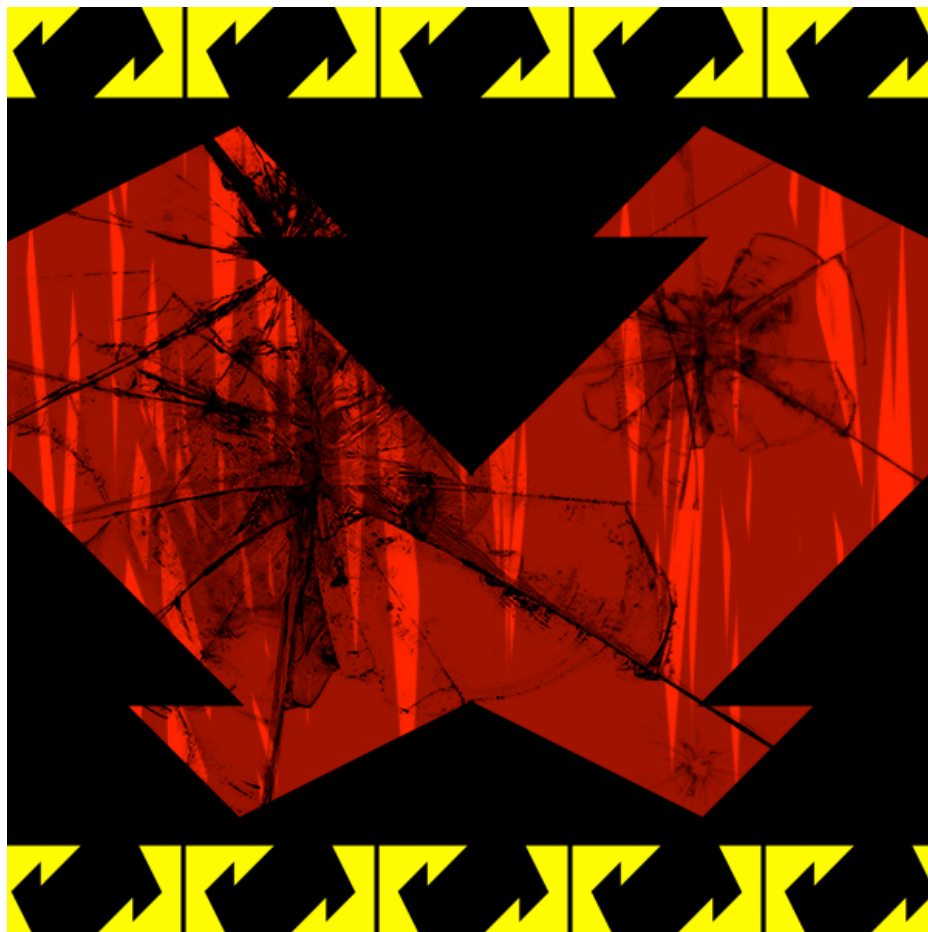
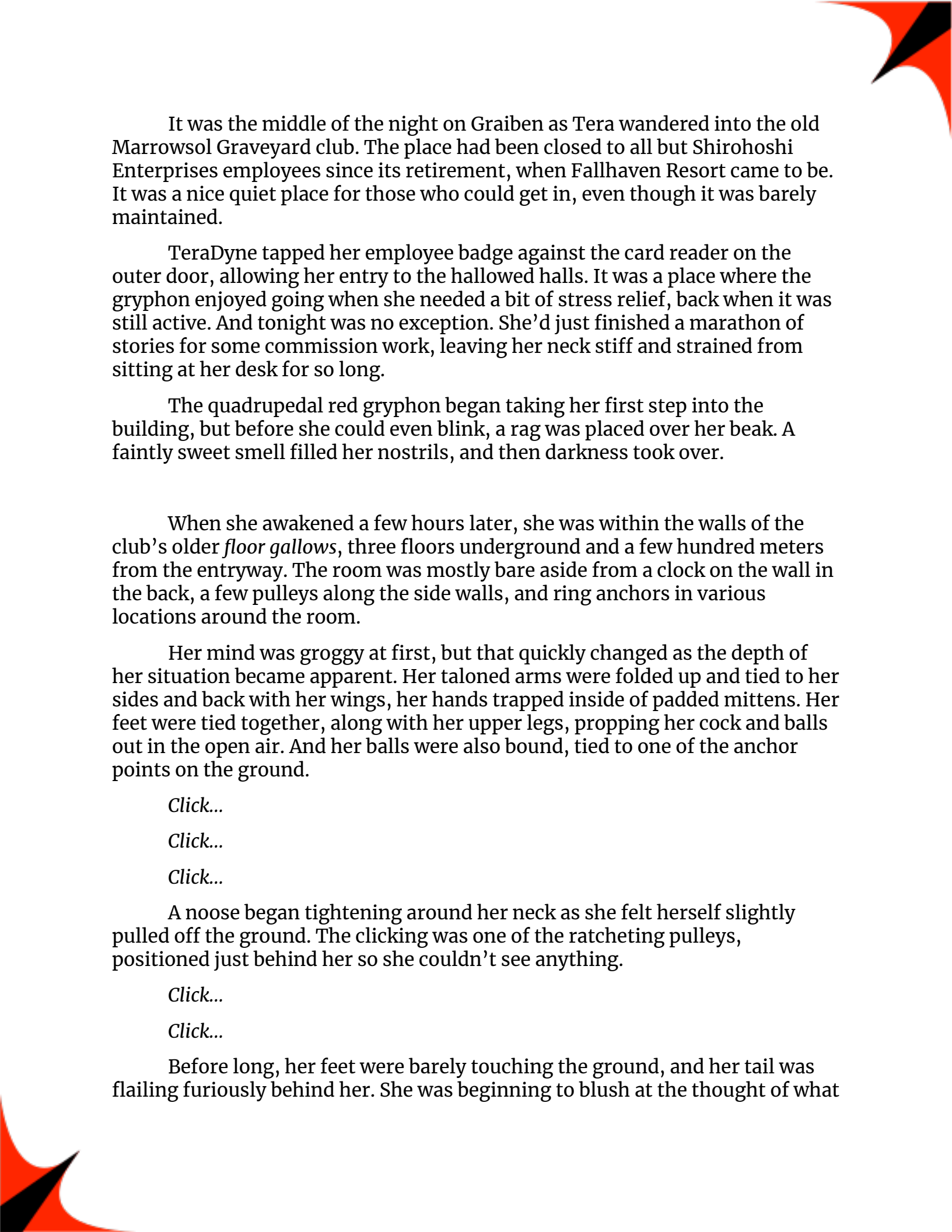


