

# A Witch's Spell for the Minister's Wife Part II

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*The spurting cock of the farmer filled Jane as he yelled out his thanks for her divine solace.*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/supernatural/a-witchs-spell-for-the-ministers-wife-1.aspx>

The small village was quiet tonight. Even the owls were not stirring in the trees surrounding the fertile fields.

The minister's wife was restless.

She absent-mindedly played with her pussy allowing her juices to wet her determined fingers. When she realized what she was doing, the usually shy and reserved attractive mature woman shuddered in despairing self-disgust for her perverted furtive gratification of her flesh.

Jane Goodfellow was both shapely and quite nubile for a minister's wife. She had no children but that was more due to her husband's shirking of his husbandly duties more than her submissive expectant wait for her needs to be filled.

Her life had changed recently right after the suspected witch Mistress Fancy had mumbled words of evil intent in her direction and placed her long dirty hand on top of her head in the marketplace. Jane was a true believer in all that is right and holy and put no stock in the simple country acceptance of things like spells and hobgoblins that moved mysteriously in the dark.

She remembered with great clarity her shameful carrying on with the "gypsy" men who visited her clean kitchen and how she had given them the secrets of her womanly slit and even allowed them to violate her most private rear opening in a most unseemly manner. Even alone in her sitting room, Jane blushed at how she had scrabbled on the floor in throes of pleasure with each deep thrusts from the long hard cocks of the muscular men. Her subsequent submissive behavior with PC (Police Constable) James was equally as disconcerting. His aggressive possession of her flanks made her

pussy quiver with waves of anticipation. The simple fact was that the uniformed man then proceeded to punish her bottom with a long and humiliating session with his leather belt. It made her cheeks pull tightly together with the memory of the way she was forced to squirm in abject obedience across his cock-swollen lap.

Jane was petrified with the threat her sanctimonious husband would discover her new-found sexual dalliances and upbraid her about her sinful ways. It was just too depressing to even contemplate.

She looked down at her fingers buried inside her seeping slit and reached behind to worry her bunghole with her slender middle finger to help her achieve a semblance of release and satisfaction with much-needed gratification instantaneously.

Her sigh of pleasure was unheard except by her own ears. Her heart was beating fast and she knew that she had to have a cock inserted soon to relieve the pressure inside her vagina.

The very next morning, Jane was to visit the home of Felicity Merryweather to check her condition. Felicity was not at church the previous Sunday and according to Jane's calendar, the rotund farm wife was due to deliver within the next week or two.

The farm was not that distant so Jane took the opportunity for exercise by walking the entire way. She was a bit tired when she arrived at the farm and it was apparent all was calm and normal.

Felicity was most gracious and scurried to serve nice tea and cakes for the minister's wife. Her two strapping sons, Luke and Alfie, were eating their meat pies in the kitchen and both kept casting furtive glances at Jane. She was certain they were both trying to imagine what she was hiding under her long black dress. It was a thorn in Jane's garden that she had to wear the long black garb as befitting a "minister's wife". She so much preferred the stylish dress of the young females awakening to the idea of women's rights and equality between men and women.

When Felicity was not looking, Jane made a point of bending over in front of the two lads giving them a nice view of her rounded heart-shaped bottom and the whiteness of her ankle and calf. Luke even rose and reached out in front of her to show her his mother's new needlepoint on the dresser. His hard erection pressed deliciously into the crack of her heated bottom and she trembled with sexual frustration. Being a very smart young man, Luke got the lay of the land real quick. He winked at his brother and they both nodded their heads at her to follow them out to the barn.

Mr. Merryweather, Sr. was out plowing the fields and Mrs. Merryweather was busy preparing her family's dinner in the pantry.

The two boys were hesitant, so Jane merely lowered her body into a submissive position on her elbows and knees in the hayloft and looked over her shoulder with a smile on her face.

Luke's trousers hit the floor first followed soon after by Alfie's. The older Luke who was already in his late 20s and filled with huge supply of young man cum hopped right on her flanks and shoved his

inquisitive cock straight up her soaking wet pussy slit.

Jane groaned in delighted passion with the impalement. It was right on her special spot and the impulsive young man was quickly pounding her bouncing ass cheeks with his long lean muscular legs.

The younger brother, Alfie, was most distraught that he had no hole to occupy and circled around the humping couple locked in strenuous copulation on the floor of the hayloft. When he paused in front of Jane, she took pity on him and licked her lips suggestively with her tongue giving the 22 year old farm boy the idea that her mouth was a likely target for his overheated cock.

The minister's wife gobbled up Alfie's cock without pausing to take in Luke's shaft deep up inside her vagina right up next to her cervix. He was pounding her bottom so hard that all Alfie had to do was just stand there and Jane's pretty mouth did all the work.

The three of them worked together like a team of well-trained professionals working in unison to achieve the optimal result. The farm animals looked up to the hayloft wondering why the humans were making so much noise. Jane was close to gagging because of the size of Alfie's huge cock but she gave it her best to take it all the way down her throat.

Alfie was so swept away by the sight of the attractive minister's wife with her uppity ways serving as his mouth bitch that he pulled his cock from inside her saliva and pre-cum dripping mouth and started to slap her face all over with the hard wet instrument much to the amusement of his brother looking on from behind Jane's sweating flanks. Luke was so inflamed by the sight of the proud woman's degradation that he spanked her pretty cheeks a nice rosy shade of red at the same time.

Poor Jane was descending into her third wave of orgasmic pleasure when Alfie pushed her head up tight into his groin and shot his creamy load into her submissive mouth. She sputtered slightly and dribbled just a small amount, but the major portion of the younger brother's spunk slid easily down into her tummy and she rested on her elbows with her devastated tongue hanging out like a spent runner.

