

A Witch's Spell for the Minister's Wife

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A WITCH'S SPELL FOR THE MINISTER'S WIFE

Bramford was a quiet little place with a terrible reputation for strange happenings when the moon was full and the time for spell casting was noticeably stronger. Most of the newcomers moving into the area just raised their eyebrows and chuckled at the hint of mysterious nocturnal incidents.

Jane Goodfellow was one of those skeptical newcomers. She had only recently become a resident of Bramford village, along with her husband, the Reverend Endeavor Goodfellow. Her husband was adamant about not wanting his unfortunate first name to be bandied about in jest, so she was ever vigilant to call him only by his last name or the more preferred Edward that he had adopted to replace his given name.

It was on a fateful Saturday morning that witnessed the still attractive Jane making the rounds of the market shops to procure the next week's provisions.

She was at the fishmonger, trying to find some healthy-looking specimens, priced low enough to meet her meagre budget. The other two shoppers silently slipped out the front door when a small female with a long black cloak wandered into the little shop. Jane was so engrossed in her shopping that she hardly noticed the hooded female figure poking the new catch just brought in from the bay.

Jane looked up at the sound of the shopkeeper's voice.

"Mistress Fancy, you know I don't want your presence in my shop. My wife told you to come to the

rear for any handouts.”

Pretty Jane thought this to be a bit boorish so early in the morning and cleared her throat to admonish the shopkeeper for his confrontational attitude. When the face under the hood looked up, she immediately closed her lips and crossed herself with a suddenly shaky hand. The female was quite hideous in appearance, with squinty watery eyes, a huge wart under the nose and lips that showed evidence of recent drooling. The sharp-eyed apparition did not miss the hasty “crossing” as if to ward off evil spirits and her face glistened with resentment.

“I call a curse on you, Thomas Kent, along with your bitch of a wife. If you were man enough to have any children, I would curse them as well.”

This astonishing utterance was punctuated by a spray of spittle that reached onto Jane’s pristine white sleeve. She quickly made effort to remove the drops with her embroidered hanky before it stained her favorite blouse.

The ugly but not very old Mistress Fancy took personal exception to this further indication of disdain for her person and centered her attention on the innocent and naïve young Jane.

“Before me is a bitch of the worst sort and sporting a nose buried in the clouds. I cast my spell on you, my pretty, to be caught up in the basest of heats when any cock is nearby. You will obey any instructions from the other gender and strive to please them with your pretty mouth, your wet little pussy, and even your tight, never penetrated, righteous pucker hole.”

The shopkeeper pushed the harridan out the door and apologized to the shaken Jane Goodfellow. Poor Jane was a bit fearful because she had never come into the acquaintance of a curse or a spell of any sort whatsoever.

She put it out of her mind and returned home to the rectory with her many purchases. That evening her dinner was matchless for both quality and quantity. Her husband, the Reverend Goodfellow was so stuffed; he fell immediately into a sound sleep on the living room sofa.

Jane cleaned the dishes and was looking out of the kitchen window, when she spied a couple of the “wanderers” or “gypsies” helping themselves to her vegetables without a single by your leave.

She ran out the kitchen door armed with a broom of dubious strength and stood panting right behind the two strange men. They looked up guiltily at her and expressed their apologies for taking her veggies but they were sorely plagued with hunger.

She immediately relented and told them, “Take what you will, gentlemen. Anything you see of mine is yours for the asking.”

The youngest, a lad of about 20 years, slyly looked up at her and winked.

“Would that include you lifting your skirts for a couple of famished strangers in need of some female sport as well?”

Jane wanted to correct the impetuous lad for his impertinence but for some strange reason could only shake her head up and down in silent consent, and got down on all fours, right in the garden dirt, lifting her skirts just as she was requested.

The young man was quick to pull her nicely ironed knickers down and slammed his long deprived cock deep into the pussy of the Reverend's wife.

The pretty young Jane howled out in guilty acknowledgement of her slutty behavior. Soon, the strokes of the well-hung lad accelerated, as his spunk came rushing out in spurts of creamy cum. It trickled down the insides of her legs and she sobbed in frustration at her unexplainable actions.

With a knowing smile on his face, the young man pulled out and dismounted from the well-fucked female's posterior. The other man was just as quick to replace him and was soon sawing away deep inside Jane's steaming vaginal slit. This older man was a bit rougher and spanked her ass cheeks with scorn and derision in each blow. He also insulted her in terms that she was only half certain she understood with clarity. This time, she shook in the clutch of a strong orgasm before he spilled his copious load deep inside her tight little pussy.

