

Usually in the dead of night, even in the most rural or isolated regions of the world, it was next to impossible to find anyplace that could actually be “silent”. Whether it be the chirping of crickets in the forest, frogs ribbiting in swampy plains, or the rare occurrence of cicadas buzzing loudly for all to admire, the concept of “silence” was basically fiction among nature. However, out in the desolate desert plains among hostile territory, the stoic nights were one of the closest instances of such a phenomena if there was any example. Aside from the occasional howl of a coyote, or the random caw of some buzzard or vulture, it was easy for one to forget their surroundings while stationed out in the middle of nowhere.

Fortunately for a particular Commander, who had recently arrived at the military base by the request of Corporal Lafayette, the rare moments of silence were far more appealing to the ears than sudden gunfire or screaming drill sergeants.

It was just past midnight, which meant that most of the base’s soldiers were supposed to be asleep in their dormitory bunks. Because of that, the lengthy hallway contained nothing but lines of closed doors that stretched all the way down towards the group showers at the end. With every step the Commander took, his black leather boots made faint, but clearly audible thumps that seemingly echoed off the walls and down the hallway before him. His piercing yellow eyes scanned around like a hawk, while his beak remained tightly closed in a studious grimace.

“HMMMMM...” The Commander exhaled sharply through his nostrils, and tried not to hum too audibly by himself. His claws were clenched behind his back, which accentuated his muscular pecs which looked like they were about to rip through his tight white shirt. Since it was

after-hours, the gryphon didn't feel the need to wear his flak-jacket or cap to maintain status. In fact, his basic attire of a white t-shirt with camouflage pants and his dog-tags made him look like a slightly older grunt like the others currently sleeping. His dark brown feathers appeared exceptionally smooth across his muscles, and barely made any creases through the tight fabric of his shirt; in fact, if someone were to peer in close enough, they would've been able to spot the two distinct circular bumps where his nipples were poking against the fabric. Nevertheless, the avian still looked remarkably intimidating, even as he stood all by himself in silence.

Of course, even with most of the dormitory bunks staying dark and stoic, the gryphon tilted his head upon hearing some muffled noises further down the hall.

... *mmmmmmm*...

... *Nff! Mnnnghhhh*...

...*hehehehe*~

Normally, the Commander wouldn't have given two shits what any of the grunts were doing this late at night. Even if they weren't sleeping, he would've been just fine waiting until drill practices the next morning to make them regret it. However, as the gryphon stood and peered down the hall with narrowing eyes, he couldn't help but ponder who *specifically* was the source for those noises. While he knew it was presumptuous to have a guess already, part of him was thinking back to a discussion he had with Officers Lafayette and Jacoby over drinks the other night. And if he recalled their more... private admissions well enough, there was a good chance that the Private they mentioned was further down that hallway.

After a brief huff through his beak, the Commander resumed walking with his thick boots clomping against the floor. Even though the sounds of his footsteps were quite audible echoing down the hall, so were those strange noises that caught his attention. As he walked further down, his beak skewed with a curious hum when he caught the distinct sounds of *two* different voices in the same direction he was headed. That revelation made his head skew the other direction, his expression now brimming with intrigue behind his gruff exterior.

The gryphon eventually found himself at the end of the hallway, which led to two perpendicular halls for him to choose at each side. He quickly turned left, where the sounds of those muffled groans and giggling became more prevalent. He could also overhear some faint plastic crinkling, but he had no idea how that noise was related to the other commotion going on. Part of him had to wonder why nobody else in the barracks were complaining about the noise, but he could only assume the rooms were more sound-proof on the inside. Fortunately for the Commander, it didn't take long for him to see where among the rows of doors that noise could've been coming from. Of course, that was mostly because the furthest door down the hall was slightly open, with a faint light peering out to beckon the gryphon's attention.

He glanced behind him for a moment as he walked, grateful that nobody else was stirring awake this late at night to investigate things. But when he finally reached that door, his beak went agape the moment he peered through the gap to see what was happening inside.

“NNNGHHH!!~”

Private Brady, the giraffe who had previously been placed under strict ‘punishment’ by his Superiors for his voyeurism, was unaware that he was now on the other end while pinning his bunkmate against the floor. The Commander wasn’t able to recognize him at first glance, but he could only assume it was him since no other giraffes were on base. Otherwise, it would’ve been awkward trying to guess which one was wearing an orange pup-hood that completely concealed his face. The thick zipper across the end of his muzzle was undone, allowing the open fly to open up while he spoke in strained groans.

“Mnnnghhh, yeah... C’mon, take it, Silas~”

“Nnnnnnffffff...”

Underneath the giraffe was a much smaller, and slightly more slender Private who the Commander was able to recognize more easily. Both of the grunts were wearing brightly colored one-piece singlets, which matched the pup-hoods both of them were wearing to match their kinky attire. However, despite being wrapped up in more yellow neoprene than a banana mascot, his reptilian tail with black scales and red spots were a good hint to his identity. The gecko was helplessly pinned underneath Brady, who was holding him in a traditional headlock the gryphon recognized from his days back in high school. Although, even from his limiting viewpoint through the door, he could tell that Silas wasn’t nearly as combative against the other Private’s technique.

Even though there were several points of attack Silas could've taken advantage of (especially against someone who had to crane their neck like a licorice stick to peer down at them), the reptile merely shivered and moaned out through his pup-hood. Unlike Brady, Silas' mask was tightly zipped to keep his muzzle closed shut. The Commander blushed when he caught sight of the thick, ribbed-looking bulge that was protruding from the crotch of Silas' singlet; but at the same time, that eye-catching erection also made the gryphon realize their outfits were clearly not athletic-regulation. The orange and yellow one-pieces both had white stripes that went down the sides of their bodies, with a text in a stylish font reading 'Kinky Boyz' as the singlets' manufacturer and logo. Since Brady was pounced over Silas and holding him tightly in place, the Commander was able to see the minimalist design of a black cat's head as a logo across his back.

