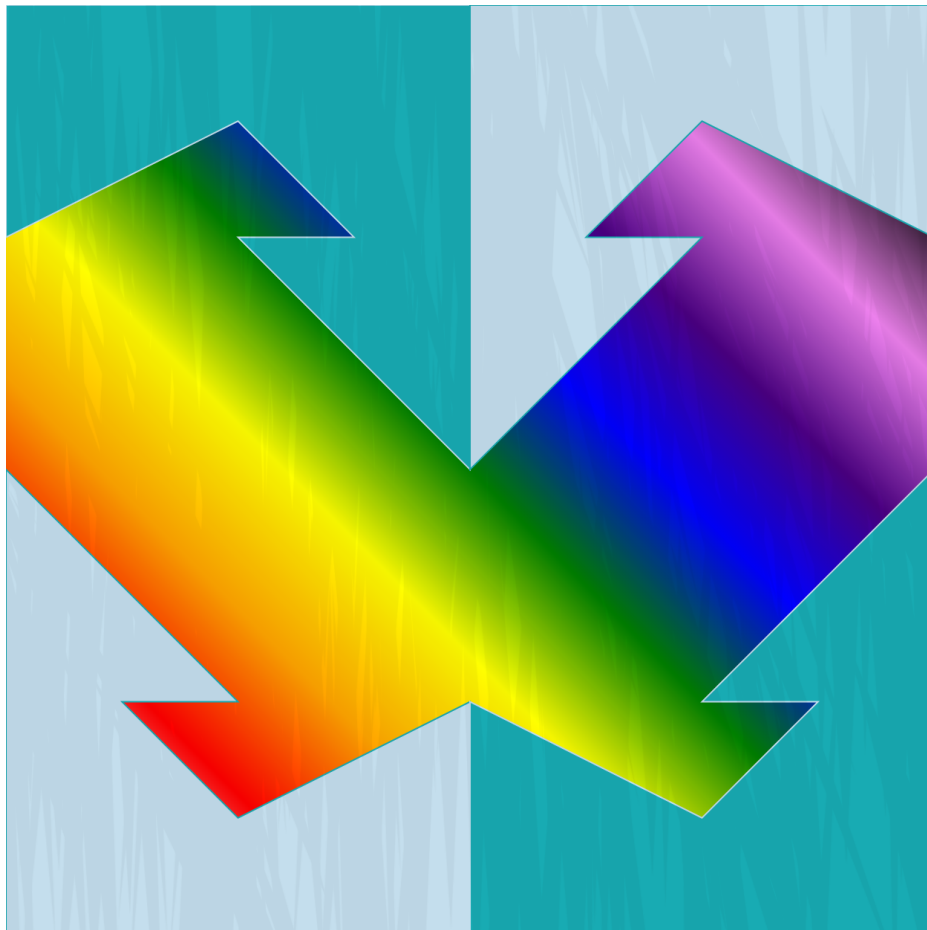


Needs of the Now

An Unexpected Trip II



By Teradyne Ezeri
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It'd been almost a full day since TeraDyne managed to drag herself back to her shuttle. The rubber-suited pony had spent sunup to sundown being used by a small group of feral-but-sentient gryphons. A male and three females, all getting their turn at a filling from the mysterious disembodied cock one of their members had come home stuffed with. It wasn't until they'd finally fell asleep another ten hours later that she was able to safely get herself out of her trapped state and wobble her way to camp.

Once she'd gotten home, she had changed into a similar model of suit designed to be a quadrupedal gryphon of the same world style. White with icy blue highlights on her phoenix head and chest feathers, and a blue-ish tone for her lioness lower body, she rather liked the look it provided. And she'd picked out the suit with an exposed vaginal opening, though once again no shaft of its own. Despite being a natural hermaphrodite, she rather enjoyed being pent up without a way to release *that* particular need.

The felavian lounged back in the inflatable pool she'd set up just outside of her shuttle, enjoying the warmth of the sun as it beamed down from the midday skies. Her legs were already in their scrotum state, balls sloshing with pent up seed from the earlier parts of the day. Her golden beak had been leaking a steady stream of synthetic pre-seed since morning, partly from the two gallons of of cum lube she'd drank for "breakfast" while relaxing in her bed basin, and partly from memories of the previous night.

