

Win the game, win the bet... win a bedroom slave for a week, no exceptions. That was the rule. The elf bit his lip and leaned in closer to the screen, trying to put on as good a show as he could for the gryphon beside him who ducked and leaned side to side with the motions in their fight onscreen, apparently really enjoying himself, if Lortian went off the way his tail flicked behind him, and the wide grin on his face.

Greg - this gryphon - spent most of his time either studying or at the gym. Or, especially around exam season, both. That was something that he'd told Lortian during one of their scheduled study sessions earlier in the month, and the elf had felt so much for him that, for the first time, he invited the gryphon to stay over at his dorm for a while afterwards and just spend some time relaxing.

Naturally, Greg's eyebrows rose at that, considering what had happened during an earlier "study session" of theirs. After that one, he'd just started spending some extra time with Lortian of his own accord - while the elf guided him further down the path of exploring his own sexuality. Natural course of things, right? Let a guy suck you off and ride your dick, then show him what it feels like to empty your balls inside another male, then show him that there's really no difference in feeling between when a guy and a girl sucks you off...

...and then make a bet that whoever can win three rounds in a fighting video game, gets to use the other as his sex slave for a week.

Again, natural course of things.

This wouldn't be the first time Lortian had done this with a new friend-with-benefits. As he played he kept an eye on the gryphon beside him, watching his movements and actions, observing how his toned muscles could still be seen beneath his feathers and his fur. Hell, this might be the first video game that Greg had touched in the past... three, four years, knowing his schedule and his hobbies. And it was one that Lortian went back to probably two or three times a week after he finished all his homework.

Up to this point, round two of three, things had unsurprisingly ended up weighted in the elf's favor, even with him only half-assing it. So, then, he decided to quarter-ass it. This game *could* be a bit weird when it came to hit combos, something that Greg himself had discovered amid a bit of frustration early on, so the gryphon didn't appear to suspect anything when Lortian missed his timing and ended up getting knocked off the stage, much to Greg's enjoyment.

Two to one, then. Lortian couldn't help but return Greg's grin when the gryphon looked over at him, their textbooks and notes and whatever else sprawled out across the table in front of them. This same couch was where Lortian had first felt the weight of this gryphon settling down into his lap, and the feeling of his virgin tailhole clenching and squeezing around the base of his cock-

"Hey!" said the gryphon, already bending forward towards the screen again. "Pay attention! It's not any fun if you *let* me win."

Quick worry flitted through Lortian's mind - *no way he already found me out* - but then he realized that he'd gotten absorbed in his thoughts to the point that he hadn't noticed the round reset, and was just standing there along the center of the stage while Greg's character beat on him.

Well. At least this time he wouldn't have to put too much effort into making himself an easy target, since admittedly the timing *was* hard to land, and Greg *did* seem like he'd already gotten a bit better at it... and round five ended in a near-draw, with Lortian (intentionally) missing his cue at the last moment and receiving a KO.

"Damn," the elf said, leaning back on the couch. Beside him, Greg reached for the huge 'Mega Swallow' drink he said he'd grabbed from the campus convenience store on the way over - *oh, this? It's just water; I don't drink soda. It really messes with your energy and nutrient balance.* "I think you're starting to get the hang of it. I guess that's what I get for being cocky."

Or, hell, maybe Greg was doing the exact opposite of what Lortian planned. Now at an even tie of two to two, the elf found that he actually had to put a good amount of effort into his side of things, or else risk the gryphon discovering that he'd intentionally thrown these last few rounds. Maybe Greg was actually the superior at this game, and had just thrown the *first* few to make Lortian think he would win.

Wouldn't that be funny.

Still, though, the game turned out as Lortian had intended, and he made a show of tossing his controller down to the cushion beside him and rolling his head along his shoulders. The important part was avoiding eye contact, or else Greg might see his smile. "God. Damn. Was really thinking I'd had that one. Just *had* to turn it around like that halfway through, didn't you? Get my hopes up..."