"Awww, yeah~" Brady had no idea that one of his Superiors' Superiors was right behind him, even as he repositioned himself so he was in a proper sixty-nine stance above Silas' pinned form. The gecko tried his best to defend himself with his arms wrapped around the giraffe's back, but all it did was provide Brady the opportunity to grind his crotch against Silas' face. Unlike Silas, whose hard-on was very visible through the tight neoprene, Brady's bulge was significantly smaller and less obtrusive; however, given how tight and elastic the singlet's material was, the Commander's brows flagged up when he spotted the distinct lines and creases of something hard and grated covering the giraffe's member in a tiny phallic nub. Even though it was obvious that his "punishment" from Lafayette and Jacoby was still in effect, Brady seemed to be handling his chastity surprisingly well while keeping a confident tone. "Mnnnghhh... I swear, I wish I bunked with you sooner~"

It was by that point that the Commander finally took notice of something other than the two kink-donning grunts rolling around on the floor for their “wrestling” session. Underneath the giraffe and gecko, a large blue tarp was laid out that rustled audibly whenever either of them moved around. The gryphon was visibly confused at first, unsure of why a couple of Privates would invest in something so loud and crinkly for their “private” fun after hours. But as Silas groaned louder through his closed hood, Brady merely huffed with a grin before pressing his crotch right up against his bunkmate’s muzzle-zipper.

“Mmmmmmm... You want it opened up yet?~” The giraffe may have not been able to get fully erect, but that additional strain and stimulation made him shiver with every hard thrust against Silas’ face. The gecko moaned out deeply through his mask, and nodded his head as best as he could while pinned under his mate’s weight. One of his hands pulled away from Brady’s back, just so he could reach down and start rubbing his tent hard. His hips reeled up from the floor, and his cock throbbed hard enough for the gryphon to see it pulsate through the neoprene. Meanwhile, Brady just grinned through his pup-hood and reached down slowly. “Awww, yeah... I hope you’re thirsty after that ‘loss,’ Silas...”

With neither of the two noticing their Commander watching the two from the doorway, Private Brady unzipped Silas’ mask so the mouth-hole could open up wide. Those muffled groans were instantly changed to deep, hungry moans before Brady’s crotch pressed up against his mouth. With a heated grunt of his own, the giraffe grabbed the back of Silas’ hood so he couldn’t pull away from his locked-up cock. Of course, from where the Commander was standing, it seemed

that Silas wasn't too worried about what was going to happen next. All that the gecko did was roll his eyes back while moaning muffledly against Brady's bulge.

Private Brady pulled his head up, with his long neck nearly reaching his top bunk as he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Silas shuddered with anticipation, and also closed his eyes as he laid in perverted bliss. It took a few seconds for either of them to do anything, which left the Commander standing silently in wait. Fortunately for the intrigued gryphon, he didn't have to stand for too long before hearing Brady let out a soft, satisfied moan that made him press hard against Silas' face. "... Mmmmmmmmmmm..."

The gryphon wasn't sure what Brady was doing at first, since he sure as hell couldn't cum in his current state. Of course, as soon as he heard a soft hissing noise between the two grunts, the Commander quickly realized why that tarp was laid down in the first place. The giraffe's orange neoprene began to darken around his bulge, and spread out quickly as a messy stream tried to seep through the stretchy material. Even though various droplets and spurts were struggling to leak through Brady's singlet, he still unloaded his bladder while Silas was pressed up right against that wet, musky crotch.

"MMMPHHH!!!~" Silas' body reeled in ecstasy, even as Brady's hot piss gushed out through his singlet to stain the gecko's pup-hood. He tried to stick out his long, reptilian tongue as much as he could through his mask, just so he could get a good taste of all that fresh urine hitting his face and dribbling down his chest. Even from a few feet away, the gryphon's beak grimaced slightly when the acrid scent of piss hit his senses so strongly. While he may have not been "grossed-out"

by the Privates' kinky playtime, he certainly needed a moment to process what the hell the two were doing in secret. Part of him wanted to shout out loudly enough for the entire barracks to hear, just to humiliate the two weirdos and make them the laughing stock of all their fellow troops. But at the same time, the Commander couldn't help but smirk ever so slightly, his piercing gold eyes narrowing on them with the same look of contemplation that Brady would've recognized from his Superiors a while back...

“AaaaAAAaaaaahhhh...” Private Brady was clearly holding it in for a while, as his lengthy piss session lasted for almost a full minute straight without interruption. All the while, Silas was shamelessly rubbing his crotch through his neoprene and lapping up as much of that musky urine as he could. The gryphon could see the slightest hint of a dark stain seeping through Silas' crotch, but he could only assume that it was more precum than anything else. By the time Brady finally finished peeing himself against the gecko's face, his long neck crooked forward as he lunged his head down and groaned in sweet satisfaction. Meanwhile, it looked like Silas was getting close to finishing himself as he rubbed his crotch more vigorously, and his hips reeling upward with every harsh throb of his cock.

Unfortunately for both of those horny grunts, their brief moment of relief was harshly interrupted the instant their Commander finally made his presence known.

**“A’hem!”**

“NNNGHHH!!!”



“EEEEPPPP!!!”

The two jolted up from the piss-puddled tarp like they were hit with an electrical charge. The instant both of them turned their heads to see the gryphon leaning against the doorway with a smug grin, their eyes practically bulged out of the eye-holes of their pup-hoods. Private Brady was still hunched over Silas’ head, but he was frozen in place while staring back at his Superior in a familiar sense of dread. As for Private Silas, who was left completely trapped under the giraffe while soaked in still-warm piss, even the thick neoprene of his hood wasn’t enough to conceal the look of sheer horror plastered across his paling face.

Neither of them said anything for several seconds, which left their Commander standing confidently with his arms crossed over his chest. “Well, well, well... What do we have here, boys?~”

Even though both of their pup-hoods had their mouths zipped open, neither of them could say a word in terrified silence. It was probably a good thing Brady already went, since he likely would’ve pissed himself regardless at that moment. Their Commander checked out in the hall briefly, before slowly stepping into their bunk. He closed the door behind him so nobody else could eavesdrop, and smirked a little wider when he heard the metallic latch of the knob locking shut. “Huh. So this door DOES lock and close...”

