tip. Prodding her tunnel's limit before feeling the griffon continue his motions, slightly more aggressive now.

Every few thrusts got a little harder, a little faster as the beast felt like he gathered more and more energy. Stuck in a haze where all he wanted to do was breed this white cat-thing! Feeling all that ambition start to gather in his pelvis as stiffen his hind legs as several thick torrents were ejected into the female. Hot streams of white nearly burning her sex as it leaked out of her slit. Looking under her to watch it fall like a heavy web and stain the blanket, giving the two to catch their breaths.

Only for Beaker to quickly resume, getting the white one to whimper faintly at him. Not opposed to such a thing, but it was becoming a little more rough against her lower region. That girth getting wider and wider as the beast attempted to push more of that red length inside her, until she felt quite the bulge. Making her yelp as she attempted to look at the griffon in the eye.

However, the dark one was completely enthralled. Beak and eyes tightly closed as if to save all his body's energy on breeding the one under him. Leaving her in a hopeless loop of climaxes and songs as he kept pushing that bulge against her harder. Harder! Bracing her shoulders in place and making her cry out slightly as the weapon slowed down. Releasing several more jolts of pre before really pushing that length within the charr.

It was making progress, slowly but surely. Feeling it slip inside her sex a little deeper, her folds getting wider and wider to swallow such a knot until it finally slipped inside her. That tip pressing into her womb before a very thick torrent was launched inside, making her belly very warm as it started to bulge out. Attempting to fit every last drop the griffon had to give, as the thick ropes continued for a few moment. Finishing with a very satisfied purr from Beaker as the white one carefully studied her bloated underside, panting and thankful that it was over.

Or was it? The large beast once again pinned the feline down and made her lightly yelp, only to feel a tug around her sex. Soon feeling a wave of relief as that knot was release and the griffon seed was free to drain. Huffing deeply at such a wonderful euphoria as the grey one over her nuzzled against her

neck, making Linet smile and pet him while he gave those ears a lick.

...Only to get back into position, that spear once again sliding into her stretched out folds and making her cry out. Especially since she was still carrying quite a bit of that release inside her. Forcing the charr to take that entire knot once again and keep it there for a few moments while several jolts were felt entering her womb once again. Causing Linet to whimper loudly in bliss and squeeze that red flesh tightly until it started to slip out again.

Yet, not fully leaving the feline's tunnel. Starting up the motions rather quickly and mating the helpless white one intensely, those spines combing her inner walls and almost assisting on pulling the griffon's seed out of her in shovels. Leaking what she could only see as ladle-fulls over the blanket in large splashes with every motion. That is until another sudden forced knotting into Linet's sex, causing her to brace and whimper as more and more release was pumped into her womb once again. Getting that lower belly to curve out faintly like she ate a four course meal.

But those red eyes spotted something behind her as well, before her middle covered it up. It almost looked like a fuzzy... Ball being squeezed, and transferring the... She eventually pieced it together, letting out an embarrassed whimper as Beaker purred over her and unplugged the charr's folds. Allowing that white sticky mess to flow out, but not go too far, eventually giving her another look at the bird's largely stuffed package.

That couldn't be natural, could it!? It looks about the size of a cannonball! Then again, Tomtom did claim that he was a Magnificent Griffon, but she didn't expect it to be in that department. Another barrage of heavy thrusts into her, and the feline whimpered in slight fear. Wondering just how long this bird could keep going...?

Another look behind, and she spotted that large sack dropping down a little further, nearly causing the feline to yelp at such a sight. Knowing where its contents were going to flood to. This couldn't be natural! Not for a Griffon, not for anything! Then...? A sharp look at the empty jar that was still out of reach. Perhaps a side effect of her alteration-?

Several heavy thrusts were felt in her as the fluids poured, almost prematurely too as the knot didn't come until a bit late. Filling the white one's belly up as it became tighter and tighter. Carefully holding onto it as Linet continued to gain weight, feeling the bird continue to press harder and harder... Until her lower lips felt something.

A second bulge. Another knot beyond the first one, about double the size too. Nearly making the charr pale just thinking about it, but was Beaker really planning to attempt- A step forwards answered her. He was really going to fully tie the white one, and force her to take in every last drop within that pouch! Another step forced her to do the same, nearly getting the beast on top of her to growl loudly.

But every thrust was nearly too much for the feline to hold still, actually being dragged forwards as the griffon continued to breed her. Unloading torrents of hot milky seed into Linet's sex and relieving such pressure build up in a series of rapid motions. Those soft, yet thick spines scrubbing her inner

tunnel with such white fluids, nearly making the feline numb to the constant stretches and attempts.

It didn't take long for that once very tight knot to start slipping in quite easily, though Beaker did seem determined to force the female to take his entire weapon. Ramming that smooth flared tip against her tunnel's limit and slowly widening the entrance to her womb up for that spearhead. Surprisingly... Such a thing didn't actually hurt. Concerning, yes, but next to no pain was actually felt, aside from the various warnings against the temperature of the griffon's release.

