

This story was written for Takel. It contains sexual acts between multiple consenting adults, and extra-terrestrial observations. ^^

Surveying the Scene

The entire crew murmured with excitement as the announcement came over the comms system. Mindara II supported life. Not just unicellular life, not just plants and some fauna, but sapient, intelligent life. To some spacefaring civilisations, this might have been a frustrating hurdle in their plans for expansion or resource collection. To others, it might have meant arming for war, for planetary extermination or... well, needless to say there were species out there in the galaxy for whom the idea of equality with the inhabitants of other worlds was beyond offensive, and to whom any species besides their own were little more than cattle to be herded and used as beasts of burden until they had expended their collective usefulness. Thankfully, though, neither of those outcomes were true of the Taos Imperium; for though they had come to this system with the intent of scanning it for rare and valuable resources they could extract, the Taosians as a people and most definitely as individuals never wished to pass up an opportunity to make contact with a new civilisation.

A team was eagerly put together, with two of the ship's top cultural anthropologists gathering all the data they could as the Radiant Talon slipped into orbit and collating the information for their onboard linguistics expert and the ship's chief xenobiologist. It quickly became clear from the lack not only of manufactured satellites, but of almost any processed and refined metals upon the surface, that the people below were not a high-tech civilisation. They weren't merely pre-spacefaring, but most likely somewhere around Bronze Age development. Orbital photographic observation quickly let them know that the species far below possessed the ability to create dwellings of timber, stone, mud and thatch. They possessed agriculture, the capacity for reading and writing, and appeared able to make functional if rudimentary pottery objects and the bronze metal tools which most clearly set their stage of development in relation to other worlds. The worldwide population only numbered a few million, but for a species in such a relatively early stage of civilisation that was to be expected.

The best part of a day passed with the newly assembled team studying every last drop of information upon which they could get their clawed hands on from photography alone, the quartet chosen to head up this survey mission growing ever more excited as they learned of the world itself from more technical scans. Like their own homeworld, this planet possessed a relatively low gravitational field, allowing the native population to possess functional wings while still supporting enough muscle mass and bone density to allow them to engage in physical labour. Unlike the Taos' own sauriform features, however, the people on the planet below appeared to be of a more aviform descent. Of course, their genetic material would likely have very little in common with the species of any other worlds beyond the basic structural similarities which underpinned most carbon-based life, but thousands of years of cultural development and journeys to hundreds upon hundreds of worlds had ensured that the citizens of the Taos Imperium were all too aware of how evolution could come up with similarly designed solutions entirely separate from one another.

On any individual world, species with a distinctive likeness to the traits they possessed would arise on entirely geographically separate continents to fill the same ecological niche. In a similar manner, upon separate worlds it often seemed to be the case that bipedal forms of some prior evolutionary branch would arise and begin to develop faster and faster than the rest of the animal kingdom

around them, leading to tool use, language development, and soon to civilisation and perhaps even spaceflight a few more thousand years down the line.

The Taos themselves were sauriform, with scaled skin, the ability to bear young through the laying of eggs, and in their ancestral past an inability to thermoregulate; though nowadays their kind merely *preferred* the warmth as a general rule rather than requiring it to remain active. Like the inhabitants of Mindara II they also possessed wings, though theirs were more insectoid than avian in origin, at least according to Dextra.

“You know, they look a lot like bipedal versions of Earth's mythological gryphons.”

Sillis snorted with laughter, rolling her eyes and elbowing her fellow anthropologist gently.

“You have a real problem, you know? Not everything needs to be tied back to ancient Earth. What was it that you said we looked like? Dragons with butterfly wings? Why can't we say that the creatures of Earth look Taosian and Mindaran?”

Standing on the far side of the room at another console, Renald smirked as he saw the youngest and newest member of their team regarding Dextra with curiosity. He leaned over and murmured to her.

“Don't worry about Dex. Before being assigned here, he was part of the diplomatic corps that brokered our treaty with the United Nations of Earth. He got a little obsessed with studying their ancient history, thought it would be the key to figuring out how to relate to them in the modern day.”

Clearly overhearing them, Dextra called out across the room, both Renald and Yarra blushing as they looked back over at him.

“And I was right, too! Just because the treaty was signed hours before I was ready to present my conclusions doesn't invalidate the fact that they were precisely correct, and that many of my suggestions were pre-emptively placed in the treaty. Did you know that... ”

Before he could get too caught up in his own defence though, Sillis reached out and placed a hand on Dextra's shoulder.

“Hey, so, you were talking about how they look like gryphons? Remind me, were gryphons a real Earth species, or just a myth?”

Immediately, Dextra's face burst into a gleeful grin and he rubbed his scaled hands together.

