

Cleaning up

Cairbre felt dirty. He had just showered, but he could feel microscopic specks of dust floating in his thick black and white striped fur. It annoyed him to no end. He knew what was happening. The instincts were kicking in, making him twitchy. He had to resist them, there was no glory in acting like an animal. The griffin walked to his kitchen, his foot kicking along the way, trying to ignore the every movement of his fur. He felt his tongue moisten, a preparation to groom himself.

“No.”

He said to himself, trying to fix some coffee. He could feel his body twitch in annoyance. He lowered his ears and shut his eyes tightly, then let out a grumbling sigh.

“Fine!”

He barked to no one in particular. The griffon sat down on the floor and began to groom himself, tongue gliding along his leg, down to his feet. He pulled a wing around his back and nibbled at the feathers, preening them. Moving on down his stomach, he washed himself with his tongue, bobbing his head up and down to get the best licks in.

“Here we go...”

He grumbled, already feeling cleaner, better. He worked his way down to his sheath, skipped over it and began to wash his heavy balls. He lifted one leg, arms pushed behind him, craning his neck downward to get to himself. He lapped at his balls, a deep blush on his face, his cheeks and across his nose heating. He licked his way up his sheath, and licked at the tip of his cock, which poked outward.

“Noooo, not yet.”

He scolded himself, he had so much more work to do. He licked along his chest and then his legs, contorting his body about to be able to reach every nook and cranny. It was humiliating when his instincts kicked in, and he found himself preening and grooming. His cock was slowly stiffening in its sheath, embarrassing him further.

Cairbre sat up and puffed out his cheeks in annoyance. He glanced around, still alone.

“...Fine!”

He barked again, then opened his mouth...and slowly placed it over his cock. He'd have more cleaning to do later.