

A Person's Restraint

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(Inktober Prompt, Day 17: Swollen)

Content warning: Cock and ball torture, chastity, injections, flaccid play, casual, humiliation, degradation, and objectification.

Sarei was not pleased with the current situation. When he'd asked for help from the first unoccupied person he met, he hadn't expected it to result in this. The imp understood the gryphon's reasoning, but it still didn't stop him from seeing the uncomfortable irony in seeking help with his...sizable problem being too conspicuous by having it ogled, fondled, and poked at.

"Hm, yes. This is a problem, indeed," the blue and black gryphon hummed, scratching at his yellow beak with one talon while his other hand bobbed the imp's cock up and down, testing its weight.

The floating boy grimaced, blushing and doing his best to glance away. The imp sat upon the gryphon's dresser, short legs dangling over the edge. Before it had been lifted upwards, the sensitive, flaccid cock had been hanging over the edge too, its head drooped below even his toes. For a creature of only a few feet in height, the massive organ, over a foot in length while soft, was lewd at best and absurdly unusable at worst. It didn't help that the continued fondling was beginning to draw blood-flow to it, stiffening and hardening the shaft. Squirming awkwardly wasn't helping either, his balls rubbing against the edge of the dresser's top and squeezed between his thighs.

"You...you said you could help me, right?" Sarei squeaked as the gryphon stopped scratching his beak to instead cup and roll the hefty balls of the diminutive creature. "It's becoming an issue getting stared at."

"Stared at?" the gryphon chuckled. "No no, you've it all wrong. That's not your worry. Your worry should be getting seen as a toy."

"Toy?!"

"Oh yes," the gryphon nodded, the imp's expression growing deeply concerned. "With a silly, absurd cock like that? People might think you're supposed to be bound up, teased, and used like a dildo. You said you still need to gain citizenship in this world, yes? I can assure you few have seen a...you called yourself a 'twilight imp'?...few have seen a twilight imp before. Sex toys who gave up their dignity to be slaves of pleasure? Distinctly more common. If you're not able to prove otherwise, nothing's stopping somebody from snatching you up and claiming you as property."

Sarei paled. Had the gryphon not experimentally flicked a finger against the hardening cockflesh, he would have groaned in disappointment; instead, he groaned in shuddered pleasure. "S-stop," he moaned, hands reaching down as if to shove his cock back down

between his legs; the motion was futile. "I'm embarrassed, but it's very much real! I just thought you could teach me an illusion spell or something..."

"Oh no, an illusion spell solves nothing, Sarei my boy," the inspecting gryphon said with a dismissive wave. "No, the problem is your secret desires! A mere brush of my hand got your monster all raring to go like any common sex toy might."

Sarei looked at the hawk-like talons now gripping over his package, pumping over the length in a casual handjob and sending his small legs into helpless trembles. "I'd hardly call this a mere b-brush of your..." he attempted to protest.

"No, the key to your being recognized as a person is to demonstrate you have a person's restraint!" the gryphon said with certainty, not even noticing Sarei's attempt to speak. His beak stretched in a confident grin even as his hands began to slap noisily over the imp's cock, the beat increasingly hard and fast pumping over the imp's cock. "Worry not!" he boomed as Sarei began to whine and whimper, the creature's balls appearing to tense. "I, Tantianar, will make sure you get recognized for what you are!"

Sarei's noises stopped, face flush in humiliation as his cock throbbed. Bulges moved up the shaft's underside, erupting from the gasping slit at the head in thick spurts of cum. Tantianar's expression was unchanged, even as globs of the imp's seed began to catch on the feathers of his face and down the front of his chest. "...we'll have to work on that," he casually shrugged, finally releasing Sarei's cock to give him a pat on the head.

The imp just wanted to bury his face in a pillow. Why couldn't he have just found somebody willing to give him an illusion spell or loan him a really long skirt or something? Just an imp's luck....and with Sarei too timid and concerned to say "no", this proposed training was really his only option.