Luke grabbed hold of her hips and held her steady in place as his balls churned up a full load to shoot deep inside her vagina. Jane pushed back against his hard cock determined to get it as deep as possible so she could feel the splash of male liquid on her inside walls. The farm boy wrapped his arms around her and called her a string of terrible insults to her womanhood and her person. She found that she was quite stimulated by the verbal barrage and squirted off another round of female juices just before Luke filled her vagina with his creamy load.

The two boys were looking at her with some embarrassment and shame in their eyes. She could see that they regretted being so frenzied in their enjoyment of her womanly features. On the other hand, Jane was quite content and appreciated their efforts to quell her need for cock. It was a terrible burden visited on her by the spell of the mean-spirited witch and one that she wished she had never been subjected to in the first place.

She rearranged her clothing and told the boys,

“I hope you boys will keep this to yourselves. If you can keep your conquest private, I will be sure to continue to scratch that itch between your legs.”

They both laughed and nodded their heads in agreement.

Back in the kitchen, Mrs. Merryweather finished tying up the roast and invited her to dinner. At first, she was a bit reluctant to accede to the offer, but then the kindly older woman confided to her that she was worried about her man.

“My hubby, he is a good man, Mrs. Goodfellow, but he is sorely tempted to visit those bawdy girls at the tavern because I can’t give him good service these past few months.”

“Well, I am certain, my dear, that your husband will be patient and all will be fine after the baby is born.”

“I don’t know, missus, I would feel a whole lot better if I knew he had been counseled by someone like a lady of your character to warn him of the danger of straying from home and the warmth of my friendly cunny.”

Jane was intrigued because she saw an opportunity to succor the needs of another pussy-deprived parishioner at the bequest of his very own spouse.

She smiled nicely at the boys and both Mr. and Mrs. Merryweather remarked on how well the two young boys had taken to her. They assured her they generally were not very favorable of the older generation as a rule and that she certainly was a favorite of theirs from the very first moment they became acquainted.

The minister’s wife hoped that the naïve Mrs. Merryweather would never suspect how much her sons were in love with her pussy and tight little ass opening. She could still taste the salty sweet liquid of her son Alfie’s creamy cum in her mouth. He had a unique flavor that made her desperate for cock in her pussy or ass at the same time.

Right after dinner, the boys headed out to the field to shoo the cows into the barn and Mrs. Merryweather told her husband that it would be a good idea for the minister’s wife to counsel him on the approaching birth and any other problems he might be experiencing. Her husband was reluctant but it was from an innate sense of shyness around females that really caused it.

In the privacy of the small reading room, the minister’s wife led Mr. Merryweather in a short prayer of thanks for his wife’s fertility and for the blessing of a happy family. Then, she asked him if there was anything on his mind that really bothered him. She knew what was probably uppermost on his mind and told him,

“Please don’t think of me as a female, but as your advisor to give you the best advice possible.”

He sat on the edge of the chair with an apparent erection under his workpants merely because a nubile female was in the same room with him.

“Well, missus, I am not one to mince words. My Felicity is a good woman and a fine mother, but she won’t take proper care of my manly needs when she is in a family way. This is the third time I had to go through this and I am near desperate to poke a female opening.”

Jane stood up and moved over to Mr. Merryweather and told him,

“Let’s solve this together, Mr. Merryweather, show me the source of your discomfort and I will attend to it.”

The large muscular man looked at her shyly and pulled out the biggest cock she had ever seen.

“You see why I need to tend to it, missus, it is a real hardship to keep holding my big boy down all the time.”

Jane fell to her knees and Mr. Merryweather thought at first they were going to do another prayer, but she leaned forward and scooped his huge cock right inside her comforting mouth.

The tall man gasped and cradled her head in his enormous paw. He saw his cock disappearing into Jane’s wet mouth but it was so unexpected that he almost could not believe his own eyes. She sucked him even though it was impossible to get the full length of his cock inside her mouth. Before he could shoot a load of pent-up cum into her throat, she pulled him out and turned around so he could make entry into either her pussy or her tight little pucker hole. At this point, she was so horny, she did not care which one he choose to use, she just wanted it inside and she wanted it right now.

Mr. Merryweather was so frantic to get his cock inside a tight hole, he couldn’t even control which hole it went into. It found entry in her brown eye and before she could even correct him about the location, his cock defeated the sphincter muscle and slid in deeply into her rectum and lodged deep inside her gut. Jane felt like she was impaled on a huge pole and that if it went any further it would certainly come out her mouth.

She held onto the edge of the reading desk and started to read from the family bible. The chapter and verse was unimportant. What was most important was the rhythm of his fucking motion. She read aloud in perfect harmony with his penetration of her secret place and used her free hand to excite her clitoris into some yummy squirts of female juices.

The long deprived farmer squeezed her shoulder hard in a signal that his load was fast coming. She read faster and tried to swivel her hips to enhance his enjoyment of taking her flanks. When he started to spurt, Mr. Merryweather yelled out his thanks to the Lord for all of the gifts given to him in

his time of need. Jane just let the excess creamy cum run down the inside of her legs. She was so filled with cum now from the randy farmer and his two strapping sons that she would be walking on eggs all the way back into the village.

When they exited the room, Mrs. Merryweather and Luke and Alfie were waiting for them. They all congratulated them on their dedicated bible studies and prayer session. Mrs. Merryweather was especially pleased to see the sparkle and vigor of life back in her spouse's face and thanked the minister's wife profusely for her ministrations in counseling her husband.

Jane promised to visit them next week and saw the pleased smiles on all their faces for very different reasons.