“Oh, this is a fascinating area of study! While they are almost certainly mythological they are based on a duo of Earth animals, the eagle and the lion. Though the latter was sadly rendered extinct in the mid twenty-first century, it was resurrected through genetic sequencing in the late twenty-second. In the twenty-third century, people actually took genetic material from both eagles and lions and attempted to create an actual, living hybrid gryphon. The results were... well, messy, as is so much in the history of Earth.”

He continued at length, and as he did so Sillis glanced up and winked across the room at the other two. They grinned back at her, and as they all got back to their work with Dextra's continued

exposition fading somewhat into the background, Yarra found herself leaning over and whispering to the slightly older Taosian beside her.

“I... I hope I don't let you down. The three of you I mean, o-on this mission.”

His scaled brow furrowed slightly, and Renald looked over at the xenobiologist with a curious expression.

“Yarra, you're one of the most decorated academy graduates to join the exploration fleet in three decades. Do you think our captain would have chosen you as head xenobiologist if he didn't have total faith in your abilities, your judgement and leadership? Do you think he would have placed you on our team if we didn't share that trust?”

The Taosian woman's scales flicked with a slight bashful iridescence, and her wings fluttered upon her back.

“I know. It's just... you all have so much field experience compared to me. All this knowledge of other worlds from having been there and spoken to the people. I know theory, I know books and computer files and evolutionary processes, but...”

Her voice trailed off, and she swallowed thickly.

“I'm sorry. It isn't appropriate for me to be raising these personal fears with you in a professional setting.”

Renald snorted, and the female Taosian looked up at him with her eyes slightly widened. He shook his head and gestured down at the length of his scaled body, ridged plates rising from his shoulders and arms, matching the reddish hue of the horns which protruded from his head.

“Look at me, Yarra. Look at us. Look at yourself. We're Taosian, yes?”

She looked at him, and at her own body, actually a little larger than his own as was common for females of their kind despite his greater age. She nodded, already feeling a little foolish for that last comment. Sure enough, Renald nodded right back at her.

“We don't hide things. We don't conceal our bodies with clothes, or our minds with lies. If you have a fear, share it. And if you want to be reassured...”

His wings unfurled and fluttered, and as they began to shimmer with a radiant glow, so too did a similar brightness develop within his eyes. Yarra's face glimmered iridescently, but her own wings unfurled and her own eyes began to glow too as the pair of them opened themselves up to one another psionically. They reached into one another's minds, and once there Yarra's fears melted away. In the mind, there were no lies. No defences once you were allowed in. Within the walls, the boundaries of another Taosian's head, you only had to fear reality, the objective truth of their feelings. And if you did not fear truth, you could always be fearless around any Taosian willing to open themselves up to you.

The connection lasted only ten, fifteen seconds at the most, but it was long enough. Long enough for Yarra to giggle as her wings curled back in upon themselves and for Renald's own cheeks to shimmer and glow as they returned to their work without another word.

Tomorrow, they would head down to the planet's surface and begin a more practical exploration of this world and its people. Tomorrow, they would use their psionic abilities to mask themselves and present to all who observed them as if they too were Mindarans, *gryphons* if Dextra's nomenclature was to be adopted. But for now, they had a few more hours of time to study and learn in preparation for their away mission, and then, when their research came to an end for the night and they were to retire to their cabins for slumber... a lingering smile rested upon both Yarra and Renald's features as they worked, and every so often their long, ridge-tipped tails would sweep back and forth and graze across one another ever so gently. When the time came, and the away team bade one another good night, Renald and Yarra walked side by side through the corridors of the sleek, beautiful ship which had been their home for the last six months since leaving the homeworld. They didn't speak as they walked side by side, they didn't say another word, for earlier that evening they had seen the entirety of their colleague's mind. Every thought, every vice, every flaw, every hope and longing. They stepped into an elevator together, and it was Yarra alone who instructed it to carry them to the floor upon which her quarters were located, Renald remaining silent despite his being a deck higher. Soon they were at Yarra's door, and soon after that they were inside it.

They smiled and glimmered bashfully at one another as they made their way to the bed, and even as they wrapped their arms around one another and pressed their bodies together for the first time, their wings were unfurled and their eyes blazing once more as they connected once again.

'We want you on our team. You're smart. Talented. Incredible. We're lucky to have you, and you know it.'

The truth, the plain and simple truth rang through Yarra's mind even louder and more unabashedly than before as they embraced.

But it wasn't that which had led them here. It wasn't that which led to Yarra hissing in pleasure, and Renald nibbling at her neck as his cock sank deeper and deeper into her with the firm, deep thrusts that Yarra's unguarded mind told him were exactly what she wanted from a lover. It had been a single, shared thought that each of the Taosians had seen in one another's mind when first they connected, as they peered down at the console between them and a high-resolution image of one of the Mindaran gryphons resting upon it.

