

FLYING AND ELECTRIC

STORY BY ROYAL ASSISTANT CHANGELING

ILLUSTRATION BY DARK QUEEN (ME)

Looking deep into the caves near the abysmal abyss of her home in Griffonstone, A Griffon shopkeeper known as Gimme Moore was searching for interesting souvenirs to sell in her shop for those bits she so very much loved. But this cave system was unexplored, only having the basic knowledge to enter after she was required to help some ponies search for some long lost idol that was apparently important to Griffons. If only that pony paid her for help, perhaps she would have had that idol in her possession today. No matter, the only thing she cared about more than getting bits, was ensuring she didn't owe bits to someone else, so she always made sure dues were paid on the spot.

Deep into the cave now, she shined her touch on gems that were sure to sell for a few bits, but the reflected light disturbed the rest of cave bats, who swiftly made their annoyance known by flying in her direction, catching her off guard and knocking the lantern she held from her grasp, breaking and extinguishing the flames within.

One would usually panic in this situation, but the only noise she made in the darkness was "Meh". But eventually, running into walls was not exactly fun, so she started calling for help just to see if anything would happen. After an hour of aimlessly feeling her way around, she started adding offers of payment into her calls for help, believing that Griffons may be hearing her, but that their nature means they would simply refused to help unless given bits.

Not even a minute after she added offers of payment to her calls, she heard footsteps approaching and soon saw an increasingly brighter flare of light bringing her vision once again...But the source

was no Griffon...It appeared to be bipedal in nature, with sharp masculine features and covered in striking yellow fur. This creature appeared to have heard her voice while navigating this cave himself, and whilst he couldn't understand her words, he knew that such a creature didn't belong in the darkness. She saw that he had made a trail for her to follow that he had created behind him as he explored the caves, which led to the outside world.

He motioned her to follow his trail where soon enough, daylight was welcomed warmly by both parties, but as far as Gimme was concerned, he came along because she offered bits and now was the time to pay up. But before she could muster the bits from her bags, he was jumping away with his powerful legs.

She stood in shock as his form shrunk in the distance, as for the first time in her life, she was panicking, she never let a debt go unpaid, no matter if they wanted it or not! So with haste, she flew after him immediately in hopes she could catch up to him quickly. But quickly was never going to happen...The chase soon lasting several days as a determined Gimme tracked the creature down relentlessly.

She flew after him without rest, alternating between flying and running on the ground to conserve the energy of her legs and wings respectively...But he never slowed down himself, and always kept running away from her. In her mind, the debt she owed him grew the longer the chase went, the interest of the debt quickly accumulating over time, and as she had to be saved by the very creature she was chasing when she ran into trouble along the way, her debt to him only increase. It seemed that he was always trying to be the hero to her, always keeping away, but always making sure she was safe.

She noticed while tracking him down, that he would find troublemakers or people in trouble, where he would save them every time, but did not want any bits at all. This behaviour made Gimme confused, but highly curious of him, she begun to doubt if when she finally caught him, would she even have enough bits to pay him?...Or

was bits...Not enough for him? Was that why he didn't ask for payment? It wasn't enough? She had to know!

But alas, as the chase reached the 3rd day, she eventually grew weaker, and weaker, the only thing keeping her in pursuit was her desire not to be in debt, to pay it while she still could, but no matter what the mind felt, the body just couldn't keep up, and she eventually fell in exhaustion as she had gotten her closest yet, hugging him from behind. She begged him not to leave her again, she simply could not follow him anymore, all she wanted was to pay her debt...

The creature finally stopped trying to get away from her, he did not know why she had followed him this entire time, but her physical condition was clear to any sentient being. He was a noble hero in his heart, and could not bear to leave this poor female exhausted and alone here. So he decided to scoop her up in his powerful arms, and jump through the trees to take her home to rest.



