

<This is the script of <https://esuccubus.com/content/school-pleasure>

Note that scripts may not be exact, if I think of better turns of phrase or new twists while recording, but this is a great general guideline.>

<Clip Begins>

Your mind finds its way back to waking with relative ease. Every minute that passes finds you more and more firmly IN your environment.

You are surely exactly where you expect to be...

At a desk...

In a large classroom...

With a professor at the front, smiling, faintly...

Leaning against the door frame... her lacey dress swaying in an unseen breeze...

You expected to be in... a bed?

Waking to begin your day would be normal, surely...

Waking here is strange.

Did you nod off in a class you had never been in?

The only humanoid present... are you, and the instructor...

And from the way her eyes flash milk-white in appraisal of you, you're certain you were right not to say "human".

Her outfit is revealing, her walk a swaying temptation as she moves to the desk...

And just because there are only you two humanoids present, doesn't mean nothing else is...

She begins to sketch designs on the board as she speaks, her finger trailing smoke and light to form diagrams... diagrams of anatomy just like yours...

She looks at you, white eyes locking with yours, black-painted lips locked in a feral grin.

None of the other creatures turn. You'd been refraining from looking at them, glossing over them in the dreamed way you've been doing everything since waking at this desk...

But they all make noises between purrs and moans, the tentacular beasts, the creatures with dripping and ridged tails, the green shapeshifting orbs sliding up higher in their seats...

They make these noises because the instructor has slid open her desk, and removed a long cylindrical object... and a smaller phallic one, made of polished steel.

The phallic object changes, before your eyes, twisting, becoming more tentacular, beginning to self-lubricate with thin juices...

You wonder about the source of them...ohhh.

And then the slickness between your thighs becomes so much more.

Your hand, you hadn't noticed wandering... how long has it been thus? Her eyes meeting yours, your eyes rolling back...

"Good... That is good. Anyway... class. This tool will replicate the conditions in a real dripping sex, and will climax just as readily. If you make it over-sensitive, if you induce climax too often, too quickly, if you reduce it to a puddle of need as quickly as you all naturally do, I will be forced to cut the lesson short...

None of you will get to play with the real thing. Other than mine, there isn't a humanoid pussy within miles of this place, and you all need to learn restraint, gentleness, how to slowly increase arousal until the subject breaks and begs for climax. Giving it to them too easily is cruel. You'll break your toys, your subjects, your projects..."

The murmuring in the class continues, more excited than before...

She places the cylindrical tube, the sleeve, on the desk... you see glistening squeezing pussy lips inside the tool, and a very firm rigid clit... which she brushes the tip of her finger across.

Your hips buck up and then fall down. Up, and down, in time to her merely brushing it...

More sensitive than ever before. The entire clenching system of you, abstracted, wired into the toy. To brush that clit is more like she's making love to every erogenous zone, every spot that feels even slightly good is being spotlighted and bombarded with shuddering momentary stimulation.

More intense due to its lightness, its delicacy, the perfection of her touch...

You hold your moan in, barely, barely, it takes everything you have...

But to moan...

You can see. You see the tendrils of the nearest 'student' wiggling in anticipation, mimicing the light caress the instructor used on that toy, that tool... a tool she has now anchored securely to the desk...

You see the phallic tail of what looked, at first, like an ordinary young woman before you saw how her form is more comprised of suckling tendrils and searching mouths than anything else...

They're all far too interested.

You're at the back and there is no world where they will turn around, not with her slowly trailing a finger now inside...

Inside the slit you know is just the center of your world, of your mind, of your body...

She's done more than wire your pussy, your clit, the squeezing passage within, even your ass is clenching, constantly experiencing shuddering stimuli... she has wired more than just your lower body into this toy.

Every bit of you is wired in, lodged in that simple opening, that display piece she has facing the class...

Everyone is staring not at the willful stimulation of your body, but of your very soul.

And you adore it, being on display.

You revel in feeling your juices drip, as you realize the little metallic tendril she is lining up, preparing to push inside, will drive you almost over the edge... almost, but not quite.