'God, they're hot. I hope I get to fuck one before the mission ends.'

It was tough finding a point to set down the shuttle: not simply because flying gryphons meant a much greater chance of being seen as they landed, but also because it meant their resting ship could quite easily be seen from the air even if they parked it amongst rocks which would normally have been all but inaccessible from the ground. Thankfully, the Taosians also having the ability to fly meant that they could still make it to the largest of all the settlements their planetary reconnaissance had provided for them within just over an hour of setting down. Dextra, Sillis, Yarra and Renald took no equipment with them beyond the sub-dermal scanners implanted beneath their skin,

transmitting constant sensory data back to the shuttle's databanks for processing. Indeed, they wore no clothing whatsoever, glad that like their own kind the Mindarans seemed to prefer living in climates where clothes were not necessary for heat retention and seemed to operate in a society where there was no taboo whatsoever against nudity.

Upon waking up that morning, the team had perused the night's data logs before setting out, and had all found themselves trembling in barely contained anticipation as the computer had informed them of the various hypotheses it was prepared to put forth based on all the data gathered from orbit thus far, the anthropological study programme in question having been custom built by Sillis and Dextra themselves.

“Likelihood of non-violent response to newcomers, ninety-eight percent. Likelihood of productive communications being established, ninety-nine percent. Likelihood of disease transmissivity, below zero point zero zero one percent. Likelihood of sexual compatibility with regard to generation of offspring, below zero point zero zero zero zero zero zero one percent. Likelihood of sexual compatibility with regard to physiological anatomy, one-hundred percent.”

Of course, there had been many more statistics than just those provided, but those were the ones which were most prominently stuck in minds of the four explorers as they swept their way through the skies of the world in question, grinning as they ducked and dived and revelled in the open space and the low gravity, laughing and cheering as they swept around one another and peered off towards the horizon in search of any local life. Most prominent of all those points, however, was that one hundred percent likelihood of compatibility and the information which had made the computer so very certain of its accuracy. Normally, only a first-hand account of sexual activity would permit such a conclusion to be drawn, and thus the team had been more than thrilled to see stored in the ship's database no fewer than fifty visualisations of sexual activity taking place upon the planet's surface between Mindaran gryphons. Fifty visualisations not just over one night, but all taken within the same area; the same large settlement towards which they were now flying.

They had looked at those images, and all four of the group had opened their minds to one another in that moment to share what had crossed them in near perfect unison.

'I think I'm in love with this world.'

The images had shown gryphons together, and separately, engaging not only in sexual congress but in all manner of sexual activities which could only have been for pleasure, certainly not for procreation. It had shown graphic masturbation, allowing visualisations of individual genitalia belonging to individuals across the gender spectrum. It had shown them oral intercourse being performed, an act which might not have seemed possible to them mere hours before as they considered the gryphons' sharp beaks, as well as manual stimulation and of course penetrative sex. They had witnessed individuals working at one another's vaginal openings with carved and smoothly polished wooden toys, and anal intercourse between multiple individuals bearing penile growths.

Of course, all of this so far was out of context. They had no way of knowing as yet the sociological structure of this world, the value of sex and the rules which governed sharing in it. But based on past studies on other worlds and the sexual habits of other sapient species ranging from the neolithic to transcendental beings of pure energy, Sillis had uttered just one conjecture regarding the

gryphon's apparent appetites as the computer identified the unique markings of a single individual as being present during no fewer than five separate sexual encounters with eight different individuals over a two-hour period that prior night.

“Stars above... they look like they're as collectively horny as *we* are.”

Whatever the truth was though, they weren't going to have to wait much longer to find out. Within minutes they could see smoke rising upon the horizon. After that, as the quartet finalised their plans for emergency evacuations should they become necessary, the four Taosians opened up their minds not to one another, but to the world around them. They began to emanate a constant, pervasive psionic field which would work its way into the minds of any being that laid eyes upon them, and would hopefully allow them to enter into the Mindaran settlement not as aliens from another world to the minds of the native people, but as members of their own species. Each one of them erected a sort of mental hologram, an image of themselves as gryphons which would be transplanted directly into the visual cortex of anyone who set eyes upon them and therefore replace the alien, draconic visage they would more naturally have seen. Beyond that, they would find themselves able to read the surface thoughts of every Mindaran with whom they interacted, and perhaps most importantly they would be able to tap into key, foundational cultural knowledge that would allow them to integrate and seem to belong despite having spent less than a day more distantly researching and studying this culture.

