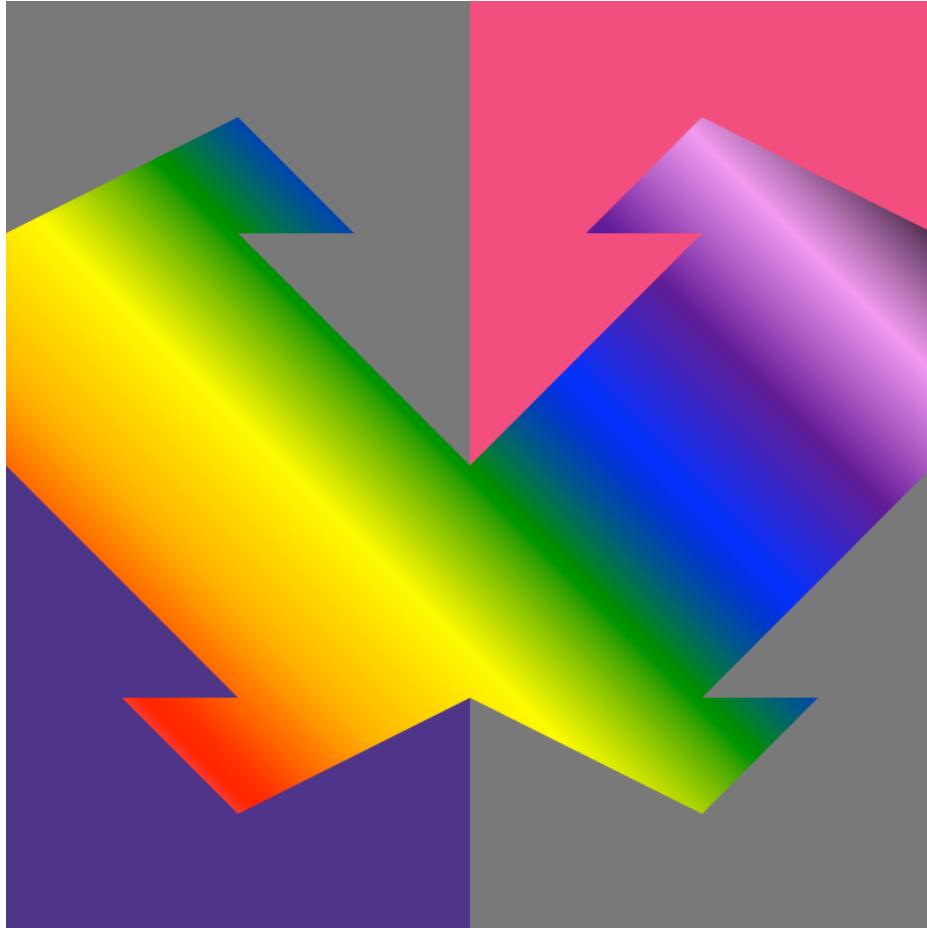
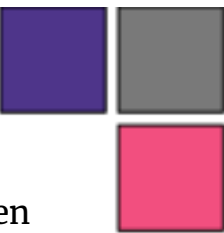


Securing the Equipment



By Teradyne Ezeri
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Sildrae belongs to Sildrae



Tera yawned and stretched as she got up from her bed. She'd only gotten home eight hours ago, and even then, she flopped so hard into the sheets that she hadn't even managed to find a pillow before passing out.

The red humanoid gryphon barely raised her head on her trip into the hallway of Breakwater Omega. Her yellow talons rubbed the golden beak on her groggy face, trying to wake herself up. But it wasn't her efforts that would break the fog in her brain.

Coming down the hallway was her mate Sildrae, having taken his usual humanoid form of a liquidshifting metal dragon. His silvery body shined under the lightbars on the ceiling, almost mirror-like in polish. But much of it was hidden under thick armor this time. Durable white plates of steel covered his chest and thighs, while thinner armor was on his arms, letting them have a bit more movement. And his head had a battle helmet with a smooth face visor, flipped up and out of the way as he wandered through the halls. Much of it looked rather sci-fi in theme.