Sarei winced as he floated through the streets, his gryphon guide humming to himself as he browsed the farmer's market stalls. The number of eyes locked on the unusual imp hadn't decreased; instead, more people than ever ogled the small creature's groin. After hours of sexual exhaustion, Tantianar had curled the flaccid slab of cock down and backwards. The bend was uncomfortable in all the worst ways, but the gryphon hadn't stopped until the head was tucked tightly underneath his balls. Then the cage had come, freshly-printed white plastic chastity frame that firmly squeezed over his curled cock and balls. The two halves had been tightened together and were quickly after locked with a small padlock. As if that weren't enough, a crude zip-tie now tightly pinched his sack, balls swelling beneath its grip from need.

The bulk of all that material on his crotch and taint forced his legs to spread slightly even while floating about, an uncomfortable gait that only grew more uncomfortable with every passing moment. White tie and white cage stood out like a beacon against his dark flesh and light grey patterns, catching the eye of anyone who wasn't already marveling at how massively

proportioned the caged bulge was compared to the imp. The worst part for Sarei was how he could feel his cock desperately try to harden, throbbing and straining against the uncompromising plastic. Bent as it was, the ache and strain only served to stimulate his need more. The imp squirmed in the air, covering his eyes with his hands as if to will the observers away while Tantianar negotiated for a couple of honeydew melons. He...needed release.

Tantianar bit through one of the two melons he'd bought, sharp beak tearing through the rind and into juicy green interior with ease. Sarei shuddered, his mind somehow interpreting the sloppy crunch and squish as some lewd noise or another. "Mpph. Wahnt shome?" the gryphon mumbled, offering the bitten-through melon to the imp as he floated alongside his shoulder.

Sarei lowered his hands and looked into the gaping hole. Sweet fluid pooled in the hole, glistening in the midday sun, sloshing across the walls and ridges of the shape Tantianar's beak had dug through it. As inexperienced and innocent as the imp was, the fact his mind conjured the image of him fucking his freed cock into the fruit was surprising even to himself. But the vision of withdrawing his filled-out shaft, revealing its juice-slathered and glistening smooth length, was possessing him. He gasped, hands reaching down to grab hopelessly at the cage.

"...come now, Sarei. It's been barely five hours," Tantianar noted calmly.

"I don't usually have something squeezing down there constantly and making people stare at me!" the imp retorted, his voice a desperate whine.

"Hm. I don't think they'd stare if you acted with more confidence and restraint," the gryphon sighed, taking another sloppy bite of the honeydew, chewing through another large expanse of rind. "A pergshon hash t'be abosh bashe deshishres! **gulp** Ahh. But yes, you may be inexperienced in these things, but few people are so shameless as to *need*..."

"Please! I have to cum!"

Tantianar shrugged. Sarei gasped, his grasping hands having finally brushed ever so slightly through one of the plastic cage's windows, a fingertip caressing smooth cockflesh. The gryphon began to dig out the green, firm insides of his purchase, sucking at the juices that splattered and leaked into broad pools within the remaining rind. The imp massaged at the exposed, bent black shaft, the sounds from his 'teacher' and the prying eyes of a curious lady causing his face to grow a dark color. The gryphon took a moment to gnaw the last bits of melon free and toss it away into a nearby public trash bin. The imp whimpered, hands helping him not find relief but instead find an ever building desperation he'd never experienced before.

As they walked from the market, Tantianar looked over his shoulder. Sarei now was resorting to humping at the air, only pure instinct letting him follow his guide in a slow, uneven bob. Such was the drain on his concentration that even his usual floating movement grew erratic. "...you know, I'm here to help act as a restraint for you, Sarei," Tantianar explained, slowing his pace slightly. "If I release you now, you'll learn nothing and give people a different impression than you told me you wanted them to have. Are you sure you-"

"Ple-e-e-e-easeeee!"

Tantianar smiled slightly, a pitying expression as he drew the imp over to a streetside bench and sat him down. Placing the melon inside his bag to free his hands, he drew out a small key and leaned down, slipping it into the chastity cage's lock and releasing the loop of metal from its socket. Spinning it around and slipping the bar out, he squawked in surprise as the two halves of plastic popped free and clattered off to the ground on either side. The imp's absurd endowment only looked larger and more swollen than before, its girth now far larger than that of Sarei's arms and rivaling even his thick thighs. His legs remained in their saddle-like stance, stretching out to allow full access and view of the massive cock that hardened to a needy stiffness nearly instantly.