Since the dawn of their spacefaring empire, the explorers of the Taos Imperium had always deeply enjoyed meeting and learning from new cultures from outside and indeed from within. They relished the variety of the universe, its endless capacity to develop intelligent life time and time again with such a vast array of different wants, needs and beliefs which drove them to survive and thrive upon their worlds and out into the vast reaches of space beyond. But if there was one kind of life-form which they adored and respected most of all, it was those who like themselves had fostered a spirit of openness and community amongst and hopefully beyond their kind. There was no greater privilege to a Taosian explorer than to meet a new species, and to learn that by all important measures they were, for lack of a more specific term... good.

No greater privilege, that is, except perhaps for being welcomed into one of those communities, into a home as a total stranger who had worked and endeavoured to gain or be offered that alien's trust. And of course, no greater privilege than being welcomed into an alien's bed and experiencing for the first time not just how another entire species of creature expressed happiness, warmth and compassion for their kin, but love, joy, and pleasure.

The away team touched down at the edge of a vast settlement encircled by a deep ditch, itself surrounded by acres upon acres of rich farmland whose fields heaved with bountiful crops of grains, fruits and root vegetables, with pastures of cattle and sheep beyond. Within the ditch itself roundhouses, wooden framed with either stone or wattle-and-daub comprising their walls, the roofs thatched and, in some cases, heavy with thick green moss that seemed to coat and probably further insulate it against rain. Before landing, the quartet saw hundreds of figures surrounding a large bonfire near the centre of the settlement, beside a raised mound of earth some fifteen metres across upon which offerings seemed to be placed. To their wonder and joy, almost every one of the hundreds of Mindarans present appeared to already be locked in the midst of a vast orgy; and though they did not yet know why, the figure who flew out from the centre of the settlement to meet them at its edge certainly didn't express any shame or concern about their presence as he landed

directly beside them outside the ditch's limits, a beaming smile fixed upon the corners of his beak and a straining erection glistening with saliva or someone else's arousal twitching upon his furred crotch.

“Greetings, friends!”

He spoke in his native language, of course, but as the syntax and meaning of those words rushed through his mind even as he spoke them, its meaning way conveyed clear as day to the psionically receptive Taosians. The gryphon took a step forward, and as in her mind's eye she saw his intention, Sillis stepped forward on behalf of the group and rubbed her snout, or her beak as far as the gryphon was concerned, against the edge of his own in a gesture of greeting as their arms clutched at one another and their wings swept forward to meet with a more gentle brushing.

“Whether you have come from far or near, I welcome you to our celebration. Our bounty is your bounty, today more so than ever. We celebrate the harvest, we celebrate the gifts of our world.”

He gestured to the trees. To himself as his and Sillis' hands parted, and then to her own bare body and those of her companions. A strangled cry of pleasure erupted from somewhere relatively close by, and the native gryphon's wings ruffled in obvious excitement as Dextra plucked from his mind the response for which he was waiting.

“We celebrate one another most of all, for only together are we whole.”

The native gryphon beamed as Dextra greeted him with the same touching of beaks and wings, and he shivered as barely a millisecond after the longing thought had crossed his mind one of Dextra's seemingly taloned hands reached out not to grasp at his own hand, but to gently cup his testicles and caress them suggestively as they stood there together.

“P-please... join us. Whether for today's harvest festival alone, or to join our community for the season to come. You are home.”

The gryphon addressed them all, though primarily his gaze was locked with Dextra as their wings continued to encircle the pair and supposedly shield the fact that they were now both groping at one another's cocks. Of course, all three of the other Taosians could see through the psionic illusion; thus, they could see through Dextra's far more translucent wings exactly what their colleague was doing. Yet, this only encouraged them all the more. They had hoped, they had wished that it would be as easy as simply turning up and being invited in to this vast orgiastic celebration. They had dreamed that they would be able to get to know more about this civilisation by striking at the very core of what made a planet's people who they were: not their technology or their evolutionary development, but how they treated any random person who walked into their lives. To have it actually happening, though... the four Taosians could only beam and share some silent surges of joyous emotion back and forth between their interconnected minds as Dextra and the man who had come to greet them finally parted ways, throbbing and dribbling pre-cum as they did so, and the native gryphon gestured for them to follow him as he flapped his wings, leapt up into the air and welcomed them into the midst of the festivities themselves.

It wasn't long before they landed mere metres from the bonfire, eyes wide as they watched a dozen or so gryphons soaring on the hot thermal updrafts it created, hovering and wrapping their legs

around one another, crying out in pleasure as whatever nether regions they possessed teased one another in intimate contact. They could barely hear the man who had greeted them as he called out and spread his arms wide, but even without their psionic powers his meaning was obvious. They were free to share and take part in all of this, and now that he had done his duty of welcoming them, he was very much eager to get back to doing so himself.