While he was making excellent speed with his jumps, Griffonstone was simply too far away to safely return to in one day. Protecting the helpless female would prove impossible in the open, thus, as the sun was setting, he resolved to wait out the dangers of the night in an empty cave, keeping the feathered female between his arms to share body heat and to beat the cold of the night until the world outside was safe again during the day.



While they were both inside the cave, she kept showing him golden yellow circles and pushing them towards his body, but he did not know why he needed them, so he let them fall every time she tried. Gimme finally realized now, that she wouldn't be able to pay her debt to her savior with bits as she always had, but she did not have the strength to worry about what else a non-griffon could want. It did not matter, for the welcoming embrace of sleep drifted her off into the land of dreams, where unknowns to her, the answer would manifest itself before she would even awake before dawn...

Early the next morning, before the Dawning sun had arisen, Gimme Moore was awoken by the growls of pain and discomfort coming from her hero of yesterday, Zera. She saw that jumping around all day yesterday while carrying her was quite the ordeal for her saviour, as it meant extra weight than usual for him. She was well rested this morning, but he was not, and Gimme didn't feel that Zera deserved that. And with that, she thought that what she planned to do next might help to pay off her doubt to him. If he wouldn't accept bits, then perhaps he would appreciate her services, so she decided to help him relax and deal with the pain better by focusing his attention elsewhere.

With his eyes closed, he could not feel her initially because the pain masked her touch, but with her claws, she dug into his fur to find his skin underneath, and that is when his eyes opened in surprise. He did not ask for this, so why was she doing it? He resisted her touch by wiggling, but that caused the pain in his shoulders to flare up, so he stopped. He was uncomfortable with her actions, almost as much as the physical pain he was feeling from his arching muscles, but as time passed and she learned where his most affected areas were to dig her claws against, he found the pain almost melting away. Zera now understood why she was doing what she was doing, and he relaxed and let her continue to rake her heavenly claws against his tender skin.

But as he purred in sweet relief, it had an unintended effect upon his body, which as Gimme moved her claws down to his chest, she glanced between his legs and gave a little gasp at the slight. She had not realized it when he first met him, but her hero was gifted with large furry balls. She giggled under her breath at his peaking tip, and thought of trying something she had not considered before. He might writhe at the feeling at first, but she knew he would love it, her claws may not be soft paws, but they could provide a firm grip when needed.



She held a sizable orb in her left claw gently to his great surprise, giving it a gentle squeeze which caused him to give an involuntary moan. His following grunts and growls were of uncertainty, but had to admit to himself that her actions were not painful to him, quite the opposite really. But what really made him jump was when she moved her right claw to grasp at his now erect cock, a state at which he had not seen his tool in before, unwittingly making Gimme hatch a sinister plan that was a lot more interesting to her eyes.



To Gimme, its shape was familiar, near what a griffon's was, but her species of male wouldn't have barbs, but it was clear he was definitely lacking the signature knot of her kind too. And yet, while it did not have the girth as she thought, it was longer than expected instead, something she took advantage of by stroking in long pumps with her claw up and down his length, the signature griffon clawjob, forcing him to grunt and squeeze his eyes at the unfamiliar feelings now racking through his body.



After a minute or two, Zera regained enough composure to open his eyes again, the heavenly strokes of the winged creature he saved made his mind race, he shouldn't be letting her touch him like this, yet he was powerless to stop it, simply because he didn't want it to stop. Gimme had noticed by stroking his cock, the barbs upon his tip were quite sharp. If she had paws, she would be about to stroke the entire length of his cock without hurting herself, but her claws were not soft flesh, allowing her to embrace the entirety of his length like no other soft-handed creature could.

No matter how long he wanted to continue feeling these feelings, a male with near zero experience like him couldn't last long at all, and his legs began to tremble, as did his arms. He was approaching a peak he did not know of, but no matter what, he was flying straight into the magnificent unknown that only through experiencing it, would he believe such a thing existed.