"Man, did you see me, though? It was like - like something clicked, right during that last round. *God.*" The gryphon watched the screen for a moment longer, now bringing up the stats of their play: each round, the time, the winner, some other cute little trophy things based on each player's playstyle for that round. Then, in big, colorful letters: *Player 2 wins!* with Greg's little sprite doing a celebratory dance.

The two of them had spent some twenty minutes after their study session getting that designed, with Greg watching with big, excited eyes, and bouncing a little whenever he found a feature or an outfit that he liked. That had been something Lortian had had to get used to: the big, built gryphon from his psych class who most often talked about things that happened in his various sports clubs, or a particularly fulfilling night at the gym, or other things of that sort, now playing a video game and grinning like a kid who had been excited for his turn.

Naturally, that wasn't the *only* thing that had changed about him. Another, almost more prominent change started to come out then and there, as Greg half-turned to the side and draped an arm over the back of the couch, self-satisfaction evident in his glimmering eyes. "So. Lori, a bet's a bet..."

The elf nodded. "A bet's a bet." He'd planned this thing for a while, and after all of the thoughts and scenarios that he'd run through his head while planning, now that it had come to fruition he found he had to cross one leg over the other, or else put his own 'excitement' on display. Not that he hadn't done that before, of course; one of their study sessions consisted of Lortian reading an assigned chapter out loud while Greg's head bobbed between his legs under the table. "You know what that means."

"You bet I do. And..." The gryphon adjusted his posture again, and raised one of his hands to peer at a sharp talon. Those felt... *different*, scraping along Lortian's back whenever he pounded into him, trying to get the elf deeper, faster, harder. "You know, I've been pent up, Lori. Since we started studying together more often, I've just been putting off jackin' off on my own, since you seem to be perfectly okay with taking care of that."

Slight stir in his pants. One time they'd sat side-by-side on the couch reading their textbooks for different classes, and Greg had reached over to slide the elf's hand into his gym shorts, still slightly damp from his workout session. Within about twenty minutes, Lortian ended up causing him to make them even more damp. "Indeed I am."

"So..." Victory music still playing, the gryphon settled back and rested his arms over the back of the couch, intentionally giving his hips a lift at the same time. Those same gym shorts that he wore yesterday hung heavily around his upper thighs and lower waist, and very clearly brought out the bulge of his sack and sheath, a smooth, rounded bump beneath the shimmering fabric. Lortian licked his lips; Greg let a hand drop down to that spot between his legs, pressing in on the fabric - and bringing out that bulge even more prominently. "A week, right?"

"One whole week. Down to the minute." The elf went through the menus to close out the game, though took a moment to look over the final scores. He'd lost by one round, and a slim margin of a little less than twenty points. Out of a couple thousand total. "Which means you can do whatever you want to me until next Saturday at... 9:47 PM."

"I've got an exam on Friday." Greg rubbed into his bulge, pressing in, squeezing, sliding. He started to bring his talons up towards the waistband of his shorts, and lifted the hem of his shirt up over his belly a bit. Smooth, soft fur there rather than feathers, and he liked to keep his fur trimmed to better show off the lines of muscles rippling beneath. Another thing Lortian had enjoyed was feeling those muscles against his cheek and pointed ear, while he had his nose just barely beneath the elastic of the gryphon's boxers... "So you bet I'm gonna need some time to unwind around then."

Such confidence in him! That had been something that had grown over time as their relationship deepened. The first night they'd done something together, Lortian had been plenty surprised when Greg turned around to sink down into his lap... and something told him that that wasn't how things tonight were going to go. "I don't doubt it." Even as he watched, he could see that bulge stir, stiffen, grow. Greg intended to take full advantage of his time, it seemed.

"And actually..." He wrapped his fingers around that waistband and gave a slow tug, sliding the fabric down and bringing his sheath into view. A tapered point of slick, glistening pink protruded from the end of the cream-colored fur there. "That was a pretty tense match, y'know. I ever told you why I like playing football so much?"

