

## Chapter Five Ritual of Spirit

Nea's hand moved to the back of Tabby's head. The other witch nuzzled against Nea's pussy, tongue moving nimbly. Tabby moaned, arms holding Nea's thighs to keep her still as Tabby's tongue worked. Tabby and her toys crowded the space between Nea's legs. Beneath her flicking tongue, Tabby manipulated a small naturally shaped vibrator, sliding it in and out of Nea with magical precision. Nea didn't actually know if the vibrator shook from its own small electronics or if it was a new trick Tabby had learned.

Their dildo collection had expanded significantly over the past week. Nea's eyes scanned the different dicks arrayed in a small case on the nearby wall. She focused her thoughts on one. Long, brown and spotted with a fake pair of balls as big as fists, it was supposedly modeled after a centaur dick. Conach gave it to them as a fifth day anniversary present. It raised questions about where he sourced silicone centaur dicks, but they never got around to asking him. With a nod of her head, the lifeless cock floated into the air like a fish suddenly dropped into water. It fluttered slightly before darting across the room, seeking out the closest available pussy.

Nea grinned when Tabby's breath caught mid lick. The dildo wedged itself in Tabby's outer folds, wiggling into her. Tabby's tongue went still for a moment as she adjusted to the massive dick shoving itself into her. Nea enjoyed the view of Tabby's upturned ass swaying as the comically large dick stuffed itself into her whichever way it could. With every twitch, it acquired a little more of her lubrication allowing it to push a little deeper. Tabby groaned low and primal as her walls spread to accept the animated cock. Her attention returned to Nea's pussy, licking voraciously as the small vibrator worked in rhythm with the fake centaur dick in her own pussy.

The head witch sighed with contentment, letting the low rolling pleasure sate her as she kept her thoughts on the dildo's movements. She considered conjuring up something for Tabby's cock, too, but Tabby surprised her with something first. The small dildo buzzing inside of her lost its rigidity. Nea couldn't see it, but she could feel it split into four probing tentacles. Tabby paused to look up at her with a wet chin and devious grin as the enchanted sex toy pushed at the inside of Nea's walls. The strange sensation took Nea by surprise, and her body shook with sudden orgasm.

Not to be outdone, Nea used a new spell she'd been practicing, spontaneous ejaculation. The massive dildo pistoning in and out of Tabby's pussy suddenly shoved itself deep inside of her, about half the enchanted thing's length, and erupted. The unexpected blasts of cum sent the pair into a whirl of ecstasy. Free of direct control, the enchanted devices went wild. Tabby got in a few more licks before her own orgasm forced her to bury her face in Nea's pussy, mindlessly moaning into the other witch's folds. Nea's legs bucked and quivered as she whimpered with pleasure.

Recovering first, Nea realized her spell had gone a little too far. The magic dick had

withdrawn from Tabby only to float behind her exposed, dripping pussy while gushing magical cum on Tabby's ass. Unable to right herself to dispel the thing, Tabby simply cooed into Nea's thigh as she received a cum bath. With a clap of her hands, Nea dismissed the enchantments. The tentacles in her pussy returned to their singular dildo form and withdrew, while the centaur cock flopped down onto the bed, lifeless and still.

"Can this stuff get me pregnant?" Tabby asked, once she'd regained her senses. She flopped forward onto her stomach beside Nea, her cum soaked ass shaking from the motion.

"No," Nea said. "Watch." She bent toward Tabby's ass and gave it a hard smack. The cum evaporated into sparkling light which dissipated into nothingness. "Bit of magic, that's all."

"Felt nice," Tabby said, disappointed. "I suppose we should go back to work. We do have the end of the world to worry about, after all. Maybe our breaks shouldn't be three times as long as our research efforts."

Nea wrapped her arms around the other woman. A week earlier, Tabby had been a stiff, standoffish prude. Now, she was soft and warm in every way imaginable. "Technically, this is work. Recharging our magic batteries."

They lapsed into a comfortable silence until the bedroom door opened. Conach stepped inside, his tail twitching at the sight of the two witches laying in each other's arms. Grimbough stood in the doorway behind him. "We've found it, Mistress," he said.

"Really? Fantastic. We'll get dressed."

"Or, I could..."

"You'll have your chance soon enough, big guy," Nea chided as she scooted across the bed. Tabby followed languidly, poofing into her clothes as she got up. Nea took the time to magic everything back to order, returning the variety of dildos to their places. "Now, let's see it."

