

SHOWTIME

by
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The flashing lights almost blinded me as I stepped onto the stage once again, to the familiar announcement I'd heard so many times before. "The sky calls! The earth cries out! The crowd roars! They are calling for beauty and elegance! Behold, the Masked Gryphoness!"

As I blinked away the spots floating before my eyes from the flashing pink and purple spotlights, the cheers of the audience reached my curved ears. I still think that that entrance is too corny, too 70s, but I have to admit it does get a reaction from the audience. I've also told him a thousand times that it's just "gryphon" for both us girls as well as the guys, but he insists that it'd throw off the meter, and no one else seems to mind.

Meh, whatever. Tossing aside the thoughts as irrelevant, I padded forward, letting my hips sway that extra bit as the old 80s number I'd chosen for tonight began to echo from the speakers. They weren't here for Sasha Longfeather, an all-too-ordinary snow gryphon with bills to pay; but for the Masked Gryphoness. Sensual, feral, wild; That was what the masses demanded, and that's what I was going to give them.

My measured pace became more of a stalk as I approached the metal pole reaching from floor to ceiling, my black beak opening just a little to lick along the edge, the spotlights catching the blacklight-sensitive stuff I'd coated my tongue with before the show. It actually didn't taste half-bad despite what you'd think; kind of like cherries.

Once I was a few paces away, I spread my wings and arms, tilting back my head in a calling trill, letting the audience get a good look at my body. Like most of gryphonkind, my head was avian, barring the two feline ears that rose from the black-tipped white feathers covering it. As part of my schtick however, rather than letting them see my mundane(if pretty) face, I was wearing a silver mask, with golden lenses that reflected one way, letting me see out without letting them see my own blue eyes looking back.

More white feathers cascaded down my neck, and over my shoulders, giving way to off-white fur as they reached the curves of my moderately-sized breasts. I'm not one to delude myself; several of the other performers had much larger tits than mine, but mine were still a decent handful. Keeping them in place for the moment was a teasingly small blue bikini with silver trim, barely large enough to cover my nipples.

More of those white feathers covered my arms, at least until just past my elbows, where it gave way to scaled forearms and clawed fingers, though I kept them filed for... ahem, personal reasons. I could almost feel the audience's gaze continue from my busty chest, down over my trim white-furred belly, to the other place that draws just as much attention from most of the males out there. For the moment, my pink folds were hidden behind a tiny bikini bottom that left little to the imagination,

though that would change before I was done. If I were to turn around, I knew it'd also give a good view of my firm rump and the long feline tail that I sported, rather than the typical lion's tail. Extending from there were my powerful-muscled feline legs, which tensed as I prepared to start my routine.

With a another roaring call, I leapt at the pole, grasping it in both scaled hands and pressing myself up against it as I twirled, turning forward motion into a gentle spin. Slowly, I dropped down to a crouch, showing off the curves of my bust as the pole pressed between them, no doubt giving the men out there several ideas as I teasingly licked the pole on my way down.

As the music began to spike, I released the steel pole and leaned back, spreading my large feathery wings for balance as I arched my back and caught myself with my hands. My furred breasts fell off to either side slightly, still barely contained by the tiny bits of fabric as I ground my clothed crotch against the steel, knees spreading to give the audience a good look, licking my black beak as I felt myself start to grow damp from the attention.

This was the other reason besides bills that a "good girl" like Sasha found herself giving shows at a strip joint. I loved the attention of all those males(and several females, I'd found out with surprise my first night) desiring my body, but unable to have it. Something about it just pushes all my buttons, and I could already tell tonight was going to be a good one.

Giving a solid push off the floor with my upper body, I shot back upright, wings folding as I caught the pole with one hand. Tucking a footpaw against it to spin around it, I used my free hand to claw apart the ties on the front of my "bikini" and let the cloth go flying off into the audience as the world whirled around me.

Several cheers rose with the volume of the music as the song cut over to a guitar solo, though we all knew it wasn't for the music but for the bared gryphon breasts they were getting an eyeful of. My stiff pink nipples were already showing my arousal as I cupped one furred orb and gave it a squeeze, letting off a soft squawk of pleasure that was quickly drowned out by the squealing guitar riff.

Releasing the perky breast, I clasped the pole against me again, letting my nicely-sized tits sway as I rubbed my entire body up and down along it, giving the smooth metal an extra grind through the cloth covering my nethers. As the solo built to a crescendo, I stroked my clawed hands down the pole, while gradually, teasingly bringing my wings around me, covering myself with feathers and hiding my arms and body from sight.