Both of the kinkily-clad soldiers winced through their hoods, clearly not realizing that drastic flaw until just then. The gryphon wanted to start laughing in their faces, but he was just as

content with berating the two instead. “Seriously, who the fuck does shit like this WITHOUT double-checking that the door is locked?!” Despite his brash tone, the Commander’s beak carried the faintest hint of an amused smirk. “In fact... If I didn’t know any better, I would’ve assumed that you two wanted to get caught~”

The duo tensed up with a couple of unified gasps, before instantly breaking out of their frozen states as they struggled to pull themselves off the tarp.

“N-N-No, no, NO!!” Private Brady was still twitching badly due to his still-erect cock straining in his cage, but he was scared enough to get back on his feet and try to stand upright. Silas was less than fortunate in his own efforts, since his scaly feet kept skidding against the tarp slick with fresh piss. The Commander couldn’t help chuckling with an evil gleam in his eyes as the gecko slipped and stumbled on the floor, undoubtedly a fate more humiliating than anything he could’ve done out in the training fields. Eventually the two were able to stand side-by-side in proper formation, regardless of their outfits or how they were caught. Silas and Brady faced their Superior with their expressions frozen blank, but the Commander could still see the fear and panic practically radiating through their bulging eyes. Nevertheless, the giraffe still tried his best to address their Superior with a quivering voice. “Th-This isn’t what it looks like, Sir!”

Given what the two were doing, it wasn’t too shocking that he would try to say something so stupid in an attempt to hide their shame. However, both the Commander and Silas couldn’t help staring at the giraffe with confounded looks. Even Brady cringed after a couple seconds of silence, the realization of his statement sinking in to embarrass him even further. Silas looked

like he wanted to say something, but he could only slump his head and sigh painfully.

Fortunately, all that the Commander did was roll his eyes with a scoff. “You know what? I’m not even going to humor that statement right now...”

He took a moment to stare at the grunts, which was easy to do when neither of them tried to cover themselves or speak up in defense. The Commander took notice of Silas’ crotch, which was still prominently tented with his erection stretching out the neoprene. Brady’s bulge still showed off the tiny chastity cage he was wearing, but the Commander could notice the faint twitches it made each time he throbbed inside of his bondage. The gryphon knew that they were likely scared stiff in a literal sense, and not just because they were interrupted mid-coitus. But at the same time, his head tilted ever so slightly while narrowing his eyes on them.

“Hm... I must say...” After a brief moment of contemplation, the Commander smirked rather cheekily. “I may have known about your indiscretions from Lafayette, Private Brady. But *you*, Silas? I don’t know whether to be worried or impressed~”

Both of them hung their heads, but it didn’t do much to hide their shameful looks while they were dressed up like a couple extras from some hardcore porno site. The Commander turned his focus on the gecko, and waited patiently while Silas squirmed in his piss-spiked getup. He eventually exhaled hoarsely with his eyes clenched shut, and avoided the gryphon’s peering gaze to mutter in response, “I... I-I, uhhh... I knew Brady before I was stationed here...”

“Ohhhhhhh... That explains a bit~” The Commander shrugged indifferently, not needing to ask any further specifics or context. While he was sure there was much more he could ask, he honestly didn’t want to know too many details. Besides, given how late it was in the evening, the last thing he wanted to do was just talk with these two grunts like some intrusive dipshit. So instead, he stepped closer towards the two while avoiding the piss-puddles on the tarp. “So... is this your guys’ first time doing something like this? Because if not, I **really** have to question the door issue again.”

Before Silas could say anything, Brady sighed and hung his head to confess, “I... I wasn’t thinking, Sir...”

He then stepped forward, and took the lead as he addressed his Superior in a less frazzled tone. “If... If it means anything, I... I take full responsibility for this...”

Silas gawked at his bunkmate in shock, but didn’t dare let a sound come out of his gaping muzzle. Meanwhile, the giraffe closed his eyes and took a deep breath to accept his fate. “I-It was my idea, Sir. And... I’m fully willing to accept the consequences if it means Silas doesn’t.”

The Commander’s eyes widened a little, but he only blinked a couple times in response to that noble admission. He glanced over at Silas for a second, who tried to hide his conflicted expression from the gryphon’s gaze. Meanwhile, private Brady remained standing tall in wait for whatever punishment his Superior would order for him. However, the gryphon’s beak remained shut for only a moment before he spoke up. “Well then... If it wasn’t for your little getup there,

I'd say you have some *dignity* in ya. It's nice to see that cage they gave you didn't affect your *balls*, Private~”

Brady nodded his head with a guilty wince, but stopped halfway through to stare back at his Commander wide-eyed. “W... W-Wait, what?!”

“What, you think I don't talk with your Officers off-duty about their grunts?! In case you haven't noticed, there isn't much to do aside from talking about you guys. And you better believe Lafayette and Jacoby were eager to tell me about **you**~”

Both Brady and Silas stared up at the gryphon in stunned silence. Even with their pup-hoods on, the Commander could practically feel the heat of their blushes radiating through the thick neoprene covering their faces. He grinned a little wider in response, not minding their shocked expressions in the slightest. In fact, he was quick to add without a shred of a shame or worry in his voice, “But with that being said... You two should be lucky I'm not in a bad mood...”

Even though he couldn't actually see either of the soldiers' brows, he could practically feel them raising up in surprise. But aside from that, neither of them were able to move an inch to avoid the gryphon's dastardly grin. The Commander took a deep breath, savoring the moment while he stood before them with his hands tucked in his pockets. Silas was the first to glance down, and his eyes widened when he caught sight of a thick bulge that was emerging across the crotch of his fatigues.

Eventually, Brady's eyes drifted down to see that ironically obvious tent against the camouflage material as well.

