

# The Ghostly Sisters of Salem Town Part IV

By harrylime

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*From the Friday the 13th midnight to Halloween, the urge to copulate with all females is strong.*

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Harry was strangely starving after his last session with the Ghostly Sisters Amanda and Amy. They had done a good job of draining him of all of his precious bodily fluids. The ministrations of Lizzie aka Mrs. Felicia St. Henry had calmed him down and given him a new perspective on the Ghostly Sisters. He now could see their highly charged sexual favors were dragging him deeper and deeper into their web of other worldly activities.

He had not seen either one of them since Lizzie had warned them off last evening. He was to meet with Lizzie and her group of concerned citizens this very evening just before the midnight hour. It would be a Friday the 13th meeting right after it started. This was a year that Halloween fell on a Monday. It was only about two weekends away. Harry always liked Halloween for some reason. He had this urge to celebrate and to copulate with every female within striking distance.

When Harry walked up the driveway to Mrs. St. Henry's huge house, he noted that the moon was hanging full and low over the barren trees in her back yard. The Gothic style and the muted shades of black and white seemed to blend into a ghostly green tinged landscape. It all seemed to warn of an impending Halloween that boded no good fortune for the residents of Salem town.

Lizzie opened the door and invited Harry inside. The large conservatory had been decorated into a comfortable meeting room with lounge chairs and cloth covered table laden with veggies and sweets. There was a generous bar on one side that was manned by a very short older gentleman in a black waistcoat. Harry ordered a bloody Mary and sipped it discreetly as the meeting came to order.

Excluding the bartender, there were eleven other people besides Lizzie and Harry. Lizzie introduced Harry in turn to all eleven of the attendees. On the red leather sofa were Sylvia, Marisa and Anton. Sylvia was a pleasantly plump well-dressed woman in her mid-forties. She wore her glasses down low on her nose and appeared to be peering at people with an intent gaze at all times. Marisa was Sylvia's ward, a stunning brunette dressed all in black with a petite frame and full bosom. Harry guessed her to be in her early twenties. Anton was an unsighted person. He was a mulatto and had a habit of touching people and tapping his cane that was most unsettling. On a white couch with Harry were Susan and Doreen. Susan was a mid-thirties honey blond who wore a cloying scent. She let her hands wander all over Harry's leg planted right next to her. Harry could feel the heat from her bare leg right next to him and his dirty mind pictured her on her back with her legs wrapped around him whilst he pounded her ample ass into the mattress. Doreen was sucking up the booze pretty fast. Harry didn't know what round she was on but it was disappearing into her gullet as quick as they could pour it. She was an attractive woman in her early fifties. Her ass was starting to droop a little with gravity but it sure did not look bad at all. Harry could see her dark nipples peeking over the top of her low cut gown. She obviously had no love for wearing a bra.

At the square table in the center, there were four other associates of Mrs. St. Henry. There were two women and two men. Mr. and Mrs. Longstreet were both in their early thirties and were complete opposites in appearance. Alice Longstreet was wearing a fishnet see-thru dress that accented her pert boobs and lush ass cheeks. Her husband was overweight, overpaid, and oversexed. His wife was quite happy with all three components. The other couple was the Grants. Abigail Grant was dressed in a very conservative business suit. Her breasts were covered by several layers of material and her slacks were so loose one would have no idea at all of her shape or femininity. Harry did find it interesting that she constantly touched the arm of Alice Longstreet with a lingering familiarity. Hiram Grant was the ultimate banker. Harry could easily picture him sitting down across a desk and asking an applicant if they had any "collateral".

