

Don't Drool

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(Inktober Prompt, Day 6: Drool)

Content warning: Copious saliva play, drugs, bondage, casual world, public humiliation, degradation, objectification, snuff, drowning, and fatality

Slurrrrp~

"Ugh," Lenai groaned, wishing her hands were big enough to fully cover her ears. Instead, the floating imp settled for casting an ugly glare at the loudly sipping badger man. He didn't seem to notice or care; all he wanted was his morning caffeine.

The coffee shop was filled to the brim with people of all sorts seeking a small kick to start off their day. The most exotic, however, was likely the smooth-skinned imp that waited less-than-patiently in line. Not only was she small compared to everyone else, but her lack of clothing, dark skin patterns, brilliant yellow and red eyes, long bleach-blonde hair, large pointed ears, and voluptuous curves tended to attract attention. There weren't many imps around, after all. In fact, Lenai most likely would've been the first they'd seen.

Lenai's attention, meanwhile, was focused on the numerous rude creatures that forewent manners in exchange for speed. Grumbling, she couldn't imagine how such a society operated; she'd been chastised upon first arriving in this world for her lack of manners—particularly her nakedness—and here were foxes that didn't cover their mouths when they coughed, horses that snorted and picked their noses, dogs that lapped at their coffees and talked far too loud, and, of course, at least one badger who slurped. If she bothered to put on an illusion every morning to hide her "private parts", surely they could control their own holes!

"Welcome! What can I get you this morning?"

The imp snapped to attention and looked forward; she had subconsciously moved along with the line and had finally found herself in front of the cashier. Sighing, Lenai rubbed her eyes, gave the most polite smile she could for the morning, and looked the coffee shop employee in the eyes. "Oh, yes, I'd like a—"

Lenai trailed off. The gryphon lady, mostly covered in pink feathers and fur that slowly darkened to purple at her neck and the bottoms of her wings, was certainly cute. However, Lenai wasn't precisely in the mood to be flirting at 7 AM. What had stopped the imp was the fact that the gryphon's bronze-colored beak hung slightly open, tongue loosely lolling out of one side, and trails of saliva ran down her beak and neck to soak at the collar of her shirt, a dark, moistened area showing she clearly had been leaking for quite some time.

The person. Helping her with her coffee. Was drooling.

“...ma’am?” the cashier inquired.

Lenai shuddered in revulsion, digging one fang into her lip and chewing in an effort to distract herself from the disgraceful display. “...medium cappuccino, please. With the cinnamon, without the whipped cream,” she managed to say. Her eyes, looking anywhere but at the gryphon’s face, decided the next most polite and good mannered place to look was the employee’s name tag. “...Ralieh.”

Ralieh beamed, quickly registering the order. Wasn’t often a customer bothered to call her by name! “And would you like a croissant or pastry with that?” she dutifully asked.

“Are they soggy?”

“What?”

“...no pastry, please. Just the cappuccino.”

Ralieh completed the entry. “That’ll be \$4.55,” she reported. Lenai pulled the money out of her personal storage spell, exact change for her usual order. Counting it out, Ralieh nodded and confirmed the payment. “Thank you, keep your receipt on hand. Can I have a name for the order?”

“Lenai,” the imp sighed, grimacing as she caught a glimpse of a large drop of saliva at the corner of the gryphon’s beak while she reached for her receipt. As soon as it was in her hand, she drifted off to float near the counter to await her drink as many others did. Ralieh watched the imp leave, slightly thrown off by not having been given the chance to tell the strange creature how to pick up her order. At least the cute, curvy thing seemed to know already!

Lenai watched the shop workers bustle between machines, pouring this and sprinkling that, whipped cream canisters hissing and espresso machines whirring. Eventually, the two baristas became overwhelmed by the volume of orders, coaxing Ralieh to leave the register and begin preparing a few orders. “Oh please not mine,” Lenai muttered as a blonde-furred cat picked up his drink and began to slurp at the cup’s edge. Briefly, she was distracted, but soon the imp found Ralieh at the espresso machine. Filling a medium-sized cup.

Lenai groaned as the open-beaked gryphon brought the cup over to another machine, watching as hot milk injected into the espresso. Ralieh passed by the whipped cream, tiny, dangling dribbles of saliva flecking against her shirt and apron as she moved. Then, the pink and purple lady began to shake a spoonful of cinnamon over the top of the drink. The imp’s heart dropped as she watched another drop of drool drip from the tip of the lazy tongue, a growing horror as it fell directly into the cinnamon container. The tiny dot caused a small patch of the spice to clump together. The imp gagged at the sight.