“Heh~” The gryphon didn't mind their wandering eyes in the slightest. In fact, he leaned his hips forward a little to flaunt his endowment, while keeping a casual smirk across his beak. “You know... Despite what you two are wearing, it's admirable how quickly you stood for your Superior Officer~”

Their eyes darted back towards each other, their muzzles clenched in a mixture of confusion and awkwardness. Even though their Commander wasn't exactly acting subtle, neither of them wanted to confirm his intentions without knowing for absolute sure that it wasn't some misunderstanding. Fortunately, the gryphon didn't wait too long before speaking on their behalf. “So how about this... Instead of dragging you out into the hallway and letting **everyone** see you like this... how about we try something a little less theatrical?~”

His grin widened, and he perked his brows at the two cadets suggestively. He also took a moment to glance over at one of the walls, which was made of sturdy cinderblock and covered in enough paint to be mistaken for fordite; he knocked the wall with his knuckles hard, which only elicited a soft thump to emphasize how soundproof their bunk really was. Brady and Silas may have been aware of that already, but they still gulped from the stunning realization which left them both blushing under their pup-hoods. Neither of them said anything out of fear, but as they turned to stare at each other, it seemed that there may have been another reason for the two to remain silent before their Superior. That unspoken agreement became even more obvious when

they slowly turned back towards him, and saw that thick bulge in his fatigues becoming larger with each faint throb.

“Alright then!”

The gryphon’s sudden booming voice made both of them tense up, and they stood more upright like they were in formation for a surprise drill. The Commander grabbed hold of one of his shirt’s sleeves, and only had to lift his arm before pulling off the tight garment with a single well-practiced motion. Their eyes widened even more, with Silas’ bulge standing more rigidly against the inside of his singlet. Meanwhile, their Superior unzipped his fly slowly, all while narrowing his eyes on the two without a shred of shame on his face.

“As your commanding officer, as well as someone you two had gotten riled up very easily...”

With a brief pause, the gryphon unbuttoned his pants before saying firmly, “I’m hereby ordering you two to step down from one another so I can take charge. Is that clear?”

Luckily for the Commander, his “military order” wasn’t conceived as anything too forceful or uncomfortable for either of the piss-soaked pervs. Brady and Silas quickly nodded their heads without thinking, both out of horniness and the looming fear of him retaliating differently otherwise. And since the gryphon looked particularly tantalizing with his shirt removed, and his pants only being held up by the force of his tenting erection, neither of the cadets hesitated to respond with a couple eager salutes. “S-Sir, yes Sir!”

“That’s more like it!” With the briefest pull of his waistband, the gryphon allowed his pants to fall down to his ankles. He was wearing a tight, dark-gray jockstrap that hugged around his bulge like a coat of paint, emphasizing every distinct curve and crevice of his thick cock. Even while it was tightly constrained inside that musky cloth, both the soldiers could see just how plump and meaty his knot was looking as it stretched out the fabric near the bottom. Of course, by the time the two were able to pull their eyes away from that tempting piece of cockmeat, the gryphon had already kicked away his pants so he was wearing nothing but his dog-tags, his jockstrap, and his pair of black boots.

“Private Brady?” The Commander stared the giraffe down, intimidating him in an instant despite the vast height difference. The Private’s eyes slowly drifted downward when he saw his Superior lift up one of his feet teasingly for a moment. He could only watch as the gryphon stepped forward, and dragged the sides of his boot across the still-warm piss puddle he left on the floor. Silas’ jaw went agape, but he also took a step back while their Commander’s focus was solely on Brady. The giraffe already had an idea what would happen next, but he couldn’t help gulping nervously before the gryphon finished dirtying up his boot. “... Since you’ve seen this sort of thing from one of your officers, how about you demonstrate it yourself for Silas to learn from?~”

The gecko blinked a couple times while gawking back at Brady; however, the giraffe could only sigh with his eyes closed as he struggled not to shudder antsily. Much to his buddy’s shock, Brady actually complied without much resistance as he got himself down to his knees. His muzzle whimpered the slightest bit, but it wasn’t enough to deter the gryphon’s plans by any



means. In fact, as soon as Brady began to lower his head, his Superior reached down to grasp the back of his pup-hood. “Nnnnfffff... yeah, get in there~”

Before Brady could even gasp in surprise, which would've given him a heavy breath of the scent of his own piss, his tongue ended up being the first sensation to experience it. His eyes clenched shut, but his muzzle remained open as he groaned and tasted the salty bitterness against his tastebuds. Despite how badly he grimaced from the flavor of his own brand, his heart was racing from the pressure of his Commander's grip holding him firmly in place. Not to mention, he was straining hard inside of his chastity cage, which sent sharp jolts of pain and titillation throughout his nerves. “Mnnnnnngghhh...”

Silas stood in place as rigidly as his cock, his eyes unblinking while staring at Brady's depravity. Even if he was being forced to lick his own piss off the gryphon's boot, it was clear from the gecko's perspective that he was into it. Brady's eyes closed more naturally as he allowed his tongue to stick out even more, and his groans sounded less strained with every additional drag across that smooth leather. Eventually, Silas couldn't help reaching down to rub at his crotch through the neoprene, his breaths becoming shaky in tantalized awe.

“Ohhhhhh yeaahhhhhh~” The gryphon licked his beak sensually, and breathed out in a hiss as he watched the giraffe giving his boot an enthusiastic tongue-bath. The longer he gripped Brady by his hood, the more obvious it became that he didn't have to actually hold him in place. Of course, that didn't stop him from holding his head anyway, while using his other hand to rub at his tenting jock like Silas was. Before too long, the tip of his erection was sticking out hard enough

to pull the cup of his jockstrap away from his waist, which freed his balls and allowed them to hang heavily between his bare legs. “You like that, Private?~” The gryphon’s jeering growl was more than enough to make Brady shiver under his weight. “Mmmmmm... yeah, lick up every drop, you little freak~”

Brady couldn’t even argue against such a term, since he was more than aware of how kinky he was already acting before his Commander caught him and Silas in the act. Speaking of the gecko, his knees began to buckle under his weight while he stood and watched the spectacle like a wallflower. The Commander’s eyes eventually glanced back at Silas, before he grinned at him and gave the slightest motion of his head. All that the gecko could do was moan out softly as he lowered himself down, and got beside his buddy on his hands and knees.

