

A Witch's Orgy

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Witches Moira and Guinevere fuck their way across the world for centuries.

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Moira and Guinevere Carling were sisters, though not in the biological sense. Each found a similar in the other -- sisters in dark temperament and unnatural desires, sisters with great powers in the black craft -- and the two cleaved to each other for mutual benefit. What benefit, you might ask, would compel two of a species with a well known preference for solitude to spend eternity together? Quite simply stated: beauty. It isn't as unreasonable as one might think. After a few hundred years, even the most radiant of witches will find their splendor waning, and, quite frankly, Moira and Guinevere were not born with the comeliness such as their craft has created. Were you to look within your heart, could you honestly say you would contentedly live an endless existence looking as a stereotypical ancient hag? No, I very much doubt so. And yes, there are a great many spells and enchantments in a witch's arsenal to enhance beauty. Consuming the heart of a child, winded incantations over bubbling caldrons of putrid smelling (not to mention tasting) potions, invoking glamour (quite effective, but very exhausting)... But none of these were quite as easy to obtain, nor half as pleasurable, as the spell that Moira fortuitously conceived one glamoured evening in the arms of a long forgotten French prince. Once his royal cock was buried deeply within her greedy, insatiable pussy -- once his handsome face was screwed up in that singular moment of pure ecstasy just before the fall -- Moira whispered her greatest wish in a language so evil that a weak-hearted mortal would die from pure, abject terror. Her prince's eyes flew open, and Moira saw wild fear in his eyes. Then his body was racked with shudders of a pleasure so painful that he cried out terribly as his life essence spilled into Moira's barren womb. Taking perverse delight in the pain and fear of her lover, her pussy bore down upon his surging cock and she screamed from the incredible power that coursed through her body. A great heat filled her, the spell inadvertently cast was complete. Though the glamour illusion had long since fallen in the face of such all-consuming rapture, her prince looked down upon her in wonder. She was now more lovely than the most beautiful of courtiers. Her once homely self was all exquisite delicacy and sensuous curves. Had Moira been willing to share her discovery, she undoubtedly would have been able to claim the high seat in the Witch's Enclave. But renown was not important to this great witch. It was a matter of numbers: the more witches that knew of this, the fewer men there would be to serve her needs. For there was one unpleasant side effect to this wondrous breakthrough: as she consumed their life essence for her beauty, the men no longer had life to give.

They left Moira's arms after a night of great passion as barren as she. Moira would never allow her supply of everlasting beauty to wither away for something as frivolous as a distinction within the circle of her peers. Once a year for the next hundred years, Moira left her solitude to renew her beauty, and then retreated again to her quiet life in a reputedly haunted castle along the southern border of Scotland. It was more than a quiet life; she was inexplicably lonely. Like an answering prayer, Guinevere came a-knocking on her door one particularly nasty winter's night. She asked for safe harbor 'til the morn, and Moira welcomed Guinevere into her home. Like recognizing like, their talk quickly turned away from the horrible weather and to the occult. Night turned to day, day turned to week, week turned to year. They spoke of past histories, peers who feigned magnificent fiery deaths much to the amusement of other witches, and, of course, they shared spells and enchantments. Desires were unearthed, and the two were delighted each to learn the other tended to the immoral. For that year, Moira immersed herself in the delectable taste and sweet sighs of Guinevere. Some days, she would spend hours at lapping at Guinevere's clit. Others found herself rocking her hips in rhythm with Guinevere's clever fingers as the other woman delved deeply. Their kisses were carnal and cruel; with sharp nips and devouring suckling and battling tongues. Pain was as integral as the pleasure, giving and receiving both. In the mornings, Guinevere and Moira went over each other's body to discover the newest bruises, bite marks and deep scratches made during the night's assault. They applied poultices and whispered words of healing while rekindling a fresh surge of craving with none-too-subtle fingerings, licks and kisses until they were again moaning and screaming so loud that the nearby villagers believed that the old ghosts had returned. For that year, they fed off each other, until the day came that Moira knew it was time to leave to find a man to revive her fading beauty. If Guinevere ever noticed, she never said. For that reason, Moira decided to gift her lover with her knowledge. "Come with me, my love," she whispered seductively to her friend after explaining how the incantation worked, "Together no man could refuse us. And we will fulfill their darkest fantasies and give them such pleasure that they would willingly give us their life essence were we to ask. Come with me, my love, and we shall feed." And feed they did. Together, they roamed the dirtiest streets as the cheapest prostitutes, or introduced kings for a night in the darkest of sexual pleasure. They let horse grooms ride them in barns and stalls; they feasted upon the meat of butchers with the blood and gore of the trade pooling at their delicate knees; the most virtuous of husbands took them on the very tables their families ate upon while the wife slept unknowingly in the nest room; they even spread their legs to sailors in the cargo hold of the great ship as they crossed the ocean to the new world. No man was safe from their lusts, and for almost three hundred years, Moira and Guinevere fed. As time passed, Moira noticed how much easier it was to corrupt the minds of men to their will. In the purity of the 1920's, there were secret clubs that catered to men with dark tastes. Guinevere and Moira found no lack of men so desperate not to wonder why a woman would give such pleasure without expecting payment in the Great Depression as they made their way to the west coast. They gave fond farewell parties to departing soldiers the night before the scared boys were to be shipped off to France and Germany. When the fifties brought an influx of desk jobs, they sucked the life essence from the men who manned them from beneath the cold aluminum desks. Moira and

