

Cum Witch Conditioning

By - eSuccubus

Since you first found your way there, the Sand Coven has come to accept they cannot stop you from coming and going.

They live in catacombs beneath the desert, an ancient and magically protected system of bunkrooms. Well maintained, surprisingly cool.

They respect strength.

In Mareth, physical and magical strength are often the same thing.

You are strong enough to defeat them even if they all fought you, and so they see any kind of fight as a waste of time. They are very efficient people. You come upon a hidden entrance in a valley surrounded by dunes. It is a stone arch almost completely covered. Had you not discovered it, you'd never find it.

The women of the coven, all with sandy brown hair, pour in and out in their brown robes. The rooms inside have stone walls and there are cobbled paths through a vast concourse.

The Sphinx is waiting outside. Somewhat alluring, unusual, but not who you have come to see. You spare her only a moment's glance. She knows better than to check a Champion's progress. Something within beckons you. A lovely warm feeling in your chest, buoying you up, carrying you onward. The nearer you get to the cool caves of the coven the nearer you are to a pleasant destination tinged with comfort and lust together.

Sometimes you don't remember everything that happens in that little classroom, but the learning is vital and the lust is unstoppable. From a broad concourse where everyone simultaneously lusts after you and does not want to get in your way, it is soothing to step past a thin sand-colored curtain into a stone hallway. There is a slight slope going downward to the right, and a slope going upward to the left.

There is a warm encouraging feeling in your chest, warmer with each step. Like resonations rise from the floor and make your brain comfortable here. Your brain is safe here. The knowledge is floating in the air, wafting from the classroom.

The cool hallways pass slowly - the main room - a few large-breasted women follow in your wake. You hear lustful sighs. The witches are drawn to power, but only one is on your mind.

And it is she who draws *you*. How did all this happen, anyway?

You find the curtain which leads into her little class, and pause outside. Your hand is on the cloth, you hesitate before moving it aside. A gentle breeze wafts past you, you smell spices and oils, hallmarks of her magic.

You also scent lust and sex.

But wait, *how did all this happen?*

Trying to focus, to call up specific memories of past play. You know you've been coming to this place for a while. Discovered it, fought the Cum Witch in lusty conflict, won. Then you decided to come back and visit since she seemed so interested. Plus, lust magic is useful...

A few magic lessons. Hmm, what did she teach you? So hard to remember...

A throb between your legs sends shivers up your spine.

Hard. Re... member.

The heat builds in you and rolls from the top of your head down to your gut, and from there to the system of sexual desire and erogenous zones all over your body. You feel the lust intensify.

Hard... to remember.

The more you turn your mental effort toward recalling past lessons and sessions inside the classroom you're about to enter, the more arousal pours out of your brain and distracts you.

You would look awfully silly to anyone who came down the hallway now. Stopped in the threshold holding the curtain and behind that curtain lies...

Sublime pleasure. A beautiful entity which occupies a position of particular lust in your mind. More, day by day. *An altar to worship.*

You try to focus on that last bit, but it slips out of your mind. She's aware you're here. You know it, somehow, and you know what you have to do. Your hand trembles - but not with hesitation, not any more. Now you anticipate what will follow.

What you will learn.

Learn? Oh, right, the classroom, yes.

You push the curtain aside and step one foot inside the room. That is as far as you get with a clear head, though.

Only one person is inside, and she is glorious.

The desks in the room have been pushed together to form a table. This is covered in silks and pillows. This is where the witches learn magic - a blackboard against the back stone wall - but closer and just as dark is the figure of the Witch.

A dark, muscular form. Massive breasts, and sure, your eyes pause there. A cute pointed black witch's hat on top of a massive blonde fall of hair that is spread alluringly down her chest to hide her nipples but nothing else of those gorgeous mounds.

Still your eyes don't linger. She's smiling so openly, so honestly. You pause with your eyes there. Delaying the inevitable. Delaying the gratification. The tingling between your legs doesn't stop - it just ramps up toward an almost-climax at the sight of her.

A trail of pillows leads to the edge of the desks. You fall to your knees on the one just inside the door.

Just as she has trained you to.

The curtain closes behind you. No one else is here. "Catch and release has worked again. Welcome back... *pet.*"

There are layers of affection in that word. Only when you kneel - you feel the soft pillow under your trained knees, you begin to crawl toward the makeshift bed she has spread over the connected classroom desks.