“Take off my boots, Private Silas,” he commanded while grinning from ear to ear. “Maybe I’ll let you take something else off after that~”

He exhaled with a soft moan escaping his lips, but he obliged his Commander’s order as he turned his attention to the gryphon’s other boot. Brady was finishing giving their Superior a proper spit-shine by the time Silas untied both of the laces diligently. He also pulled off the unlicked boot with both hands, just before the gryphon grabbed hold of it with his free hand. The gecko could barely get a second to gasp in realization before his muzzle was stuffed into the opening of his Superior’s boot. The sheer heat of the Commander’s boot could be felt through Silas’ pup-hood, and the ripe musk permeating inside was heavy enough to make his eyes water

in an instant. Despite how badly the stench assaulted his senses from the slightest breath, the Commander and Brady could both hear how deeply the Private moaned in a muffled hum.

“MmmmmMMMMMMmmmmphhhhhh...”

Brady could feel the gryphon’s grip lessening, which allowed him to finally lift his head after licking off all that piss from the Commander’s boot. That also gave him the chance to look over and see how hard the other boot was being shoved over Silas’ muzzle. The gecko’s eyes were rolled back deeply, with Brady being able to see his chest moving in and out to emphasize his heavy breaths. He was continuing to rub his tented crotch, while the Commander noticed the thin seam that ran down Silas and Brady’s backs. He slowly let go of the boot, which was easy to do since Silas was continuing to inhale the inside of it like a bong hit. The gryphon was easily able to unzip the back of Silas’ singlet, exposing the dark gray scales that ran down his smooth and glossy back.

“Nnnnnffff...” Even with that thick boot wrapped around his face, Silas easily kneeled back upright so he could undo his singlet without the Commander’s help. Brady could only sit and watch with a conflicted blush of his own, unsure whether or not to take off his own singlet for the gryphon’s approval. Luckily for the giraffe, he was given enough time to process the taste of his own piss while Silas took their Superior’s attention. He pulled the gecko away from the soaked tarp, and led him by one of the ears of his pup-hood towards the bunk beds. The Commander needed only a second to pull down his jockstrap, which made his girthy cock spring

out like a jack-in-a-box, before he sat himself down on the bottom mattress in nothing but his socks and dog-tags.

“Herrrrrrreeeee we go...” The Commander sprawled himself on the bottom bunk with his legs spread wide apart, allowing Brady and Silas to gawk at his knotted cock with their muzzles agape. The gryphon leaned back against the wall, and shot the Privates a smug grin as he reached down and grabbed hold of his smooth, veiny shaft just above the knot. He groaned through his clenched beak as he took his time, teasingly stroking himself to make his pointed cockhead throb and ooze out a creamy glob of precum. It cascaded down the underside of his shaft, soon coating his digits with a glossy sheen that made Silas shudder and lick his lips. “Yeah, I had a feeling you two would like that,” purred the Commander with his eyes darting between Silas and Brady. “Mmmmm... Now, who’s gonna be the first to get me off, hmm?~”

Silas’ mind may have been running in a blank and frantic state, but his body seemed to be running on pure impulse as he stepped forward without thinking. He crawled towards the well-hung gryphon, with the bottom half of his singlet barely hanging on due to his erection hooking it above his waist. However, as soon as he got himself between the Commander’s legs, he yanked off the neoprene to reveal a surprisingly slender, almost fleshy-pink member that stood erect from his reptilian slit. The gryphon’s brows raised to match his look of intrigue, before he groaned with a lecherous grin. “Hmmmm... now, what do we have here?~”

Silas was kneeled in place before that daunting gryphon cock, but he still averted his eyes with an embarrassed blush. Brady may have been familiar with his buddy’s anatomy through

conventional means, but he could understand how their Superior officer might need a moment to study its unique anatomy. The giraffe was still on his knees behind his friend, and watched curiously to see how the Commander would react. Luckily for Silas, he was prepared for the question that came out of his beak. “If I may ask, Private Silas... is that always internal when it’s soft?”

The Commander didn’t ask that question with any malice or mockery, and seemed genuinely curious about such a unique variant of the familiar appendage. Silas could only shrug with his blush deepening behind his hood, and he muttered sheepishly, “W-Well, uhhh... I-I can pull it out for cleaning and basic stuff, C-Commander... But uhhhh... B-But yeah, I... I can fit it inside when erect as well...”

From how wide the gryphon’s smile became in that instant, Silas could tell that he just said something that got his Superior’s imagination going. His eyes widened briefly, but he was quickly pulled in when the Commander wrapped his legs around the gecko’s back. With a sharp gasp, Silas was yanked off the ground so he could be pulled atop the gryphon’s lap. The mostly-nude gecko was then held up by his Commander’s arms, leaving him hovering right atop that precariously standing cock underneath his bare ass.

“You know... I always wondered if I could make do with one of those~” The Commander smiled up at the gecko squirming in his grip, and perked his brows enticingly before asking, “Do you think you could slide that thing back inside? Or would that make things too tight for anything else?”

Silas' eyes were practically bulging out of his hood, and he breathed out shakily from the realization of what might happen next. But at the same time, his slender cock twitched rather excitedly from such a prospect as he showed his Commander a nervously eager smile. "O-Oh! Uhhh... W-Well, I... I-I actually haven't tried that... y-yet~"

His timid inflection with that last word was more than enough to make his Commander grin like a madman, before he motioned down to that little cock and said, "Well, if that's the case, I expect you to make do with what you have Private~"

Silas nodded sheepishly, but maintained a weak smile as he reached down with both of his hands. He closed his eyes with a soft groan, and took his time as he carefully tried to pry open his slit. His fingers slowly worked in unison to open his scales for easier access, while also pushing his erect cock back through so it could settle inside. The internal pressure was intense enough to make the gecko moan out, and his toes curled up with every inch that he could feel sliding inside to throb against his internal walls. Fortunately for both of them, it took less than a minute for Silas to push the entirety of his slender cock back into his slit, and provide a new opening for his Commander to explore.