“Lenai?” the gryphon called out, placing the cup on the counter. Lenai floated up and looked at the cardboard container. While it looked like a serviceable cappuccino like she always got, the imp couldn’t help but inspect it. And, sure enough, she saw enough to bring her aggravation to a boiling point: tiny drops of clear, thick liquid on the side and rim of her drink.

“Fuck, really? Is it so hard not to drool?” she scolded shamelessly, locking her eyes on the gryphon. “If it really is that much trouble, you probably should not work in a place that serves food or drinks! It’s disgusting, unhygienic, and just plain rude!”

Some of the shop quieted down, looking at the imp and the barista she’d yelled at. Ralieh’s face looked shocked at first, seeing the revulsion on Lenai’s face, the scowl and accusatory eyes. Then, the gryphon smiled, drawing in her tongue and swallowing what must’ve been close to a full mouthful of pooled saliva. “I’m sorry, Miss Lenai,” she said, bowing her head apologetically. “But...my drool is perfectly hygienic. See...”

“You don’t even know how filthy mouths can be?” Lenai gasped in horrified astonishment. “Does your manager even know?!”

“Would you like to speak with him?” the gryphon asked.

“Yes, yes in fact I would!” the imp responded, folding her arms.

“He’s in his office. Please use the employees door to the left, and I’ll show you where you need to go.”

The imp floated over to the door, turning the knob and slipping through the opening. Angry as she was, though, Lenai was not about to forget good manners. After all, all of this was about exactly that. So she reached behind herself and closed the door.

Sllllluuurp~!

A sudden soggy sensation drew up her body from her rump to the back of her neck. Squeaking at the lewd sensation, Lenai was unprepared as another slimy *slllurrrrp~* sounded out, the sensation drawing a line between her ass cheeks and up across her shoulder. Lenai spun, face contorted in confusion and disgust, just in time to see a beak and tongue lash out at her body and two gryphon hands grab her by the arms. *Slllurrrrp~* went the long, pointed muscle up from between Lenai’s legs to across the imp’s face.

Disarmed by the lewd sensations, Lenai’s illusions fell away. The tuck between her legs now shimmered in the hallway’s light with a coating of yellow slime, twitching at the unexpected molestation. Lenai’s mouth opened to scream at the pink gryphon that held her tight, but the beak came forward and met the open mouth in a full-on kiss. The imp’s voice cut out, eyes looking as splatters of more yellow slime rained across her face. She could feel more of it spill out from the tongue that now slipped into her mouth. Then, after lashing all over the imp’s gums, it immediately drove to the back of Lenai’s mouth, the intrusion so quick and confident that she couldn’t even gag.

Ralieh hummed, enjoying this deep kiss, licking the base of Lenai's tongue and dragging more slime along to coat even the inside of the imp's throat. The body in her grasp squirmed, but slowly the squirms would begin to grow erratic. Muscles twitched, but no movement was achieved. Only once she felt not a trace of a gag reflex from her invading tongue diving all the way down that small neck did Ralieh release the kiss with a self-satisfied "Ahhh~"

Lenai found her body unresponsive, the last vestiges of control in her arms and legs. Those too began to still after the gryphon's beak enveloped them and swished them over with more strange gunk. Eventually, Lenai was left limp as a doll, eyes flailing as they tried to find an explanation or an escape in that lonely hallway.

"There," Ralieh sighed, grinning at her work. "Now I can explain. You really shouldn't criticize people about their bodies without knowing context." Lenai's eyes locked on the gryphon's, coaxing a laugh from the barista. "Oh? Well, let's see how to explain this so you can understand...;let's start with why you can't move or speak."

Ralieh gulped back some fluid, only to open her mouth. An opaque white liquid poured down the gryphon's tongue into Lenai's paralyzed, open mouth. Lenai couldn't gag at the disgusting act she was forced into, but after the first second her confusion might have stopped her from doing so even if she still could. Milk. The gryphon was drooling milk.

The tongue drew back inside, allowing Ralieh to swallow once more. "Yup. See, I have a condition that makes me overproduce saliva," she explained. "But my big brother tinkered around with me while I was still a baby, and wouldn't you know it: he magicked me a new ability. Any liquid I've ever drunk about a cup or so of I become immune to adverse effects of after the first time. And, from that point forward, I can produce it in my mouth, too. ...means I can't get drunk, but it also means—if I'm willing to have a bad time the first time—I can learn to make things like muscular paralysis gel. See?"