Sillis, Renald and Yarra watched as he took one of Dextra's hands in his own and began to lead the other gryphon away around the far side of the bonfire, Dextra grinning and shrugging back warmly at his companions before slipping out of sight entirely. Laughing aloud at the other anthropologist's eagerness to get stuck in, Sillis wasted little time in simply wandering away from the bonfire on her own, waving a playful see-you-later to the other two before almost tripping over a couple who erupted through the doorway of a nearby roundhouse mid-coitus, the female's arms, legs and wings all wrapped around her lover's torso as his strong arms bounced her up and down while gripping her buttocks, aiding his partner in riding his cock. A third figure stuck their head out of the roundhouse just moments later, and bashfully addressed Sillis as they both watched the pair fall to the ground and begin to hump more vigorously, more amorously. Yarra and Renald looked at one another with a smirk as they watched Sillis' left hand drift down between her legs, and barely ten seconds later she was walking her way calmly into that roundhouse, her right hand clutched in that bashfully smiling native's own.

"Excuse me..."

A voice drew Renald and Yarra's attention back to their immediate vicinity, and they smiled eagerly as before them stood another pair of gryphons, the woman's thighs already soaked and matted and the male's beak glistening wet every bit as much as the fur upon his crotch.

"My friend wishes to hatch for the community when the new season comes. Would you assist us?"

He nodded to Renald, the woman's other hand rising up and offering itself to the psionically camouflaged reptile. She meanwhile smiled at Yarra, and nodded to her friend in return. "And whether or not you wish to lay this coming year, I... I really, really think you should be with my friend."

Yarra smiled and nodded graciously to the two gryphons and of course to Renald himself, blushing as their eyes met and lingered for just a moment longer than they perhaps needed to.

"I would be proud to celebrate the harvest with *all* of you."

The female gryphon giggled, but leaned in close and whispered to Yarra conspiratorially as she did so.

"Never mind the harvest, wait until you feel his tongue inside you. That's all the reason to celebrate you'll need."

Dextra gasped as he felt some sort of vegetable oil extract being drizzled over his cock, his body sitting down upon the soft, grassy earth between the bonfire and the barrow mound surrounded by

at least two dozen other gryphons. The hand holding the bottle of lubricant currently prepping him didn't belong to the gryphon who had guided him and his team into the settlement, but seemed to belong to some sort of spiritual figure whose entire purpose at this ceremony appeared to be providing lube for all who needed it. No sooner was he prepped, though, even as he watched the lube-bearer approaching another gryphon and drizzling lube onto a hand which already had three digits buried inside a woman's glistening pussy, than the gryphon who had welcomed them here dropped to his knees before him and crawled up onto his lap. The Taosian's psionic field told him precisely what the gryphon wanted, and thus although he had only met this man a handful of minutes before, he wrapped his arms around the figure straddling him and flung himself forward, pinning the Mindaran native to the ground and beginning to immediately, rather swiftly bury his cock inside the gryphon's waiting, seemingly eager ass.

A strangled cry of bliss escaped the male, and sharp claws raked over Dextra's scales though they probably should have dug into soft, unarmoured flesh instead. For a split-second he could feel the gryphon worrying about having hurt him, but that fear was soon assuaged as Dextra began to forcefully and swiftly fuck the man lying beneath him.

“You've welcomed so many people today...”

Dextra moaned as his muzzle and the gryphon's beak nuzzled against one another.

“...let me welcome you. Let me show you how glad I and so many others are that you were here to greet them with a warm smile and open arms.”

He heard the native male cry out louder, overwhelmed in his delight as Dextra seemed to reach right into his very heart and speak the words that he had almost word for word longed to hear all morning thus far. Rather than saying anything more though, much as there were more phrases he could have spoken to make more and more of the gryphon's dreams come true, Dextra simply resolved to *show* the Mindaran what he wanted. To make the gryphon so happy, so out of his mind with bliss, that his mind would be an open book for Dextra to peruse as they lay in post-coital bliss. “Yes! Yes!”

The gryphon cried out at the top of his lungs, shrieking shrilly as he clawed at Dextra's back once again and his cock throbbed urgently against the other man's stomach. All around him as he lay between his new companion and the earth from which all their myriad blessings had come, he saw his people in pleasure. Friends, family members, even those with whom he'd had disagreements in times gone by. They all looked so happy, and he could hear their cries ringing out alongside his own. But right now, he didn't have to think about them. For once he didn't have to worry first and foremost about the contentment of others. Right now, it was he who was being cared for, and though he hadn't even paused long enough to ask the name of the newly arrived gryphon currently buried deep inside him, he knew that thanks to this man this particular season's harvest celebration would linger in his mind for years and years to come.