Lortian smoothly lowered himself to the carpeted floor, pushing the coffee table back away from him in the same motion. Once he found his face level with the gryphon's thighs, once Greg scooted closer towards the edge of the couch and continued to pull his shorts and underwear down... the elf's sensitive nose twitched, starting to pick up that hot familiar scent. "Probably."

"It's 'cause I like the tension. Y'know?" Greg slid his pants down towards his knees, and Lortian grabbed the waistband - the gryphon's musk had soaked heavily into the fabric there so that every time he moved it, it curled up into his nose and made him shiver with its salty spice. It had

been a little pungent even for Lortian's tastes at first (and that was coming from the elf who had spent a late night at the gym one time, to shove his nose into the heavy sack of a musclebound stallion), with the sharp, almost tangy undertone of sweat and strong muscle... but, of course, he'd gotten used to it. "I like the risk, the competition."

The elf swallowed and let his mouth hang open, taking a moment to just... *breathe*. The air down here between the gryphon's legs felt noticeably warmer than in the rest of the dorm, and every slow draw of breath in through his nose made it seem even more so. Things very quickly started to get uncomfortable in his own pants; he rested his chin on the edge of the couch cushion, hardly an inch from Greg's hanging sack and plump sheath, and worked at his own fly. "Yeah..."

"Really gets me going. Adrenaline, right? Feel like I could run twenty miles. And - it's not a *sexual* pleasure..." Here, though, he draped his thumb along the back of his sheath again and tilted it down, at the same time causing his balls to spread out again - and touch Lortian's nose. The elf pressed in against his sack, drawing deep of his rich scent, feeling the slight, greasy slickness of sweat and musk against his skin. "But sometimes I just - can't resist rubbin' one out in the showers afterwards. Like, there's all that energy goin' through me, and it's just gotta go somewhere. So why not into the drain?"

Green eyes flicked up towards the gryphon, his slowly-growing length obstructing Lortian's gaze. With his nose pressed firmly between Greg's balls he could feel each pulse, each twitch, each throb as it continued to slide out of that plump sheath, skin thick but supple beneath the short fur. The elf started to trace his nose up along that sheath, following the contours of the shaft beneath.

"Or - why not into my mouth?"

"That was gonna be my other suggestion." Greg shifted again, spread his legs wider, rested one over Lortian's shoulder... and angled his cock down, tapping the underside against the elf's nose. His slick musk coated that firm flesh, slightly damp, scented as rich as the rest of him here, though with a slightly different note beneath it. Heavy, spicy, masculine.

It was also the kind of scent, the kind of taste, that clung to the back of his throat and onto his breath once he'd finished with it. Lortian curled his fingers around Greg's shaft and held it in place to drag his tongue up along that underside, all one smooth taper to the point... and in that one lick he could already feel the thin sweat, the thin scent coat his tongue, just as he could feel it on his nose and in his nostrils. Again and again he licked, giving long, slow drags up over the flesh, trying his best to cover every side, and once done, he closed his lips around the tip and suckled gently.

Greg shivered, relaxed back, rested his head against the back of the couch, slowly churned his hips into the elf's mouth. Lortian kept one hand in place along his shaft, pumping in rhythm with the gryphon's hips and with his own head starting to bob along that tip and further down, and soon brought his other up to cup his balls, to roll them around his fingers, to give a few gentle squeezes.

Honestly, the whole *scent* thing would probably have to be his favorite part of having a jock for a friend-with-benefits: all of that thin layer of sweat and musk clinging to his fur and feathers, the slight, slick coating along his shaft once it'd grown out of his sheath, and along the lip of that

sheath and the supple skin inside. He hadn't *quite* convinced Greg to let him see how deep into that sheath he could bury his tongue, but... the gryphon hadn't been opposed to a bit of teasing there.

They both would probably be content to just continue with this until the gryphon unloaded across his tongue. That much was clear, and they both knew it; after rolling those balls in his palm, after feeling their heat and weight, Lortian dropped that hand down to between his own legs and gave himself a few slow strokes. Embarrassing thing about that: one time while Greg had to watch a movie for one of his blow-off classes, he'd pushed the elf's head down between his legs just like this - and Lortian had ended up painting the front of the couch before the gryphon had gotten halfway to his peak, attention divided by the movie.

