

The leopardess alternately pushed, tugged, stumbled, and crawled through the brush of the forest, sections of skin and fur all over her body stinging and tingling with lashes and marks where vines or branches had caught here, where thorns ripped at thin clothing and bared fur, where she had impacted a stone ridge after her footpaw caught a half-buried root and sent her tumbling.

She was having a miserable time. Everything about her world had ended up turned on its head when she had come here, forsaking the dry, shimmering expanse of the open desert for this strangled, humid, clustered cacophony of noise and color, where her fur was always moist and her eyes always burning. What clothing she had managed to scabble together for herself had by now shredded and fallen away, again leaving her in nothing save for the scraps of haphazardly treated hide she had prepared from her first hunt. That had seemed so long ago now, and while she wasn't exactly *bad* at it, she was inexperienced.

Her stomach rumbled again; she reached down and rested a paw over it, and slowed in place to cast another look around her surroundings. Out in the desert it was quite easy to tell what she could and couldn't eat, but *here...* among verdant greens and rich browns, sparks and flashes of all different kinds of color from vibrant red to lustrous violet, sweet pink and sharp yellow. One night she had made a meal of a bowl full of sweet, lovely little bulbous berries, translucent orange and smelling of floral honey... only to then spend the entirety of the next morning heaving that bowlful right back up, and then the rest of the day with her stomach trying to leave her body through her mouth. Some muscles down in her lower belly still ached from that.

At least it wasn't raining today. The leopardess turned her head to the sky again, blinked against the bright shafts of sunlight that came down unbroken between the thick canopy far overhead, and made sure to look back down before she took another step. She had knife, she had her supplies, and she still had her presence of mind and the willpower that had partially resulted in her exile, self-imposed or otherwise.

She would be alright. This she knew. Even as the jungle railed against her, as the trees stirred and whispered behind her back, as the invisible insects bit and nipped and tore, as her pawpads grated and crunched and split on hidden rocks and jagged debris, she persisted. Something stung at her ear, either a bug or a low-swinging branch; she hissed, ducked, and reached up to touch at it, checking her fingerpads again and again for any dribbling blood. None came.

That was one of the worst parts of this thick, wet heat out here in the jungle: she could be bleeding from any part of her body and the leopardess might not know, between the constant sweat and humidity so heavy in the air it felt as though she might be able to drink it down. She reached up, wiped the back of a paw across her forehead, then sighed again and continued forward. If only she could find something, *anything...* it baffled her that she had gone so long without seeing another living creature, one that she could hunt. Bugs and trees aplenty, but as far as *prey*, nothing. Not a stag, nor a boar, nor even a rabbit. She thought she heard a river off in the distance earlier, but upon following the sound she at one point realized she had lost track of it, and stood there in the middle of dense forest listening to the sound of leaves swirling beneath a breeze that never seemed to still.

In the back of her mind the leopardess kept a loose trail of where she had been and where she might go. though kept herself from looking back to double-check; she had quickly learned that instinct trumped all else out here in the jungle, especially as accustomed as she was to such a different environment out in the desert. She missed the shimmer of heat across the smooth dunes in the distance, making the clear

sky into a swirling, shifting sea; she missed the dry spice of cactus blossom in her nose, and the tickle of powder-soft sand blown along her fur and tail; she missed the cool presence, the *aura*, that the oasis in the center of town cast across the area; she missed hearing...

"Vexa," whispered in a voice so smooth, so sweet, that it made her ears perk up and jerked her bolt upright. Startled, the leopardess's paw immediately went to her knife, though she stilled herself before drawing it out. All around her the forest stirred, then went still again – and the sounds never stopped.

Perhaps she hadn't heard anything. Perhaps that was just the wind in the trees, the rustling of leaves across living wood. Vexa stood there for a moment longer, then sighed, slid her knife back into place, and continued forward into the depths of the jungle... though before long she lifted her head and turned back again, looking at the spot where she had heard her name.

