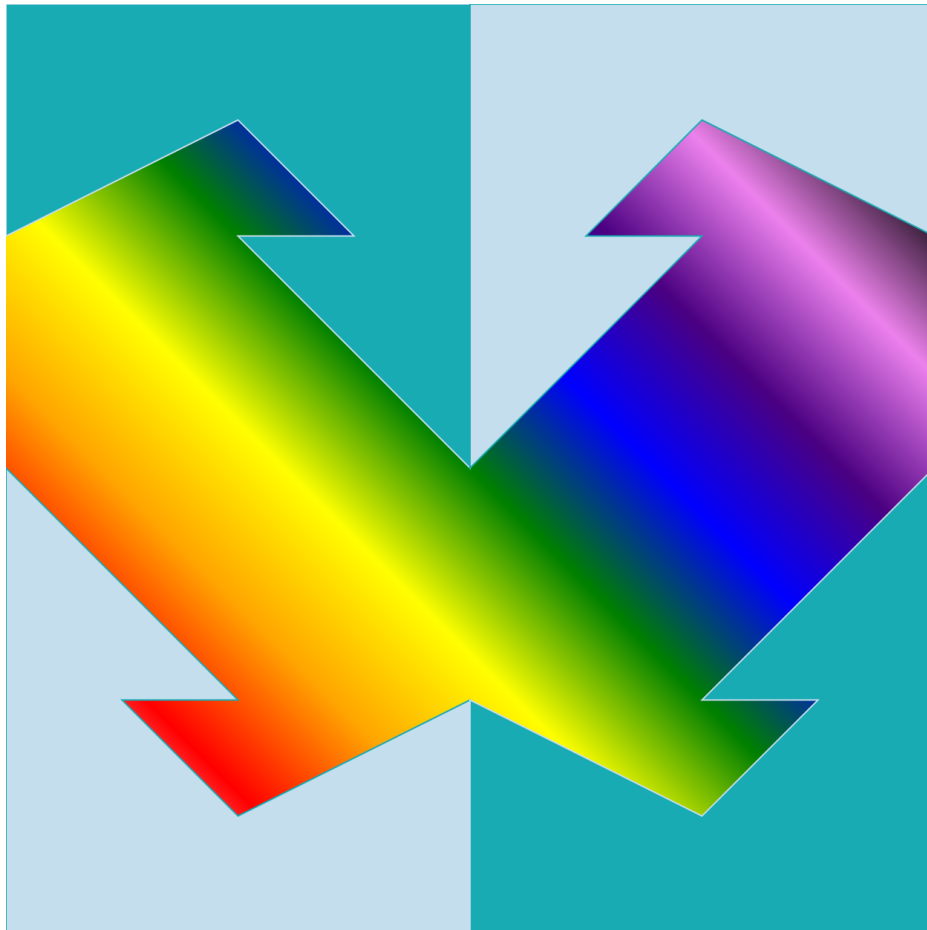
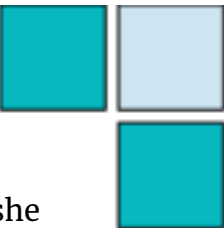


Protective Joke



By Teradyne Ezeri
Story © TeraDyne Ezeri 2018



TeraDyne yawned as she stretched out on her bed. It'd been a few days since she got back from her *Kiss of the Watcher's Stone* book tour, but she was still fairly worn out from the ordeal. A small continent of tour spots was one thing, but five continents with tour spots on a single world was excessive, even for herself.

With a sigh of relief at waking up in her own bed again, she grabbed her water bottle and took a drink, getting the sports cap into her beak on the first try for once. She'd finally been getting used to being in a gryphon form again thanks to the pseudonym she'd taken for the tour, and she didn't want to give it up just yet. Being a phoenix/lion hybrid had its advantages, such as not being recognizable by people on the street and getting bugged for autographs...or by journalists who want to know about her next book. Everyone knew her as a dragoness, after all.

Before too long, a knock sounded at the door, followed by someone leaving in a fair hurry. *Typical of the delivery people as of late*, the felavian thought as she got to her feet and checked outside. A package was waiting for her, taking the form of a metal crate, but it was quite big. Almost two meters cubed, in fact.

"Huh... Didn't know Shirohoshi did such big crates for simple suits. Probably the accessory package."

After dragging it inside and up the stairs to her bedroom, she flipped open the military-style latches to look inside.

"This...isn't what I ordered." She said aloud.

Inside was a set of what looked like shiny armor that would easily fit her as a gryphon, as well as a packing note. She took the paper and started reading it, noticing that it had apparently been written on a typewriter.

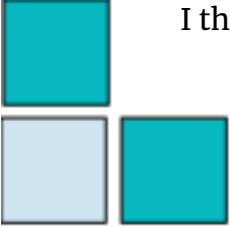
// Congratulations on your new book becoming a Billion Hit, Miss Ezeri. *Kiss of the Watcher's Stone* was quite the enjoyable read, and I cannot wait for you to continue it. As a thank you for the inspiration for my own stories, I thought you may enjoy this bit of gear I picked up recently during my travels. A friend of yours who wished to remain anonymous told me you have a bit of an armor fetish, and I felt it would be the perfect gift for the occasion. Please enjoy it.

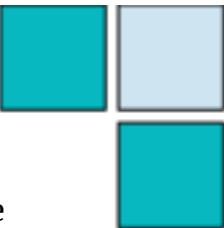
-- Madaline Halisen

Lead Editor, Daybreak Falls News

P.S. – If you must know how I found your actual identity, that would be your publisher's fault for leaking that information to me through an early press kit release. Your secret is quite safe with me. //

The bird looked back down at the package, then at the letter again. "Well then... I think a signed copy of the book's in order for someone."