“O-oh, harvest's blessing, I... I'm gonna...!! **Yes!**”

There was a small fire burning in the middle of the roundhouse, but even though there was no ventilation shaft in the roof the smoke remained high in the thatch and slowly dispersed out

harmlessly into the sky beyond. It did however mean that the roundhouse was hot, and thus Sillis found herself panting as she lay back and grunted, shuddered and squirmed as a large and perfectly smoothed, varnished wooden dildo was pumped in and out of her pussy while on either side of her another two gryphons rode her outstretched hands, three fingers buried knuckle deep in each of them while they embraced over her, beaks clicking loudly as they kissed and nuzzled and cried out blissfully at one another.

When the anthropologist had slipped into this tent, she had expected to find herself being invited in for some one on one time with the figure who had stuck her head through the doorway and watched her almost trip over another pair of love-makers. Instead, she had found herself surrounded by no fewer than half a dozen eagerly whimpering, feverishly fucking groups crowded into this hot and sex-scented space. Beyond the woman who had led her in here there were a pair of male gryphons locked in a hungry sixty-nine, working their beaks and tongues over one another's shafts without causing the slightest pain; a trio comprised of two men clutching a rather rounded, plump gryphon between them as they pressed themselves into her pussy at the same time; three women; another two men; two more females; and a final pair sitting side by side with their hands upon one another's nether regions, masturbating one another while watching the rest of the groups writhe and thrash and cum.

It was the two women to whom Sillis had been drawn, standing near them and watching for a minute or so as they bucked and humped at one another with their legs entwined and their wings wrapped tenderly around their lover's trembling torso. No sooner had they wailed in shared pleasure, though, than their bodies had parted. And while still panting, still chirping blissfully in the lingering waves of their orgasmic bliss, they had noticed the newcomer observing them.

“This is our first harvest with the village.”

One of them murmured bashfully to Sillis, obviously recognising her as a newcomer.

“Our twentieth year. We don't have to sit and look after the fledglings and the eggs at the creche anymore.”

They had barely cum a minute ago, yet already both the women were stroking themselves between their legs, staring up and down the bare, exposed length of Sillis' psionically projected form.

“In a few seasons, w-we'll lay eggs. We'll find some men to give us what we need, and the two of us will give our eggs to the community, and raise a pair of fledglings with all the love we have for each other... and more.”

They worked their fingers more urgently in and out of themselves as they spoke to Sillis, blushing and whimpering as the older woman who had greeted the newcomer at the doorway joined them, holding in one hand a large wooden dildo while the other held a ceramic jar from which an oily vegetable smell was emerging.

“B-but for now... we want to share in the joy of the harvest. The pleasure of it, a-and learn of all that we are old enough to share in now from someone with more experience.”

Sillis looked to the older woman, and her eyes widened as she suddenly realised that they weren't talking about the matronly gryphon. They were addressing her. They were asking *her* to be their teacher, to share with them all that she knew of... of pleasure. Of sex, and of how to make a woman's body writhe and scream in ecstasy.

“Show them pleasure, show them how it frees them, how it sets them loose like pollen upon a breeze. Make them so wild with joy that they will fly from this tent in search of so many more experiences like what you have given them, knowing there are hundreds more Mindarans out there just waiting to show them *their* favourite method for making a lover scream to the highest clouds.”

Even as the older gryphon whispered to Sillis, she was lubricating the large wooden dildo in her hand with the oil.

“Show them that this world is filled with generous souls ready to give and give of their pleasure, and as you do so... I shall show you the very same.”

As Sillis screamed and came for what had to be the fifth or sixth time since that wooden shaft had plunged into her, she stared with haggard grunts and whimpers up at the more mature, slightly grey-feathered gryphon standing over her with one arm resting on the frame of the straw-strewn bed and the other tirelessly working the dildo in and out of the psionically concealed Taosian. The gryphon's eyes twinkled playfully as she watched the younger woman cum, and just seconds later as Sillis' fingers curled in her own ecstasy, the newly minted adults shrieked and wailed as their pussies soaked Sillis' hands with surges of hot ejaculate, cumming hard alongside their new mentor as her digits struck at some perfect sweet spot against the back wall of their clutching, dripping pussies.

“Again!”

One of the young gryphons whimpered pleadingly.

“M-make my beloved cum again...”

The other echoed the statement, clarifying her partner's comment that it was one another's satisfaction they craved as much as their own. Rather than simply nodding and groaning in lust, though, Sillis found herself chiming in alongside them, so overwhelmed by pleasure and yet undeniably ready to go yet again as the older Mindaran peered eagerly down at her.

“A-again...”

Sillis whimpered shamelessly.

“...but this time? Please, o-oh... please, *harder*.”

“O-oh by the harvest... again. Please!”