Where she *thought* she had heard her name. Vexa looked around once more, lifted her nose to the air, drew in a breath... and tasted nothing but the ever-present burgeoning life of the jungle, constantly present, always overbearing. Not a lick of anything else. She turned back and started trudging through the woods yet again, heading nowhere in particular yet still determined to get there, and... before long, felt the ground beneath her footpaws start to change, to shift into something more... *welcoming*.

Perhaps she was leaving the foot of the mountain that rose in the distance, back over her shoulders. Perhaps she had strayed into a primordial riverbed, smooth stones and soft mud hidden beneath ancient years of debris and clutter. Perhaps, until now, she had simply been in a "bad part" of the jungle. But, no: as Vexa lifted her head and looked around herself, she watched as the trees and vines seemed almost to curl away and peel back from where she walked, opening a path forward, guiding her along her aim – yet skewing her somewhat off the path.

Once more she looked up to the sky between the trees, then had to do so again. The sweet warm blue had seemed to meld and mix a bit in those small windows between the leaves and branches to something deeper and richer, almost approaching violet... but that couldn't be quite right. Vexa could not tell the position of the sun from the shadows across the ground, as down here at the floor of the jungle *everything* steeped and simmered in taut, humid darkness.

Still the leopardess continued on, as this was all she knew how to do. Walking confidently, back straight and steps deliberate, she kept one arm out to brush and touch against the trees and vines as she passed them, keeping herself aware of her presence and position. At least these remained; as she continued down this now very clear path Vexa went back over everything she had done today, trying to pinpoint if she had ever eaten something she shouldn't, or brushed against a toxic plant, or... maybe the continually reapplied and building toxins of all the insects and snakes and whatever else had finally started get to her.

Whether that was how it worked or not, she didn't know. Just about everything she knew she had had to learn herself, through experience and experimentation... and so much of that knowledge fell away to nothing in the wake this new, different environment, where the trees bent away from her and the constant humidity curled between her fur and pulled at whatever bared flesh she had. Was *that* normal? She continued forward, stepped carefully down along a slight dip in the ground, reached out to brush a paw along the curtain of thick, verdant moss that hung down between the trunks to her right-

-and then froze in place when the path led her around a bend and back up. Here she stood at the base of a rise, path cut down into the earth and coming up over a small hill in the fabric of the world beneath her. The trees rose up on either side yet still stood in their own arrangement, as though they were deliberately placed and then allowed to shift and grow as nature demanded; their arms parted open overhead to show that smooth sky, cool violet-blue with the impossible coming of evening, and an invisible sun casting shadows down and across the clearing up ahead in the center. It was what waited in this clearing, for *her*, that sent a shock through the huntress's body.

She straightened right up and put a paw to her knife again, though this time stopped even before she reached it. Sharp eyes, yellow like sunlight filtering through smoother amber, angled down from atop a deadly sharp beak directly towards Vexa where she stood, suddenly feeling much smaller and weaker than even when she had first made her way into the jungle.

There were few birds out in the desert where she came from, other than buzzards and vultures and the occasional owl, but already Vexa knew this was something that likely should not be here. That smooth beak angled up towards a sleek, straight head, which itself crested up and back into tall ears always attentive, then down again towards a neck broadening out to form shoulders, chest, forelegs, the body of an earth-dwelling creature. Lion, perhaps, or maybe cheetah... she looked down along that smooth chest and the strong legs, the long tail resting easily over folded hindlegs.

Gryphon. Vexa felt her ears perk upright as the beast shifted and straightened up, a soft sigh puffing out from the nares atop its sharp beak. It lifted its muzzle – its snout? Its face? – then slowly blinked, gave a wide, stretching yawn, and squirmed as a shiver ran the course of its body. Thick fur and feathers ruffled in rhythm with that shiver, head to neck to shoulders to chest, and then the movement continued up through the velvet feathers lining the thick black wings half-curved in around the body as well. It lifted up, rolled over onto its back, showed the smooth cream-toned fur of its underbelly – already a surprise for Vexa – and then curled in along itself to start nipping and preening at little mats and knots there with its beak.