Beak still slick with honeydew juice, the gryphon licked over it, looking directly down the imp's cockslit. "Well, I suppose we'll have to try something else," Tantianar mumbled, leaning down with his pointed tongue dangling out as he lowered his mouth over the delicious member, happy to soak it just as Sarei's mind had fantasized. His hands reached down as passerby observed, some stopping their walk to see Tantianar's fingers grip at the zip-tie and begin to claw through the hard plastic band.

**scrik, scrik, scri-POP!* "GNNFF-AAHHHHH!"*

As soon as the relief of all that tension around his sack released, Sarei was lost to a scream of orgasm. Jet after jet of thick imp spunk spilled down the gryphon's throat, Tantianar gulping it down as he felt over the swollen balls. He gently squeezed the orbs, marveling at how they'd grown to the size of baseballs from such a short period of denial and binding. Even as he drank the imp's spunk down, Tantianar was already planning the next step for the imp's "rehabilitation."

Sarei had been convinced nothing could be worse than the chastity cage. The imp was horrified to find out he was wrong. With careful injection after injection from the gryphon into Sarei's cockflesh and balls, the already agitated and large parts had trembled and bloated with the strange chemicals. However, even as they grew to unthinkable sizes, the huge shaft had subsequently hung limp and without any tension.

"There you go. No more hard-ons, see?" Tantianar hummed, bobbing the heavy organ in his hands, slurping over it, and teasing its slit with a talon-tip. His attention, however, instantly floored the imp, sending him twitching in an over-sensitive fit of ecstasy. "But, as you can tell, you still feel arousal. And any time you get too aroused, you'll still..."

He cut off his sentence to open his mouth, letting the maw-flesh pulse and tremble in full view of the heavily aroused imp. The sight and the hot humidity washing over the soft organ made Sarei moan. No jets of cum came, however; instead, spunk began to drool slowly outwards from the head. Even when Sarei gained enough feeling and coherence to try and right himself once more, the gryphon remained beneath, a steady flow of white gunk drooling down into his mouth as if Sarei had been pissing his orgasm out.

“...you’ll still leak. So we’ll keep going until I don’t see anything dribbling from that for an entire week,” Tantianar finished after gulping away the cum he’d collected in his mouth. The next step saw Sarei’s shaft wrapped with cloth and pinned tight. The realization that he was essentially wearing a cock-shaped diaper did not make Sarei feel any better about the situation.

“Now,” the gryphon sated, slapping his thighs as he stood back up, “how about a movie? I know a theater nearby in walking distance.”

Sarei smiled timidly. “S-sure, that actually sounds nice.”

Tantianar and Sarei walked and floated their way to the nearby single-screen theater. The ticket sales-clerk asked for Sarei’s ID, briefly causing the still legally non-existent imp a rush of panic. “Don’t worry, he’s mine,” Tantianar said without hesitation, smiling without a hint of worry. That seemed enough for the clerk, nodding and passing one ticket through to the gryphon. Sarei questioned the presence of only a single ticket, but the ticket taker seemed to find nothing wrong with the two passing in. A popcorn, a large root beer, and a small raspberry frozen drink later, and they’d seated themselves in the surprisingly luxury seats of the small room’s screen.

It was only when Sarei saw the pre-show reel that he realized what made this weird. While he hadn’t been in the world for long, Sarei was pretty sure most movies didn’t need reminders about keeping sexual enjoyment to the use of toys in order to preserve the theater’s cleanliness. When the show itself started, the imp knew he was in for a long two hours.

Tantianar loved this theater. There was something authentic about seeing dirty, straight-up porn on a big screen. Besides, this adult theater also played indie flicks and short film contests; what wasn’t there to love? The theater only had a mere five or six people (plus two properly labeled and politely gagged toys—Tantianar could tell they were regulars here by the fact that neither toy was using one of the theater’s courtesy ball-gags), so the film still felt rather intimate. The gryphon munched on popcorn and sipped at his root beer as the film began, happily whipping his lion’s tail behind him.