She scoots to the edge, her massive form, easily seven feet tall, levitates and moves quickly. She isn't even wearing her cloak, her glorious nudity exposed.

Just as she trained you, you need to wait for permission to look at It.

But down on your knees, you might catch a glimpse. You crawl eagerly. She is surrounded in your altered, increasingly hazy, drifty cognition - with light and sand.

The verdant power of life revived, encased in sand and blessing you with her presence. In the face of her potency and beauty, your mind adopts the most complete posture of submission it

is able to muster.

You remember her telling you how she could have made you a tool of the coven, with all the times you came here to Submit To It.

But she decided you should do something else. A companion, a partner? Not really, not with the submissive space in your head growing larger each time you Worship It. More of a *pet*.

You have arrived at the edge of the desk and see her dark dangling feet come into view. Surprisingly dainty for such a powerful figure. Her long-fingered hand comes into view, trailing down... running her fingers affectionately along your scalp.

She always makes time, and space, for you. Even if she has to work extra *hard* the rest of the day.

How does she always know when you will show up? How does she make sure her time will be open?

You know the answer. Because she decided when you would return, and hid it well and deep in your tranced internal submission space.

Yes... a trance.

Everything is really rather dreamlike after that, in your prior meetings her fuzzy instructions remain. They resonate, and there is a good reason.

"You may look, *pet*." she announces. This is the reason your mind gets so fuzzy shortly into each "lesson".

Sure, you learn something about magic. But mostly you learn about scent and taste and feel and the rigidness of her.

The hand that was rubbing your scalp moves down under your chin, pointing your gaze upward. There, hanging over the edge of the desk.... It glistens with arousal. It captivates you. You lean up toward It.

Her cock. It is hugely long, over a foot, it glistens and the veins bulge on her dark skin. To your altered mind it glows from within, and all else becomes dim. It is the most significant thing here. You are drawn toward it. Your face moves toward the underside of her shaft, your hands reach reverently for her firm warm huge balls below it.

You grasp them at the same moment your nose rests alongside her shaft and you begin gently kissing it.

“Ooooh,” she thrills - her voice husky with arousal. The dusky skin of her inner thighs fills your vision as you turn your face sideways and begin using your tongue and lips to stroke her shaft.

The scent is incense and musk and glory and sweet heat.

The taste is ambrosia and salt and the slow sinking of your mind.

You see it in your head, throbbing, warm, a direct line of pleasure linked by magically enhanced nerves to her mind.

The heat and arousal in your own body has become a song and she is the conductor. You sing with need. Even the feel of your knees on the pillow below is intensely erotic. You are connected. You feel the heat of her cock against your cheek. You inhale her scent, it invades you, musky and controlling.

Her body has a dusting of sand on it - remnants from her magic. But it just adds to her beauty.

“Yes, pet,” comes her voice from above. “Feel it throbbing.”

She rests one dainty foot on your shoulder and pushes you back a bit. This breaks the contact of your cheek with her penis and brings it into view right before your eyes.

A whimper escapes you. You don't know where it came from. Your thoughts are dripping. Drooling. You realize your face is slack, the musky sexual scent of her is still in your brain. You are drooling onto the pillow below.

You are so horny right now. Your eyes fix on her length. The head is dripping with her precum. It drips to the floor next to your drool, and you smile.

Happy cock. Drippy cock. Simple powerful thoughts that you've learned before. Yes, you have learned all of this before.

Your interaction with her member has become more and more natural, increasingly complete.

There is a dripping pussy behind her balls, you feel the heat from it touch the hand with which you are massaging her testes. But you are not allowed to touch it, not without her

permission.

She speaks, every word rings through you. Her cock sways left and right, she is swaying her hips in sexy graceful arcs and making the shaft sway and spin.

“It is like it moves just for you, isn’t it? You remember it... remember.”

You nod and nod, making your drool dance and fall to the floor. She is sitting on the edge of the desk, so her cock is above you, swaying, you look up, leaning back into a comfortable position with your butt resting on the backs of your legs.

A learning position.

Yes, the cum witch. Her magically bestowed penis is tempting and addictive, encouraging all of the women of the coven to multiply and create more soldiers in their fight against the demons outside.