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Grimbough led the way through the winding passages of the Coven house. Eight days had passed since Nea and the others arrived, and the house had changed dramatically in that time period. Every bit of it seemed alive in some fashion, some of it literally. A few doors they passed had faces which whispered conspiratorially or outright greeted them with good cheer. Grimbough returned the greetings occasionally, but largely kept his posture rigid and silent as he took long strides down the halls.

Nea didn't know how the creature could keep track of where anything was, but she supposed he'd been enchanted with some kind of mental map. As far as she could tell, the house generated its passages randomly. While Grimbough could keep track of everything with ease

once it had been found, finding it was another matter. The witches tasked him with locating a door close to the Reveler's Ball right after Priscilla's vampiric ritual ended. From that moment, the gourd-man searched tirelessly with one of the witches or Conach accompanying him. Even so, it took two full days before they found it.

"I'm still not certain this is wise," Grimbough mused as he walked. "The Reveler's Ball cannot be any less dangerous to the Coven of Samhain now than it was hundreds of years ago. If the spirits infiltrated the house, it would cause untold chaos."

Nea nodded. "Perhaps it's changed a bit since your time Grimbough. How could an eternal ghost party be so dangerous?"

"However it has changed, mistress, it will not be for the better. For that reason, it is risky to open a door to such a place," he said. "Many of the constructs within this house could be easily possessed by a revenant, myself included. I would be considerably less effective at my job if I were controlled by the raging spirit of an executed murderer. Many of these doors are not safe. Think of the creatures one could release with my knowledge and ill intent."

A chill ran down Nea's back as she recalled the thing they accidentally found on their first night in the Coven house. "We know, Grimbough. We're not taking it lightly. And if you're aware of a place with a healthy congregation of ghosts, we'd happily go there. As it is, the Reveler's Ball is our best option. Besides, Tabby will be here keeping up the wards and watching over the ritual."

"Were they always malicious?" Conach asked. "My people talk of the Reveler's Ball with some melancholy. I think it would be one of the first things they would like to return."

Grimbough took them down three sharp turns as he answered, "In ancient times, the Ball provided a meeting ground between the high courts of this realm and that of Faerie. The Fae enjoyed the opportunity to mingle with humans without the risk of becoming trapped. The humans tried to use the time to make deals with Fae. It was a highly political event, which almost always ended someone's death. They called it the Reveler's price. The Lord Reveler was charged with keeping the spirits in check, but without fail he claimed one rebelled. My old mistresses argued otherwise. They claimed the Lord Reveler marked one of the attendees when they arrived. The party would not end until that man, woman, or fae was slain within the grounds, and the Lord Reveler claimed the soul for himself."

"What sort of thing would murder one of the Eternal-folk?" Conach asked, alarmed.

"It is how the Reveler's Ball began, Master Conach," Grimbough continued. "As I understand it, prior to his new role, the one called Lord Reveler was bound to a mortal who turned insane with jealousy. It is a dark and lurid tale. The mortal sorcerer used his power to slaughter his entire court before cursing his fae to a new life eternal as the grim specter presiding over the Reveler's ball." Grimbough came to a stop in front of a massive wooden door with iron bands and rivets. "The door leads to the gatehouse before the castle. It is as short of a walk as I

could find.”

“Thank you, Grimbough,” Nea said. “And really, don’t worry.”

The stick man gave the slightest of nods before heading further into the labyrinthine passages.

“Reckon where he goes?” Conach mused. “Doors to all parts of the world, and for some reason I think he walks up and down the halls. Hang on, can he leave the house?”

Nea and Tabby had already set to work placing wards around the door. “You’re free to ask him. He thinks of you as almost equal authority as me,” Nea said.

The fae crossed his arms and scowled. “Sure, but he...doesn’t like me. Looking for this door was like walking around with a jilted lover. I think he might blame my existence for having to go to sleep for hundreds of years.”

“That wasn’t your fault,” Tabby said. “We don’t *really* know whose fault it was. The witches say it was them. Those Warden kooks say they did it. Half the creatures in the far realms all say they did it to protect themselves. I doubt it came down to your parents skedaddling off with you in your mother’s belly.”

“Perhaps not,” he agreed. “But tell gourd-head that, would you?”

“We’ll have plenty of time to talk once the two of you become perpetual meat puppets for the dead.”