You think about climax, think about touching yourself, think about cumming, mindless, helpless, lost in the squeezing between your legs and...

Nothing turns up.

You know the concepts, abstractly, in general, but they are lost to you in the specific.

When did you most recently climax?

How would you go about it?

You can envision the hellish gap right before tumbling over... the point of last gasp, of no return... but no return from what?

It would feel good... right?

She's inching you up, edging you up, your whole body is sweating, sticking to the seat, your mind is dripping out...out of the sleeve she has up on the desk, the one she's tracing with the tip of that metallic toy.

You expected it to be cool, but warmth spreads from the point of contact.

A catalytic reaction borne of the liquid lubrication upon the toy, finding its way through your nervous system, holding you at the bucking gasping edge of something you not only fail to grasp but fail to even crave.

if you could find refuge in craving something else, you could escape - escape the squirm, escape the drip, escape the constant squeezing of an empty slit you wish were stuffed full, fucked deep, and ... and what?

Nothing beyond that.

You lack even the escape you would gain from knowing what you need beyond this.

Instead, the paradox of satisfaction: this torment, this ache, this want, is simultaneously exactly what you need.

The tip of the silvery toy slips inside and you raise your hips... forearms braced against the arms of your seat, holding yourself up - barely - just enough to push your sex forward, keep your legs spread - a position that would be difficult, except what's happening between your legs - no, what's happening at the *front of the class* - is exactly what you need.

There's no way to seek more, because nothing more exists.

There is no more than this moment of your whole body squeezing in pre-climactic spasms.

You hear her voice, but it isn't enough to let you hide from the way you crave... it only makes it sexier, worse, better, more constant...

"I have made this tool to approximate the class average. While its venom is not the strongest of all of yours, it is enough to dilate, open, relax, engage the pelvic floor, induce this nub to harden..."

She flicks the clit on the toy and you buzz so hard your buttocks tense in a vibrating storm, your belly clenches, everywhere EXCEPT between your legs goes wild enough to be exhausted, tensing - it would feel rough, difficult, if it weren't also the best thing you've ever felt.

When the reverberations have faded just a tiny bit, you have enough time to see what she's doing... pushing the toy inside.

“The ridges vibrate perfectly, seeking the most sensitive spots... but refusing to engage enough to trigger release. Release is in fact impossible... for any of you.

I see you rubbing yourself off, Celise. It won't work. Nothing in here can climax. Even my delicate muscular control is unable to overcome my spell.”

A green woman at the front of the class pouts, her entire body shivering in its gelatinous curves.

You would be rubbing yourself off too, except...

Your hand finds its way down, found its way down long ago...

Smooth.

Smooth, touchless, featureless.

The space between your legs is receiving signal, but it is no longer home to a dripping needy hole, no longer home to a rigid nub that numbs your mind and engulfs you in euphoria.

THAT is at the front of the class -with her.

Oh.

She has you.

She has your pussy.

You can clench your ass, however ,and you do - eagerly squeezing again and again.

She reminded you just now - you'd forgotten, and you're sure you'll forget again - but climax exists.

Your erogenous zones won't overcome everything, won't set you off, but they'll come close enough to keep you sane when she-

“And of course, like all of you...” says the instructor.

“Once this is inside, it won't come out until climax happens... thus, you will know that I am truly managing to keep going THIS long without allowing this device to register a true release...

By raising the ceiling, I can demonstrate *much* longer...”

Non eof them would let go until climax happened?

Oh dear.

Now you find yourself examining your “classmates” through the haze and the sweat dropping down your forehead, through the drugged warm feeling in your every limb...

You see the mass of tendrils, the dripping envenomated tails and tongues...

They could do so much to you.

They could ruin you.

Break you.

Condition you.

Train you.

You see one glowing faintly and find it difficult to look away... what could she do to you, if you let her?

No way to know.

No way to tell.

You're safe, after all...

Your whole body shakes at the possibility of NOT being safe and how good it would be to cry out, to gasp, to respond to-

To her plunging the entire tendril inside.