Lenai was astounded such a thing existed, but her intrigue hardly offset her indignation. "So, what you were complaining about? 100% pure water," Ralieh cooed, picking up Lenai in her arms and walking towards the back. "And you better believe my mouth is clean since I can swish fluoride whenever I want. Now don't you feel silly?" To be honest with herself, she did feel a little silly, but Lenai was still not pleased with the idea of people drooling all over the place. It was improper, and Lenai had worked very hard to learn what was or wasn't polite in this world!

"...no sympathy in those eyes yet, I see," the gryphon tisked. "Well then, I'm going to keep you around. Tomorrow, I'll see if I can't get you to accept my drooling with a little bit of time in a new perspective. Who knows, maybe you'll even learn to enjoy it?" With that, Ralieh reached her employee locker, unzipped a small gym bag, and dropped the paralyzed imp inside. "We'll have some fun, Lenai!" she sung playfully, waving as she zipped the gym bag up,

locked her locker, and returned to work. There was still a busy day of work she had to complete, plus her regular afternoon trip to the gym! No rest for the wicked, it seemed.

By the time Lenai woke up the following day, she was already feeling quite conflicted. While the darkness of a gym bag was unpleasant for those long work hours, everything after that had bled together into a confusing, arousing mess. Ralieh had fed her a late liquid lunch, then tongue-bathed her in what the imp now was pretty sure was an aphrodisiac. Her cunt had twitched in that empty bag while Ralieh worked out, only to be thoroughly stimulated by the new sensation of sweat-logged clothes stuffed around her entire body after the workout was done. The musk and dirty clothes had given her plenty to grow aroused by during the long drive to Ralieh's apartment. And, once there, Lenai's day did not slow down.

The sexual assault had quickly grown into one of the most overwhelming experiences of pleasure the imp had ever experienced. Whether chemically or through her own passion, Ralieh's tongue had become an object of obsession. The imp wouldn't disregard the possibility that, after that night and to her shame, she might have had more than a few kinks wormed into her brain. But she hardly could say she approved. And Ralieh seemed to pick up on that.

"Wakey, wakey!"

Lenai's eyes opened, her mouth aching as she tried to groan. In front of her, Ralieh leaned over her smiling, once more in her coffee shop uniform. In fact, the wall behind her Lenai recognized as the coffee shop's. But why couldn't she move her mouth? Or tongue? And why did it feel like she was floating without any magic? And why did her skin tingle and feel like every inch of it was squeezed over by a crinkled plastic bag?

"Here's the deal, Lenai," Ralieh said, bronze beak still stretched in the gryphon equivalent of a toothy grin. "You're super cute and fun. You got to see all the good things my gift can do. But...you still think I'm gross for doing it, right?" Lenai tried to nod. Something tight around her neck refused to let her. "So," the gryphon continued, "I'm going to give you some time in my shoes. Maybe even be a little kinder! If you win, I'll let you go and you can believe whatever you want to believe. If you lose...well, you'll be cute doing so."

The pink gryphon raised up a mirror. In it, Lenai saw herself from slightly above. Body encased in what she assumed was the quick-solidifying black latex Ralieh had demonstrated the previous night, she was suspended in a clear box by taut leather cables. Her body was angled, her butt lower to the ground than her head. Her legs were spread and a small opening in the box led directly to her undisguised sex. The tuck had been spread open by a metal ring, allowing anyone outside easy access to the still arousal-slick tunnel inside. Her head also poked out of the box, ring gag spreading her mouth wide and a small clip having pinched and tugged her tongue fully out and on display. Her hair had been tied back in a tight ponytail that dangled loosely in the air below. But it was clear there was a piece missing. And as Ralieh set aside the

mirror, Lenai saw that missing piece: the gryphon held up a small plastic garbage bag, one cut to make it substantially more shallow.

"I'm going to do something naughty with you," Ralieh giggled, "so that you'll uncontrollably drool when a little something happens. You'll fill up the little garbage bag that's over your body and under the latex, so you're washing all over in your own drool if you can't control it. Then, once there's a nice layer around your body, it'll start to fill your head bag up. If the end of the work day comes and you're still with me, you win! Otherwise, you'll go limp knowing I had a lot more control than you gave me credit for. ...and you'd already be in a garbage bag, too! So don't worry about making my work day too difficult~"

Lenai's body squirmed and wiggled, trying to strain her bindings and containing sack to no avail. Ralieh leaned down to the writhing toy and licked across her forehead, a slightly purple liquid trickling over those smooth temples and catching in the imp's hairline. The imp's struggles began to slow, her eyes hazing over. "Shh," the gryphon cooed. "Just focus on my voice. Just. Focus. On. My. Voice...Just...think...of...drool.....just...dream...of..."