Tera froze upon seeing him in the getup, blushing quite brightly. The skirt around her hips was already showing the bulge forming between her legs, hampered only by the latex underwear she wore.

Noticing the flustered catbird, his heavy clanking footsteps stopped in front her, and he looked down at his lover with a bit of confusion. "Well... Morning, gurgly brain. I tried to get you up for the space LARP I was going to, but you were down for the count. Wait... What's got you all riled up?"

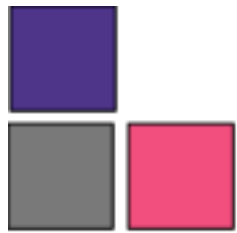
The gryphon opened her beak to say something, but all that came out was a tiny chirp.

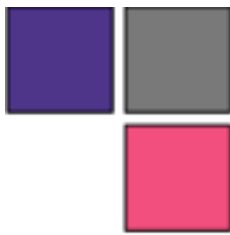
Sildra shook his head, but looked down at himself when he heard the clatter of his helmet hitting a pauldron. Then the toothy grin appeared. The one he only really had when his mind was working in devious, evil ways. "Ohhhh! That's *right*! You've got a thing for armor!"

One single word ran through Tera's mind when he heard his mate speaking in *that* tone: *Fuck...*

With a heavy steel-clad hand, the dragon picked the smaller gryphon up off the ground by the nape of her neck, making her go limp like a kitten. "Come on. You're getting *that* out of your system before I head back to the battle."

Tera could do nothing but whimper and squirm as she was dragged away, the snap of her latex thong breaking being the exclamation point of the situation she was about to be in.





Once Sildrae had Tera back in his own bedroom, he clipped a large clothespin on Tera's nape to keep her limp, then put the poor bird on his massive paw-shaped bed while he fetched a metal crate from the other side of the room. It was fairly nondescript, with white metal sides matching the look of his armor, and an embedded handle on the top face.

As he placed it on the bed next to the gryph, the lid automatically opened, and Sildrae's grin became wider. His wet noodle of a lover was already having difficulty containing himself if her rump being pushed into the air was any indication.

The dragon pulled out the first piece in the form of the underarmor. Synthetic cooling steel mesh slipped over her body as he pulled her arms and legs into their respective holes, an opening for her wings allowing him to pull the back closed with clasps along a strip between them.

Then came the heavier parts. He slipped a large pair of boots out of the case, threading her paws into the split before closing them with a snap of steel. The gloves were next, going over her talons like mittens, with individual fingers underneath the steel plates extending from the backs of each hand, leaving only her encased thumb completely free of the miniature shields.

After that, he pulled the knee-and-thigh pieces into place, followed by the upper arms. All of it was made of the same smooth white steel, with simple lines decorating the thick hardened metal, as well as a few lights that came on as each piece was locked into place.

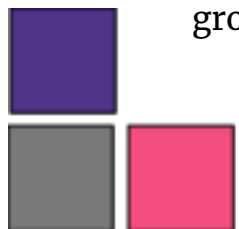
Sildrae leaned over Tera's shoulder. "You gonna be good and let me put the rest of this on you, or you gonna try and run like a bitch? Because I can make a mannequin out of you if you're gonna do that."

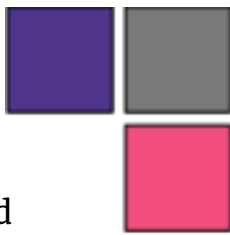
The gryphon blushed brightly. As tempting as it was to push her luck, she whimpered in response, releasing a load of precum onto Sildrae's bed from her intense arousal. Seeing him geared up was enough to send her over the top, but being forced into a set of her own was making her head spin in all the erotic ways she could think of.

"Sun'uv'a... You're cleaning that up later." He told her, chuckling as he removed the clothespin.