You see it expand, but you FEEL it before it happens.

It expands just inside the passage, swelling, filling, fulfilling utterly, and causing the entire body to throb.

Your entire body, but you feel more and more distant from it...

Zooming out, observing from above.

Who is this shivering mindless mess? Who is this clenching thing, so obviously being stuffed, dosed with aphrodisiac venom, and driven to their limit?

She's moving the toy in and out the tiny bit she can, because of course the passage - your passage - is squeezing eagerly on it.

You're supplementing what the magically enhanced toy is doing, squeezing your ass and running your hands over your inner thighs. It's useless to touch yourself between the legs, so everywhere else is becoming more obviously available, more obviously stimulatable...

You can touch yourself, over and over again.

You can find yourself in the most pleasurable possible place...

Which is to be right at the brink.

The brink of what? That's forbidden... that's unknown...

But whatever is happening, she's shoving the toy in and out now, managing to pull against the powerful clenching shivers inside you, managing to thumb your clit enough, in front of the eyes of all these hungry creatures...

And then, she withdraws her hand...

You look at the silvery, amorphous, inflating, venom emitting length of the metallic toy inside you... so warm. Taking on your body heat. Whatever magic has stolen away your weeping dripping passage, has also transmitted the heat back and forth...

She stopped touching it. Is she just going to leave you like this? Leave you shaking, leave you clenching your ass and gripping your thighs and trying desperately to tip the stimulation just a little bit more beyond the limit?

Oh. No.

She pushes the pleasure back into your body, by doing nothing... because now the "toy", the silver y tendril, can move on its own... can expand... can swell outward.

It was so heavy and so hot because so much mass was being compressed into it.

Rising from the insertable inside your pussy, inside the sleeve the instructor anchored to the table, inside your dripping euphoric passage dumping pleasure into you... it swells outward. Up. Curving.

Spreading...

Knees form, and legs, toes, and a torso, and a dripping pussy... and firm high breasts, and a smiling face... a silvery metallic amorphous blob now formed into a woman, who is above the

sleeve... picking it up.. .aligning your pussy, aligning the sleeve with her mouth, and extending her prehensile tongue.

“This is my assistant, of course. I kept her restrained... but now that I’ve decided you’ve all observed enough, and taken notes, I will begin my instructions in specific, how to do what we do, how to wait... how to provoke... and she will lick and ply and dose. With my spell over the room it will take a long time for even the most aroused of subjects to climax, and so she can use every talent in her repertoire... watch closely.”

Your eyes roll back, she’s licking. The assistant is licking deeply into your pussy, lapping up your juices, trading them for doses of the drug in her saliva.

“As more and more stimulation is applied, the brain begins to dump oxytocin and dopamine. The amounts are rather higher with her venom in the system, and this is true for most of you. A dozen, maybe a hundred sessions at the outside, and the subject mind will have reshaped the body - vice versa as well. A subject who is not allowed to climax will remain in the pre-climactic’ reward’ phase longer. This is part of why we wait.

Energy builds... and builds...

See now that she has sprouted a tendril from her palm. This is her primary erogenous zone and... there we go.

Each of you has something like this, and you should only use it when the subject is so aroused you know they would climax if you made one mistake.

She has ascertained the most sensitive spots...”

You realize what the instructor is saying is true. She has found all the spots of slightly different texture or pressure inside of you, she has found how to spiderweb the nervous system stimulus, even as enhanced by the spell as the version of your sex in that toy is.. she could have you whimpering and begging with no enhancement at all.

“Now she will apply stimulus.”

Long, thick, firm, ridged... ridged exactly right.

“But we do not apply too much...”

One... two...

Your mind throbs. The pulses come slow at first, slow, regular, rhythmic.

The pleasure between your legs, or where it would be, is too much to focus, your body is distant, tingly, almost numb.

Your mind is melting, your slit is dripping, clinging to her as she slides her long pleasure center in... and begins to swing her hips.

Same as you have been doing. Same as you have wanted to.

Forward and back, thrusting, lifting the toy - lifting your stolen sex - and using you to gratify herself...