The right side of Yarra's face lay against the cool grass while the heat of the bonfire warmed the left. She knelt face down against the earth, wings raised high above her back and buttocks lifted into

the air, feeling the cum of the last man to fuck her drooling out of her pussy and down her already stained thighs as she shuddered with the final convulsions of her most recent orgasm. Pleadingly, she cried out for someone else. For another man, a woman, anyone, really, to make her feel the way she had been feeling non-stop for almost an hour.

She had lain on the ground beside the native gryphon and held her hand as the gryphon's male companion fucked her, while Renald fucked the female gryphon. She'd looked up at Renald as he squawked loudly and came hard inside his first gryphon of the night with a look of pure bliss upon both the faces of his psionic hologram and his own reptilian features. Soon after, he had raised his head from between the gryphon's legs just in time to see her thrashing and screaming too, filled with the hot ribbons of an alien male's cum for the first time in her life after years and years of dreaming about it like so many explorers in training.

After that, she'd barely had time to catch her breath before the two gryphons darted away with murmurs of gratitude, eagerly seeking out another pair of balls to drain as a potential fertiliser of the female's impending egg. Rather than leaving herself and Renald alone to observe once more, though, another gryphon had flopped down to the earth between them with a cheeky smile and asked if they were busy. Minutes later Renald had been buried in that gryphon's backside while he pumped feverishly in and out of Yarra's dripping pussy, and seemingly no sooner had he emptied himself into Yarra after draining Renald of a second load another pair of men had practically fallen out of the sky upon them both, wings still flapping as they knelt over the two psionically disguised Taosians and stroked their rock hard cocks temptingly.

It had taken the best part of that hour for Yarra to realise the simple truth: they were wordlessly begging for it. That the closer one's proximity to the vast fire burning by the barrow where countless offerings of crops and other valuables were being placed into the earth and consecrated by the raining pleasure of those gryphons riding the thermals high above, the more urgently you were declaring yourself free and willing to be shared, to be loved by and to love each and every person who wished to do so. Yes, she could read these gryphons' minds to a certain degree, herself and Renald both were capable of that feat. But in that case, it offered no clarification because they were **all** desperate to fuck, and not being further away from the raging bonfire Yarra was far too caught up in their urgent desire to feel the less intense extremes of anyone's passion who might have been enjoying the celebrations a little more casually and a little further away.

Rather than bashfully shuffle herself away from that spot when the truth had dawned on her, though, she had simply shared that knowledge with Renald. Yarra had watched, giggling and nodding in understanding, as he crawled away panting and blushing, while she lay there and felt another warm, feather-clad upper body press down over hers and another hot, throbbing Mindaran cock press itself relentlessly into her.

Now, she was empty, and in desperate need of another lover. Another gryphon. She could feel his presence, though her mind was so fogged over with pleasure it was taking all her psionic abilities' endurance just to hold up the illusion of her form. She could feel his hands upon her hips, stroking, caressing, revelling in her body. She could feel his cock grazing against her flushed and swollen lips, grinding against her clit with its very tip, making her shriek and beg all the more violently.

“D-do it! Please. B-by the harvest, *please* just fuck me!”

She heard him growl. Not chirp or squawk or shriek in avian ecstasy, but growl. A moment later she felt a pair of hips slap against hers, and a thick, somewhat ridged cock press into her hot, clutching pussy. Her eyes bulged, and her neck craned around to see what she already knew to be happening behind and within her.

Renald, still clad in his own psionic hologram but still very much himself beneath it to the other Taosian's gaze, stood over her with his hands on her hips and his cock suddenly buried to the hilt within his colleague. His eyes were wide open, his tongue was lolling out of his toothy maw, and his whole face was a shimmering mass of iridescence.

“Y-you're... god, Yarra. You're so fucking beautiful...”

He hissed softly as he ground his hips against hers and they both grunted, both rolled their eyes back in pure bliss. The gryphon's cocks and pussies were wonderful, and they had both cum more times than they could count; but after all that, the difference of a Taosian pussy wrapped around his shaft and a Taosian cock buried inside her pussy was so deliciously intense that neither Renald nor Yarra could truly believe it.

“Please, tell me again.”

The reptilian male groaned to the woman beneath him.

“Tell me that you want me to fuck you. Tell me that **I** can fuck you.”

Yarra shuddered, and with gasps and grunts of pleasure and straining urgency from them both, she rolled and turned herself over until Renald was able to topple forward and lie over her, face to face beneath the flickering fire. All around them, more and more gryphons writhed and moaned and fucked and bred in celebration of the harvest and the food that would keep their bellies filled and the shells of their childrens' eggs thick for the season to come.

“O-oh... Ren...”