Gimme kept stroking his long cock all throughout his excessive shaking, his moans breaking into a mixture of a growl and yell as she felt the fuzzy orb in her left hand contact, and the cock in her right harden. His tip grew bigger, and his barbs expanded and flared out completely, but because of her claws, she kept going the same speed, unaffected by the more exposed nubs. Then in a single second, a near

perfect jet of white substance ejected from the tip of his cock, its trajectory so perfect that only the ceiling stopped it in its tracks. His teeth were clenched at the ripples of unbelievable bliss convulsed through him, his heavy orbs unrelenting in their output.



As the force of smashing against the ceiling barrier caused it to splatter around them, her expression was one of pure surprise. If she had more experience in sexual activities, perhaps she would realized that this was an outstanding amount of force for a cumshot from any creature, but since that was not the case, the most prevalent thought in Gimme's mind, was just how much further could such a shot be, if they were not inside a cave?



As she gazed upon her handiwork, she felt some relief in knowing that perhaps she had paid off some of her debt to him with her actions. For Zera, having experienced the feel of orgasm for the first time, now felt highly relaxed, with the pain he had only a muted feeling in the back of this mind. With the pain now an afterthought, he prepared to scope Gimme up for another day of jumping, but she expressed her desire that they should walk instead this day, to which he agreed with little trouble, seeing as she was now well-rested. As they stepped into the light of day, the expression he gave was clear to her, he enjoyed what she did to him greatly, perhaps there may be a chance for her to see what she wanted to do, before Gimme would eventually return home with the hero by her side.

Walking in the shade of tall trees, Gimme and Zera had entered a thick forest upon exiting the cave they had sheltered in last night. The slow pace of walking allowed Gimme to think upon the true intelligence of Zera, who to her, began to seem increasingly more than just a smart animal, to more of a sensitive creature that could make decisions based on emotion, rather than just purely instinct. What had occurred the night before gave truth to that line of thinking. Even the most trusting pet companion would jump and sprint away from such actions, but Zera's mind could process more, and allowed her to continue.

As her thoughts wondered, they turned mischievous, as she thought back on the night inside the cave and his impressive orgasm; she wondered...How high can he really let it all go with no ceiling? But in order to do that, she needed to get out from the thick foliage of the forest. Breaking into a sprint, Zera gave chase to keep up, wondering why she had suddenly sped up.

Eventually, Gimme found an open field for which was perfect for her plan, and slowed down to a stop just on the edge of the forest. Zera, who had been following close behind caught up with her, puzzled as to why she was in such a rush to get to this place, only to stop just outside of it. All she simply responded with was that she wanted to feel the sun on her feathers, the dark shade of the tall forest trees was making her cold, and that she wanted him to come with her to enjoy it together.

Growling his understanding of her words, but not entirely satisfied with the reasoning, he followed her once again at a slow walk onto the green grass. Once the sun hit his fur, he realised that it was indeed a beautiful day and agreed with Gimme that she was right to be doing this. But the moment he let his guard down, her stance changed. She was circling him now, admitting that there was another reason for being out here in the sunshine...He stood there confused as to what she mean, but her actions soon confirmed her intent.