Still, though, those eyes remained fixed on the leopardess before it. Vexa remained where she stood, silent in awe of this beast enthroned here within the depths of the jungle, treating her as though she were no threat despite the paw resting on the hilt of her knife, her reflexively bared fangs, her... ears standing straight upright, curiosity and interest prevailing. It spoke no words to her, yet still she could tell it wanted and expected her to come forward.

So, slowly, she did, settling her knife back into its sheath. Up she went along the slight slope, ears gradually slipping back as she came to realize how truly large this creature was. It continued grooming at itself, body twisting and shifting in lithe, sinuous motions, along its chest and belly, then with one of those hind legs lifting up, shifting to the side... once more Vexa's breath caught in her throat.

The beast blinked its – *his* – golden eyes again, daring the leopardess to glance down at the current focus of his grooming. She didn't need to look straight at it to still see it, there between his parted hind legs: the thick, plump sheath hanging down and away from his lower belly, draped along a plush membrane of elastic skin and fur that gave it space and room to hang and jiggle and bounce, with his full sack down beneath, heavy and loose from the constant heat of the jungle even out here in his own little oasis.

Pink tongue dragged out and down along short, thick fur, flattening it down, matting it in place, making it shimmer in the sunlight, or moonlight, or whatever came down from the violet sky overhead. Again and again the gryphon went, each lap tugging the supple skin of his sheath back a little bit to show the flash of pink flesh within, just before it slid back into its original place.

Step by step Vexa approached, soft earth and forest litter squishing and molding beneath her footpaws, steps silent out here in the clearing. Her ears perked again and again at the beast's slow, deliberate breathing, and then to the steady *shhllk-shhllk* of that sandpaper tongue as it slid out and along plush fur. The leopardess licked her lips and looked down again, just as the gryphon adjusted his position again: his sizeable sack shifted where it rested along his bared inner thigh, skin resting limp and loose over the bulging balls inside, one pulling slowly up towards his body as his bodily heat redistributed, the other sinking back down along his leg.

Vexa paused again when she crested the hill, right up here along where the beast lay. He ceased his grooming and looked up at her, lifting his head while still letting his other leg remain up. That pink tongue flicked out again and across his sharp beak, then back in; he swallowed, half-tilted his head in the way that she had seen so many curious birds do before. His throat pulsed in a measured swallow, rows of overlapping feathers there moving in a smooth wave, and then slowly he leaned forward. Vexa's instinct and reflex was to leap back and bare her fangs, to swipe her knife from its sheath and show how *she* felt, but still something held her stock still here, until she could feel the hot, humid breath from the gryphon as he investigated his visitor.

The leopardess tilted her head up and back, railing against instinct, as his beak came up towards her shoulder and bared neck. At any moment he could snap out and forward; she knew how powerful a hunting bird's beak could be, and thinking about it just caused her tail to lash and flick behind her even more. Still the gryphon persisted in his observation, completely ignorant of his subject's discomfort and nervousness.

Until, at least, he opened his beak and nipped gently along her side, a soft little touch that still sent a lance of pain through her body. The leopardess jumped and yelped, one arm coming up in defense; he slid back and shifted yet again, hindpaws coming up and forepaws – talons, rather: along the lower portions of his front legs fur gave way to scaled skin ending in claws, talons as sharp and deadly as the beak that had just tugged a tuft of fur from Vexa's hip – crossing one over the other.

Waiting, watching, judging. He tilted his head and licked his chops once more, then nonchalantly looked down between his hind legs, held there, and then back up to the leopardess before him. The gryphon blinked; Vexa rubbed at that spot, already sore, and followed his gaze down. This time it was even more difficult to draw herself away, especially as he spread his legs a bit further once she settled in place there. He *expected* something of her, and was waiting here for her to take the initiative to give it to him.