Guinevere ran naked for the three days of Woodstock, feeding off of more men in those few days than they had in any single year before. The 1980's were a time of sexual exhibitionism, the 1990's a time of sexual sadism, and the witches basked in the glory of their newly found freedom. To celebrate Moira's 500 th birthday in the early spring of 2008, Guinevere found a favorite of her friend's. A simple frat party at a house in the Berkley Hills. Uninvited and unknown, the two women waltzed into the house as if they owned it. They were dressed for the singular purpose of seduction; all the men turned to watch as they sauntered into the center of the crowd to the heavy beat of Nine Inch Nails. As if of a single mind, they turned towards each other and began to dance. Their bodies undulated as they wound their limbs together. Guinevere hitched up her skin-tight, knee-length leather skirt until it rode just beneath the curve of her ass so that Moira's silk stocking clad leg could ride between her own. Guinevere's full breasts were barely confined by a simple black blouse completely open but for a single strategically placed button, and as she bounced and moved to the music, glimpses of her heavy cleavage showed to anyone and everyone who desired to look. Moira had clad herself in virginal white for the occasion. Her top was a tight contraption of lace and whale bone from back in the era of the unnatural thinness that corsets used to give a woman's figure. The brutally taut laces forced her breasts so that they rose so high above the fabric that her nipples were blatantly showing. The skirt was loose and fell to her ankles with a slit that rose on either side up to her hip bones. Each sway showed off a sheer white stocking that rose just above her knee. It was held in place by a delicate garter. Moira took Guinevere by the hips and ground herself against the other woman, moaning at the exquisite sensation of silk and leather sliding together. She tossed her head back, arching her back, and Guinevere took the advantage to lean down to suckle a pebble hard nipple. Moira and several onlookers groaned, and Moira thrust her hands into Guinevere's hair to press herself more firmly against the woman's mouth. Many men had stopped dancing and talking to watch the two women who were all but fucking in the middle of the dance floor. It was an erotic scene that excited men who were barely men, and even stirred the envious green women. The slow bump and grind never changed even as the DJ upped the beat with a fast paced song. Moira dislodged Guinevere's mouth, and slowly pirouetted. Every man's eye was focused, she saw, on the nipple that was distended and red from Guinevere's loving. Guinevere pressed herself flush against Moira's back, and rubbed herself leisurely down until she was all but squatting with her face pressed in Moira's ass. When she rose back up, her hands caught the silk fabric of the skirt and drew it up. Standing again, ass to pussy, Guinevere pulled the skirt the last decently clad inch. Now exposed, Moira reached down and began to fondle her pussy with one hand while the other ran circles around one nipple and then the other. Guinevere moved her fingers along with Moira's. Together they worked Moira's pussy. When Guinevere flicked at Moira's clit mercilessly, she felt herself coming apart. At the culmination of her orgasm, Moira let loose a string of words incomprehensible to the watching crowd, yet they felt the effects. From beneath slitted eyes, Moira enjoyed the aftershocks as she watched the spell take hold. Let loose from their inhibitions, the silly, drunken frat party quickly turned into a sinfully debauched orgy. Couples of all sorts turned towards each other, oblivious of the morals parents, teachers and religion had long instilled. Men came together with women, women came