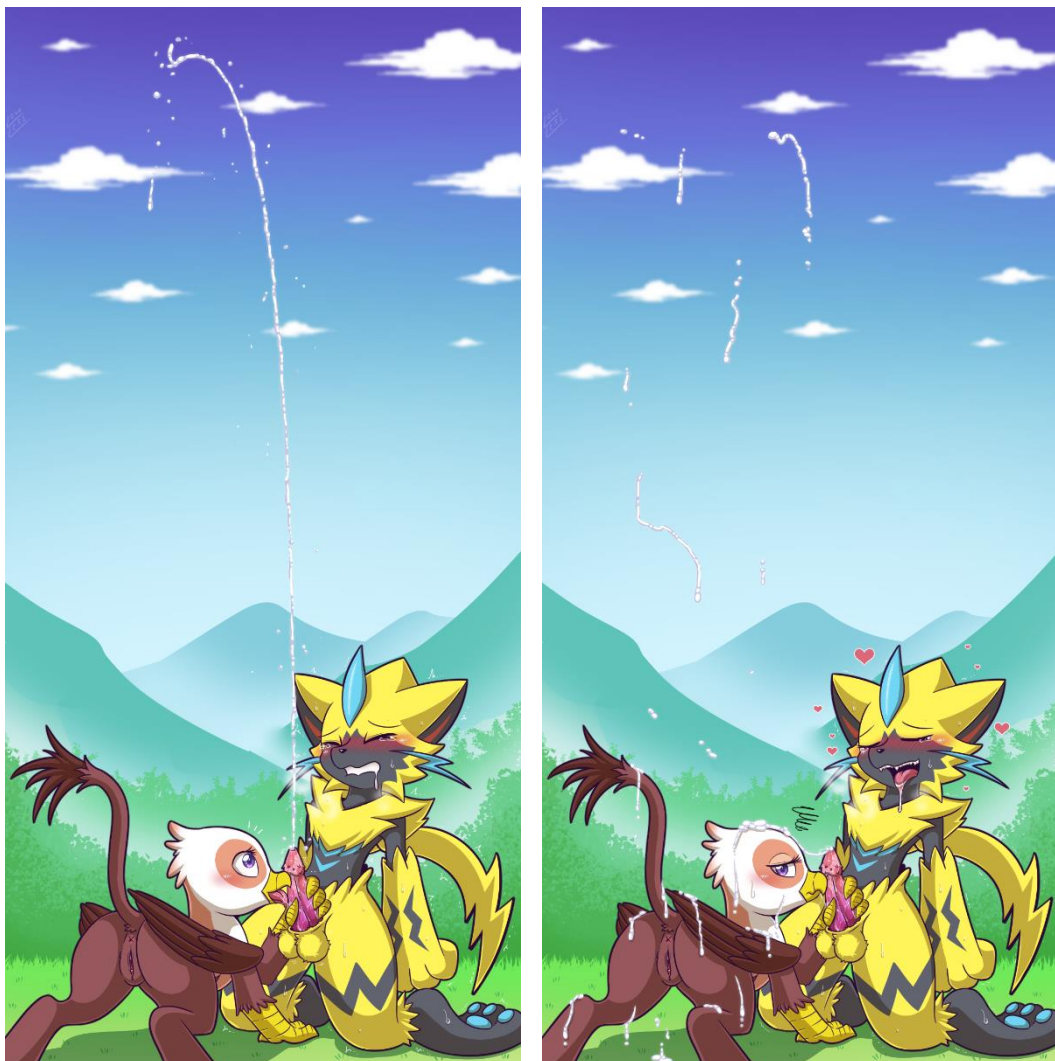
She traced her left claw down his torso, slowly but surely reaching his tender, furred sack, giving them a feel as she fondled them between her fingers. With her intentions clear, he watched in silence as her tender touch brought out the part of him she desired, memories of last night returning to the forefront of his mind, bringing about a feeling of excitement in his gut at the realisation of her actions.

He fell to his knees as his breathing turned into pants, she had him in a vulnerable position and he was letting it happen. He really did trust her with his most exposed areas, because she trusted him enough to not swipe at her for doing so now. She started with what was familiar, ensuring he wouldn't be uneasy as she progressed, and as she saw his muscles relax through her claw job handiwork, she introduced her tongue to his rod.



To his shock, he never thought that anything other than her claw could feel some good, the texture was different, and the warm wetness made him throb hard as she caressed his cock in her maw. With one eye closed, he tried to warn Gimme that the new sensation of her tongue and maw was bringing him to a close faster than last night, but it only came out as grunts of his name.

Even with the language barrier, Gimme knew it couldn't mean much else, and didn't want to teach Zera that the maw was where he should be cumming inside all the time. She removed her head from enveloping his cock and resorted to licking the entirety of the underside of his length and she continued with her previous clawjob. The combination was too intense for Zera, who finally closed his eyes and gnashed his teeth as he let the pressure in his loins surge through the tip of his pulsating meat.