At this point, Linet knew she wasn't going to escape such a fate. Then again, why would she? The charr has been longing to be in such a position for years, as she braced and clawed her way into that thick blanket. Every powerful thrust sliding it against the smooth grass as more and more of that white syrup leaked from her lower end. That dark pouch under the bird's feathery tail clenching and squeezing once in a while, but soon being refilled over and over again. Vocally groaning in discomfort as it begged its owner to make progress before it got so full it would burst.

But the large male was trying! Bracing the female in place and pushing her back against his tower harder and harder, ignoring her constant cries of bliss and the sounds of grumbles coming from her lower belly. Huffing constantly as his mind was in a red fog, demanding that his body kept mating! Harder! Faster! Make that tight female take every inch of him! With a roaring caw, Beaker strained his body against the white furred one's and pushed her shoulders against that thick red spear.

Her folds strained, attempting to swallow such a girth as fluids desperately attempted to escape while it still could. Causing Linet to contract tightly as she climaxed again and again, greasing up his throbbing tool just a little more for it to make a little bit of progress. Feeling the feline start to shift a bit and getting the griffon to growl, as if she was trying to escape, but he soon started to feel it; little by little, progress was made.

A tight squeeze of those lower lips, strong enough to prevent any flow through the tower itself, before attempting to relax and allow it a little bit more progress. Stretching that slit out further with every press of that red flesh and somehow not tearing! Only throwing heavy wave after heavy wave of bliss through the charr, barely able to think how such a thing could possibly be?

A heavy thrust caused her to slide forwards once again, collapsing face first into the blanket as those black griffon paws kept her pinned down. Nearly running the feline's snout against a bottle with a messy label... Of course! That durability potion from before! Apparently actually working successfully while minimizing pain, allowing such feats to be accomplished; like being fully nailed by a beast twice her size.

Dense throbs were felt as that weapon slightly expanded within her, filling the white one with more torrents and flowing most of it to her womb. Causing that lower belly to round out a little more as the two stalemated, eventually pushing the charr ahead as a fountain of cream squirted out of where the two were locked. Causing their progress to be lost as Beaker pulled back for a few moments, huffing heavily and nearly exhaling pure heat.

But his energy and determination soon returned, too quickly for Linet to completely drain herself as the thrusts started up again. Just as heavy and forceful as before, making the feline's whimpers climb higher and higher as continued to release her own squirts. Mixing it in with the griffon's hot seed as it leaked out in a steady stream.

Another series of strong attempts to tie the female resulted in another heavy barrage of sprays, filling up the charr's underside to a new limit. Never feeling so stuffed in her life as that belly's bulge was really noticeable this time, taking a moment to attempt to comfort it as it groaned like a filling water balloon. Soon squeezing a majority of the fluids out while the bird continued to mate her, almost wearing Beaker out as his pants became louder and louder.

Throwing all his energy into one heavy thrust, he sealed those lower lips shut. Very slowly wedging that spearhead flare into the charr's cervix as another few torrents were released. Putting the beast's entire weight down onto her as Linet howled in bliss, her leg soon slipping from the constant flood and getting the two to jerk down. Just enough for that large knot to finally squeeze inside, stunning the feline mid-gasp as those folds swallowed it whole.

She never imagined something so big to be... Surprisingly light. Still heavier than her, but Linet just felt like she was covered in a feathered mattress. One that was calling out in both pride and pleasure, as he flooded the feline with one final barrage. Sending in torrent after torrent into that womb, stretching it out as his knots held firmly against the pressure. Locking her down as that black pouch pumped more and more seed into the charr.

Her belly groaned loudly, making her whimper sharply as the white body dealt with the increasing volume. Still not feeling any pain, just concerning discomfort as it ballooned out over and under her skit strap. Getting her to whimper until a very loud rip was felt, then a sudden burst of relief. Soon feeling that belly flow freely under them, continuously being force feed griffon seed as Beaker continued to release his entire load into the small feline.

With each additional spray, that white bulge grew more and more. Expanding down against the blanket she was pinned to and venturing outwards in all directions. Flowing from under her hind legs and plumping up her lower sides as the weight of the bird's pouch was slowly getting lighter and lighter. Transferring its contents through a still throbbing tower, still completely trapped inside of her overstretched sex and persisting that the charr took it all.

However, the pulses started to slow down. Just in time as well, as Linet could swear she heard her lower belly nearly squeal against the pressure. Just doing its best to stay together for a few more long torrents, ones that slightly elevated the two and put her back on her knees. Leaving them to pant desperately while attempting to remain conscious through the blissful haze.

After several minutes and a few late torrents that pushed the feline's womb to its limit, Beaker attempted to pull out of her. Only to remain completely stuck in the tight slit, as the white one braced against his forepaws. "W-wait...!" Linet panted. "G-give it time." The beast just snorted at her, attempting again and making her yelp.

Yet, he still got nowhere. Too tired to keep struggling against the (now) fat cat's figure and her snug sex, the griffon just adjusted to his side to rest. Causing the charr to roll over and relieve her belly of the bird's weight, feeling it wobble a bit in the process as a few more sprays tightened it up. Curling around the furry white pillow as she panted to unconsciousness, and Beaker soon following. Not even noticing that they were being watched from afar, by a certain giant and his new spyglass.

"That's my griffon." He stated proudly.

"...And a very strange walking cat-thing."