Shortly after a hackneyed opening featuring two zoo operators meeting while overseeing a failed panda mating session, the hardcore rutting of two male giraffes began in earnest, one of them steadily corrupted into deeper and darker kinks as the “animal” of the relationship. Sarei had never seen such perverse ideas before, and the imp’s usual deprioritization of sexual escapades had left him with little experience to speak of. As he squirmed in his seat, the imp could feel the arousal building deep within him. He found himself once again coloring his face a darker color, and the illumination of the screen on his cheeks in the dark room only highlighted the fact for Tantianar’s sharp eyes.

The imp was glad that he couldn’t get hard, but, as he watched the giraffe “animal” get pumped by a fucking machine, the arousal began to cloud his senses. Unlike what Sarei normally felt, it began with a rush of heat through his body and a need to move. Squirming in the

seat built for someone three times as tall and two times as wide as him, his hands moved instinctively to his groin. The bulge of cloth wrappings, however, buffered any and all groping he attempted. Then, his eyes began to lose focus on the film; the scene of the bottom's cock slapping against his chest and the dominant giraffe watching and massaging his own shaft was all very entrancing and enticing, but it was impossible to find relief for the surge of arousal he received. Sarei knew he was easily affected by this, but now...the faintest whiff of something lewd was sending his body into overdrive.

Eventually, he couldn't help it. Something had to be done. If he couldn't cum now, his mind was going to snap. Sarei glanced to Tantanar. The gryphon had finished the popcorn and his straw was beginning to sound the annoying slurping noise of a drink too far gone. One talon of his petted over a large bulge in his pants, riding the arousal out without any seeming need for release. Without any options, though, the imp saw that bulge as the only means of stimulation around. He caught the gryphon's eye with a hasty wave and a desperate look.

"...please."

Tantanar lifted a finger to his lips.

"*Please*, Tantanar!"

The gryphon looked concerned for a moment, then leaned down. "What is it?"

"I...unwrap me, please."

Tantanar looked into those golden eyes, his own golden ones piercing through to Sarei's soul. "We talked about this," he whispered to the whining creature, "I'm not going to unwrap you until you learn a person's restraint. Besides, I couldn't do anything messy with you. This is my favorite theater, and they already allow a lot by giving people permission to use toys here."

"...f-...fuck me, then?" the imp begged.

Tantanar looked as though he were about to rebuke the desperate imp, to berate the curvy creature for its insatiable lusts. Then he paused. Then he smiled. Then he grinned. "Well, you've got no restraint or dignity, huh, little imp?" The gryphon's voice was cool, but it was rich with an energy Sarei hadn't heard before. "I told you...if you don't have restraint, people are going to think you're a toy. ...I think you secretly want that, don't you?"

Sarei's eyes glanced down at his cloth-wrapped crotch. In the bright scene transitions, he caught glimpses of a dark spot growing at the very tip.

"Mm. And here you are, begging to get fucked even after I said only toys get used here. Isn't that right?" he asked.

Sarei felt his need flaring. Even as he finally noticed how completely unfulfilling and unnoticeable the leaking pre was, the feeling of his shaft and balls dulled by their swollen size, Sarei found himself obsessed. Anything...anything for release!

Tantanar noticed the look in Sarei's eyes. He received the message. "...agree to become my property," he said, the question said as a statement. "You and your absurd toy cock. Because you'll never prove you're people like this. If allimps are as lewd and unrestrained as you, being toys is the only way you'll ever fit in."