Gimme's eyes lit up in awe as she watched him, like yesterday, expulse a clean jet of semen straight up. But unlike yesterday, his geyser didn't relent, as it was not stopped in its tracks by any indoor ceiling, letting him pump ceaselessly high into the air, the jet of pure seed continuously fueled by Gimme's persistent claw and tongue work. The jettisoned seed, arched after what seemed like an hour, but in reality was just some of the longest seconds in Gimme's mind, where she realized that what goes up, must come down...As she eyed the first drops hitting her beak.

Resigned to her fate, she felt the combined efforts of herself fall upon her form, a little peeved at the mess she had caused and now had to clean up from herself. Zera meanwhile was somewhere between snoozing upright and daydreaming, as he gave heavy breaths while his rod retreated back into his sheathe, most definitely spent for a good while after two intense sessions in a row.

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With a great start of the day, Gimme and Zera continued walking home with the sun above them, enjoying each other's company. It was during this time that Gimme still wondered what would be his fate once she returned home; it is likely that she would never see

Howling winds blasted the stiff, cold air through Gimme's feathery fur, chilling to her very core as she shivered. Her hero Zeraora, was doing no better, most likely worse as he did not have any clothing like Gimme did. In hindsight, perhaps traveling over the mountains towards Griffonstone was not the best idea, but it was faster. Regardless of the choice they made, Gimme had to get out of this predicament soon if they would have hope of reaching Griffonstone at all.

Not a minute sooner after that thought entered her mind, she spotted a study cabin against the Cliffside, built to survive the Griffon winters and be used as a forward rest for Griffon in the Summer. As soon as she pointed it out to Zeraora, he scooped her up in his powerful arms and dashed towards it, eager as her to get out of the cold too.

Reaching the heavy door, Gimme and Zera enter the cabin as they shut the door behind them, but find it as chilly as the outside for the walls were built for Summer and thus, thin. But at least, there was no cold wind blasting them in the face anymore. Despite now being sheltered, there was no quick way to warm up, as the cabin's fireplace barely put out enough heat before most of it dissipated through the thin walls, due to its intended use as a Summer Cabin. It seemed that it was meant only as a light source for whoever used it normally. There was however a fitted sheet mattress that passed for a bed without any blankets or pillows in sight.

Gimme wasn't impressed with the circumstances, but thought that it did seem too good to be true when she spotted the Cabin after all. If it was perfect, then someone might have already been living here. As she lit and kindled the fire, providing light and eventually heat inside the cabin, she headed towards the bed and rested upon it, expecting Zeraora to join her. However, she found him lying against the side of the bedframe in front of the fire, shivering, as the fire failed to warm him sufficiently fast enough.

She rubbed his fur to get his attention and motioned him to join her. Hesitantly, he followed, but laid on his side away from her, leaving her staring at his back. His actions irked Gimme, and raised her voice slightly with a tone that demanded him to face her, or else. Not wanting to anger Gimme further, Zera turned around to face Gimme, but still avoided eye contact. If that was the way he wanted it, then Gimme would accept it, for she only wanted her Hero to spoon with her for warmth. Yet even this he hesitated, but eventually relented as well.

They finally curled up close together, just the way Gimme wanted it. Zeraora grew comfortable, now understanding why she wanted it this way. As he relaxed covering her within his torso area, he felt the vibrations from her purring, signaling that she felt completely safe there within his arms. That realization made him feel a way towards her that he felt glimpses of before, but were forced upon him back then.

But now, for the first time, these feelings grew within him on their own accord...He was starting to become attracted to her, pulling her closer and relishing in her scent, warmth and touch. He was so preoccupied with his affection for her; he was unaware that with such blooming affection comes with it, an unconsciously growing lust. A fact that he was only made aware of when his groin sent a surge of lightening through his spine as his nearly erect cock snagged against her soft belly feathers.

