

Gerry considered herself a very patient person, but even the skunk had her limits. And there was only so many times she could watch her clumsy lizard apprentice float about three feet or so off the ground before falling off of her broom and hitting the floor with a crash. It was not helping matters that she fell for the same reason every time too: she'd start to rise just fine for a second, her feet would stop touching the ground, and then she'd flip out, shortly before flipping off.

"Maybe we should just give up on this," Gerry said, unable to hide the frustration in her voice, "Broom riding may not be for you."

"B-but," Jacket began, as she always did, whenever Gerry even hinted at moving on because this was a massive waste of her time, "If I don't learn this, how can I call myself a witch? What will I do, what will I be then?" The skunk sighed and stood up, taking her sweet time in sashaying her big hips over to the little lizard, then patting her head.

"You're too wound up, as usual. If you could relax you'd be just fine, but you're too tense. That's why you can't ride a broom, that's why you can't transform objects properly, that's why... Well, that's why you have so much trouble with everything." A bit harsh, perhaps, but this was a conversation they had before as well, if not in so many words. And right on cue, the green lizard just gulped and stared up at the skunk with a silent, pleading look. Which is usually when Gerry would sigh, roll her eyes, and they'd take it from the top. Not this time though; Gerry was bored.

"I think you should try to find a different vocation my dear," the skunk said simply.

"No!" Jacket yelled, much to Gerry's surprise, and it looked like her own as well, if the sudden look of embarrassment on her face was any indication.

"I mean, just... I know I'm not great at this. I mean, you're right, I'm bad. But please, please," Jacket was on her knees now, wringing her hands as she looked up at the skunk. Jacket seemed even smaller than usual, which was quite a feat considering that she was already a whole head shorter. Gerry could already feel her resolve crumbling in the face of such pleading, and looked none too pleased about it. Jacket did not relent.

"I want to be a witch. *Need* to be a witch. I will do anything, just please, please help me mistress, please help me be a proper witch!"

"Jacket, your enthusiasm is admirable, but--"

"You don't understand," the lizard whispered, now hanging off the front of the skunk's robes, pulling herself up to look her dead in the eye. "I will do anything. I need this."

There was a moment of silence, or maybe several moments. It felt like a lifetime without breath went by before the skunk spoke, and Jacket felt herself inhale and settle back onto her heels.

"Anything huh?"

“Please.”

Gerry tapped her foot on the ground for a moment, and then proceeded to stare at Jacket long and hard for another minute or so, almost like she was waiting for the lizard's will to waver. But Jacket's passion was strong (or at least her desperation was), and her gaze never wavered. Finally, Gerry just sighed, and put her hands on Jacket's shoulders.

“You really wanna be a witch that badly huh?”

“More than anything.”

“I'm going to have to get drastic to help then, understand?”

Jacket most certainly did not like the sound of that. Though she herself had yet to be the target of such things, she had seen what happens to people and things that Gerry was “drastic” with. It was such a pretty little restaurant too. Jacket was undaunted, however, and nodded.

“If you're sure then,” she said, going out of her way to sound as foreboding as possible. A little squeeze on Jacket's shoulders, for added emphasis.

“Witches master the world around them, but first and foremost, master themselves. They aren't constrained by pointless insecurities or fears. Witches are **relaxed**.”

Jacket gasped and shook her head, as if she had pulled herself from the cusp of sleep. She wasn't sure what just came over her. Jacket was paying attention to Gerry, she knows she was, and she was positively bouncing with adrenaline as she did so. But sudden waves of sleepiness seemed to wash over her as the skunk spoke the word “relaxed.” Even thinking about the word was making Jacket's shoulders slump. She was about to ask why, but as her gaze once again affixed itself to her teacher's, a very curious thing happened.

The larger witch's eyes began to glow. It started slow. The change soft, almost warm. But it grew stronger, ripples of light and heat pushing into Jacket through their connection, and as soon as the light poured over Jacket physical response overrode higher brain function. The lizard's eyes immediately widened to take in more of the view, the reptile desperate to see the beautiful glow to its fullest. The colors, how they shifted, pulsed... Every time she thought she understood the glow from the skunk's eyes another pulse washed over her like a wave, scattering her thoughts across the sands.

“Witches don't have any fears,” came Gerry's voice. It did not interrupt the wonderful light show. In fact, Jacket could see the skunk's musical words floating through her head. They were almost tangible. She was sure she could touch them, feel them. They were warm. She did hear

The skunk playfully tilted and rotated her head, and though Jacket followed, eager to keep enjoying the glow, her movements were becoming sluggish. Her head drooped and dipped as she tried to move it about, and her eyelids fought to stay open. She tilted her own head, moved it forward to keep pace with the skunk's, but it was not long before her chin rested in Gerry's cupped hand.