Sarei breathed in, cheeks burning, eyes watering. He nodded.
“Not good enough. Say ‘I want to be owned by you’.”
Sarei whined. “I,,want to be owned by you.”
“Now say ‘I want to be your property’.”
Sarei impatiently squirmed in his seat. “I want to be your property!”
Tantianar grinned. “Now say ‘I am a toy’.”
“I am a toy!”
“Repeat it.”
“I am a toy! I’m a toy! *I’m a toy! I’m a to-*”

The gryphon reached forward, slapping one of the theater’s courtesy gags in the imp’s mouth. The other patrons in the theater who’d turned to shush the noisy creature were satisfied with the gagging, turning back to watch the giraffes’ zookeeper perversions play out on the screen. The imp squirmed as he was bodily lifted, looking down to see the knotted gryphon cock squeeze out of the freshly unzipped jeans crotch. There was no thought process given to why the gryphon had picked up one of the large numbered gags on the way in; all there was for Sarei was satisfaction as his ass was slammed down on the stiff shaft.

Tantianar smiled as he used the imp’s body like a love doll, slapping his respectably sized shaft against those plump asscheeks even as the imp petted uselessly over his wrapped package. Satisfied with the lazy grinding of his knot against Sarei’s penetrated pucker in-between casual, mechanical lifts and drops of the new toy’s body up and down his cock, the gryphon returned his eyes to the screen at the interesting scenario.

When the pair returned home, Sarei’s cloth dripped with drooled spunk. Not a single square inch had been spared.

Tantianar sighed as he reflected on the months he’d had since encountering that strange new visitor to his world. In truth, all his learning had made him keenly aware of twilightimps and he’d identified Sarei as one instantly. He even knew how there existed processes already for acclimating new visitors to the world and granting them legal rights; it was a modern society, after all, so how could they not? Sarei’s innocence, sensitivity, and massive cock made him too easy a target, though, and nobody knew any better than to question the results. After all, he’d already filled out the paperwork claiming Sarei as property for life.

Tantianar waved to a couple of passing cat girls, the felines giggling and waving back. His other hand rested atop the head of his toy and gently petted through the harnessed imp’s auburn hair. Around the toy’s neck was a dog collar, the gold tag reading “Sarei” on one side and “Sexual property of Tantianar Aclec-Nilam” on the other. His body and limbs had been strapped into a harness held against the gryphon’s furry chest and worn like a piece of clothing.

The gryphon's sheath and balls rubbed against the imp's rump, clearly the result of a full knot solidly wedged within the toy's asshole; his penetration was aided by the imp's position, legs bent up and away to most expose his bottom.

Despite all of that, however, Sarei couldn't escape the thought that the giggling and stares he got were still because of his massive problem. A custom-ordered band snapped firmly around the top of his sack, the balls beneath now shiny with how swollen they had become and how their size stretched the surrounding flesh taut. His cock dangled limply, unrestrained; its own mass, however, weighted it down. Its girth was that of a coke bottle, and its length now clearly beyond the scope of a hand-held ruler. Held on by a fat cock ring, a condom sagged from the head; his cumslit now hung open, gaped, constantly drooling cum to sag in a large bulb at the end of the condom. The rubber sloshed and bobbed as the pair moved through the streets, a symbol of just how much the imp enjoyed being there.

Sarei still felt every eye that landed upon him, but now the arousal and embarrassment compounded each other. Subsequent treatments from the gryphon had long since consumed him with need and desire, eager to entertain any most perverted idea that might let him splutter spunk from his loose cumslit. Seeing his cock hard or being able to use his endowment in any practical fashion both were no longer possibilities. All that remained for it was just as Tantianar had painted onto his exposed shaft: "Toy Fuckrod: Please molest!"

"Such a happy, good toy," Tantianar delighted, finally removing his hand from the imp's hair. "Isn't this better than feeling all of that anxiety and pressure of being a person? Now nobody's confused, and you're attracting all the eyes your lewd body could ever want."

As his owner went about his day, Sarei genuinely couldn't argue with what the gryphon had said. Even if he weren't in a constant haze of humiliated pleasure and constant, slow orgasm, a state he couldn't muster enough dignity to not delight in, and even if he could restrain himself from acting upon the urges that now dominated his mind the second anything, object or otherwise, brushed his endowment, there was that solid red ball lodged in his mouth and held in by that tight leather strap. After all, it was only common courtesy for toys to be seen, not heard.