Three... four... five...

The pulses, flashes, flares, drugged doses and drops of pleasure, they never stop, just come more rapidly.

Less about your body, though you clench your ass and squeeze tight and feel something rising...

More about your mind. Bathed in the chemicals she mentions.

As she describes the entrainment and dosing process, describes the way that her subjects, her assistant, her students, are all made to train and condition, to change you so you become a sleeve hooked on them eternally supplying them sexual energy... as she describes the phenomenon, it happens to you.

Six, seven eight nine, thrusting, sliding, and rotating the tendril inside of you.

The woman above the sleeve is moaning, as she uses you, torments you, teases you... she's dripping from her own pussy and just keeping herself on edge, as forbidden to climax as you are... but you're sure she would be cumming, you would be cumming, if she could, if you could...

Ten... eleven... twelve... twenty... pulses per minute, per second?

Your mind is racing, trying to find a way out, an escape, from a tension laden torment and you can only watch.

Everyone in the room is rubbing themselves off, moaning and juddering in their sheets, salivating for a chance to have what that metallic slime girl has. She herself scarcely notices she is the object of envy- her tits bouncing and head thrown back, her shapeshifted silvery hair flaring in unseen wind - she's too busy loving how good it feels to fuck you.

You envy her subjects, the ones who get to cum.. the ones who get to break.

Breaking is impossible, only shivering, only shaking, only your brain melting out from between your legs...

"As you can see, she cannot hold back any more..."

The instructor says this because her assistant has begun whimpering, whining, moaning with an open mouth, her shiny tendril shuddering, unable to climax... the shuddering causing you to vibrate, to squeeze, your brain to try to cum with an asset no longer affixed to your body.

Locked off from climax by the blank featureless expanse between your legs, you have nothing to cum with. Maybe your ass, maybe your tongue, maybe your chest, if you focused attention on erogenous zones but...

No... impossible.

She's smirking, standing in the doorway, lesson concluded.

The others are, hands or tendrils between their legs, finding their way out of the room...

Out and gone...

And you stay where you are. No one looked at you, because they're in too much of a rush to escape...to go get off outside of the instructor's spell...

She and her assistant stay... and they both look toward you.

The assistant seems to notice you for the first time... and, locking gaze with you, silvery glowing eyes fixed to you... she begins to thrust in and out, in and out...

Deliberately.

She's locked eyes with you, and when your back bends with a bow because of the way she's thrusting, you hear her giggle.

"Can I have them?: asks the assistant in a voice of burbling sharpening sparks...

"That depends on what they want..."

I can let them go, and they'll be just fine... holding back... going home... of course, climax might be locked off for some time, my magic, my curses, tend to stick..."

you whimper, eyes wide, unblinking.

Every muscle screams for mercy. The figure on the desk flows off of it and inches her way closer, holding your sex in her tendril-coated palm... the sleeve not even being touched - oh, no.

She stopped.

All this time you have had the reassurance of constant stimulation, now gone, now departed, her venom painted over your lips and clit... you can feel just what it would be like to be untouched, to be without... you can feel the gulf between climax and the lack of it.

No no no you need to cum. You need it now.

Riding so close, so edge,d on the very brink, mind and body tied up in a knot... you need it after this you can't stand it you can't you can't...

"Or... alternatively..."

Yes, yes, whatever she wants, whatever she says, any other option...

"I could let my assistant have her way with you, but there will surely be a price... You will experience just what I described in this lesson, you will be subjected to her..."

You comprehend it. You feel the significance of her words.

Being send home ,or being subjected to the assistant... either way there is a cost. Too much climax or too little... lost and trained or trained by your own craving...

The two of them look very smug, what of them you can focus on through the potent, mind-melting haze...

Damned if you do, damned if you don't, left on the edge, whimpering for more, dripping mindless and constant. You're not qualified to make this decision, but you're also a bundle of every nervous system impulse possible, just waiting to be discharged, waiting to escape the spiralling ecstasy... and they hold your sex quite literally in the palm of their hands...

<End>