

The Seductive Ritual

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Content Warnings:

Outdoor sex, authority figure, jealousy, witchy stuff, trans woman X cis woman, interruption,

Luna sat on a thick, rough stump near the slowly waning fire. The coven was preparing to induct her into the sisterhood and preparations were intense. A short break with a cozy fire before the final ritual was well-earned. Matron Celia sat with Petunia and a girl Luna hadn't met yet. Celia wore a loose black silk romper with a thin belt around her middle. Petunia was clad in jeans and a graphic tee depicting a cat in a witch's hat. The other girl wore a light cream crop top and dolphin shorts. Luna herself was wearing a cute blouse and a long green skirt.

After a moment of drinking deeply from her strangely old-fashioned canteen, Matron Celia stood up and addressed Luna for a moment.

"Alright my dear, we are just one step away from fully introducing you into the coven. We try not to be too fancy, but this ritual is very important. Do you know anything about fertility rituals?"

"Um...uh...", Luna blushed.

Celia laughed to herself quietly, "These *agricultural* rituals are very important for the earth to be renewed, especially with the rest of the world working against us. So we decided to make an *agricultural fertility* ritual part of every induction. Every member ought to know how to perform this."

"That makes sense. When do we begin?"

"Ah, you have much to learn about magic, but one of the first and foremost is how to protect yourself from ill magics that may linger. We have charms and potions that can shield you, but they only protect you if you remain in their shell."

"I didn't realize there was so much protection to worry about. So how does this magic condom thing work?"

Celia stares blankly for a second, “Condom? I guess you could call it that. Anyway the difficulty with the shell and the reason we came to the deep woods is because the shell only covers your skin, so you’ll have to take all of your clothes off for it to work. Don’t worry, we’ll be doing the same and we’ll all be together working on the ritual.”

“Uh... really? Like is that absolutely one hundred percent necessary for me to do?”

“Unless you wish to abstain from the fertility ritual, but I should mention that I was specifically hoping you would be more excited to join,” Celia gave a slightly exasperated face.

“Oh no it’s not that! I just.... are all of the members of this coven women? Do you allow anyone else?”

Petunia perked up and said quietly, “Well I’m literally non-binary but go off I guess?”

Luna’s face got hot, “Oh gosh I’m sorry. I guess I meant that maybe if I undress it would make everyone else uncomfortable...being trans and all...”

Celia’s warm eyes brightened under a small melancholic smile, “My lovely dear, there is no shame in being who you are. We love you for the person you are, and will get to learn more and more about you. Please believe me when I say you are very safe here and we are very accepting.”

Luna began to tear up a bit, being so quickly and wholeheartedly accepted without question was just too much for her heart to handle. She had already been mentally preparing herself for the worst. A fight? Getting rejected from the coven? Worse?

Celia came next to Luna’s stump and gave her a tight, bent-over hug. They both leaned into each other as the other members piped up with vague remarks that summarized as, “We love and accept you, Celia speaks for all of us in that regard for sure!”

The (un)fortunate situation was that Luna’s head was getting dangerously close to slipping into Celia’s romper at their current angle. She could feel the soft plush of Celia’s breasts against her forehead and nose. Trying to adjust only made it feel even more lewd as it was just a shade away from nuzzling into them.

“Uhm, Celia, do you mind if I stood up first? I do really appreciate the hug, it’s helping a lot. I just feel like I’m in an awkward position right now.”

Celia let go abruptly and stepped back, “Oh I’m so sorry, dear! I didn’t realize.”

After a brief reposition the hug began anew and it was worse somehow. Celia was a truly mighty woman, some would go so far as to say Amazonian. Though her muscles were not nearly as exaggerated, just what she's gotten from typical gardening and jogging. Her silken smooth dark bronze skin felt like heaven. And Luna was now fully front-facing into Celia's breasts, which were nearly large enough to count as earmuffs. She tried to say something but only got out a muffled sound, which Celia didn't hear. After a moment longer they each peeled apart.

"Darling Luna, we love you. You have a home with us whenever you want."

"Thank you so much Matron Celia. I'm so happy to be a part of this."

"I'm very glad. Do you need a short break before we begin to prepare for the ritual?"

"No, I think I'll be OK. The hug really helped. And your skin is so soft!"

Celia chuckled, "I'm glad about the hug. Maybe another time we'll exchange skin care tips. If you're ready then we need to get started. And step number one is to strip."

Celia began to slowly peel her romper away, revealing she had been wearing nothing else. It was tight and caught on her breasts and on her hips. At each she let out an involuntary moan and her entire body seemed to shiver.

Luna stared dumbfounded, before a haunting realization took a hold of her.

What a fucking moment to get an erection! I didn't even realize I still could after this long on HRT!??