As relaxation continued to pulse through the lizard's body, all of her energy was slipping out of her grasp. The skunk wasn't taking it from her, nothing of the sort. The warmth was just redirecting it, pushing all that energy and awareness into more appropriate places. Jacket's arms once sat protectively under her breasts, but only after a few seconds of staring her arms fell away, now just weights making her slump even worse. Her legs were next, buckling under the weight of not just her own body, but the skunk's incredibly presence before her. She could barely stay upright, and her front fell forward against the skunk's before too long. Soon even her head felt like putty in the skunk's paws. A heavy weight, filled with nothing important. But that was alright. Gerry's large tail had already threaded underneath her own legs and through Jacket's, helping to hold her up, while a large paw continued to hold her head up by her chin. The lizard just lay on the big furry hammock cradling her from behind, focusing on the only thing that was important right now, which was her teacher. It was still a fight to keep her eyes open though—Every time they closed it took longer for them to reopen, especially now with the rest of her limp in the skunk's grasp. With the lizard so obviously out of commission, the skunk began the next part of her plan.

The lizard shortly found out where all of her energy and sensitivity went to. With Jacket kept aloft by Gerry's tail, the skunk was free to do whatever she liked with her hands. Which included (but was not limited to) pushing up under Jacket's shirt and groping at her chest, big thick fingers trailing over her nipples and giving playful squeezes; holding the lizard's head in her hands, and exploring her large scaled snout with her tongue, while Jacket could only moan and squirm weakly in pleasure; dragging her big skunk paw down the lizard's chest, before sliding between her legs, and pushing in nice and slow into her pussy. What remaining consciousness scrambled itself, the lizard so aroused from the skunk's touching (and hypnosis, no doubt) she came onto the skunk's fingers right then and there. She soaked the fur on the skunk's fingers, but Gerry continued to push in all the same, watching as the lizard in her grasp stretched and squirmed.

But Gerry was not done yet. With Jacket all but limp and senseless at this point, the skunk waddled the lizard awkwardly over to the nearby wall, and propped her up against it. Though Jacket's consciousness waned, she still felt the skunk's slick fingers tease the inside of his pussy. Another finger joined the first two at some point, helping the slow, smooth fuck she was giving the lizard. After a few slow pumps, she pulled out to the tip of her fingers, and dragged the tip of her finger up along her clit slowly, carefully. After watching the lizard spasm in her grasp a few times, Gerry relented, not wanting the poor thing to flop out of her grasp. Though she kept her fingers inside Jacket, her thumb popped up to sit itself near the front of her crotch, and she rubbed the crease between Jacket's thigh and groin. No kicking or twitching from this, but a pronounced moan echoed from the stupified lizard's smiling face, and Gerry smiled in return. Both hands positioned themselves on the tops of Jacket's legs, and though it was a bit of a sticky massage, she rubbed deep into the muscles around the lizard's groin and thighs. Jacket couldn't squirm anymore, but her little panting breaths guided Gerry's hands just fine. Fingers pushed in deep until her breaths reached a lovely staccato, and then the skunk would finally relent, letting them resume a labored legato.

Focus fell off of Jacket's thighs at some point, and moved to her breasts. The skunk seemed to have a oral fixation with the way she payed special attention here. Slow, long laps; quick little licks; swirling clockwise, counterclockwise; the skunk's favorite, just sucking nice and hard while she gave the lizard's chest a slow massage. She would lick between the lizard's tits and press them against either side of her greedy face, or just press her own against the lizard's, grinding her front against her captive's.

Maybe Jacket just dreamed that though. She didn't know what was going on anymore, or whether she was even conscious. How many times had she gotten off? She lost count, and wasn't sure anymore what was an orgasm and what was a twitch rocking her body because the skunk was pressing her crotch against her own. But one thing was constant, and clear. Every inch of her felt surrounded, caressed. She was warm, and safe. She had nothing to worry about, nothing to fear, while in Gerry's grasp. She was here with her teacher, and she could sleep. She needed to sleep.

If there was any part of her still conscious, that was no longer the case. Though it took a little more groping and licking before Gerry would notice. And even after she did, she continued to fondle her until she was satisfied

"You've been doing so great this last week, what's with all the mistakes today?" The skunk said, evaluating the lizard heap splayed out before her.

"I dunno, I just..." the lizard was rubbing her arm and looking away, looking defeated. Which wouldn't have been surprising a few weeks ago, but after a newfound bout of confidence this last week it was a total shock.

"Yes, yes, well?" Gerry said, leaning over.

"Ugh, I just can't do it. I'll have to be shown how to be a proper witch again."

The look on Gerry's face changed very quickly. Though to what, it wasn't too easy to tell. Amusement? Annoyance? Well, it didn't matter either way, because she just leaned back and turned around, walking away.

"I raised my standards little lizard. I only fuck witches these days."

"B-buh? What? Wait, I can prove it!"

"And that was how I became one of the most accomplished witches of our time."