

The Witch Who Begged

*The Tower of Anu, northern Rabshekah
50 Salvation Era*

“Good morning, Cow,” Shireh said brightly, as she closed the door to the milking chamber behind her. “I have a present for you.

Locked in her restraints, one of the most powerful beings in the world groaned in misery. Khestri, the Witch of Lamashtu, had long since lost track of time in her confinement. Her olive skin was as tanned as the day she’d been trapped in this horrific contraption; the last time her owners - no, her captors - had given her a mirror, she’d been able to see that her body was just as curvaceous as when she had designed it, her broad ass sitting on the stone chair that was her personal hell, huge tits held fast by the pumps that pulled milk out of her endlessly, thin streams flowing through the upper cables of the chair to the canisters fixed behind her, sending constant waves of teasing pleasure through her to keep her mind fogged with need. Far better than the *other* cables, the ones that pushed up inside her, cleaned her and tortured her, filling her up and draining her according to the schedule of the infernal chair in which the Templars had trapped her so long ago.

Shireh leaned down over Khestri, eyes sparkling with malice. The devotee of Anu had been a young woman when she’d first entered the chamber, however long ago that was. Now she seemed older than Khestri, streaks of grey in her hair and wrinkles around the edges of her eyes and chin. Like all the devotees of Anu, Shireh had sworn a vow of silence, to never speak in the presence of another. At some point, she had decided that Khestri wasn’t a person, and that she could speak freely around her. Khestri was ashamed to admit how much she longed for Shireh’s voice; it was the only voice she had heard since she was sealed down here for her crimes, and the last thread holding her to sanity.

“Whhmm...” Khestri mumbled into the knotted rope that served as a gag, a massive knot filling her mouth and pulling her head back so that she could only stare upwards.

“Your present...” Shireh said, dipping her hand down to run over Khestri’s swollen breasts, “is an orgasm.”

Khestri's breath caught in her throat. She couldn't remember the last time she'd been granted release from the need raging inside her. Her eyes widened hopefully, all composure instantly lost.

"It's a celebration of your fifty years down here as our cow," Shireh said brightly. "The Templars who placed you here are gone. The newest generation doesn't know what you are, and we don't tell them. For obvious reasons." She chuckled at her joke, running a hand over Khestri's breasts. "But you and I know what you are, don't we?"

"Hh wjjjj..." Khestri mumbled. A witch, suffering for her sins.

"A slutty cow," Shireh said.

Khestri moaned in protest, but Shireh ignored her. Her hands ran up and down her body, and Khestri's complaint dissolved in a gasp of pleasure as she felt the acolyte's touch. Just a little more. Just a little closer, and she would...

Shireh pulled her hands away. "What are we?" she asked.

"Nnn..."

The acolyte smiled, reaching down. She grabbed the cables attached to Khestri's breasts and began to gently pull on them. The magic in the cables immediately responded, pressing down more tightly on the witch's breasts, and she groaned in a mixture of pain and pleasure as her immensely sensitive tits were squeezed even tighter than usual. Milk continued to be pulled out of her, sending spikes of pain radiating up her chest. "What are we?" Shireh said softly.

"Slddhh Cuhhhh..."

"That's right, a slutty cow." Shireh let go of the cables, and Khestri gasped with relief as they snapped back to their usual pressure, sucking on her tits and sending newly urgent waves of desire through her body. "And what does a slutty cow want as a present?"

"Cmmmm...."

“Yes, you do,” Shireh laughed, leaning over her captive. She reached down to brush a few stray hairs out of Khestri’s eyes, gently caressing her cheek. “But good cows have to beg for pleasure, don’t they?”

Khestri hesitated, and Shireh slapped her hand across the cheek. “Don’t they?” she asked again, just as sweetly as before.

“Yss...” Khestri moaned softly.

“Then do it. Beg me for your present. Tell me what you are and why you need it.” Shireh’s hand stroked Khestri’s side, drifting down over her forcibly-curved body towards her crotch, tracing gentle circles over her skin with one finger.

“Plsss... mmuu slddh cuhh... ahhh suh haannyy... plsss ggg ee chhhh...” The gag in her mouth turned the words to a garbled mess of nonsense, drool running down Khestri’s chin as she tried to make herself understood. *Please just let me cum. Just this once, I need it so much, please...*

“Oh, you’re begging so sweetly,” Shireh said. “Moo for me, my little cow. Moo for me while I give you your present.”

“Mmmuuhhhh...” A tiny part of Khestri wanted to resist, but she was so horny she could barely think, and Shireh’s fingers were teasing her expertly, on top of the ongoing assault on her tits and pussy. She was just Shireh’s slutty cow, and if mooing meant getting release from the need that was filling her from her toes to her skull, she would force out whatever sounds her mistress demanded of her. “Mmmuuhhhh!”

“There’s a good slut,” Shireh said. She began to move faster, fingers dancing over Khestri’s crotch, a gentle massage turning into a repetitive motion that slipped between the cow’s clit and the pipe filling her up. Khestri’s moos turned into screams as the pleasure pushed her over the edge; she was so pent up that it only took a few seconds for her back to arch even further as she screamed out her first orgasm in years. Shireh didn’t stop there; as Khestri rocked in her restraints, the guard doubled down, pushing further until a second, even more overwhelming orgasm blasted through the witch, her scream of release echoing through the room.

When it was done, Shireh pulled her fingers free. Khestri was lying against her restraints, twitching helplessly, the feeling of the pumps on her breasts pulling

aftershocks from her as she felt new waves of orgasm run through her. The acolyte wiped her fingers clean on Khestri's hair, leaving the scent of her own pleasure hanging around her face, and looked down at her. "Moo your thanks, cow," she murmured.

"Muhhh...." Khestri mumbled into her gag. It was just this once. A single surrender. But the pleasure rippling through her was too much for her to focus.

Shireh drained the canister on the back of the chair into the smaller containers she had brought for the purpose, watching as Khestri shuddered and twitched. "Happy anniversary," she said. "We'll have to do it again next year."

Khestri groaned in a mixture of anticipation and dread. It was something to look forward to, something to cling to through the long months, but it was so far away. She knew she would hold on. She had to.

She was, after all, her owner's slutty little cow of a girl.