Celia finished peeling off her romper and folded it and set it down on the log where she had sat. Then she picked up a stick to poke at the fire to keep it warm for everyone. Then she turned her gaze to Luna, fully clothed.

"My dear, remember it's important. We love and accept you. But for your own safety you need to take those clothes off. It's best to get comfortable with being naked now since all our magic requires it."

"Uh. Yes. Sorry. I just need a minute"

"Alright dear, but please don't keep Petunia, Clarence, and I waiting long. It does get cold despite the fire."

Luna walked up to where Celia was standing and whispered to her, "I have a very uncomfortable situation happening right now, but I might need a minute or two for it to go away."

Celia looked confused for a moment, then her eyes got a bit wide, “You don’t...you do? Now? Because of me?”

“Well maybe a little bit... you are exceptionally attractive.”

“My dear, this simply cannot be helped. Or rather, it can but I’d need Petunia and Clarence away for a time.” She turned to the others, “Would you give us some time alone to prepare for the ritual my dears? We’ll need about thirty minutes. If you could grab some hot coffee from the convenience store down the road it would be much appreciated.”

They grumbled assent and began the short walk trudging out to where they parked. As they left, Clarence gave Luna a look. It was hard to discern for Luna, but it was a look of barely hidden envy mixed with some other feelings.

Celia turned back to Luna and grasped her shoulders, “My lovely, gentle dear, I simply must take care of this problem for you. As coven matron I must,” she bit at her lip in a smile, “*protect* my children from harm.”

Luna stiffened in more ways than one. “Are you certain? You really really don’t have to. Like if you are at all uncomfortable with this I am really OK.”

Celia spoke breathily, drawing out each and every word, “Not. At. All.” she began to reach down with her left hand and stopped short, “Do you give me your consent for this? I intend to ensure you are properly tended to and will be safe for the duration of the ritual, if you’ll have me.”

“Oh god yes of course.”

“Surely you mean ‘goddess’,” Celia winked. Her hand cupped Luna’s throbbing erection. Luna let out a soft moan and involuntarily bucked into Celia’s hand. “I’m glad my dear is so eager, but maybe this could be more enjoyable if you took those pesky clothes off finally.” Then quietly to herself, “Goddess I need this”

Luna clumsily started pulling her skirt down and off. Her panties were barely containing the gnawing beast that Celia cupped a moment’s ago. Peeling them down, the beast emerged unrestrained at last.

Celia stared for a moment, rubbing her legs together slightly as if she were also desperate for some friction. Then remembering herself, she looked up at Luna, “I need you to take those damn clothes off already so I can please that gorgeous cock of yours.” Celia stepped forwards and started pulling Luna’s

blouse off. Her bra as well in one go. It was rather tight, and Luna's breasts caught a little bit raking across her nipples and eliciting an erotic squeal.

Celia grasped one of Luna's breasts in her hand and gently massaged it, saying, "Seems you're no stranger to magics. I'm glad." Her other hand reached down to feel Luna's cock. It was throbbing so hard Luna felt like it would explode.

Celia dipped her head down to kiss Luna's breast. Then lick lazily around. Then finally she reached the tip and began to suckle on Luna's stiffened nipple. Her other hand grasped Luna's cock and stroked gently in a slow rhythm. Luna could not contain her moans anymore. Her hips rocked into Celia's perfect hand. Celia's mouth and tongue sparked lightning through Luna's nipple and her moans vibrated into Luna's breast, furthering the pleasure.

Luna heard soft wet sounds in time with the stroking of her cock. Which hardened her "resolve" even further. Celia was fingering herself while pleasuring Luna, and all she could think to say was, "Fuck that's hot." Which earned a giggle from Celia, who took her perfect mouth away from Luna's nipple for a moment to smile up at her. Then she sank even lower than before. Her hand left Luna's aching cock. The burning was getting to be so hot. It was almost too much!

Luna watched as Celia began to lick at the tip of her cock. All she could do was clench her fists at her side. Celia looked up for a moment and softly said, "Put your hand on my head, it feels way better that way." Luna hesitantly obliged. As soon as her hand touched the crown of Celia's regal locks, she dove her head down, enveloping Luna's cock with her warmth, lapping at the underside with her tongue. Luna's hand held gently on Celia's head, not pressing her any further than she was already moving herself. She bobbed her head lazily and gave every inch of Luna's throbbing cock the attention it desperately deserved. Then she stopped and pulled back and looked up again, "You are enjoying this right? Please don't let me do anything that makes you uncomfortable."

"Right. Sorry. I. Fuck. It's really really really good. I'm just afraid of making you regret this."