Nea winced. “Let’s not call it ‘meat puppets’. There. Anything short of a demigod isn’t coming through that door without one of us giving it permission.” She gave the various runes and glowing emblems another once over before handing her jar of ink to Tabby. “Head back to the ritual room. It’ll be around the corner more than likely.”

“I still think *I* should go,” Tabby protested. “I have much more experience dealing with spirits than you.”

“They’ll also smell the stench of dark magic still on you,” Conach said. “We haven’t gotten you fully clean of it yet, despite our persistent trying.” He pinched her ass to drive home his point.

Nea clicked her tongue at them, not wanting another “break”. “Your experience is why you’re staying on this side. If something did come through, you’re better off here to deal with it. Off you go.”

Before Tabby left, she gave each of them a needlessly provocative kiss. She also gave Conach’s dick a hard squeeze. Once she rounded the corner, Conach offered Nea his arm and

opened the door.

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They emerged from the backside of a crumbling stone building, leaving them standing in a dilapidated courtyard before a hollow keep. Wind whipped down from the parapets, sending a chill through the new arrivals. With a snap of his fingers, Conach wrapped them in heavy cloaks just as a spray of snow flurries scattered down around them. “Bit colder than I expected. How come haunted castles aren’t ever anywhere warm?”

“It is October,” Nea said, snuggling into the warm garment. “Most places that have castles are approaching winter.”

“Where are we anyway? In between all the dick sucking, Tabby’s been bringing me up to date on modern geography.”

Nea looked around, but saw nothing other than misty fog and wisps of snow. “Not sure. This might be a between place.”

“Between what?”

“Like the Coven House, it exists between everywhere all at once. It’s the kind of place difficult to find without a magic door leading you to it. Makes sense. If you’re going to host the courts of two worlds at a ghost party, you’d want to do it off the beaten path a bit. And somewhere everyone could get to without a six month boat ride.” Nea looked at the ominous, dark building in front of them. The whole thing looked like one strong wind would collapse it. “Come on, no sense standing out here.”

They moved up the walkway. For the first time in days, neither of them felt sexy or horny. A deep chill settled in them that was something more than the weather. They passed through the large archway into the foyer of the keep. A rusted portcullis hung from black chains as they moved into the inner courtyard. Nea kept her senses alert and eyes roving, expecting to see the ghastly shades of the long dead lingering in the shadows. They saw nothing and moved inside the keep itself undisturbed.

Inside, they heard music, distant and tinkling, in the echoing halls. Torches flickered along the wall giving off unnatural greenish light.. Conach plucked one down with his tail while Nea lift an orb of light in her palm. They moved further inside until they stood in a throne room. Far above, the stones of the roof’s apex had fallen away, leaving a lone portal of light in the otherwise dark chamber. The chill grew stronger. Nea sent her orb around the place, pushing back the shadows to ensure they were truly alone. Though they saw nothing, it did not allay their fears of being surrounded by specters.

She cleared her throat, “I am Neacandrax Othelshem of the Coven of Samhain, and I come in peace to the Reveler’s Court.”

The music grew louder, a creeping dirge moving up all around them. A whispering laughter filled the room, and Nea began to doubt her decision. Gray light bloomed in the broken throne. Over a few seconds, it took shape. Nea had never seen a ghost or spirit, but somehow the creature taking form in front of her eyes did not surprise her. After a few seconds, it looked like a man, somewhat youthful, with curly hair. Behind him, the throne itself took on an ethereal quality, shimmering with the unbroken ghost of its former self. The Reveler slouched, draped half over one arm with his legs spread. His face varied from skeletal to gaunt to youthful with each passing second. “Neacandrax,” he croaked, head tilting.

“Yes, Lord Reveler, head witch of the Coven of Samhain. We have come to enlist the aide of two of your..revelers to perform a ritual.”

“Ritual?” the Reveler repeated. “Ritual of Samhain...I remember.” The specter’s head lolled forward and turned ninety degrees either direction. “The hall is empty. We starved...so many gone to the dark. I called them friends, but they were not. The dead have no friends, but they were here. They joined the revel. It is silent now...near silent. I persist still. A few shades linger...can you hear them? The music is so faint.” His head rolled back around, gaunt and terrible with rot. His loose tongue lolled from an unhinged jaw. “RITUAL?!”