They both took their bags of her veggies and laughingly left her garden, pleased with her gifted food and fully sated with the taste of her pretty pussy. Jane cleaned up and rejoined her sleeping husband. She was certain it was the spell placed on her which had caused her to act so wantonly in her own garden. In all honesty, she had to admit that the depraved treatment from the older man was most gratifying in a very shameful admission of her secret desires.

The Reverend Goodfellow was so caught up in his churchly duties that he often neglected the tending of his pretty wife's attractive garden softly hidden between her delicately curved legs. Jane had never complained because she felt it would be unseemly to pester her spouse for such disturbingly pleasurable activities. In fact, the episode with the two transients in the back garden was the first time she had any activity of any description in her tight vaginal channel since they had arrived in Branford.

Even now, she could feel her womanly slit pulsing with desire for male attention, making her so very wet inside her modestly designed knickers.

She dismissed the bible study group of chattering youngsters and was quite alone in her classroom when the constable tapped discretely on the door jamb.

“Police Constable James at your service, ma'am, we have received a report of a couple of fellas living rough and stealing food in this area. You'd better keep your doors locked because they've already accosted poor widow Bates right in her outhouse in a most undignified position.”

Jane waved the PC inside and offered him a cup of tea from her little galley. He accepted with his

thanks and removed his helmet and outer coat. She could see he was a very big specimen of male physique and noticed that his trousers seemed a bit pushed out in his private parts area. Her face was certainly a bit red as she pictured his “package” of male equipment. Jane felt that her thoughts were most certainly perverted and not appropriate for a wife of a well-respected minister.

When the PC guided her soft and trembling buttocks right down onto his rock-hard erection, she shuddered with a passion that made her orgasm, without any touch of real skin or the wetness of his pre-cum on her fingers. He held her tightly in his arms and whispered,

“Do you want to ride my pony, pretty teacher? Let’s get your knickers down and see just how wet you are already.”

She was filled with shame when he showed her the sticky residue of her overheated pussy slit dripping from the ends of his fingers. There was no doubt she wanted it inside her very badly.

“Make me take it, PC James. I will be a good girl for you and not make any noise at all.”

The tall PC stood her up and hooked her skirts into her waist belt. One quick tug and her immaculate knickers were down on her ankles. Jane was sat down on PC James’s lap and felt his hard probing cock slide resolutely into the back of her vaginal slit. She wiggled for a bit and was then fully seated with the long cock deep inside her womanhood.

“All right, girl, you mounted your pony well, now give it a ride you won’t forget.”

Jane started to slide up and down the long thick cock and the feeling was something she had never experienced before. This was the very first time she was able to direct the extent and the speed of her own impalement and she discovered it was the best way for her to insure her full and complete satisfaction. She squirted her juices down hard at least three times before PC James grabbed hold of her hips and held her down tight against his throbbing cock buried deep inside her pussy.

“Don’t move now, little one, not even a muscle. Daddy has to give you a present right up inside your pretty little pussy. Ahh! Here it comes, love, yes, keep still a bit longer. That’s it. Good girl!”

She could feel her vagina being flooded by the load of creamy cum. It was soothing and made her feel lazy and languid. She tightened her pussy lips trying to keep it all inside.

“Very well done, missy. Now I have to discipline you for leaving the side door unlocked and allowing me to enter unnoticed. Get over my knee like a good girl.”

Jane obeyed the instructions to the letter. She could feel the still hard cock pushing right into her pussy mound underneath but it felt rather good and not uncomfortable at all. The sound of the thick black belt being slapped on the side of the chair made her tremble in unexplained fear. It reminded her of her husband giving her a harsh beating several times for not preparing a tasty meal. The reminder of that harsh treatment was both humiliating and yet exciting because she sometimes loved

to be a “bad” girl and get punished good and hard.

The first sting of the belt on her bottom was absolutely wonderful. She shouted out in gleeful disdain.

“Shit! You hit like a sissy boy!”

Every slap of the belt after that was both hard and severe. It was just the way she loved it.

“Take it, you stuck-up bitch. I want to see your pretty ass nice and red. All stuck-up bitches need to come down a peg or two. Now get down on your knees and show my cock more respect!”

Jane scrambled down to the floor and looked up into PC James’s eyes. She opened her mouth as if ready to receive communion and he stuck his rock-hard cock right down her throat. Her eyes watered and she started to gag just a little. The taste of the pre-cum and her own juices calmed her down and she started to stroke the oversized cock with her suctioning mouth. The randy constable patted her on top of her head like she was an obedient dog doing tricks for her master.

The sly policeman never even gave her any warning before he loosed a veritable flood of creamy cum in the back of her mouth. She had no other alternative but to swallow it all down as quickly as she could.

After he left, Jane rinsed her mouth with the cold tea and spit the remnants of the salty cum down the sink drain.

She wondered just how far this witch’s spell would take her on her journey into perverted pleasure.