"Oh god... oh god, oh god, oh god..." Silas knew exactly what was going to happen. Every nerve of his body tingled when he was lowered closer down, until he could feel the heat radiating off the Commander's throbbing cock. Brady didn't realize he was reaching down to tease his own member while he watched the two in action; unfortunately, the giraffe quickly hissed

through his teeth the instant he felt that painful strain of the chastity cage intensifying from his own arousal. Nevertheless, he still tried to rub the outside of his singlet as he watched his friend make contact with the gryphon's thick, pulsating cockhead. The warm precum seeping from the tip smeared against Silas' scales, causing the gecko to moan out deeply atop the Commander's lap. Meanwhile, the Superior officer clenched his beak as he lowered him even more, and began to slip into the reptile's tight little slit. "Mmmnnnfffff..."

Both of them groaned at the same time, with Silas needing to wrap his arms around the gryphon's muscular back. Despite how girthy that cock may have been, especially compared to Silas' member nestled inside of his anatomy, gravity proved to be the best assistant when it came to cramming the Commander's cock through that wet opening. If it wasn't for the gryphon's grip, Silas would've likely fallen full-force atop that rigid cock while his knees quivered in midair. Luckily for the overwhelmed gecko, his Commander kept a slow and steady pace while his thick cockhead slid its way past his more sensitive scales, and against the underside of that reptilian member inside.

"Ohhhhh yeahhhh..." The Commander reeled his head back with a contented sigh, and kept his eyes closed to savor the intense pressure that wrapped around the top of his shaft. Silas continued to moan out like a little bitch, his voice echoing off the walls for only the three inside the room to hear. Due to how tightly he was hugging the gryphon's girth, Silas could feel every hard throb of that cock that was opening his slit with each additional push. The lower the gecko went down that veiny shaft, the less he was able to control himself as his slit stretched around all that hot cockmeat. Not to mention, every intensifying throb of the gryphon's cock was shooting thick,

gooey strands of precum that Silas could feel deep inside of his internal system. His toes curled up tightly, while his muzzle opened up wider to emphasize his hungry moans.

“AaaaAAAHHHH!!!~”

“Yeah, you’re gonna take more than that, Private~” The Commander may have been taking his sweet time filling Silas with cock, but that didn’t mean he was solely focused on that particular Private. He was still grinning lewdly when he turned his head, and shot Brady a hungry stare that made the giraffe freeze up with a blush. “Nnnnfff~ D-Don’t just sit there like a wallflower, Private! G... G-Get in there and make yourself useful!”

The Private had no idea what he could do, especially when his cock was locked up without a means of relief. However, the giraffe still felt his body moving on its own accord to crawl across the piss-soaked tarp and get behind his moaning friend. Brady’s long neck allowed him to remain kneeling as he got his head up close to the gecko’s smooth, scaly ass while his tail was lifted. He breathed out silently before closing his eyes, and opening his muzzle with his tongue sticking out to provide some additional stimulation for his overstuffed friend.

“OoooOOOOHHHH!!!~” Silas tensed up greatly in the Commander’s grip, causing the gryphon to hiss through his beak as that slit clenched hard around his shaft. There were still a couple inches before his knot could make contact, but he wasn’t too worried when he caught a glimpse of Brady getting his muzzle nestled between his friend’s bare cheeks. Silas continued to groan through his teeth while Brady grabbed hold of his hips, and dragged his long tongue up the length of that sweaty hole. As soon as he got that first proper taste of his friend’s unwashed



musk, Brady let out a muffled groan of his own before sliding his tongue back down the length of his scaly crack. Meanwhile, Silas couldn't close his muzzle as he felt both of his entrances being stimulated at the same time. "Mnnnnghhhhh!!!~"

Private Brady clenched his eyes tightly while devouring Silas' hole, his tongue quickly picking up the pace to match the Commander's rate of descent. The gryphon kept lowering Silas down his shaft, making good use of that slit while the reptilian cock was helplessly pinned against the much larger endowment inside. Brady wasn't afraid to prove his own worth, and eventually prodded the outside of his buddy's hole with the tip of his dexterous tongue. Silas couldn't even try to stop them, but it was doubtful he'd want to if he had the chance. Instead, he merely tightened his grip around the gryphon's back as he tried his hardest to relax himself and allow the giraffe's tongue to cram its way inside.

Silas' eyes rolled back while he was in the middle of all that scale-stretching action, and he was unable to do anything but cry out in tantalizing ecstasy. The harsh throbs of his Commander's cock, combined with the flickering twitches of Brady's tongue, were making him slip into deeper realms of pleasure than ever expected. He was already getting wet enough to start drooling around the gryphon's fat cock; but with the additional spurts of precum gushing inside of him, both from his own member and the Commander's pulsating deep within, it didn't take long for that hefty knot to get coated in a generous amount of their creamy secretions.

"Mmmnnnphhhhh~" Private Brady moaned muffledly between his buddy's cheeks, eating out that scaly ass more fervently with each tantalizing lick. His long tongue slid deeper inside of the

gecko, with the Commander's continuous pushing causing Silas to clench hard around both of their appendages. Both of them continued to fill the reptile up, intensifying his moans and leaving him needy for more. It was unclear how much Silas could actually handle, but their Superior officer was determined to see how far both of the Privates were willing to go.

After a sharp groan through his beak, the commander tightened his grip on Silas' shoulders before pushing him down with all his might. His knot pressed hard against the outside of Silas' hole, which caused the gecko to wail out in a mixture of pain and unbridled lust. Even more of their milky white fluids seeped out of the reptile's slit, although it was unclear whether it was just their precum or Silas cumming internally. Regardless, that additional lubrication was certainly necessary to help get that fat, meaty knot to stretch out his slit even more than before.

“AAAHHHHH!!!~” Silas kept clenching, but it was a fruitless endeavor when the Commander's knot was slathered in so much pre. Even though the reptile's slit was relentlessly tight, especially with his own cock burrowed inside and throbbing like mad, that didn't stop the gryphon from trying to stuff his thick knot through with all his might. He groaned even louder while shoving his way through, with each throb of his own cock pulsating hard enough for Brady to feel from the twitches of Silas' hole. The ongoing pressure kept increasing from both ends, leaving Silas in an absolute whirlwind of arousal and stimulation that left his head thoroughly blank. All he could do was moan out like a little bitch, and hope that his Superior's knot wouldn't completely ruin him. “Aaaahhhh!! AAHHHH!!!~ K... K-KEEP GOING!!”