The remainder of the group was an obvious pair of twin females sitting in the love seat opposite his sofa. They were in their early twenties. The girls were perhaps, only 18 or nineteen. They were very similar in appearance. He suspected they were identical twins. Lizzie introduced them as Bobbi and Terri, the Halbersham twins. Apparently, they owned a good part of downtown Salem and were orphaned at an early age. Harry noticed that Bobbi wore her hair swept back and that Terri favored a pig tail. Like the dirty old man he was at heart, Harry pictured Bobbi's head bobbing on his cock while my hands held her swept back hair steady for my strokes. He could also see Terri on all fours under him and he constantly yanked back on her pig tail to make her ass come back to his impaling cock. They were like sexual book ends for Harry's depraved imagination.

Shortly after midnight, Harry was informed by Lizzie that he was being invited to join the "coven" of the Salem concerned citizens against witch discrimination. He looked around at the other twelve

members of the group. Harry was impressed because he had to admit they all seemed to fit the role of witches and warlocks. He just did not see himself as one of them.

Lizzie showed him the Salem book of witches. It was the one missing from the library. Harry didn't ask her where she got it from. She showed him in the book that both his grandfather and his great grandfather were listed as Supreme Warlocks of the Salem chapter. Harry's father was not there because of his early demise. She told Harry his contact with the Ghostly Sisters was due more to his other worldly skills than to the geographical coincidence of the family house. It did sound very plausible to Harry and he knew he had felt these vibes ever since he was a small child.

We all took a break to eat the treats and special recipes prepared for the convocation. Alice Longstreet cornered Harry at the bar and managed to rub all her goodies on him enough to make his happy little cock come to attention looking for action. Alice held his elbow with her delicate hand and whispered in his ear,

“You do know that after each meeting, we all go to the basement and seal our pact with the flesh. We all taste each other's juices and we must all cleave together. That means you will have to fuck my pussy and my ass hole and do the same with all the other females before the sun rises in the morning.”

Harry had to admit this was the hook that got him to agree to joining the coven. The thought of nine beautiful women all “cleaving the flesh” with him was enough to send his cock into overdrive.

It was shortly after midnight that Lizzie told us it was time to move to the basement for the initiation rites.

Lizzie dismissed the bartender and after he left the house, she nodded to the rest of the coven. Everyone removed their shoes, so Harry did the same and left his shoes under the couch. A couple of the females were made more petite by the removal of their high heeled shoes. The pair of very tall Halbersham twins still was taller than Harry and the other 3 males in the coven.

Mrs. St. Henry gave each of them a black robe with a hood and Harry saw everyone one stripping off all their clothes before donning the robes. He noticed that the female with the most succulent ass was Alice Longstreet. Her ass cheeks were perfect globes and they hung down just enough to make a nice shelf to lift before inserting a cock. She smiled at him and made a point of facing her ass to him when she bent down to lay her clothes in a neat pile on the bottom shelf of the hallway cabinet. He was able to see the pink interior of her delicious looking pussy. Harry noticed that he was the only male with a full erection before they even got started.

The evening seemed most promising. Nine females and only four males called together to join their flesh in sexual pleasure. He thought about the nine naked female bodies under the flowing robes.

When they joined in a circle in the large basement recreation room, Harry was between Alice and Terri, the Halbersham twin with the pig tail. He sensed that things were really looking up.

Lizzie filled a silver chalice with a deep red liquid. He could not tell if it was wine or blood. He hoped it was the former and not the latter. The antique chalice was passed around the circle and each participant in the rites wiped the edge carefully with a soft cotton cloth before sipping the unknown brew. Harry was relieved to discover the liquid tasted like a very sweet wine that left a lingering aftertaste in his mouth.

The other twelve members of the witch's coven solemnly recited a Latin sounding incantation and Harry tried to imitate the words as best he could.

Without any warning, all of the coven members moved forward to the center of the circle and removed their robes leaving 13 naked bodies rubbing against each other in a spirited effort to "cleave unto each other" in frenzied sexual coupling.