Late Night Stress Relief



By Teradyne Ezeri
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It was the middle of the night on Graiben as Tera wandered into the old Marrowsol Graveyard club. The place had been closed to all but Shirohoshi Enterprises employees since its retirement, when Fallhaven Resort came to be. It was a nice quiet place for those who could get in, even though it was barely maintained.

TeraDyne tapped her employee badge against the card reader on the outer door, allowing her entry to the hallowed halls. It was a place where the gryphon enjoyed going when she needed a bit of stress relief, back when it was still active. And tonight was no exception. She'd just finished a marathon of stories for some commission work, leaving her neck stiff and strained from sitting at her desk for so long.

The quadrupedal red gryphon began taking her first step into the building, but before she could even blink, a rag was placed over her beak. A faintly sweet smell filled her nostrils, and then darkness took over.

When she awakened a few hours later, she was within the walls of the club's older *floor gallows*, three floors underground and a few hundred meters from the entryway. The room was mostly bare aside from a clock on the wall in the back, a few pulleys along the side walls, and ring anchors in various locations around the room.

Her mind was groggy at first, but that quickly changed as the depth of her situation became apparent. Her taloned arms were folded up and tied to her sides and back with her wings, her hands trapped inside of padded mittens. Her feet were tied together, along with her upper legs, propping her cock and balls out in the open air. And her balls were also bound, tied to one of the anchor points on the ground.

Click...

Click...

Click...

A noose began tightening around her neck as she felt herself slightly pulled off the ground. The clicking was one of the ratcheting pulleys, positioned just behind her so she couldn't see anything.

Click...

Click...

Before long, her feet were barely touching the ground, and her tail was flailing furiously behind her. She was beginning to blush at the thought of what

was happening to her, and the growing arousal between her legs was betraying her enjoyment of the peril she was in.

Click...

Click...

The click of the lock on the pulley echoed in Tera's head, along with the pounding of her own heart. She tried to spread her wings to give herself a bit more breath, but despite being unable to see them, they felt practically useless. They'd been clipped, and very close to the roots. There wasn't enough to give her any lift, and even if there were, she barely had enough room to pull herself up for air without pulling her balls to their limit.

She gave a brief struggle as her beak leaned up and gasped for air, only getting a little before the bird had to dip back down from the ache between her legs.


Then, the slamming of a door leading out toward the second floor lobby. She'd recognize it from anywhere thanks to all the times she'd visited the very room she was trapped in.

Little by little, her air was burned through as she breathed out without being able to take enough in to matter. Eventually, it ran out, and the clock began counting down in her head. She was already leaking precum as she battled for what little breath she could take, eager to prolong her fate as best she could, but there was no getting out of it.

Seconds turned into minutes, and her cheeks went from red to a light blue. Her cock practically exploded with cum in the middle of the air, soaking the floor in front of her. She was quivering, not just from the afterglow, but from the lack of oxygen. There was no pain. Just a dull ache in her lungs as they fought to keep her going.

Minutes turned into a quarter hour. She only knew because of the ticking of the clock on the wall, still turning after all the years of neglect. She was approaching her usual record already. Her second orgasm hit her harder than the first as she managed to stretch herself for a gulp of breath, but even that wasn't much with her ruined body. And the moan she let out expelled most of what she'd managed to get inside of her.

By the time the half hour mark stuck, and the bells of the clock signaled midnight, her face was practically purple. She could barely see anything but the darkness that slowly crept in around the edges of her vision, and her limbs twitched and jerked without her input. One particularly excitable movement caused her to arch her back, a good liter of cum spraying from her cock like a fountain.



It only took a couple more minutes for the black void to fully swallow her. With one last tense and breathless gasp, her balls emptied onto the floor, and the gryphon's heart went silent. The beauty of death swallowed her whole.

When she awakened next, it was a quarter to the first hour of the morning, and she was on the floor of the floor gallows room. She'd reformed just meters from her previous body, which was still hanging from the ceiling with its eyes closed.

The phoenix gryphon blushed brightly as she looked at the masterful work of whomever had decided to sneak up on her for the act. Part of her wanted to drag them along for the experience next time, and another wanted to get their number and try to hire them for her team at Shirohoshi. And yet, there was that third part that just wanted it to very suddenly happen again.

The clock struck three when she awakened once again. And once again, she was tied up on another pulley, the previous body hanging right in front of her to remind her of what was in store. Yet again, the poor gryphon was hard as a rock.

And one word went through her mind as she stretched for a quick gasp of breath: *Yay!*