Just for fun, you try to back away from the swaying rigid shaft. The moment you try, the rigid hard hotness draws you back. You keep your eyes locked on it. The fact it is so hard is proof that you turn her on. The longer you spend in its presence, the more everything else becomes dim.

You breathe deep, trying to get her scent inside of you. You look up pleadingly at her cock, and she says words you wanted to hear.

“You may worship.”

Those words activate something inside you. Your mouth opens. You ascend, sitting up on your knees to bring your tongue into contact with the head of her cock. What you would normally think of as your mind is locked away in a shifting cage of color and control. Her cock enters you through your senses. Breathing in her scent with nose and mouth, hearing her voice, feeling the heat of her.

Your body, though, is following its training.

She tastes so so good, and you love leaving wet trails of saliva on her cock as you lick from head - tasting salty precum - all the way to the base. This pushes your nose against it in passing and you lock the scent of her to your mind.

The scent and taste transform, becoming colors and music in your mind. It is interacting with a deep seed of hidden submission. Your whole body feels good. Licking her cock is like licking your entire body, every part of you subjected to warm hot searching stimulation.

Even if Her Cock hadn't altered your olfactory receptors and sense of taste to regard it as the most divinely addictive thing - it would still be pretty good because you regard highly anything having to do with She to whom you have secretly pledged such devotion.

The sense arrives - unknown previously, but now undeniable - that you are an organ of Her body, a simple extension of Her Cock. You lick and you feel pleasure. She feels the same pleasure.

Your own body is pleased by everything you do to her. Then you hear it.

"Feel how *hard* it is, pet."

You do feel how hard she is. But the word "hard" unlocks a door in your mind. You see lesson after lesson - you, kneeling, worshiping, forcing as much sexy arousing scent and taste into you as you can. Knowing her every vein and contour, the feel of her cock and the way her belly clenches alluringly and her toes curl.

"Feel how it *drips*."

That second word makes your eyes go wide. You feel every drop that escapes her. Your salivary glands work harder, you're slobbering. You are barely in control of your body, and certainly can do nothing to cease the slobbering on her delicious cock. It pushes down your throat and your gag reflex is simply gone - you must admit her. You must let her inside.

You don't know when you learned to do this but your head is *full of her cock now*.

Just right.

"Feel how it *owns you*, cock pet."

Your vision begins to fade. You still feel it in your mouth. You feel the backs of her knees draped over your shoulders as she scoots closer to the edge of the desk. Now you are surrounded by her taste and scent. The hand on top of your head makes it tingle.

You know magic is going on. You don't care. All your brain is able to process is "hot" and "dripping" and "owned by her cock".

No words are needed.

Your awareness fades entirely around the time you feel a spurt of cum coaxed by your hard efforts hit the roof of your mouth and drip down onto your busy tongue.

It tastes like submission and heat and completion of self.

You did not even know you were craving it, but now your body begins to spasm. A tingle that starts between your legs, spreads to your butt, makes you arch your back and move your mouth that much faster.

Bobbing head, smacking lips, the serenade of lust as you must serve her cock. Nothing will stop you.

For fun, you try to even think of stopping. Somehow her seductive voice shushes you in your own mind in a burst of purple light. You suck harder, going right to the base.

The last conscious thought before her third spurt robs you of reason and anesthetizes you into deep trance, is "happy cock" and your own orgasm making your eyes roll back and your cheeks suck in to form a vacuum around the center of your world.

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When something approaching wakefulness returns, you are lying on her thigh. You know this because her cock is right in front of you, semi hard and resting on your nose. Instantly your mouth opens and you drape your wet drool covered lips around the shaft to begin stroking it as if your bobbing moving head were a hand on her shaft.

But this is so much better than serving with your hands. You can smell and taste and see it better from here, where you belong. You drooled so much while you were out. Your whole body is heavy except the parts which Must Serve Her.

She, and her Cock, are speaking to your mind, but you only drift in and out of hearing words.

At some point she moved you onto the makeshift bed atop the desk, and laid you with her legs wrapped around your shoulders to keep you still. Her voice arrives perfectly, dusky with arousal.

You feel something has coated your tongue, it tastes of honey and sex.



Her Seed. You earned her seed.

Happy thrilling feelings fill your mind. You did good. Good cock pet. Your own brain congratulates you in a flash of purple light you associate with ever deepening obedience - your trained mind floods your nostrils and mouth with the scent and taste of her, so now you're getting it from your own hallucinating enchanted memory and the source directly. It overwhelms you.