What choice did she have? The leopardess sighed, swallowed, and looked up to the sky once more, gathering all her confidence and willpower and holding them close to herself. She had detected no prey out in the jungle since, simply, *she* was the prey. Still, though, the very fact that this beast had sought her out like this – so she assumed – and led her to him, where now he waited for her to act... that had to mean something, didn't it?

Vexa knelt down before the beast, kept constantly aware of his sharp predator's gaze along her and her every movement. She tilted her head up, pulled in a breath through her nose, swallowed, sighed that

breath back out... and then reached forward, one paw sliding in through the surprisingly soft fur of his underbelly, the other coming up along that bared thigh. She braced herself for some kind of retaliation, or an instant sign that she had simply misinterpreted the beast's wants and expectations, but – instead she received quite the opposite: the gryphon adjusted underneath her touch and angled his body so he lay more on his back, his hindlegs spreading naturally apart.

Just as she had naturally been drawn here, guided without knowing it, Vexa couldn't help but think this was the same. This was something she was *expected* to do, something she *had* to. So she sighed again and slid her paws forward, until her paw slipped and dug beneath the supple, thick-furred skin of that loose sack, folding and settling into her palm, shifting and stirring with natural movements. Immediately the beast's scent wafted up and over her as well, high and rich, heavy enough that she could feel the way it thickened the air around her.

Still, though, Vexa leaned in closer, folding her legs underneath her as she went. Her other paw came down from the gryphon's belly – he squirmed and kicked a little bit – to touch and squeeze at his sheath as well, the lip of it resting easily in the space between her forefinger and thumb. Such a weight and warmth, and feeling the way he had just completely given himself over to her like this... that was something she could use, she realized. The leopardess licked her lips, tasted his muck already strung thick into the air like the natural humidity of the forest, and squeezed her paw around him.

Dense, supple skin squeezed and squished in her grasp, natural lubrication oozing out from the end of his sheath and down along her paw. Again and again she did this, rubbing gently down and tugging up while her other paw massaged and molded around one of his large balls, enough to fill her palm. She rolled it back and forth, back and forth against her fingers, feeling at the way the skin and fur shifted and molded to accommodate.

Another waft of scent, another hot trickle of liquid steam... the huntress swallowed again and found herself drawn in further, leaves and earth shifting beneath her as she sprawled out before the gryphon's makeshift throne. One arm rested up over his thigh while her paw teased and massaged at his balls, the other draped down along her side so that she could pinch, rub, squeeze, tilt his plump sheath forward and down, loose membrane connecting the back to his lower belly tugging along its length... she licked her lips, closed her eyes, and leaned in, this time intentionally drawing in a mouthful of his scent.

High and strong, rich and deep, warm and spiced and... *pungent*, of course, a little bit acrid, a little bit acidic. It made her nose curl and set a tickle in the back of her throat, but the deeper she drew of it, the more Vexa found she honestly, genuinely wanted it. And it *changed* too, ever so subtly: she leaned in and touched her nose to the base of this loose, supple skin over her paw, thumb reaching up to stretch and tug at his hanging balls, pulling that section of skin taut – but still it shifted and squished beneath her nuzzle when she nosed in against it. His scent changed there, and then again as she trailed up the rounded underside of his sheath, itself a thick layer of soft skin and fur wrapped over something denser, firmer, *hotter* inside, pulsing and twitching in response to her attention.

Up and down Vexa ran her nose and lips, feeling the way his short, stiff, yet still soft fur there tilted and angled against her. She swallowed again, sighed, felt her breath trickle down between his thighs, then nuzzled down to then run her nose up along the side of that fat sheath where it connected to his body, right in the spot where fur gave way to smooth, humid skin. There it changed again, sharpening and picking up more of that acrid tinge, again redoubling as Vexa leaned to the side and followed the angle

of his sheath with her nose... until, finally, she jerked back with surprise when she felt sudden sticky wetness against her lips.