“I wasn’t planning to stop!” The Commander’s ravenous growl was accompanied with a harsher press against Silas’ shoulders, just before the gecko shrieked out loudly enough to nearly shake the door on its hinges.

“GNNNNAAAAHHHHHHH!!!” With a single thrust of the gryphon’s hips, Silas felt like he was about to split in two when the thickest girth of that knot worked its way through in an instant. The stretch was intense enough to make his body lock up between the two, clamping hard around the base of the Commander’s cock and Brady’s tongue. But despite the slight discomfort both of them may have felt in that brief moment, it was obvious from Silas’ overwhelmed and smitten face that the two hit a major g-spot beneath the heavy veil of pain. The reptile collapsed from the spellbindingly hot pain, and could only slump against his Superior’s chest while panting heavily. “Haaaaahhhhhh... hahhhhh... hahhhhhhhh...”

“Mmmphhhh!!” Private Brady, who felt like his tongue was caught in a vice, had to use both hands to push himself away from Silas’ tight hole. As soon as his tongue slipped out with a wet pop, he had to take a moment to breathe after such a ravenous rimming session. Fortunately, as soon as he was freed from his spot between Silas’ cheeks, Brady was finally able to see the actual point of penetration up close. His blush grew even hotter beneath his pup-hood, and his chastity cage felt much tighter upon seeing how tightly his friend’s slit was hugging the base of their Superior’s cock. Not to mention, he was able to see the thick bulge of the gryphon’s knot that was barely able to settle beneath Silas’ shimmering scales.

“Aaaaaahhhhhhhhh~” The Commander hugged Silas tightly, and shuddered alongside him as they remained locked in place. His knot was tied surprisingly well inside of the gecko, but it wasn’t enough to keep more of their gushing pre from oozing out around that dripping slit. A lot more of their milky-white fluids were dribbling out atop the Commander’s lap, but Brady had no idea whether or not the two already came while their cocks were tightly pressed together. Of course, due to how riled up and needy the giraffe was, he couldn’t have cared less while staring at that meeting point with a hungry lick of his lips...

The sounds of their strained groans were becoming dimmer in his head, even as he loomed his head in closer beneath Silas’ ass and between the Commander’s legs. Neither of them seemed to mind when he burrowed his muzzle between their locked bodies, especially with his tongue sticking out without prompting. Private Brady closed his eyes, and his muzzle opened up to let out the briefest moan as his presence was known. As soon as the tip of his tongue dragged across the base of the gryphon’s cock, lapping up a generous glob of cum that coated his tastebuds, he could hear Silas and their Superior moaning out at the same time.

“Aaaaahhhh!! Oooooohhhh, now that’s more like it!~” The Commander took a moment to grin down at the horny giraffe, and said, “Brady, you better keep that muzzle down there! I know exactly what to give you after your little stunt with Silas earlier~”

Brady had no idea what the Commander was planning, but he remained firmly nestled between their bodies as he felt each rapid throb against his tongue. His muzzle was already drooling after rimming Silas’ ass, but the unique flavor of their loads was causing his pup-hood to get soaked

across the bottom half. He closed his eyes as he licked up even more of their secretions, letting the salty bitterness tantalize his tongue and keep his chastity cage straining. He could hear the gryphon grunting above his head, as well as Silas' breaths becoming more rapid with each passing second. Brady could also feel how hard his Commander was pulsating inside of the moaning reptile, despite neither of them moving much in place.

"Mmmmm... c'mon, Silas..." The Commander loomed in to whisper something into Silas' ear, just out of Brady's earshot to understand what was being said. He heard a soft gasp from the gecko, but he was more focused on cleaning up the cum that was gushing out around his buddy's hungry slit. By the time the gryphon pulled his head back with a devious grin, Silas was trying to close his eyes while nodding in understanding. All the while, Brady continued to taste every inch of the Commander's cock that wasn't firmly nestled against Silas' inside of him.

"Nnnnghhhhh..." The gryphon closed his eyes as well, and the two held each other even closer while tightly connected over Brady's head. More of their combined fluids were gushing out around the Commander's knot, dribbling all over the bridge of Brady's muzzle and over his outstretched tongue. The slutty giraffe kept lapping up as much as he could, with his hips thrusting involuntarily as a means to quell the constant pressure his cage was putting him through. His tongue even slid downward to lick across the gryphon's plump, low-hanging balls to get more of that heady musk. Both of those meaty orbs were pulsating hard against Brady's tongue, but he could hear how much the gryphon was trying to "relax" inside of Silas' drooling slit.

“Awww, fuck...” The gryphon held Silas even tighter, and tried his best to focus on the task with his eyes closed. The gecko was trying to settle down as well, despite how brutally that knot was stuffing him to the brim with so much throbbing cockmeat. Even though Brady was stimulating both of them with his tongue slathering them side-by-side, it wasn’t enough to counteract the natural impulses both of them could feel intensifying within. Just as Silas felt himself about to unload, he lunged in without warning to plant his lips against the Commander’s beak. His golden eyes shot wide-open, but he wasn’t able to pull away from the gecko’s surprising embrace. In fact, only a couple seconds passed before the Commander closed his eyes, and reciprocated the kiss in an attempt to settle both of their writhing bodies. “... mmmmmmmphhhh...”

Private Brady couldn’t see the two kissing, but he could hear their muffled groans enough to make his ears flag up with interest. But before he could realize what was going on, he overheard Silas belt out a titillated shriek inside the gryphon’s beak. The Commander moaned back inside the reptile’s muzzle, while his still-throbbing cock unloaded something else inside that scaley slit. Despite how overfilled that tight space may have been with both of their gooey cumshots, that didn’t mean the gryphon couldn’t relieve himself without the need to pull out. His knot remained fully swollen, which helped to bloat out Silas’ scales as he filled his internal slit with a bladder’s worth of hot, salty piss. But much like the combined loads that he and Silas already shot inside, it didn’t take long for even more of their fluids to trickle around the slit and onto Brady’s moaning face.