Tera sighed with relief as strength returned to her limbs and head, letting her slowly rise up off the paw and onto her feet. The boots made a heavy thud as she hit the floor. "Guh! I should've never let you try that on me as a feline."

"You'll never learn, dear." The metal warrior retorted, pulling out the groin piece. "Now, spread your legs and lift your arms."





Tera did as she was told, spreading herself out. Sildrae quickly snapped the lower torso section and hip plates into place, making sure to slide the aroused gryphon's thick cock and balls into a pouch within the plate metal protecting it. Before continuing on, he gave it a soft rubbing for good measure, causing Tera to shudder and let out a moan. Some sort of passthrough had activated, letting her feel every bit of that caress.

The heaviest piece by far was the upper torso, as while it only had light plating between the chest and groin piece, the chest itself was bulky and thick, clearly made more for a defensive fighter than the speedy characters Tera usually played. It extended onto her wings, giving the fragile joints and flesh some protection, before dropping into fans of feather-shaped blades that formed shields, controlled by the very wings within them, and reinforced by her arms. And the shoulder pauldrons served to round out both the aesthetics and protection, being boxy and made for shock absorption, rather than simply deflecting blows.

And to finish up, Sildrae added a helmet with a smooth visor, just like his own, coupling it to the neck armor from the chest piece. The only shape it had was at the end, forming into a closed beak to make room for the one within it. With a teasing grin, he flipped the plate of one-way transparent steel down over her head, then on his own.

He knew the look of a featureless face would entice her erotic side just as much as the armor itself. Her kinks tended to work like recursive ticks, and successfully pushing more of her buttons at a time meant it boosted her arousal that much faster.

"Mmm... Much better." Sildrae said through the radio as he rubbed along the sensitive piece of metal between her legs, coaxing another groan from her beak. His other hand quickly pressed a large button into the spine of the suit, causing all of the lights on her armor to turn yellow.

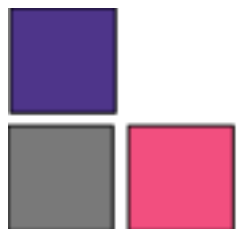
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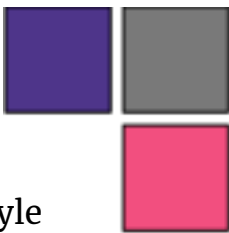
Click!

Ka-click!

The sound of each of the pieces locking themselves echoed through the room, the last sounding right in Tera's pointed ears. She definitely wasn't getting out of it unless she had help. She knew enough about how it fit to understand there was no way she could reach the button on her own with those thick shoulder pads and wing shields in the way.

That just served to make the bird squirm in her armored skin even more.





“I’ll let you get off later.” Sildrae said as he picked up the laser-tag-style light machine gun he’d gotten for her, putting it in her hands. “Now come on. I can still get you into the LARP session if we hurry, and you need some exercise away from that desk of yours for once.”

Several hours later, and after a lot of running in heavy steel, the pair returned to Breakwater Omega for a bit of rest. The day’s session was over, and both of them were still in the game, thanks mostly to Tera’s character being built like a tank and soaking up damage with her armor. And if her character hadn’t been mute, she might’ve made quite a few comments that got her in trouble, thanks to the non-adult nature of the game.

Unfortunately for Tera, Sildrae had also snuck in vibrators around her shaft that went off any time she took a hit, and being the tank, she took a lot of hits. At one point, in private chat, he’d even teased her about the *haptic feedback* feature, just to get her more riled up.

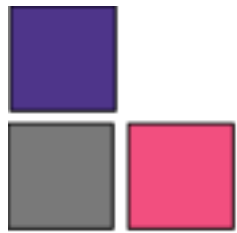
The massive turrets that were the arm-mounted tri-barrel chain guns she’d picked up as a prize really helped in dealing with enemy light warriorbots, too. The pair literally mounted over her arms, trapping her hands inside a set of armor plates that kept the fourteen inch diameter cylinders attached to her body. According to the lore of the game, they needed the extra support to deal with the recoil, but teams had to attach and remove them because of their design.