A thick strand of eager arousal hung between her muzzle and the lip of his sheath there, pale fur drawn just slightly back to show warm, glistening pink inside. Her heart leapt into her throat and thumped there, and for a moment the leopardess drew back, other paw tugging heavily free from the skin and weight that still draped over it – and she had to shake it off a bit, feeling as though some of that clinging slime still matted her fur and kept her fingers stuck together.

Even as she waited, trying to gather her thoughts and her confidence, she could feel the beast's judging, expectant gaze against her. Vexa never actually turned to look at him and *verify* this, though, but still she felt it there, drawing her in, coaxing her down... so she licked her lips, swallowed once more, and then leaned in entirely of her own accord, one paw coming up beneath the back of his sheath to lift it forward, the other resting along the spot between its base and his sack, again shifting and dripping down into its loose, relaxed position from the humid heat of the jungle all around.

Once more she leaned in, jungle warmth quickly giving way to a thicker, heavier, *wetter* heat emanating up and away from his sheath, just drawing her in further. Swiftly yet smoothly the leopardess drew her paws up along his sheath again, one from behind and the other beneath to squeeze and press and rub, bunching his supple skin up and forward and squeezing it in around his tip – and, of course, pressing out another thick glob of that sticky liquid, milky yet still clear, invigorating, intoxicating. Vexa leaned down and touched her lips to that glob, felt it stick and burst against her mouth, drew back and felt herself drawn in again as it stretched and tugged and dripped in thick, heavy ropes... and when she swirled her tongue around her lips and tried to swallow it down, it still hung in place.

So instead of try again, Vexa simply left it there, and closed the distance between her mouth and the lips of his sheath, still bunched up in place there, thick skin wrinkled and overlapping. Again and again she sucked and licked and lapped, tongue digging steadily deeper into the folds of the gryphon's sheath, gradually replacing that clinging stickiness with her own saliva. When she tried to draw back to clear her throat and catch a breath, those folded lips of slick skin sucked back at her and kept her mouth in place, until she had to nearly wrench herself free – and when she did with a wet, sticky *pop*, that thick slime clung all around her lips, her tongue, her muzzle, her nose, dripping down her chin, settling into a pool in her belly, streaking her mouth and throat. She swallowed, and did so again, and did so *again*, and still both felt and tasted it there, savory and salty, like a liquid concentration of the musk that so tickled at her nose and filled the air around her.

Beneath her the gryphon rumbled and stirred, once more lifting his hips up towards her muzzle. He wanted more, and Vexa knew that it would be in her best interest to cooperate. So she did, this time settling her paws against the end of his sheath and pushing it back instead of rolling forward, stretching and straightening out his skin until it caught along smooth flesh, pulled back, smeared across... and once more that musk changed, this time deepening and widening, yet again curling her nose and setting a tickle in the back of her throat.

Still, though, she just couldn't get enough of it. Vexa sat back on her haunches for a moment to wipe at her mouth, those thick strands of sheath slime hanging heavily down when she pulled away, and looked at her next goal. Twitching gently, pulsing, *throb, throb*, each one adding to another bead of pre gathering at his tapered tip... she licked her lips, swallowed yet again, and started to lean down again,

this time slipping her paw from his balls and down between her own thighs, beneath the hanging loincloth and the simple binding she had on underneath.

He almost burned her lips when she first touched against him, so intense was the beast's desire. Immediately that scent and taste washed further over her and into her muzzle, tongue flicking forward, lapping off that hanging dribble, sucking it down and swallowing it alongside the rest... and Vexa pushed herself down further, letting her lips continue to roll the gryphon's sheath back, until its thick folds and overlapping wrinkles drew up against her mouth, rolled over her lips, pressed snug against her nose so that each inhalation came heavily tainted with his rich, intoxicating aroma, so that it was all she *could* breathe.