After putting the letter onto her desk, she started pulling out the pieces of the metal suit...or at least, it looked metal from the outside. The dark black steel-looking material squeaked softly in her talons, telling her it wasn't steel at all, but rubberized Latisteel from the Butterfly Empire. It was an expensive enchanted material, being both very strong and very flexible as needed, and feeling like rubber latex to the wearer. All of it was jointed using an underskin, making the outer armor almost like an exoskeleton,

But what made it most unique was that it was used almost exclusively by the Butterfly Royal Guard. Very few others got the chance to bear such equipment, and even then, it was an exclusive group hand-picked by Queen Starwings herself.

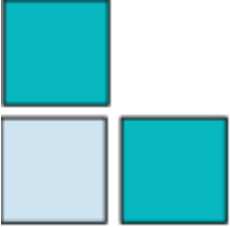
With a grin, she began to put on the gear, starting with the legs and feet. Her paws slowly slipped into the undersuit of the metal plates, squeaking with each movement until they were fully encased in the material. Toes wiggled and clattered against each other as the steel struck its fellow plates, and while she found the legs to be quite mobile, it also felt restricting.

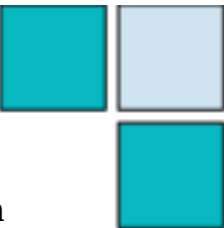
The arms were next, and her talons fit in much the same as her legs and paws. The heaviness alone made it feel all the more real, and made her feel all the more horny. Then the groin and lower body went on, and she found the undersuit had sheaths for both of her sexual organs, as well as a thru-plug for her rump. The sound of it literally popping inside of her made the gryphon almost cum on the spot, though she managed to stop herself.

When she got to the upper body, she noticed several markings in the dark black suit that looked *off*. White specks, laid out in rows along the chest and back that went from neck to tail, all shimmering like there were lights inside of them. Shrugging it off as a trick of the light, she slipped herself into the shell and locked it down, before taking the formed helmet into her claws and slipping it beak-first over her head.

Once the rubberized metal headpiece was in place, she took time to admire how she looked in the mirror on the back of her bedroom door. The smooth featureless face and shiny beak were arousing alone, but the heaviness and feeling of the armor were what really kicked off her mind's erotic thoughts. She had no visible eyes, but she loved what she saw.

The gryphon made her way to her bed, each step giving off a loud and satisfying thud. It gave her what she called *stompy* thoughts, but that would be for later. When she finally sat down, her talons were already wrapping around the jointed plates that made the protective cocksheath surrounding the sensitive flesh. And just as she'd heard, the sensations passed through the metal like it was her skin.





Her talon began to rub along the length of her shaft, making her let out a sigh of relief as she felt all the worries of her life melt away in bliss. Little by little, she started to thrust into her own grip, the horniness really taking over.

Her panting slowly began to grow heavier and heavier. Louder with every quick pump of her hips.

“Oh... Oh gods...” She cried under her breath, the squeaking of the rubberized metal driving her madly lustful. “It’s.... AaaaaHHHHH!”

The loud rumble of her moan shook just as much as her body as cum spewed out from the tip of her armored cock. White viscous seed splattered her chestplate and visor, almost a liter in all. It hadn’t dawned on her that she’d been so pent up from her trip, even if she wasn’t producing as much as usual.

As Tera’s body began to relax in the afterglow, she flopped back, wings spread out. Half of her wished the armor had a mouth she could lap off the seed from, but she settled for one of the towels she kept next to her bed for such an occasion. Not nearly as satisfying, but it did the job.

Suddenly, she heard her phone begin ringing, the dark invincibility jingle of one of her favorite games playing over the room’s speakers. “Answer call. Room Speakers.”

On the other side of the call was a deep voice, but a friendly and familiar one. “Miss Ezeri?”

“Heavy Air!” She said aloud, sighing as the panting had stopped. “You picked a bit of an awkward time. Sorry about that.”

“It’s quite alright. Tell me... Did you happen to get a package from someone today?”

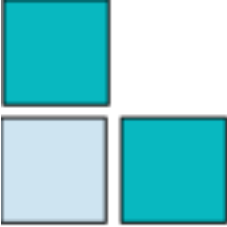
“Yes?”

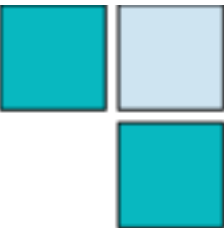
“And did it contain some Latisteel armor in it?”

Tera began to panic internally, really hoping he wasn’t about to say she stole it or something. “Yeah. It came from Miss Halisen of the Daybreak Falls News. Why?”

She could hear him begin chuckling on the other end. “Well, I do hope you’re not going to be busy for the next few days. I set that armor to lock the moment you finished putting it on, and it’s not coming off for a little while.”

The gryphon blushed bright under her helmet, her cheeks quite warm. “W...What!? What’re you talkin’ about?”





“Consider it payback for the casserole prank you pulled on me. Oh! And don’t worry. I’ve already informed your mates. Calyo wasn’t too thrilled until she heard it’s a rubber-like steel, but Sildrae had that grin of glee on his face. Expect to have a...*busy* night.”

The call ended abruptly, and Tera began cursing at herself for not doing any double-checking. Of *course* he’d be wanting a bit of revenge for putting sriracha sauce in his beet casserole. And keeping her not only aroused, but rather vulnerable to her metal dragon of a mate, was honestly as much torture as it was pleasurable for her. And he knew it.

Before she could get up to check on just how locked down she was, a message came in on her phone. it was from Heavy Air.

“Oh! And before I forget, expect to be escorted back to the castle once it unlocks. The queen wants you to go through proper training with it, especially since she’s the one who told me to have it made for you.”

And all Tera could think was, “Well, fuck.”