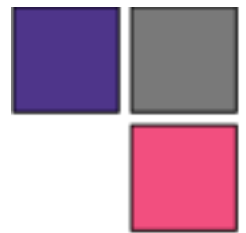
The safety systems clicked into place on the weapons, locking them into place and opening the switch to keep power from flowing to the moving parts. With a sigh of relief, Tera walked toward Sildrae, who had just opened his helmet long enough to chow down on a small gryphon-shaped cake from the fridge. “Mind helping me get these repeaters off my armor, since you locked *everything* down? I’d like to have my talons back so I can go make dinner.”

Sildrae grinned flipping his visor back down. “Not a chance.”

The teasing dragon reached down and began running his hand along the avian’s groin, causing her to stifle a deep moan as the pent up arousal began hitting her again. Even during the game, her shaft throbbed behind that plate at the sight of everyone playing, and it never found anything to give it relief.

He moved behind her, segmented tail swaying behind him as he reached down and popped the plate off her rump, exposing her tailhole to the outside. Even her underarmor had space for the orifice to be seen, leaving her quite open. Meanwhile, his own shaft became quite stiff after he removed his groin





armor, allowing him to fondle it just a bit with one hand while the other reached around his lover's chest.

"I said I'd let you *get off* later. Never said I'd let you *get out*." He told her, gripping his mate's chestplate lovingly.

Fully vulnerable, the dragon slipped the tip of his shaft against her ass, pressing hard into the well-used hole with a grunt of approval. The lady bird shuddered, her armor clattering as the barrels of her guns hit the ground. She couldn't hold back the long needy groan that came from her throat, making her radio turn its volume down just from how loud it was.

The dragon began teasing the sensitive steel on her suit. "Time for you to soak up more than a little *damage*, dear."

He lifted her up and turned her toward the bed, bending her over it with a smile on his face. Then, he gripped her trapped arms and began thrusting himself in and out of the poor bird's tail. Tera was pinned to the point of being completely immobile, but she wasn't caring nearly as much about that as she was the sly dragon's tail continuing the teasing that his hands had started.

Wave upon wave of bliss passed through her mind as she began to mindlessly drool into her helmet. The sensations of Sildrae's ridged shaft moving in and out, teasing the rings of her anal opening, made her barely able to stand without help from the armor bearing her weight.

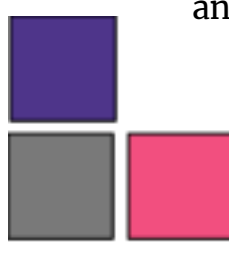
"Thaaaat's iiiitt." He said, grunting and moaning along with her between words. "Time for a little *tactical reload* for my turret."

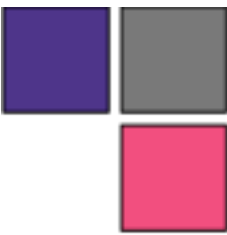
He gave a few more hard thrusts into her rump, and then a roar of relief and elation escaped his lips. White hot seed sprayed along the walls of Tera's insides, warming her and making the pent-up bird pant and whine all the more. It didn't help that he was treating her like a mechanized weapon in the way he said those words, playing to even more of her kinks than she was already experiencing.

When the last few ropes of cum escaped from his shaft, he pulled free from her with a rather slimy slurp, causing a bit of the musky liquid to drip from her rump. Then, after cleaning himself up, he put his armor plate back on, and sealed her tail piece back against the lower torso section as well.

"W...W-wha!?" Tera called out, panting as she tried fruitlessly to stand again, only to fall over onto the ground. "Bu...B-but...You said you'd get me off!?"

"Yeah. *Later*." He told her, picking up the fallen gryphon into his arms and taking her toward the kitchen. "It's not *later* enough yet. I'll feed and water





ya for dinner, and then we're gonna relax with some anime. Then I *might* let you get off. Deal?"

The bird simply whimpered and nodded, knowing she wasn't going to get a better option than that. It was going to be a *long* and pent up night for her.