...

"-ou for waiting, everybody! We're open now. Please make sure to check our specials!"

"How can I help you?"

"Uh, yeah. One large mocha and a morning wood special."

"Excellent! That'll be \$8.65. Order name?"

"Ari."

"Thank you! Your mocha will be ready at the counter to the left in a minute. In the meanwhile, please enjoy the special to the right! Good morning!"

"One small dark roast, please. And...I don't have wood to offer, but could I use the special too?"

"Certainly! A morning tease special, we'll make it half price."

"Oh, wonderful! I'd be happy to contribute then. That too."

"You're too kind! Our special will appreciate it. I should add that to the board. Anyhow, that's \$4.35. Order name?"

"Janet."

"Thank you! Your coffee will be ready at the counter to the left in a minute, and it looks like our special will be free soon! Good morning!"

Ralieh quickly drew on the wall-hung blackboard an additional line for the new order type she had improvised. Nodding at the message, she returned to her morning routine, the staff bustling with orders. Lenai, meanwhile, slowly regained consciousness to find herself grunting and moaning. A grey fox humped into her exposed sex, the hot shaft throbbing as it worked out its morning hardness. Arousal trickled to the polished wood floor beneath the table her box was upon. Soon, after a satisfied tense and sigh from the fox, thick white spunk drooled out from her cunt to join the other liquids.

As the otter stepped forward, giggling as she forced her hand in to squish and tease the vulnerable imp's hole, Lenai noticed something. The otter's fisting was inconsistent in its pleasuring as it pumped inside of her, giving short bursts of stimulation. From underneath her tongue, Lenai sprayed gushes of saliva, the fluid trickling down to pool at her feet. And while their rate roughly matched the otter's molestation, the courses of drool running down her chin and neck. Whenever she thought of the humiliation of her situation, of the disgust she held for her own drool washing down her body, and if the arousal she felt, fluid flowed from her mouth and dripped off of her pinched and lolling tongue. The more aroused she got, the more her bag filled!

Lenai's own mind was its worst enemy, but it certainly didn't help that early wakers walked through the door to see the blackboard.

Today's Special! ★Only today!★
Your morning needs are varied, so we're trying something new!
Relieve your stress and help us test a new service.
If our imp toy can manage to handle your needs today,
we may add this service more frequently!

Morning Wood Special - \$2 for a minute
Morning Tease Special - \$1 for a minute

(Don't worry if it breaks;
sluts with no control
deserve to be trashed.♥)

The imp's body continued to get pumped of cum and teased by commuters and locals happy for an amusing diversion to stimulate their senses and leave them leaving pleased and caffeinated both. Just as white spunk and imp juices drooled to the floor to be periodically wiped up by Ralieh, Lenai couldn't help but sputter more and more fluid down from her mouth to wash over her curves. The latex bag was already stretched and heavy a few hours in, the gross sensation of her body slathered in her own drool speeding her towards an untimely demise. Yet still, person after person came, working her gaping cunt and occasionally offering dirty encouragements where they didn't wordlessly use her like the object she was.

"Keep it up! You can take as many cocks as you want if you believe hard enough!"
"Wow, you're drooling so much. From both ends! You really love this, huh?"
"Mm, could be a lot tighter. And you're almost full already, too. Have fun in the trash."

The plastic bag beneath the latex coating *had* been stretched to its limit, slimy spittle having long since run down and drowned her tiny nips and small, flat breasts. Her arousal refused to decline, and so saliva constantly leaked from her mouth, finally beginning to back up

to the valve and pool at her neck. It was barely noon, her senses dizzy, yellow and red eyes unfocused. If she lived, she'd never look at drool the same way. But, more than anything, she felt sorry for Ralieh who lived with such a constant obstacle. The gryphon had turned a negative into a positive in many ways, but the imp now understood why she always saw the barista lady drinking from a water bottle when walking past her prison. With even only one thing to focus on doing, she couldn't do it. "Don't drool" was an impossibility.

"Lunch break," Ralieh said, swinging a chair to sit backwards upon, chugging from a second bottle as she rested her elbows on the chair's back. "Ahh. So, cutie, seems like you're not doing too well," the gryphon observed, meeting the imp's eyes as Lenai looked over to the barista even while she grunted and spluttered spit, a hose fucking a full half of his flared cock through her cunt. "Pity. You've a lovely taste, and, if you just *had* to lose your life so sluttily, I'd have perhaps liked it to be in my belly as lunch right now. But a deal's a deal."