I reached down to make a quick cut, then as the last wail of the guitar faded and the drums picked up, I spread my wings wide and tossed the remains of the bikini bottom out to the tables on the floor below, leaving myself bare to their inspection. I could feel the dampness already coating my netherlips, my aching gryphon folds pouting with need as I rubbed them along the cool metal, letting the audience see the trail of slick honey I was leaving on the steel pole as the spotlights caught it

and made it glisten.

Panting softly, I covered one hand with the other as I dropped to my knees, bringing them in front of my honeyed entrance. I grinned lustily towards the audience as I hid those slickened folds from view, letting my arms push my perky breasts together, emphasizing those soft curves. Teasingly I rocked my body back and forth as I started to spread my legs, resisting the urge to bury a couple fingers inside myself while I worked to give the impression to the audience that I was doing exactly that. In this business, it was all in the presentation.

As the lyrics kicked back in, I let myself fall forward, catching myself on my hands and letting them get an eyeful of my dangling breasts as I folded my wings against my back and roared at the audience. As they cheered in response, I stalked forward on hands and knees to the edge of the stage, letting my furred tail and hips sway with the beat of the music. I had done this many times before, and I knew just how far over the edge I could lean before having to pull back, giving the front row of tables a nice close up of my hanging tits, my pink nipples stiff as the full orbs swayed with my movements. Of course, that was why we charged more for those seats too.

After a moment, I crawled back, dropping back onto my haunches and bracing myself with my hands as I humped at the air, matching the upthrusts of my slickened, needy gryphonpussy to the throbbing beat of the drums as the song neared its end.

That certainly got a few whistles and catcalls, figurative and literal, as I let another trilling caw echo from my hooked beak, hips rising and falling faster as the drums sped up, building to the crescendo that I loved about this song. My softly-furred breasts jiggled and swayed as I spread my knees wide and humped up at the audience with quick hip moments, just as if I had some guy plowing me right there on stage. I'm sure that was the image in my audience's minds right now, because I knew it was the one in mine.

Suddenly, with a loud crash of drums, the music came to an end, the lights completely cutting out as I let one last roar echo across the silence, my body frozen in position as the dim background light silhouetted my curves against the stage, seemingly caught in mid-climax.

After about half a minute, the lights came back on and I rose slowly to my feet, the crowd clapping and cheering like their favorite sports team had just won the national championship. Giving them a smile, I bowed gracefully, then sauntered off the stage to the announcer's voice as he wrapped it up. "And that was our Masked Gryphoness! Be sure to be here Tuesday for her next show!"

"Great job tonight, Sash," Rob whispered to me as I passed through the curtain. A twenty-something tiger, he acted as stage-hand and security for the dancers. He was fairly well-built, but he had a touch of stage-fright. If we could convince him to get on stage though, I bet he'd be as popular among the ladies as I was among the guys.

"Thanks," I whispered back, letting my eyes glance down to the crotch of his jeans momentarily, as horny as I was feeling after that show. Mmmm... now that looks tasty, I found myself thinking as I glimpsed the thick bulge he was sporting. Unfortunately, on the clock he was all business, and he usually left right after closing. Of course, I'm sure I wasn't the only dancer that was interested in him, but I could swear that he always had the largest bulge after one of my shows...

"Don't mention it," he said, with a hint of a purr. "Pizza's already been ordered, if you're hungry. The driver said it'd be about a half-hour."

Oh I was hungry all right, but not for pizza. Still, a smart gal never turned down free food. "Let me know when it arrives," I said with a smile, before turning to go. "I'll be in my room."

Though it wasn't that large a place, all the dancers had their own small rooms for dressing and privacy reasons, and oh boy did I need the privacy now. Once the door had closed, I took off the mask and tossed it onto the desk, my hands already going for my soft breast and slickened folds. Dropping into the chair, I let off a soft cawing moan as I gave that pawful of soft titflesh a squeeze, sliding a couple fingers between my aching cuntlips and deep into my dripping gryphoncunt.

Squeezing down on the scaled digits with my slick inner walls, I began a quick stroking motion as my mind drifted back to that thick bulge I'd seen in Rob's pants, and my imagination went wild with what was under it. It wasn't my hand grasping my furred tit, but his fingers that the pillowy titflesh was spilling through. It wasn't my fingers that were pumping inside my needy gryphonpussy, but his nice thick tigercock that was spreading me so wide as I humped up at the stroking digits.