After all, she'd been given quite the view of the internals of each of her hosts as they milked her to their satisfaction. Something she'd been fantasizing about since she started her trip.

Quite suddenly, a dark shadow passed over her, making the cock-like rubber creature look up with interest. It was one of the submissive black crow-like gryphons from the night before, passing high overhead.

His own shaft was hanging out as he flew, and the smell of mating musk was strong all the way down to the forest floor. Even as a half-cock creature, she was getting aroused just from the alluring scent he was giving off. His majestic narrow head and long beak were showing the typical pride of his species, but his black-and-white tiger hindquarters were shuffling slightly in the air below him. He was antsy, and rutting.

She gave a whistle to get his attention, hoping he wasn't too far away to hear it. Thankfully, he wasn't, and his attention turned toward the shuttle. His wings dipped as he turned to dive toward Tera, and within moments, his massive frame was standing atop the titanium plating of her craft.

Grehk, as he was called, knelt down to sniff over the latex bird-cat with curiosity. It was the scent of his own females that drew him closer, but putting two-and-two together wasn't all that difficult when he looked down at the suited gryph's lower half. It was quite familiar, given he forcefully hilted himself on the knot around her midsection the previous evening. But when he looked back up, that was what got him quite roused.

Tera placed the soft lips of her own beak against his, letting him taste the precum leaking from her maw. Of course, it was the same as what he drank copiously from before falling asleep, so he knew exactly what—or rather *who*—he was looking at. And from the lapping of his tongue along the edge of her semi-hardened lips, he was rather eager to learn a bit more.

However, the cock-gryphon had other ideas. She held up a talon to silence him as she spoke, a grin creeping across her face.

“Legs normal.”

Her lower body flowed back into a more natural state, thick lion paws and legs taking the place of her scrotum, and a fluff-tipped tail sprouting from the base of her spine, swaying slightly as she stood up. Grehk gulped down the fluid he’d gotten from her, eyeing her much smaller body, though she didn’t give him much time to admire the view of her feminine slit as she hopped down into the hatch in the roof of her shuttle.

He tried to look into the small opening, but she’d returned so fast that he didn’t see much. Not much aside from the squeaky suit held in her beak, anyway. A black gryphon outfit, looking quite like himself, only to scale with her own smaller stature. And like her, it lacked a cock, with only an anal ring on the rump to speak of for sexual glands of any sort.

Grehk gazed at it, giving a testing sniff of the rubber outfit. Of course, when TeraDyne turned it around and opened the back, he was rather hesitant. The inky darkness wasn’t as inviting as her own white suit, but when she got hold of one of his talons and put it inside, he stopped to stare. His foreleg felt small... Almost like a hatchling again.

Tera grinned, and helped him get into the suit while he was even mildly interested still. His hind paws first, followed by his forelegs, and his head soon after. All squeezing into what looked like an impossibly small space for the massive four meter tall bird. But he was inside, standing only a quarter of his original height in front of the white felavian that put him into the suit. The same height as her.

He tested the taste of his beak with his tongue, shivering as the sensations were rather intense for him. It was so familiar, yet completely new at the same time. The sounds, the smells, the taste... Like nothing his much more tribal mind could have dreamed of. His saliva was a synthetic lube that tasted of salty seed, and his beak and skin as sensitive as the shaft that normally hung between his legs.

As he continued to look at himself in awe, TeraDyne snuck around behind him, speaking softly toward him, but not to him. “Suit one-three-seven, commands to me. Zip up legs.”

The black one squawked with a slight groan as his legs began to curl up, a pouch of rubber forming around them. They slowly became rounded, forming into the same type of massive scrotum as the fellow gryphon he’d met when he landed. And as all sensations of his lower appendages disappeared from his mind, he flopped over into the pool that he’d landed next to, unable to stabilize himself with the sloshing orbs, much

less the soft sheath that had formed around his midsection, just past the base of the sizable swollen knot of his former tummy and lower trunk.