together with women, and men came together with men. Couples turned to groups, and from there, the party became an electrifying anarchy. The witches observed their handiwork with glee. A jock, looking big and muscled in his jersey, had a woman happily pinned to a wall as he hammered his relatively small cock into her. Beyond them was a small group of redheads thoroughly stripping each other while taking long sips from painted blood red lips. One woman kneeled not far away between two men, shifting her mouth from one cock to another as she sucked them to a completion that covered her face in milky white. Everywhere their eyes landed found a new dizzyingly erotic scene. Moira's attention swiveled back to her own scene, when a man, who had been continuously watching her with his intense golden eyes from the moment they walked in, kneeled himself before her. He took swift advantage of her uncovered state by latching his mouth firmly to her dripping wet pussy. Moira moaned and stroked her fingers through his hand as she watched him suckle her clit. Satisfied that the party had indeed begun, and that Moira was suitably distracted, Guinevere gave her lover one long, lingering kiss before taking off with a wink. Moira's eyes followed Guinevere. The leather clad woman made for a couple near a couch at the edge of the dance floor, and Moira smiled wickedly. Guinevere dropped to her knees next to yet another jock who was eagerly sucking off the rather impressive cock of a dreamy-eyed man. While the jock sucked on the fat head, Guinevere let her tongue slide up and down the long length while she palmed his balls. Not happy with being ignored, the man at Moira's feet gave her clit a decidedly sharp nip. Moira gasped and looked down into glittering gold with a mischievous smile. He would certainly pay for that insubordination. Moira took a handful of his hair in her tight little fist, and then ground her pussy on his face until she knew he could hardly breathe. Despite the punishment, he continued to work his tongue magically, slipping deeply into her pussy with long, luscious laps. Moira rode the man's face relishing each sinful sensation. Before he could bring her to her second rousing completion of the night, she was distracted by a thick length of steel being pressed intimately against her ass. Abandoning the golden-eyed, clever-tongued man, Moira turned to the tall man who had introduced himself most excellently. At the sight of his heart-stopping male beauty, Moira hitched her leg up on his thigh, and pressed her pussy against him. He took her mouth with a breath-stealing kiss, and she drove him wild by rubbing the hot juices of her pussy up and down his cock. The very knowledge that she was so close to having him within her, along with the incredible friction of his male hardness against her feminine softness, had her mouth aggressively feasting on his and her body moving with sensuous abandon. He was panting heavily whenever she would let him break away for a quick breath. His body was trembling from the strain of holding her in just the right place while she writhed. A mouth pressed hot kisses all over the heart shape of her ass. Moira looked down in surprise to see her clever-tongue man once again making his impromptu name most evocative. The man, touching her with only his tongue and mouth, was drawing spirals and circles around the curves of her ass, causing sweet shivers shooting through parts of her body that Moira never knew she had, even after five, sin filled centuries. It was inconceivable, the urge to abandon her intended for a fleeting and unproductive pleasure. Yet it was there, an urge so strong that she almost abandoned herself to it. Almost. Instead, she focused again on the man before her, the hard steel that rode against her mons. The man took

her up, wrapping her long legs around his trim waist. Moira wound her arms like a vice about his neck, kissing him most thoroughly, and, with but the slightest shift of her experienced hips, slipped his cock within her molten depths. A sharp gasp punctuated the penetration, and Moira felt the man thicken even further with a vicious throb, which she answered by tightening and strangling his cock with her inner walls. With a crazed cry, he grasped her hips cruelly, raised her up and brought her down upon him with such fierceness that Moira's body thrilled in the punishment. Again and again, he rammed himself deeper and deeper. All the while, Moira whispered wicked promises in his ear, pushing him beyond sanity with words that would make even the pope burn from lascivious hunger. And in the moment before her victim's completion, Moira bound him in the spell. Seconds later, with a roar of ultimate triumph, he emptied himself, bestowing his life essence within her. Moira's body contracted painfully around him until, with trembling limbs, he released her and collapsed to the floor. With feline grace, Moira landed easily on her heeled feet. She gazed down, wondering that the culmination of the magic didn't leave her with the familiar sense of unspeakable power. Nevertheless, she felt the tingle of a spell fulfilled, and knew that those who looked upon her would do so with awe at her shining radiance. Dismissing the man sprawled at her feet, she turned to see her clever-tongued man grinning most puckishly. Anger and suspicion rose, clouding her judgment for the first time in centuries. With a red tipped nail, she stabbed him in the chest, propelling him backwards. "Who the hell are you?" she asked, irritation causing her normally melodious voice to sharpen with a deadly edge. His smile widened, yet his golden eyes glinted with barely concealed danger, and a wave of fear washed over Moira. "Foolish witch, I am Erebus." Moira's sucked in a sharp breath, and immediately let her eyes fall from his face, for none must look upon Darkness. The condescension that had laced her voice disappeared, and she was repentance itself. "My Lord!"