"Impossible darling. I love pleasuring your thick cock. Even if there wasn't a ritual I'd be happy to take care of this little problem for you." She grinned widely, saliva wetting across her mouth and chin. "In fact, I certainly wouldn't mind if you took a bit more control. Else if you prefer, I'm happy to play the part of dom."

"Oh if you don't mind then yes, I'd enjoy dommy Celia."

"Good little thing, then why don't you just lay down on the ground like a good little girl?"

“Eep!”

Luna laid down on the soft grass, which was dappled in crunchy leaves that left an oddly satisfying crunch under her back and bottom as she lay.

Celia stepped over her with crossed arms, standing with her hips above Luna’s. “My pet, I could certainly use some pleasuring from this as well. What do you say? Wanna fuck my pussy?”

“Fuck yes!”

“Good little girls use proper language. What do you want?”

“I want to fuck your beautiful wet pussy, Matron.”

“Good girl~”

Celia crouched down so she sat on Luna’s thighs, cock inches from her opening. Then she slid slowly forwards and began to rub her labia on Luna’s cock. She rocked her hips rubbing her wetness all over. She let a sharp gasp from time to time as her clit bumped up against the tip. Desperate for more she kept bucking, never inserting. Luna moaned and whined.

“Something wrong my pet? Does the plaything want more? You’ll have to beg for it you know. Else this is all you get.”

“Pl-please matron. Celia. Please bury me. In your perfect pussy. Please. Let me. Fuck you. All the way inside. Please make me feel good.” Her hips were bucking as well as her pleasure was rising.

“Such a good little plaything, desperately begging for what she wants. But I want to tease you for a moment longer, you’ll have to subsist on this for now. I’ll indulge you when I feel like it and not a moment sooner.”

She kept bucking against Luna’s throbbing cock. Goddess, the aching was getting to be more than Luna could handle! Her mind was going numb. There was only the ceaseless friction and desperation for more. After what felt like an eternity, Celia stopped drawing a desperate whine from Luna.

“Don’t worry pet. I’ve decided to indulge you now. Just give me a moment to reposition.”

Luna was no longer capable of speech. It took every fiber of her being to keep from bucking into the air as Celia adjusted.

Finally after what felt like aching hours and days, Celia lowered her pussy onto the tip of Luna’s cock. The sensation was rainbow lightning charged with ecstasy and stabbing ache for release all at once.

She slowly lowered herself further, making the most erotic moans and grunts Luna had heard in a long time. Closer and closer she finally was fully seated on Luna, who was still fighting every instinct in her body to begin ravaging Celia. Celia got her footing settled and placed her hands on Luna's breasts. She leaned forwards until she was practically laying on top of Luna. She gazed into Luna's pleading eyes, and, seeing the aching need in them, she began to rock her hips slightly. She watched as Luna's face washed from aching desperation to limitless pleasure. Luna's eyes lost focus, her mind barely comprehending anything beyond the glorious sensation between her legs. And then her mouth? Something gentle and soft was pressing against her mouth. Celia was giving gentle and loving kisses to Luna, and every so often stopping to whisper, "good girl" or "fuck yes" in a husky, lust drunk tone. Without thinking Luna reached up to grasp Celia's hips. Her supple ass made for an excellent handle as Luna yielded control to her instincts, thrusting as much as she could handle. Celia's voice went from low and husky to sharp and desperate.

"Fuck. Goddess. Yes. Hnggg. Luna. Fuck. More. More. More!"

Luna gave Celia everything she had, nudging her cock in as best she could.

"Just. A tad. Slower would be perfect," Celia moaned.

Readily complying, Luna felt Celia grasp at her nipple. Alternating between softly rubbing and sharply pinching.

"Luna darling I need you to cum. I need you to cum as hard and as much as you can. Alright? But, and this is important, I need to know when it's going to happen. I'll explain more later."

Numbly nodding her head in assent Luna tried to keep the pace and focus on that slowly blossoming bud of an orgasm that had been planted with the first sensation of Celia's hand on her cock. She felt it growing and growing. While losing focus she lost pace and reset a bit, much to Celia's pleasure.

Adjusting her angle in Celia she took a bridge pose and kept thrusting, causing Celia to scream in pleasure. She kept up her pace as best she could. Throbbing cock begging for release. Celia's moans an angel's sweet harmony. The rustling of the leaves.

"Fuck Celia how are you this good? I need more and more and more"

Clarence cleared his throat. Luna started in shock.

"We'll be back I guess. Leaving the coffee on the log"

Celia turned and smiled, "Thank you darling Clarence. I apologize for taking longer than expected. You need only wait a bit longer."

Clarence turned to walk away. Apparently Petunia had expected they would need more time.

Celia turned down to Luna, "Unexpected but let's carry on. I have to keep you safe after all. Let's drain you until there's nothing left."