“Aaaaahhhh!!~” The giraffe was helplessly pinned under their combined weight, but he wouldn’t have tried to pull back regardless at that moment. Less than a few seconds after the Commander

started peeing inside of Silas' slit, the gecko quivered in his embrace before unloading his own bladder as well. The gushing torrent of hot piss erupted out around that knot in a cascade, splattering all over Brady's pup-hood and coating it in a mixture of urine and fresh cum. The giraffe was depraved enough to open up his muzzle while beneath the stream, mostly because his chastity cage was leaving him too horny to really think over the ramifications. Because of that, all that Brady could do was groan with a grimaced shudder as he tasted the volley of piss and cum that coated his outstretched tongue, striking his tastebuds like a brick to the face and causing his body to tingle relentlessly.

Brady wasn't the only one left moaning from the Commander's piss session, as Silas could barely hold onto him without trembling like a fallen leaf. The intense warmth of all that hot piss flooding him internally was making his scales tingle like mad, and his own member to throb against the gryphon's thicker shaft. Even though he was relieving himself at the same time as his Commander, Silas was still moaning softly by the time he unloaded every drop from his bladder. And with that massive knot keeping a nearly airtight seal inside of him, the gecko had to rest his head on the Superior's shoulder while the sloshing fluids inside of him trickled out at a tauntingly slow rate. "AaaaaAAAAAaaaaahhhhhh..."

"Sssshhhhhh... Settle down, Private~" While Brady continued to moan and lap up all that piss dribbling out of Silas' slit, the Commander was hugging the gecko tightly and rubbing his back. Silas appreciated the gentler treatment his Superior was providing him, despite how tightly his slit was clenched around that thick knot which refused to soften inside of him. The gryphon held him in a surprisingly sensual manner, even patting his back like he was congratulating him for a

job well done. Private Brady may have been ignored by the two while he was licking up every drop splattering on his face, but it was clear from his writhing hips that he was just as content with everything as his buddy was.

“Jeeze, you two really are freaky as fuck!” The Commander chuckled softly, and eventually pulled Silas off of him with the last of his strength. The gecko may have been overwhelmed and exhausted after that strenuous knotting, but he still let out a hefty moan of rapture the instant he felt that plump knot pull out of him with a wet pop. The end result was similar to a water balloon breaking, as a sudden torrent of piss and cum unloaded all at once from the reptile’s loosened slit. Private Brady could barely even moan before he was hit in the face with all of their gooeey secretions. Meanwhile, the gryphon groaned with a sickly satisfied grin as he marveled at the aftermath below and licked his beak. “Nnnffff~ No wonder Lafayette and Jacoby wanted you all to themselves~”

Despite lying on the floor with his head resting on the mattress, his pup-hood coated in more bodily fluids than a crime scene, his eyes were half-lidded in a state of perverted bliss after indulging in so much depravity. Since his chastity cage was still straining hard from his cock refusing to cum, his hips continued to twitch and spasm from his arousal remaining consistent. Luckily for the giraffe, it seemed that his buddy and their Superior officer were finished by themselves, which allowed him a moment to breathe as they pulled themselves off the bunk. Unfortunately, the aftermath of all that piss-laden knotting left the mattress a sloppy mess that looked worse than the tarp on the floor.



“Fuck... I should write a maintenance report for a new mattress...” The Commander shrugged when he saw what happened to the bed, but Silas was the one to wince painfully upon seeing how it looked; he may have gotten his buttons pushed tremendously well, but he also felt guilty about ruining his roommate’s bedding in the process. His thorough fucking made him lean against the side of the bunk with his knees quivering, and the last remnants of their fun dribbling down the inside of his thighs. His reptilian slit was stretched out quite drastically, while his semi-flaccid member hung limp between his legs like a piece of meat. Meanwhile, Brady was finally able to slide his tongue back into his muzzle with a slight grimace, and an audible gulp.

“Hmph~” The gryphon kept his confident smirk as he stared at the two soldiers in their post-coital states. Since both of them still had their pup-hoods on, the Commander could only imagine how sweaty and fatigued they must’ve been beneath all that tight neoprene. Brady slowly pulled himself back to his wobbling legs, but had to lean against the wall to maintain his footing like Silas was. The gecko seemed a bit quicker to get himself settled in place, despite how brutally their Superior used his slit. But as soon as the two were able to stand, their Commander’s voice prompted both of them to freeze up from intimidation. “Okay then, boys! I don’t know about you two, but I’m gonna head to the showers to rinse myself off. I’d suggest you guys take those stupid fucking masks off your heads before going out in the halls if you wanna clean up as well~”

Then without warning, the Commander retrieved his clothing before stepping out of the room. Just as quickly as he entered the bunk, the gryphon exited with his clothes in his hands to cover his bare crotch. Since the hallway was still empty, he was able to walk towards the showers

without a shred of shame across his nude body. Meanwhile, both Brady and Silas could only gawk as they stared out the open doorway with their pup-hoods still on.

Neither of them could say much after they closed the door, and they were left alone in their room with the scent of piss and cum permeating in the air. Brady was the first to pull off his hood, with his spotted fur matted to his face while he panted heavily. Silas' scales were glistening with sweat when he took off his own mask, but it was much less noticeable due to his naturally glossy body. They took a moment to look around their room, internally cringing from the realization of how long it would take to clean everything up. Nevertheless, Private Brady was the first to try and speak when he turned his attention back to his buddy. "... Ummm... s-so, uhhhh..."

Silas glanced over at him with a tired expression, but still appeared content after their surprise visitor. The giraffe scratched the back of his long neck awkwardly, while averting his eyes from Silas to hide his nervous blush. After taking a couple seconds, he shot his friend a weak smile and tried to ask, "Do... Do you think we can get another round with him if we get to the showers quick enough?~"

Silas may have been just as perverted as Brady, but he shot him a flat stare to emphasize his puzzlement. "... Really, dude? After all that, you're still fucking horny?!"

"What?! It's not like I can cum in this thing!"

Instead of arguing with his friend, Silas could only sigh and roll his eyes. “Ugh... I swear, those officers made you harder to handle than me.”

“Heh~” Private Brady didn’t show any remorse as he shot him a wide and confident grin. “You know what? I’ll take that as a compliment~”