Harry found that he was mounted on the luscious posterior of Alice Longstreet with his contented cock buried deep in the sensuous woman's anal passage. Terri the pigtailed half of the Halbersham twins was slurping noisily between his ass cheeks. The tender loving touch of her hot tongue rimming his quivering anus made Harry pound Alice's ass with enthusiasm. Poor Alice was groaning in deep distress from the long cock impaling her tight little pucker hole with repeated thrusts that stretched her sphincter muscle to its maximum limit.

Harry was getting ready to cum and he could feel his creamy liquid rise up in his churning balls. Alice's ass was moving every which way but loose and Terri's talented tongue was making Harry experience levels of pleasure he had never achieved before. He saw the plain looking Mrs. Abigail Grant scoot up to Alice's head and the older woman grabbed Alice's ears and pulled her face right into her pussy. Alice's tongue was hanging out of the corner of her mouth from the ass shattering pounding Harry was giving her. Abigail wanted that tongue working its magic inside her pussy. She shook Alice's head until the dazed girl got the message and starting gobbling up all of Abigail's pussy juices. He noticed that with her glasses removed and her hair down, Abigail was quite attractive in a very classy way. She had that delicate, demure attitude even when she was engaged in the most kinky sex act imaginable. Mr. Grant came over and beat on his wife's ass with a paddle as she received Alice's tongue in all her hidden recesses. Harry and the other 4 were joined in sexual combat. He could see the remaining coven members were copulating right on the floor.

Lizzie, Susan and Doreen were on all fours in a little circle facing each other. Every now and then, they would kiss each other on the lips and stick their tongues in each other's mouths. All three women had their asses up high to receive Mr. Longstreet's 10 inch cock up their well-lubricated pucker holes. Mr. Longstreet was moving from ass to ass like an obsessed butterfly. He would shove his hard cock deep into each ass and ram it home a half dozen times and then move on to the next female. At the rate he was going, Harry was certain he would be forced to cum very soon.

The other half of the Halbersham twins, Bobbi with the upswept hairdo had her ankles on Anton's shoulders. Anton's cock was buried in the beautiful girl's well-trimmed pussy. He could see her panting with exertion as the muscular Anton drove his cock home time and again deep in the young girl's vagina. Anton was not able to see his partner but he could feel her, he could hear her, he could smell her. It was more than enough to make his cock spurt long ropes of sticky cum deep inside the wailing girl's dripping pussy. Right in the center of the room, he could see Marisa and Sylvia. Young Marisa was standing with her hands on the back of a chair. She had one leg raised up on the chair making her sweet young pussy readily available to the very aggressive tongue of her benefactress, Madame Sylvia. Harry could hear Marisa howling like a she-wolf as Sylvia nibbled and sucked her willing pussy. He could see Sylvia's ample ass shaking and quivering as she thrust her mouth up into the young girl's pussy slit and ass crack. He could see Sylvia's pretty nose pushing up into Marisa's pucker hole like a tiny little cock.

Before the sun came up in the morning, Harry had "cleaved" into every one of the coven females. It was a night of sexual pleasure he would remember for a long time.

Lizzie told him tomorrow night they would join Anton in a spell dispersal casting to rid him of the Ghostly Sisters forever. He realized it would be for the best because the sisters were capable of some very deep black magic not suited for the everyday world.

She told him the final casting must take place before Halloween and that there was not much time left. It had to be done quickly and with the correct words spoken.

Early on Halloween morning, Alice Longstreet came to his house with a nice housewarming gift. She also managed to squeeze in some very interesting up close and personal time on top of his bed. Alice told him that once the sisters were sent back to their proper place, she would be able to meet his needs more often in private and away from the coven's watchful eyes.

Harry never saw the Ghostly Sisters again. He was not upset by that. Now he had nine very nubile and sexually charged female witches to keep his juices flowing nicely. His private encounters with the lovely Alice and his relationship with Lizzie more than made up for losing the sexual favors of the Ghostly Sisters of Salem Town.

But to be on the safe side, He decided to recast the spell each and every Halloween from here on out.