None of that tonight, though. Gradually he deepened his bobs along the gryphon's length, keeping his lips tight and tongue cupped along the underside of his shaft. That salty taste filled out his mouth, lingered on his breath whenever he drew back, trickled down his throat each time he swallowed - and especially so once the gryphon started to buck into his throat, right as his nose began to slide down against the thicker, bushier patch of fur of the base of his sheath.

Still, though. Lortian didn't want to get *too* much into this, and already he could feel the neediness, the urgency behind Greg's thrusts and his breathing. A few more bobs, and then the elf drew himself back up, tongue following the motion of his head, until he lifted entirely off of that cock.

"You seem eager," he said, able to taste the gryphon's musk on his own breath. With his other hand he continued to stroke Greg in the same slow rhythm, now smoother with his saliva coating his length, and ran his thumb over his pointed tip each time his hand came up.

"And you seem talkative."

The elf had to raise his eyebrows in surprise at that. Confidence, definitely. With that lull in the rhythm, though, he saw his cue, and rose to his feet, slipping his jeans and underwear down his legs as he did so. Greg lifted his head from the back of his couch and watched through half-lidded eyes, beak poised as if to make a complaint for him stopping, before he realized just what was going on.

Tonight, Lortian didn't even bother taking his pants all the way off. Instead, he just kicked one leg off and let the other hang around his ankle. He couldn't help but smile as he took his place, recognizing the parallels between tonight and their first night, only with their positions reversed. And, when Greg had ridden him, he'd been facing away; this time he wanted to face him, wanted to watch his face as he rode him into the couch, wanted to cover his muscled belly and his shirt with his cum.

Sharp talons traced gently his thighs once he started to settle down, one hand reached back behind himself to ensure that the gryphon was lined up... and then those talons pricked into his skin, hot little pinpoints of pain, as he started to sink down. The shape of Greg's cock, that nice, smooth taper made smoother still by this thorough coating of saliva, made things easy here: Lortian could work his hips up and down, and at the same time forward and back to grind that length deeper into himself.

Wet heat and delicious pressure - slick, filling pressure, sliding into him, worked further by both his own hips as well as Greg thrusting slowly beneath him. The gryphon bumped his head again back on the couch, beak hanging open with his gentle breaths; every time Lortian settled back into the gryphon's lap, he could feel the tight sinews of his thighs beneath him, just as his abs remained strong and tense beneath his hand, pressing down against him for balance and for rhythm. Just a little bit tighter, a little bit of a twitch, every time Greg raised his hips again.

"How's that?" the elf panted, and swallowed. Greg certainly had a good size to him, not quite big enough so that he choked on him, but definitely enough to keep Lortian's backside satisfied, and more. As he got into his rhythm and started to bounce along that length, he reached back, grazed his fingers along what of Greg's shaft remained outside of him, cupped his sack, rubbed, squeezed... all of which just made the gryphon reciprocate his riding a little more fervently, a little faster.

Greg swallowed, and let his tongue hang out of his mouth. He'd managed to remove his talons from Lortian's thighs - he'd have to check later and make sure that didn't make him bleed a bit - and now dug them into the fabric of the couch, rhythmically tensing and releasing, tensing and releasing. Parts of the cushion coverings had started to come undone from how often Lortian had made him do that since they'd started... *unwinding* together.

After a while, Lortian had to let out a soft, breathy moan every time he slid back down along Greg's cock, beneath the gryphon's thrusts up into him. It wasn't a particularly hard rhythm they went at - sometimes something smooth and steady felt just as good as something raucous and tough - but still he felt every bounce bring him closer, in the sweet wave of pleasure sent rippling through him every time Greg hilted in him, and in the warmer pressure deep in his abdomen.

One time that same stallion had pounded him on his back so deep and so rough that that pressure had built up to something even more familiar - and before he'd known what was happening, Lortian had started to soak his shirt and his chest with his own piss... the stallion noticed early on, but never stopped. Never even slowed down.