She whimpered as she wrapped her legs around Renald's waist, and stroked at the very base of his wings with her trembling fingers in a way that made his cock twitch and throb like crazy as he gasped and snarled from above her.

“After the way you fucked me last night on the ship? The way you fucked me in the vibro-shower this morning before we set off? Oh, by the harv-... I mean... oh god, Renald. Of course you can fuck me. It's only when you're gonna want to *stop* that we'll have a problem.”

The Taosian male's scaled face burst into a dazzling grin, and as his hips began to pump in and out of Yarra he kissed her deeply. So deeply, in fact, that just for a few moments any gryphons watching might have wondered just how two beaks were able to entwine so intimately, almost like portions of them were simply passing through one another. Moments later, though, the two gryphons were crying out together in the purest, sweetest union, and all around them the festival goers sought to match their pure, devoted passion for their fellow member of this beloved, intricately inter-woven community.

“R-right there! Oh yes! **Yes**, right... o-ohhhh Renald, don't stop! Harder! Harder! Oh yes, yessssssssss I... I'm gonna cum!”

“Yarra! Ah, cum for me. Oh god, s-so tight. So hot. Hold me. Don't let go, don't hold back. Let it happen. Oh god. Ohhh fuck, I'm close. Cum with me, Yarra. Cum. Oh, fuck. Ohhh g-god, fuck! *Cum!*”

“T-this is... this is chief xenobiologist Yarra Thay's officer's log.”

Five days.

The festival went on for five days, at least to its official conclusion when the bonfire's last embers had cooled, and only then did the away team return to the ship in orbit. They had each slept for maybe two or three hours each day, normally waking up with a face between their legs when someone else in one of the roundhouses at the edge of the settlement awoke and decided that the festivities should resume right there and then, much to the delight if weariness of their companion.

“I have just returned from my away mission on Mindara II. I am uploading the full amount of data gathered from my sub-dermal sensors to the ship's main computer, and have enclosed in the ship's storage systems biological samples Alpha One through Gamma Nineteen. All are individually labelled as reproductive material from a selection of willing Mindaran cocks. T-that is, erect penises. O-oh... c'mon, Ren...”

Yarra nibbled on her bottom lip as she felt a gentle kiss against one of her thighs, glancing under the desk to where Renald was kneeling, crouched with his wings tucked in and a weary yet playful smile upon his muzzle.

“Computer, delete previous sentence and re-record. All are individually labelled as reproductive material, specifically semen collected from a selection of willing Mindaran subjects. Very, very willing. My full written report will follow in due course, but needless to say I believe that from a biological standpoint, the Mindaran people require a lot more study. Their stamina is... it's beyond impressive. If we were able to replicate whatever allows them to endure so much repeated and lengthy physical exertion, it could be of great benefit to the Taos Imperium. For that reason, feeling so strongly about the vital research which must be conducted here, I... *aaahyess*, d-dammit Ren!”

Yarra whimpered as the male's tongue swept out and lashed her clitoris, drawing a strangled cry of pleasure as she clamped her thighs down around his head, but didn't try to make him move away or even let him attempt to do so.

“Computer, delete previous sentence and re-record. For that reason, feeling so strongly about the vital research which must be conducted here, I would like to request permanent reassignment to an observation colony here on Mindara II. I... I would also like to request that Linguist Renald Kzatskai be reassigned to my team, so that we may study the writings and history of the Mindaran people and learn how it was that they came to possess such a... vital spirit for community and

kinship. I will be making this request in writing to the ship's Captain tomorrow morning, after... mmhh... after Renald stops teasing me and fucks me till I pass out.”

Groaning in desperation, Yarra reached beneath the table, grabbed Renald by one of his horns and pressed his face forward into her pussy. He growled happily and swept his tongue roughly across her clit once more, and as Yarra shrieked and her convulsing body briefly set him loose, he chuckled affectionately at the woman whom over the last few days he had come to not only admire and enjoy the company of, but desire intensely, and perhaps even begin to *love*.

“Gonna delete and re-record that one too?”

He teased, laughing as Yarra growled, pushed her chair back and sank to the floor, assuming a position he had seen her take countless times over the last few days normally just a few seconds before a Mindaran cock stuffed itself in her pussy. A Mindaran cock, or his, of course. And since there were no Mindarans around right now...

Yarra shook her head, and spread her legs wide.

“No time, Ren. I... I can't wait. Please. Please, o-oh... by the harvest, Renald. Fuck me like the festival fire is still burning, a-and... and...”

She closed her eyes, and after a moment of flickering the psionic holo-image of her Mindaran self appeared translucently around the real Yarra's body.

“...and put an egg in me. Not for me, n-not for you, but... put an egg in me, and make me cum, make me scream for the settlement. F-for the community. For *everyone* down on the planet, b-back home.”

By Jeeves