He looked up at the white gryphon in confusion, but she simply pulled him into the inflatable ring and began to press her beak against his again, lapping around on the surface with love. The feeling of her slightly coarse tongue made him shudder in pleasure, and before he knew it, he too was drooling with the same precum that he'd been gulping down only minutes earlier. His entire body—his entire being—pulsed with erotic need as she teased him. Before long, he was cooing in absolute bliss, too aroused to move in his current state, and too relaxed to even bring his forelegs around to wrap around his partner.

Soon, Tera slipped herself on top of him, straddling his girth as his body lengthened slightly from the transformation. Her talons found their way into the sheath around his base, gently massaging the rubber flesh inside with the blunt rounded tips of each claw. It made Grakh writhe in pleasure, panting into the open air as more and more of the clear liquid lubricant dripped from out of his mouth and into the vinyl container.

“Suit one-three-seven, zip up arms. Head tip state with special tune.”

The black gryphon soon found his forelegs pulled inward to his sides, his chest and sternum extending just slightly as they tapered off around his neck, wrapped into the cocoon of rubber and turning into a solid shaft. His head soon followed suit, his eyes disappearing as the feathers became a flared tip, beak turning into a point with an open hole where his maw used to be. He was just as she was the previous night. A cock without a body, dripping and hard as he was teased by what he perceived as a dominant female of his own kind.

He could still see. He could still taste. He could still smell. But all he could do within Tera's grip was writhe and mentally moan out in a state of perpetual arousal, the hole on his tip constantly leaking around him.

And as Grakh laid there, Tera grinned, letting him go to savor the feelings for himself. The feelings she'd come to enjoy during her time off.

With a sigh of relief that she was actually getting to relax a bit—this time with some enjoyable company—she looked the birdcock over with a smile. He was quite clearly enjoying himself, given how he was reacting to his little *situation*.

“Suit one-one-one, zip up arms and legs. Head tip state, special tune. Delay final by thirty.” She said rather suddenly as she climbed into the slowly filling puddle container.

She felt her body changing into its disembodied cock state, slowed down with the final command she'd given. It gave her just enough time to slip Grakh's head between her legs, spreading her stretchy torso wide before he legs disappeared into the reformed ballsac, leaving her hind section like a large onahole toy on its own. She used what time she had with limbs to push him as far as possible into herself, gasping with every slippery push she gave.

The black gryphon throbbed and writhed as he was plunged deep into her body, her base ending up just in front of his knot. Then, she pushed herself up enough that they'd both flip over, balls splayed above them. But as they went upright, and her arms merged into the smooth flesh of her girthy length, the opening below was pushed down from weight and gravity, slipping the bulbous knot past her folds and hilding her partner before bringing them both crashing down with a splat into the viscous fluid that had been accumulating from both of them.

The poor male could hardly contain his lustful glee, and hot white cum poured from the opening at his tip, where his beak would be. It filled Tera, most of it splashing out into the pool around them as it dripped around his shaft of a body. He twitched and pulsed with every jet of seed, and as quickly as the orgasm had overtaken him, it stopped.

Grakh laid motionless, the afterglow intense enough that he could even bring himself to twist with what little movement he had left. He was flaccid, but not pulling back into the sheath like his own cock normally would. He was locked in place, just as he'd locked Tera into his own body the previous day. And even as simple and tribal as his mind was, he was in heaven like that.

Tera herself finished her transformation, a bit of her own seed drooling out from what was once her golden beak at the tapered tip of her body. If anyone had seen them, all that would meet their eyes were two pairs of balls on a single shaft, at least from a distance.

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Several hours later, Tera released both herself and Grakh from their toy-like states. The feral gryphon was overjoyed with how he felt. So much so that, as Tera silently tried to open the suit, he stopped her, giving her a kiss on the lips, and a mouthful of pre in the process.

"Mmm..." She replied, trying to talk before swallowing his little gift. "Someone seems eager to keep going like this. I don't think I could let you stay here in suit, though. Unless you plan on coming with me, I'll have to remove it."

Grakh didn't make a single sound as he approached the white gryphon and nuzzled against her cheek. She couldn't help but return the gesture.

"Alright, alright. You can come with me, but you'd better behave."

Tera motioned for her new guest to follow her inside her mobile shuttle home, and as soon as he was inside, the hatch closed behind him. She knew she was going to have quite a bit of fun with her new companion for the remainder of her vacation, and probably more when she got home.