One paw remained in place, keeping his heavy sheath angled up against her mouth as she worked, while the other continued to tease between her own legs, bringing out her burgeoning want and desire, accentuating the interest beyond the obligation that burned there. A shiver shot through Vexa's back as the leopardess continued to suckle at his tip, holding still now as she could feel him stir and grow across her tongue, thicker, hotter. Soon she had to work her mouth forward and back, head bobbing gently at the revealed length with his sheath once more stretching out, returning from its bunched up wrinkles against her mouth... but, she found she had enjoyed the warmth and dripping stickiness, and as such swallowed around his length once more, sucked as she came back, and then swirled her tongue down his tip, only to drag herself down towards the base anyway, supple sheath spread around his growing arousal.

Once more Vexa adjusted her position, this time sprawling out alongside the gryphon's reclining body. One leg lifted up, that arm stretched down across her front for fingers to slide and circle and dig, she knew she was giving him a show of her own, and wondered if her scent might have the same effect on him as his did on her. Still, though, she found herself drawn in too deep, intoxicated and captured by what hung here before her to worry about it for too long: with her other arm resting over his inner thigh she could easily pinch his sheath gently between forefinger and thumb and pull it down, tugging the supple skin out and away from his shaft to make room for her tongue. There she settled, licked, and sucked, drawing out the gathered slickness and slime from deep inside, mashing her face into place alongside the folding lip of his sheath and the firm, stiff weight of his arousal against her cheek.

This was messy. So focused in place there, wrist working between her thighs, nostrils flared as she filled her nose and lungs with his scent, so sharp and heavy, Vexa sucked and slurped and swirled at the rim of his sheath, slipping her tongue in beneath slick skin and rolling it around, back and forth, stretching as far around the backside of his thick shaft as she could before drawing it back, and swallowing down whatever clinging slime or grime she had dug out. If she pursed her lips, gently nipped his sheath between them, and tugged back, she could just barely manage to suck that supple skin into her mouth and hold it there, fur soaked with dripping arousal and just as eager saliva, all the while this slickness still rolled and dribbled down her chin and along her neck, from his shaft pulsing now fully hard against her cheek.

Still, though, she wasn't done. By now her awareness of *his* wants for her had completely disappeared into the back of her head, the leopardess's body thrumming with electrifying energy and desire, either naturally stirred up from her interest or pushed to that point by the gryphon's influence. She slid her tongue along the already-slick underside of his hard cock, drew up towards his tip, and again wrapped his lips around that tapered point of flesh, suckling softly, filling her mouth with the dripping stickiness and swallowing it down until she could feel its warmth simmering in her belly. From here she

straightened up a bit, bobbed her head down until he poked against the back of her throat – or she tried to, at least: his girth widened and pressed out along her lips and jaw – then came up once more.

Then, finally, the huntress let her gaze drift up the feral's body towards his face, where his beak clacked softly in attention. Half-hooded eyes appraised her with a new appreciation, and in that moment the gryphon shifted, drew his forelegs up over his chest, rolled further over onto his back, and let his legs spread apart even further. Huge, heavy balls drifted slowly down between his thighs, shifting with the heat.

Vexa would not let those go unattended, of course. Still holding his gaze the leopardess adjusted again and slid down his body, leaving measured kisses along his underside. A thick strand of that dripping stickiness clung to her nose and beaded along her points of contact, just under his tip, towards the bulge in the underside, a little further down, halfway there... then along the lip of his sheath, where she once more nipped her lips and tugged until she could work her tongue in. There she deposited a thick, sticky glob of drool, welling up in her mouth and then letting it roll free – and Vexa let his sheath cling shut around it once more, mashing that frothy wad around and squeezing it up about the base of his shaft.

Still she continued on, both paws now again at attention. She had to scoop her fingers underneath the weight of his sack to get those full handfuls, lifting up and hefting his balls in place, each one precariously balanced within her palms. The leopardess looked down at this bounty, licked her lips, and then once more shifted along the moist earth so that she could lean forward, and down, and... press her short muzzle and face in between the two, squeezing their humid heat in along her nose and cheeks. There she stayed for a moment, breathing nothing but his scent and musk and the slight moisture emanating from these weights, until she just couldn't resist anymore – and pursed her lips to suck some of that loose skin in between her lips, along her tongue, into her mouth.