.Zera yelped in shock, causing Gimme to break out of her trace as well seeking immediately at the source of the new touch. However, she did not avert her gaze from the source until she raised her head to glare at Zera with a smirk on her face. She removed herself from his embrace and proceeded to raise her rump in the air, and as she lifted her tail, it was a clear motion to him that she believed that they can warm up faster this way.

Zeraora looked stunned, but his body betrayed his inaction and gave a long and painful throb, pushing him into a decision. Now for the first time that day, was something Zera did not hesitate with” and slowly but surely mounted her.

Now Zeraora was not new to the mating arts, even if he had never mated before, he still possessed generations of instincts ensuring he would breed with healthy and worthy partners. Even if Gimme was not likely to lay eggs from his seed, nothing could stop him from utilizing those instincts now, not even logic as his cock found its mark, preparing to take the plunge.



However, logic was at the forefront of Gimme’s mind, as she remembered Zera had some sizable barbs on his cock from pleasuring him in the days past. Despite Griffon Toms(males) having barbs as well, she knows feline ones are not as kind when it comes to pulling back. With her claws it was fine, but her tender pussy was a different

story...But before she could express concern, Zera suddenly penetrated her, all the way in a single one thrust.

With a silent scream, Gimme gapes her beak open reactively, as Zera lets out his own feral growl, a sign of things to come, as following his instincts causes him to do things he wouldn't normally do as expected by Gimme's hero impression of him. There was no foreplay, nor a slow starting thrust. The moment Zeraora had penetrated Gimme, he fucked her at a rapid pace, even for only this moment, he was a fully feral beast ensuring his bloodline was passed onto the next generation.

Gimme feels all his barbs, and realizes they were very simulating, relaxing her momentarily, before Zeraora's rapid increase in speed makes her heart beat return.

Zeraora had Gimme pinned under his stance, leveraging his position to dominate and thrust as deep as he could. And all she could do was love him for it all, his barbs becoming highly simulating for her love tunnel, allowing her to relax despite the rapid pace he was pumping her at. That rest was only momentary however, as with a foot placed upon Gimme's flank, Zera was able to pump with an ever increasing pace. His muscles burned, but his instincts screamed louder than any physical limitation he had. He would not slow down, he must not slow down. He. Must. Fuck. Were his last coherent thoughts before he let out an ferocious feral growl, as he surrendered himself completely to the breeding.

And all the while Zeraora was trapped within his own mind, Gimme went along for the ride, spurred on by his feral ferociousness, she let out feral screeches of her own, absolutely piercing screeches that would have stopped any creature in their tracks...If they were even capable of listening, because Zera in this moment absolutely wasn't.

He was heading towards his the final stretch, and yet, despite the rapid speed he had been thrusting during the entirety of the mating process...Went even faster. At this point, Gimme couldn't even feel

her vaginal walls due to his barbs completely raking all the sensitivity out of them long ago, but the constant prodding of her cervix from Zera's tip never ceased.

Now nearing the very edge of his endurance, Zeraora was going absolutely insane, pumping away at an extremely fast pace before his instincts halted him in an instant



....Stopping suddenly, completely balls deep...

The roar that followed shook the very foundations of the cabin, a signal to all who might have been listening that this male was delivering his seed at that very moment, and must not be disturbed in the process. His roar was intimidating, but what shook Gimme's core the most was the force at which he delivered his seed to her tender womb.

His jet of seed sputtered from his tip as it always did in the past, but Gimme might as well have had no cervix, as it passed straight through as if it never presented a barrier as her womb became pushed back from the incredible force of his semen as it hit against it. It seems that for his first mating, he as enhanced in a sense to ensure his seed would enter even a closed womb, but it was not necessary, for Gimme was completely open to his touch.



And when it was all over, Zeraora came back to his senses, neither could feel a thing but just pant in bliss as darkness slowly overcame them...