You manage to babble something along the lines of "thank taste and scent and hot hard for good cock pet", but all you can do is stream of consciousness words. There is no inner censor or review.

You are open and unlocked by those three little phrases.

Hard. Dripping. Owned.

You know those words are coded deep in you, that they send you to the most pliable place. You know this in the particular way you just know things while in her presence.

The same way you knew that the purple light and scent and taste of her which washed over you just now, came from inside your own head - a reward mechanism she planted to make you feel good and trained whenever you think of serving her cock. So many mechanisms in you. So many gifts from Her and The Cock. You feel a warm happy shiver.

"Good cock pet." She is speaking, but only those words are important.

Something about "catch and release", and "hidden magic", and "cock service". She asks if you're listening... you think.

The Cock pulls away. Now you're listening. You whimper. A long low song of need. She giggles, but what was half-hard hardens and you wiggle your hips. You did good, so why did she take it away? You watch it get hard and go cross eyed, drooling for it.

Now that you are not actively suckling The Cock, you can think more clearly. Unfortunately, you can only think about The Cock unless she orders you otherwise.

"Need hot hard happy cock," you hear the trained flesh of your body say, as your outside mind drifts in happy suspension. You hear her whispering in your mind that everything is alright. You are a good happy pet who does many good things for her.

She makes you feel warm inside.

When you first came here, you thought you were coming for magic class, on some level. Now you know the truth. Well, in this state, you know the truth.

You secretly suspected otherwise around the time your arousal peaked so high.

But now you know. You are here to be a cock pet, a pet for her cock. Whatever else you might learn is secondary. You repeat these things to yourself as you watch her cock sway.

"I leave a spell in your mind when I turn you loose, you know... and we know what activates it."

You stare at her hard shaft. It is so wet with your saliva. Pet sucked it very well. That simple thought awakens a primal arousal. Your hands slide down below your waist. You're just too turned on - have to masturbate. Have to get off to take the pressure off so you can focus on better pleasing Her and The Cock.

You watch your saliva shine on Her shaft. In the same way you Just Know things around her, you know that saliva is your mind - all the unnecessary parts of it. Dripping out of your mouth, painting her Cock. It glistens, symbolizing your submission and service.

But there is one problem... you pause, hands just close to touching yourself in the right place, but unable to do so.

"Aww, looks like *pet* wants to get off too, hmm? Want to cum for my Cock?"

Nod. Nod. You nod. You need to nod. "Yes yes yes" babbles from your lips, muffled among the drooling streams of need that were your thoughts, oozing out and painting the floor. The same saliva that paints her shaft.

She noticed. You feel shame but also a lot of arousal, knowing she enjoys teasing you.

"Pet, I think it is time we moved on to the next step. Time for The Ritual."

Yes yes yes yes is all you can think. You always end with The Ritual. The Ritual is important. It is the best part. It symbolizes what you are. A servant there to paint Her Cock with your mind.

She holds something out to you - a little decanter with a spout for pouring. It is made of clear glass. Inside is spiced oil, for anointing and rubbing over her skin to moisturize it.

The desert can be very dry.

You pour the oil onto your hands, and set the decanter down.

Then you touch the Cock. Now you're allowed to touch it. It is so big and hot. It pulses with Her heartbeat, which you know is rapid. You know She is turned on. You were taught what turns Her on.

Drooling. Kneeling. Serving. Shaking with the desire for It.

As you mingle the anointing oil, which smells amazing, with your saliva on Her Cock, you feel your mind mixing with her control. The signs of your suckling worship represent your thoughts. The oil represents your thoughts being used to worship and venerate Her Cock.

You rub up and down, feeling her Cock harden once more. It was flagging after you made It cum, but now you made it *hard* again.

You rub the oil into It, lubricating it. It shines in the light. You are losing your mind to It and that is alright.

"We are going to take the next step, pet."

You speak as you begin rubbing harder. Rubbing The Cock makes you feel massaged all over. Once more it is like you are part of Her body system, part of Her system of influence. Whatever you do to It, you do to your own body in the most pleasurable way.

You think worshipful thoughts, and get It as shiny as you can.

"When we're done here, I'll give you something special to take home."