There was no way she would be able to fit even one of his balls into her mouth, but still this did not keep her from trying. The way the weight shifted and resettled along her palms and spread fingers, and how she could wrap both of them around one and heft it up towards her lips and nose. The skin of his sack naturally dripped free from between her lips as soon as she stopped sucking it in, fur now thick and matted with hungry saliva.

From there Vexa pressed her muzzle further in to the hot, supple flesh, digging back and forth to bury herself deep. Out came her tongue then, dragging up and between his balls, over one and then the other, giving way to kisses, to pursed lips suckling again, to fingers and thumb bunching his sack together just so she could suck along its exterior again. When she dug deep, until she could feel that hot firmness deep within the base of his sack, Vexa felt each and every twitch and throb though his cock over her head, fully hard, quite eager. Thick, sticky globs of drool clung to the fur of his sack and her chin, hanging off in heavy ropes and matting down the fur there, soaking through to the skin, dripping down along his inner thighs and around...

Around his tailhole right there, so close to the lower edge of his hanging sack with him on his back like this. Vexa drew back and swallowed another few times, sweat and slime and grease stuck in the back of her throat, and then this time shoveled the gryphon's hefty balls atop her nose and muzzle. They easily folded and hung down around her face, hot and heavy, but still she dug in and down, lips pursed, until she again found the pucker of tight, tense skin right there, already a bit moistened from sweat and her own dribbling drool.



It twitched and flexed in response to her touch, a gentle brush of the lips over puckered skin. Vexa drew back, flicked her tongue out over her lips, felt the clinging slime there, and then dove right back in, this time pursing her mouth against his tailhole, spreading open around it, sealing in place, and then finally sucking gently against his wrinkled skin. She could feel the way it both drew forward under her tug as well as reflexively tighten in on itself, with the gryphon's shaft yet again throbbing above her; his balls shifted and settled over her nose, yet again washing her in his strong scent so intensified and sharpened right down here where she worked.

Slick stickiness slid into her mouth as she sucked and swirled her tongue across his tailhole, wrinkled skin pulling and stretching yet never fully opening. Acrid, sour sting of wet flesh and gathered scent, frothing in her mouth as she drew it in... the leopardess popped her mouth free, swallowed, felt him trickle down her throat yet again, and then dove back in, this time with one paw resting against his inner thigh for balance and the other reaching up to wrap around the base of his shaft, wet with her own saliva as well as the dripping, clinging grease of his arousal.

Vexa churned her jaw as she worked at him, moving from swirling her tongue around his rim to prodding it into the tight center, from brushing her lips over the wrinkled center to again settling into place and suckling out against the tender flesh there. One spot right there, deep in the center where exterior skin gave way to a smoother, slicker, *stickier* interior flesh, the sharp, spiced taste that continued to fizz and stir off of him and out of his fur turned to something richer, subtly different... Vexa pressed herself in as far as she could, tongue pushing against his clenching ring, nose digging up underneath the base of his sack so that his balls draped heavily over her face and muzzle. Now she really had no choice but to breathe nothing but his scent, swirling in and filling her head and lungs, issuing out just as strong as when she had first tasted it.

Gradually she brought her paw in between his legs here, to slip her thumb in against his pucker as well. With that little bit of leverage the leopardess could tug the gryphon's rim just *slightly* open, and purse her lips to get at that revealed red flesh from inside and give this part of him the same treatment, tongue swirling and mouth sucking. Still she continued to stroke and rub at his shaft as well, squeezing and settling along the base, fingers pressing and mashing in and around his sheath, coaxing out the saliva that she had deposited there just a little bit earlier. Thick and sticky, so warm, rolling between her fingers and dripping along her paw... with her tongue and mouth in place here, and her nose pressing up beneath his sack, she could tell quite easily when she had brought the beast close to his finish.