As the heat rose inside me, I could feel pleasure trembling within me, cawing moans slipping from my beak as I started to rub at my clit with my thumb, making me shiver as my slickened passage quivered and grasped at my pumping fingers, feeling myself at the edge of release.

I wanted to cum.. I NEEDED to cum, and I knew I was going to have one hell of a climax as I humped my hand, fingers buried deep as my thumb rubbed at the nub of my clit, moaning my pleasure as I firmly squeezed the pawful of soft titflesh in my scaled grasp. "That's it Rob... fuck me..." I found myself moaning as my fantasy grew stronger with the pleasure rolling through my body. "Make me cum..."

Suddenly, a knock rang against the door, Rob's voice calling, "Pizza's here early, if you want some," but I was too horny and too close to cumming to care. Shoving my fingers as deep inside my sopping gryphoncunt as they would go, I rapidly rubbed my clit, grinding against my hand as I felt the familiar explosion of pleasure enfold me. It rolled through my body like waves of rapture as my tight cunny squeezed down on my fingers, milking at the scaled digits I'd crammed into my heated passage. Slick gryphonjuice squirting onto my hand and the chair as I instinctively moaned out Rob's name, head tilted back and eyes closed as I gloried in the climax washing over my heated, needy body.

"Uh, if you need anything else, let me know." I barely heard his words as I trembled in my pleasure, mind empty of everything but the feelings flowing through me. As the sound of his steps faded, I slowly drifted down to earth, as if I was gliding on a thermal like my distant ancestors once did. A sated smile graced my flexible black beak as I withdrew my coated fingers, licking them clean while a satisfied purr rumbled from my chest. Just what I'd needed.

As I interlaced my fingers and reached back in a luxurious stretch, enjoying the afterglow, my tummy decided to grumble at me, bringing me back to earth with a giggle. I wonder if that piz-

My thoughts came to a screeching halt as I suddenly recalled that voice during my climax... Rob had been saying something about the pizza... and I felt a strong blush burning through my facefeathers as I realized that he had to have heard me through the door. Hopefully he hadn't heard all of it, I thought as I quickly cast about for some clothes.

A few minutes later, wearing an old T-shirt and pair of khaki shorts, I darted out the door and headed down the hallway. I knew I probably smelled like sex still, but that wasn't anything new around here. I was more concerned about Rob's reaction, especially since I did actually kind of like him. Maybe.

A few of the other showgirls and stagehands were hanging around still in the lounge when I entered. Forcing myself to stay calm, I walked over to the half-demolished pizza, grabbing a slice as an excuse as I glanced around. I felt my heart sinking as I saw no sign of that familiar tiger tail, and trying to keep it casual, I meandered over to a lion named Mark who usually handled the lights for us.

"Hey, seen Rob lately?" I asked as I nonchalantly took a bite of the half-cooled pizza, barely even noticing the taste as I racked my brain for an excuse. "Wanted to ask him a couple things about Tuesday's show."

Mark just shrugged in that lazy way of his, polishing off the slice of meat-lover's pizza he had before answering. "He ran through here pretty fast earlier. Said something about having to hit the bathroom. If he doesn't get back soon though he's gonna miss the food."

I shrugged, forcing myself to act calm. "His loss," I said as I wandered away again, my thoughts in turmoil. Did he actually go to the bathroom, or did he just leave? Did I just ruin any chance I had with him, if I even had a chance? Or, I thought, taking an absentminded bite of pizza, maybe he had to... take care of himself after hearing me? I could feel another blush coming on at that thought and I quickly forced it away. Probably just wishful thinking... but still, I couldn't completely dismiss the idea.

I found myself both relieved and disappointed when Rob never showed back up for the pizza. I went out into the parking lot an hour later, curling my wings around me to protect against the cool spring wind, but his car was gone as well. A quick glance at my watch showed that this was about

the time he usually left anyways, but I still felt uneasy about it all. Gods, I hope I hadn't scared him off.

Slowly, the sun began to peek over the horizon as I folded my feathered wings tighter around me to try and stave off the sudden chill from within. After one last glance around the empty lot, I unlocked my old beater of a car and slipped in to drive home, alone once again, surrounded by the early morning light.