Jets of spunk shot from her mound, the horse's load washing in her messy, splattered womb only for sheer pressure to push it all, cool seed and fresh cum both, around his shaft. Ralieh handed a towel to the customer, who huffed a grateful thank you with a relaxed smile upon his muzzle. "Well, since you're pretty much doomed to die with three more hours and word-of-mouth against you," she sighed, taking a hand up to the garbage bag's seal at Lenai's neck and peeling it back, "let me take this last chance to give you a goodbye kiss. You were so fun, Lenai."

Lowering her beak, Ralieh smooched over the gasping o-ring. Her tongue drooled fluid down the imp's throat even as it rolled over the extended tongue. The gryphon drew back, suckling on that pinched muscle, drinking a gulp, two, three, four of the provided drool. Withdrawing, she wiped her beak. "My gift to you. Enjoy those extra last few seconds of life as a coffee shop toy before I have to toss you out," she sung, Then, she reattached the bag's top edge, licking it sealed and walking away to fetch more hand-towels to clean up the station's mess.

Lenai drunkenly began to drift, her mind lost to a growing haze. Exhaustion was settling in, body burning with exertion. More people came, and more pleasure followed, though she couldn't figure out how many times she'd climaxed from the demeaning position. Drool began to pour back into her own throat from outside, forcing her to swallow. But, soon, too much was flowing. She tried to not swallow or breathe, but some trickled down her throat even without invitation. Particularly enthusiastic thrusts from customers began to slosh the thick fluid to her nostrils, and soon her gasps began to fill her lungs. The pressure built, a burning sensation searing through her chest.

She saw herself, bags filled to the brim with viscous slobber, eyes rolled back. She saw Ralieh unpacking her, sealing bad joining between the two garbage bags with her tongue, hoisting the sloshing corpse she became out behind the shop and tossing it into the dumpster.

She saw the gryphon taking a phone photo of her final look before closing the dumpster's top and enclosing the imp's body in darkness.

She saw...more than she could have seen.

Lenai choked and coughed, rocketing upright and clutching her small chest. Her eyes watered, her heart raced in a panic, her lungs trying to rid themselves of an invisible, intangible filling. Yet, as much confusion, guilt, and anger ran through her mind, she could not deny how potent all those events had been. The only part of her smooth flesh that still felt slick with moisture was the space between her thighs, her tuck trembling with at least so many orgasms.

"So, you're a kinky girl," a voice cooed from beside her. Spinning, she saw a familiar pink and purple gryphon sitting upon the big, too-big tongue still draped out one side of her beak.

"...what...?"

"Hallucinogen that's particularly amenable to the seeding of ideas," Ralieh chuckled, pointing at her own tongue. "Not sure I could have come up with something so...delightfully dirty, though. I just usually like making the worst people imagine themselves walking around with my same condition."

"...the worst-" Lenai mumbled. Her eyes grew wide, a hand clutching to her forehead. "...oh. I'm...really sorry."

"Here, drink this," Ralieh shushed, giving a bottle to the imp's small hands. "This one's water, I promise." Lenai drunk five gulps before a twisting in her stomach convinced her to take it easy on her waking mind. "And I'm honestly glad you get me now. And that you had fun. Like...a lot of fun. I'm genuinely impressed!"

"I don't mind a lot of things," Lenai said with a sigh, massaging her temples and lying back down upon the bed. "I just got taught so firmly what's expected in this world. What you always should do, what you never should do. I'm always scared if I don't that people won't see me as a potential equal."

"Well, I mean, you did seem to have fun being an object!" Lenai scowled without looking, flipping a middle finger at the guffawing birdcat. "Sorry, sorry, *hee*, I get it," Ralieh said as she eased out of her laughter. "But I think the important thing is figuring out what rules you want to break, when to break them, where to break them, and with who! We wouldn't be people if we couldn't break our own rules, right?"

Lenai gave an affirmative grunt, bringing the bottle to her lips and gulping a few more to replenish what she'd lost in a sweaty, passionate hallucination.

"And, if you'd like, I'd not mind occasionally being one of those people you...take the illusions off for, hm?"

Lenai blinked, looking over at her captor of the day. There weren't any words she could form, but Ralieh was decent at reading people. That raised brow and tucked corner of the mouth? An expression said "...really? You're asking this *right now*? ...maybe, but really?"

"For now, though, why don't you come with me to work? I'll treat you to a coffee since you've been, uh, 'up' for over twenty-four hours," Ralieh offered, giving a hopeful tilt of her head.

"You know," Lenai groaned, "I *could* really go for a coffee. But...let someone else get the cinnamon, why don't ya?"