And so, as she imagined was expected of her, she redoubled her focus and continued there. The leopardess swallowed, then did so again, and tilted her head to the side to work solely with her tongue, flicking back and forth and swirling around, catching the drops and dribbles of drool that she had left there, now tainted with his stink and taste, just so she could swallow them right back down again.

She slurped her tongue up and over, again and again, pressing in with each throb and clench that issued through the gryphon's body; all around her, between the swaying of the trees and the constant noise of the woods, his odd little noises of growing pleasure and urgency broke through. A smile grew on her face even as she continued to work at his tailhole, lips mashed forward against the puckered ring in a deep, wet kiss, tongue working as far in as she could until the back of her jaw ached – she felt, she *knew*, that this was what he wanted of her, and that he would let her roam free in his forest if she only obliged his whims.

And so she did. The leopardess drew herself up a little bit, thumb still poking and teasing at his now saliva-soaked pucker, pushing in against the squeezing rim, sliding in until hot, wet flesh squeezed all around it... and she ran her tongue up between his balls again, with her other paw drawing his shaft down against her muzzle. Vexa nuzzled, and sucked, and dug, and squeezed, and – saw his burst of pleasure along his beak past his twitching length, the fierce waves of his finish centralizing there and arcing through him. A firm pulse along and around her thumb, then echoing up beneath her chin and against her muzzle... and another, and another, each one drawing the beast to curl slightly up over himself as well as her between his legs.

Up into the air he arced, thick spurts of heavy white jetting out from his tapered tip, pulsing through his shaft, spraying out. Vexa wrenched her eyes shut against the falling ropes as they painted her muzzle and shoulders, and slapped down across the gryphon's spread thighs and bared belly; still he pulsed and jerked and thrust against her muzzle and paw, heavy balls tugging up close to his body as he unloaded. His hindlegs squeezed in along her upper chest, feline hindpaws flexing and unsheathing their thick claws as he squeezed; his beak clacked and his eyes fluttered shut, then came open again in relaxation once he finished.

Still, though, thick dribbles of his peak oozed down along the underside of his shaft, dripping along and further matting the fur of the leopard's fingers. She grinned and straightened up, slipping one thumb between her lips to lap off that taste. Now that she had served him, now that she had followed his direction, come here, and given herself to him, the huntress felt all of her fear and worry drip out of her just like his arousal rolling down his still-hard shaft. Vexa leaned in, brushed her cheek along the pulsing heat of his cock, and drew her tongue carefully up the underside, catching and slurping off that dripping ooze so she could swallow it down.

Gradually the gryphon's eyes focused on her again, sharp gold dulled somewhat by the exhaustion and pleasure. The smaller huntress lifted herself up and slid forward to come up his body, ready for the subtle sign or hint that she could go where she pleased-

-and instead had to scramble and catch herself against the side of the slope, when the beast abruptly rolled over onto his side with a breathy huff, feathers around his neck and his wings giving a little shake. He clacked his beak, flicked his tongue out, watched Vexa a moment longer, then closed his eyes, shifted... and in another few moments fell asleep.

Vexa stood there, baffled. Certainly that wasn't it. She frowned, tilted her head, leaned in closer – he really *was* asleep: not a glimmer of eyeshine showed from beneath his lids, chest stirring slowly in idle breaths. He did squirm and adjust once, though, the sudden movement sending Vexa to take a half-step back, but nothing more.

Frustrated yet still aroused, Vexa looked down his body again, huffed as well, then turned and plopped herself down in the crook between his belly and his folded legs. She might as well take what advantage and opportunity she could, and besides, if *he* was going to inconvenience *her*... the leopardess swallowed, tasted him so strongly in her throat again, and glanced over towards those folded legs.

Then she might as well inconvenience *him* in return, too.