

Mistress forces Sissy to to ride a broomstick

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The forest air was thick with smoke and the scent of crushed herbs—myrtle, wormwood, and belladonna. My wrists were bound, my knees trembling.

Around me, a circle of seven women moved in a silent, gliding rhythm. Their cloaks were black velvet, their faces pale and under the soft light of the moon and the black candles they carried, I could make out the soft beautiful curves of their semi naked forms.

Mistress Psyche stood before me, her black hair dark coiled like a crown of snakes. She held a polished broom handle, On its tip, a thin coating of psychedelic belladonna and datura balm glistened in the moonlight

“Tonight is Hexennacht,” she said. The great Mistress Hecate wishes an offerings. You are the vessel. The broom is the axis, You will ride it until she is satisfied, Sissy.

I stumbled forwards, naked and caged in nothing but stockings, suspenders and high patent heels as the chanting began. It was German, old words I didn’t know—Walpurgis, Opfer, Faust.

Mistress Psyche stepped close. Your pleasure is our offering. Do you understand?”

I nodded.

The other witches closed in, their candles held high. The first hot drip of wax landed on my inner thigh a sharp pinch of heat, then it settled into a warm, clinging seal. Another drip, on the small of my back, then another on my thigh. Each drop a black teardrop marking me as theirs.

Then, the pressure.

Mistress Psyche guided my hips down. The tip of the broom handle, slick with the flying ointment, brushed my hole. I gasped. The paste was cool, then, as it touched me, it seemed to warm, to awaken. A strange, tingling numbness spread from the contact, followed by a low, insistent throb of desire.

“Ride,” Mistress commanded, her voice cutting through the chant.

Then the belladonna’s effect deepened. The numbness became a softening, a welcoming. The muscle relaxed, opened. The slick, rounded wood slid inside.

The sensation was immediate and overwhelming. It was a full, stretching possession. The wood was smooth. It filled a space that had never been filled. A moan escaped my lips, unbidden.

The women watched as Mistress Psyche’s hands left my hips. Now I was to move on my own. I pushed my hips forward, leaving just the tip nestled inside, a maddening tease. Then I pushed back. This time, it went deeper, easier. The belladonna was working, making my flesh pliant, lubing and gently intoxicating me.

Each stroke sparked a wave of pleasure—a deep, internal friction that pulsed and tingled, as waves of pleasure radiated out and into my core and my little locked clit in ways I never imagined possible.

I rode. The rhythm started awkward, then became fluid, matching the cadence of the chant. The wax drips continued, marking my thighs with a delicious pattern of black, a map of my submission. I was no

longer a person, but a channel for their entertainment

My own arousal, untouched and ignored, became a tight, aching knot, my bound hands made it impossible to touch, impossible to relieve.

The frustration amplified the pleasure from the invading thrusts , creating a feedback loop of lust and desire

Mistress Psyche stepped forward, her fingers, cool and precise, found my neglected caged clit. She didn't stroke it. She simply closed her hand around it, a firm, possessive grip.

•The offering is ready• she announced to someone or something and the watching women. •
The offering here for the taking



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Category

1. Uncategorized

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