"You ride like..." Greg flicked his tongue over his beak, and in the same breath let out a low, smooth moan. "...like my ex-girlfriend's sister..."

That made him chuckle, though it came out more as just a sharp exhalation of breath. Lortian had been trying to avoid focusing on himself again, but - *God*, the way that tapered cock felt inside of him, and how Greg worked it... he reached down and gave himself a squeeze, a slick drop of pre having rolled its way about halfway down his length. Wouldn't take long for him to get off, at this rate. "That a - ah - compliment?"

The bird gave a tired nod, and once more closed his hands along Lortian's thighs. He'd started to hold him down for him to thrust into, faster and harder. Seemed like *he* was getting close, too. "She was a squirter. One time I - I showed up to an English exam with my... *mmh*... shirt soaked through..."

Right there, Lortian would have had something more to say - if Greg hadn't suddenly leaned forward, wrapped one strong arm around his back, and yanked him forward against him, holding the much skinnier elf in his lap as he pumped up into him. Both of their breaths came out fast and needy, the thrusts punctuated by moans and gentle slaps of hips against rump, again and again and again. Not enough room for Lortian's hand between them, but that didn't really

matter: the force of the gryphon's thrusts lifted him up against his lower belly, rolled his already-slick foreskin back and forth against smooth fur, wet with his pre. That would work too.

And here with his nose so close to the gryphon's neck and shoulder, he breathed that familiar scent of sweat, of exertion, of enjoyment - and impending sexual release. Clench and release, clench and release in rhythm with the thrusts, starting to come deeper and remain there, until it felt as though the gryphon was trying to force himself deeper than possible; and then a sharp intake of breath against his ear, an all-over shudder through the bird, the first part of a broken, breathy moan... and then the rest of it oozing out, slow and relaxed in contrast to the fast, heavy bucks against his rump.

Another thing about this gryphon was that he had *volume*. Lortian wondered if it was the strict workout regimen, or the diet, or all the protein supplements, but... the first time he'd swallowed a load from Greg, he'd had to swallow three separate times, and still had a fair amount of his seed dripping down the side of his mouth. When Greg emptied inside of him like this, pounding his load into him with a few long, deep thrusts that spread that slickness over his length at the same time... well, other than that stallion, it wasn't often that Lortian could actually *feel* his partner's cum spurting out inside of him, filling him out, pressing out on his belly from the inside.

Even as the pleasure from his orgasm trickled away, the gryphon still continued with those slow, deep thrusts, a lot smoother and easier now from using his own cum as lube - that was something he'd picked up during their time together as well, the force of will to remain hard for a while after finishing. Good for both of them: a few more tight clenches around that length, a little bit more churning of his own hips and grinding his cock into the gryphon's bellyfur, and... soon Lortian was shuddering atop him, fingers digging into his firm shoulders and back as he tried to push back onto Greg's length all over again, the hot, intense pleasure of his own peak rippling through him and leaving his body in those short, fast spurts.

From there it took a while for each to settle down and relax... but instead of lifting himself off of Greg's cock as he might any other day, Lortian just took the opportunity and pushed through the discomfort to remain hilted on him, now able to strongly feel each pulse and throb as he drained out the last of his balls. He lifted himself up, wiped his hand across his mouth, and gave a tired laugh; for a second their shirts ended up sticking together, partially glued by the elf's load.

"So," he panted, and shivered. Every movement from Greg beneath him, no matter how slight, sent another jarring mix of pleasure and discomfort through him. That usually happened when he tried to sit on a thick cock after orgasm. "A week..."

"A week." The gryphon sounded as if he were about to fall asleep within the next few minutes. "I work out... four days a week, including weekends. I expect you to be at my dorm - you know the number - on... Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday. Alright?"

Scent of Greg's musk, of Lortian's own exertion, of arousal and cum and sweat. Had he not just finished, he would've wanted to go again right then and there. "Yes, sir."

Couldn't say no even if he'd wanted to.