



Focus
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The room was completely silent, except for the low whimpers of the fox reclined in its center. The apprentice mage was dressed in nothing but the fur on his back, allowing his erect member to bob freely in the open air. His breath was ragged with effort and unfulfilled pleasure, but there was little he could do about it. His mistress had told him that he needed more self-control before she could allow him to continue his training, and the training she recommended was proving to be a little more than he could handle. With a sigh of resignation he let himself fall flat against the soft rug and recalled the words that brought him to this unfortunate position.

Before you can bend the energies of the universe to your will, you must be able to guide them within yourself. There are a number of ways to practice this skill, but there is one exercise in particular that tends to be the most... entertaining.

A shiver ran up his spine and his cock gave a hearty throb as he visualized the accompanying glint in her eye. The sorceress was old enough to be his mother, but her age did nothing to diminish her beauty in his eyes. She had a figure that could make a priest forsake the cloth and dive into a night of sin, and an attitude that made it a reasonable possibility. Over his tutelage he had learned to look her in the eye when she spoke to him, but those first few months he received many a reprimanding for letting his gaze drift to her ample (and often exposed) cleavage. He knew she enjoyed having that sort of power over him, and on some level he knew he wouldn't want it any other way. A pang of disappointment shot through the fox as he realized he had once again lost his focus, allowing his spire to flag in the absence of mental stimulation. His mistress noticed as well, and she was quick to comment on it.

"Focus, my apprentice," the witch crooned. "I know you can do this. Just find your center and let your fantasy take you."

A bead of pre condensed at the tip of his spire with her honeyed words. If only she knew what thoughts images built his fantasies! Of course, there was a good chance she already familiar with the workings of his mind during these intimate moments. She had demonstrated her ability to peer into his consciousness on day one, and it would be very out of character if that was the last time she perused thoughts. If the smirk gracing her muzzle was anything to go by, she was doing it now! The fox let out another sigh and propped himself back up with his bound wrists. This was trial he needed to complete as soon as possible, as his mentor had made it very clear he wouldn't be doing anything else until then.

A sigh of concentration left his muzzle as he closed his eyes, the room around him falling away into a meditative darkness. There was nothing but emptiness, but it was a blank canvas ready for the projection of his desires. An image of his teacher formed in the blank expanse as he focused his thoughts, the figure sharpening with every memorized detail of her silhouette. The vixen sauntered towards him as her generous bust came into focus, gently bouncing with her

every step. Her hips rolled with in time with her gait, no doubt putting on a show for an imagined crowd behind her. She stood over the panting apprentice for a delicious moment, allowing him to take in her gloriously nude form while she devoured him with an almost predatory gaze. It was a look he received often, but its frequency failed to tarnish its power. The hunger in her eyes quickly brought his member back to full attention, and once she had teased him long enough dropped to her knees.

His arousal pulsed with raw need as his teacher moistened her lips, his body openly responding to the lustful display. A wavering moan resonated in his slender chest as that ephemeral muscle gingerly teased the underside of his member, the wet texture real to him as the silken ropes binding his hands. The sensations intensified as she grew more bold, forcing him to stifle a gasp as she drifted down to his heavy sac. He had always fancied himself above average in the arena of size, and his opinion of this was bolstered by her eager ministrations. The fox's entire body trembled as she took the sensitive area into her muzzle, gently teasing him with her passing tongue and carefully applied nibbles. On some level he knew he was in control of everything that happened here, but he doubted he could break her hold over him even if he wanted to.

A shudder ran down his back and out of his tail as the mischievous vision pulled away from his sac, dragging the slick surface of her tongue over the growing swell of his knot up to his tip. Her pace was absolutely glacial, but it readily drew out his inner submissive and made him beg for more. The curvy specter of his imagination obliged with a knowing grin, swirling about his peak before tracing another path back down. His hips rocked into the source of the sensual lightning coursing through his member, but his mistress was always one step ahead of him. Her head bobbed in time with his motions, keeping him at the outer limits of her stimulation. A whine of need left his throat as he pleaded for the full warmth of her muzzle, but this is where she unfortunately drew the line.

His lust flowed freely through the conduit of his flesh as her relentless teasing continued, bringing him to the brink of orgasm with only the tip of her tongue. His ethereal teacher seemed to sense this, and she slowed her ministrations even further to draw the home stretch out. The fox whimpered as he foresaw her abandoning him on the precipice of pleasure, but this time fortune would smile upon him. With a burst of willpower he commanded her to finish him off, which to his surprise she did with a smirk. Her tongue languidly coiled around the base of his knot as she brought him into her muzzle, simulating a tie that would catapult him into the pleasurable abyss.

The space of his fantasy collapsed as his concentration shattered in the presence of his climax, bringing a fierce blush to his muzzle as he fell back into reality. The sorceress nodded in approval as he painted the rug with streamers of his seed, signaling the completion of his trial. The apprentice panted and groaned under her watch as he rode out his long smoldering release, reveling in the sensations of an orgasm achieved purely through mental means. He dripped and spurted thick fluid for almost a solid minute, creating a small pool of seed between his legs.

Finally he came down from his high to a thin afterglow, but his spire still throbbed with the tremors of unfulfilled lusts. His mistress smiled as she stood from her seat and approached, then crouched down to eye level.

He jumped a bit as she traced her soft finger up the length of his spire, collecting a sample of his virility and licking it from her digit. His eyes widened as she reproduced the exact motions he envisioned, eliciting a giggle from her. "I think you've earned the rest of the day off," she cooed. "We'll start the next part of your training tomorrow."