All Luna could muster was an "Eeep!"

She had to lay back down, the bridge was hard to hold with another person on top. Celia took charge again bucking down on Luna. Each thrust filling Luna was a wave of pleasure that felt like a strong breeze on the ocean's shore. Crashing against her cock and mind and heart until there was nothing again. All she was was Celia's plaything and all she needed was for Celia to play with her.

"Darling, why don't you take charge now. I could do with the rest, and I would just *love* to see what you can do."

Luna and Celia switched around so Celia lay in a bed of fallen leaves and soft grass which perfectly surrounded her hair. Her breasts sagged to the sides under their own weight, as if asking to be held.

"Matron you are so fucking beautiful."

"Oh do go on darling, but first bury that cock in me while you talk," Celia whined.

Luna eagerly complied, grasping at Celia's hips to plunge her length deeper inside.

"Matron,"

"Yes?"

Luna pulled back her hips to better thrust into Celia with each breath,

"I believe,"

"that,"

"you may be,"

Celia squealed.

"everything,"

"I was waiting for,"

Celia started to buck her hips in time, desperate for more friction between them, “Yes darling I am happy to be your everything, now *fuck me like you mean it.*”

Luna hunched down over Celia, one arm propping herself up with her hand on the ground by Celia’s shoulder, the other cupping her breast and making gentle massaging motions.

“Like this, Matron?” she laughed.

“Yes dear. Keep going now.”

Luna kept up a moderate pace for a few minutes while she adored the bounce of Celia’s other breast and the way her lips softly parted from moment to moment during her pleasure.

After she was satisfied by the sight and fully ready to burst, Luna began to press her lips against Celia’s rigid nipple. A kiss, then two. Next she was licking around the sides of her nipple, all the while trying to maintain that pace of thrusting.

“Darling. Please. More.”

“As you wish, Matron.”

Luna began to pick up her pace. Celia’s breast was now bouncing too aggressively and Luna had to bite down on the nipple to keep playing with it, which earned a delightful moan.

“Fu-fuck darling.”

“Yes. Matron.”

“Keep going darling.”

“I’m close, Matron.”

“Then get the cup.”

“What?”

“The cup. Dump the coffee and give me the cup.”

Luna reached as best she could and grasped the coffee cup. It was simple styrofoam with a brown dinosaur logo printed on it. With the cup emptied, she handed it to Celia.

“You want me to try and pull out? I can do my best, for you, Matron.”

Luna felt the aching throb down the length of her cock, tightening near the tip.

“Oh no darling. I need it inside of me first. It activates the reagent that way.”

“I thought you said this wasn’t that kind of ‘fertility ritual’?”

Celia clenched down on Luna’s cock, sending rivulets of ecstasy through Luna’s cock and straight to her brain.

“This isn’t. This is gay sex. Which has its own magic.”

“Weird.”

“Perhaps. But let’s talk later. I want us to cum already, and not just because they’re waiting on us.”

Luna kept up her rolling hips, thrusting into Celia as she felt her arousal continue to build. She was losing her mind again.

She felt her tongue and teeth around Celia’s nipple. She felt Celia’s wonderful pussy clenching around her as she thrust.

It was building, and building, and....

“Fuck Celia. I’m. Gonna...”

“Yes darling, fill me with all you have!”

Together they moaned in pleasure as Luna felt her release. Tension running down her length as she filled Celia’s tightening pussy with a thick warmth.

Together, they collapsed into a sweaty pile. Celia moved to kneel over the cup so she could properly drain the “reagent” into it.

Luna could only lay and stare dumbfounded. The most beautiful woman she had ever lain eyes on had just drained her for all she was worth, and now she got to watch the proof of that drain out of Celia into a cheap styrofoam cup. It was certainly an odd sensation.

“Matron?”

Celia grunted, causing a slightly stronger flow to drip out of her pussy, “Yes?” she gasped.

“You called my cum a ‘reagent’? What is that?”

“So close my dear. *Our* cum is a reagent. Together our shared release formed a powerful reagent that I plan to use for another ritual very soon. This reagent will enable some very powerful magics. I am very

grateful we had this opportunity,” she looked down at Luna with a hunger in her eyes and bit her lip, “I hope we can make more reagent in the future. For now let’s finish this and get you initiated.”

* * *

The initiation fertility ritual went off just fine. Luna was charged with casting a pine cone into the raging fire and chanting words of growth and affirmation as the coven held hands in a circle, which now included a new member for the very first time.

Just as the ritual was finishing and it would be time to head home and get some well-earned rest, Celia squeezed Luna's hands a few times. Looking at her, Luna saw the pride her matron had in her. And she saw someone who could be more than just her matron.