Her words resonate, you shiver and then admire your work. You remove your hands and wipe them on your thighs, mingling her precum, your saliva, and the anointing mixture of herbs and oils.

You made Her Cock happier and more restored, moist with need. Now it is time for you to do what you have wanted to all along.

Your hands move down, rubbing between your legs. She slides forward and slaps Her moist Cock against the side of your face. Your masturbation is rapid and unstoppable. Pleasure pleasure pleasure. And you rub your face and lips against the Cock.

She continues making sure you can see and feel it, even as you begin to spasm and an orgasm you've been on the edge of all along threatens to wash down and wash all thought away.

"Hard and wet. It controls me so much..."

You hear yourself say it, a surprisingly coherent thought among all the others.

"Hard and wet. It controls me so much..."

You begin moving in time with the words, bucking your body into the pleasure, rubbing your face on Her Cock.

Your words become louder, more desperate.

"Hard - and - wet. It controls me so much!"

Orgasm arrives and you fall forward. She grips your head, rubbing your face against the base of Her Cock, and holding you up carefully with her legs wrapped around you.

You shiver and spasm. Your buttocks clenched. You hear the huskiness in Her voice when She speaks, the orgasmic storm making you even more pliable and your drool more copious. Since you hear how aroused She is, you also hear the spell of conditioning in your mind reassuring you with purple light: Good Cock pet.

"Of course, you'll forget this bit as soon as I break the connection and send you upstairs. But you'll remember how good that was... and you'll come back. When I get tired of this game, I'll move you in here - but I will probably always send you out into the world. You're so useful, and so cute."

She pats your head with her hand. Once. Twice. A third time.

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You blink. Your magic instructor is in front of you.

You see Her - err, her - tucking H-her Cock away with one hand, and putting something in your discarded clothing with the other. She always insists on teaching you while you're naked, says the magic flows better.

Your eyes are fixed on- err, her Co- her Peni- her penis being tucked away, and you blink. You forget about it. With a cock that big, of course she can't conceal it during lessons, right?

You are pretty sexy.

Maybe one of these days you'll ask her to join your harem. Well, that's enough of a magic lesson for today. She assured you you'd be able to cast spells soon. Funny how you could never remember them in detail, but magic was tricky.

You tell her you have to go. She nods sadly, and invites you to come on back sometime.

"Maybe," you reply.

Better for her not to think you need her too much, after all.

Still, you have a lot to *learn* so you know *you'll be back*.

Besides, the walk out here is very *hard*, and you need to bring everything *wet* that you *own* just to make the journey safely.

You walk out through the main catacomb, and head on home.

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You arrive at camp a bit tired from the journey, but this is great exercise. Your comfortable clothes stayed warm for some time upon leaving the desert.

When you arrive at camp, it is suddenly a bit *hard* to move. You notice a small *wet* thought in the back of your mind. You reach into your pocket and remove... a folded piece of parchment.

It falls to the ground and vanishes, but a scorched symbol fully six feet across unfolds on the barren earth. It looks complex and obviously magical.

A shimmer and - there stands the Cum Witch, looking around. This is obviously a magical image, but an alluring one. Full height, wearing her black robes.

"So this is your home, hmm? Nice, *pet*."

Pet? What? That's inappropriate. You'll have to teach her better than to track y-

Her Cock is hard.

"Kneel."

And you do.

“Worship.”

The image is transparent, you can't reach out and touch. But Her Cock is there.

Your hands slide down, and you begin to masturbate to the glistening throbbing thing which controls you so much.

All the while, thoughts of submission arise from deep inside.

“Hard and wet and owns and controls me...”

Your babbling voice fills the air. No one but you and the Witch are there.

You have the warm thought that now She can influence or summon you any time, instead of having to rely on catch and release.

You won't remember what the symbol is for, or even give it a second glance except at the right times. Once she's done, you'll be even more firmly bound.

You are aware you're repeating overtures to Her hard wetness, how your place is kneeling before It, the Cock, Her absolute control solidified.

But the sight of it swaying back and forth - just for you - washes away even that base awareness.

The moans and drips and *hard wet thoughts train you long into the night*. Even when her image changes to her lying in bed, Cock half-erect and dripping down her thigh, you are able to worship. Occasionally you catch sight of it and know you must kneel. Must touch.

Must cum.

Must... return.