Nea staggered back, and Conach stepped in front of her. She’d never thought of his muscled body as anything other than sexual before, but Conach looked strong and powerful as he stood between the ghoulish and his faebound mistress. “We should go,” he said. “This was a mistake.”

A rattling laugh came from deep in the Reveler’s chest. “Go? No one goes.” His spectral hand rose. The portcullis crashed down, no longer rotting iron, but black metal that gleamed with magic. “The revel continues. On and on into the dark of night. You may never leave.” The thing laughed, a cackling, cruel sound that echoed around the chamber.

Anger flared in Nea’s chest. She brushed aside Conach and summoned up all her magic. The energy crackled in the air around them. “Lord Reveler, you will *not* threaten us. We have come here as guests, and we do not come without gifts. Assist us in our ritual, and I will give you that which you truly need.” The small ball of light returned to her hand as strands of magic swirled into it. The luminous orb pulsed with energy. “Magic. A kind you know well. Enough of it to restore your house and rebuild the revel.”

The creature tried to stand, but couldn’t. With clacking jaw it reached out for the orb while making a sound like crying. “Oh...oh yes. That we can do. I will help... for that.” He reclined back into his throne and once more became the passive shade. “What do you need...?”

“Two spirits who loved one another. They will have a chance to reunite in our bodies.”

A grin peeled up the side of the Reveler’s face. “You would surrender your bodies to them?”

“We have our charms and bindings. They will have us until they copulate. Our ritual concludes, you are restored, and we leave.”

The Reveler looked mournfully toward a dark hallway. “So many have faded, but two... I can manage two. Thomas. Beverly. Your master calls.” Two flickers of light appeared in the hallway, pinpricks in the darkness. After a moment, they shot out, flew past Nea and Conach, and flew up a staircase on the side of the room. “Died in a crash...running from their parents... not too long ago. They came seeking the revel, but...I kept them. Upstairs...first room you come to.” He grinned. “Go no further...the paths to the dead lands are beguiling.”

Nea shivered once again. She bowed, and Conach reluctantly did the same. “Thank you, Lord Reveler. I promise you, this will be a beneficial arrangement.”

Before she finished speaking, the Reveler sputtered out and vanished. The stairwell lit with brilliant light. Nervous, but committed the witch and her fae went up the stairs.

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“I probably should have asked this earlier, but have you ever been possessed by a spirit?” Conach said as they approached a glowing door on the second floor.

“It hasn’t come up, no,” Nea answered. “I’ve read plenty about it though. A whole sect of witches dedicated themselves to it back in the early days. Young widowers or widows would seek their services to be close to their dead husband or wife for a night. Bit of your history there, too. Any children conceived during the couplings would be given over to the fae. What do fae do with all those human children anyway?”

Conach’s dark skin paled a shade. “We all have our barbaric histories.”

They stepped inside the designated room. Instead of the cold and empty stonescape they expected, they found a room resembling that of a well-off college co-ed. A canopy bed sat against the far wall. Around it, movie posters and photographs adhered to the wall with masking tape. The people and images on these blurred and faded whenever Nea looked at them directly, but in her periphery she thought she saw smiling faces and happy times. A lacy, pink curtain draped over the bed itself, partially obscuring the pristine white comforter and pillows. Beside the bed, an olive green phone rested in its cradle among half empty glasses of water, an alarm clock, and a variety of tawdry romance novels.

The rest of the room was strewn with discarded clothes, CD cases, shoes, and more books. Near the bed, a mirror rested against the wall with piles of makeup surrounding it. Opposite that, a bulletin board laid flat, covered by a long unused letterman jacket. The board itself bore dozens of ribbons, notes of encouragement, and strange pins. Among all this stood a young woman, glimmering with ethereal light. She stared at the bed while swaying to unheard music.

Nea and Conach lingered in the doorway. Unable to keep quiet, Nea spoke, “Excuse

me?”

“We were together,” Beverly said. “My first time, not his. Both our lasts.” The scene changed slightly. Beverly was naked, lying on the bed. A young man hovered over her. She spoke again from the new position, “I didn’t enjoy it much. Who enjoys their first time? But I was with Thomas. That was all that mattered. I imagined all the things we would do, though.”

The spirits shifted again. The bed was unmade, the two figures sat on the edge of it holding hands. Thomas raised his head and looked at the living, “We decided to leave. Her father would have killed me. Funny to think of that now. I had a car, and we thought the whole world waited for us. We made it about six miles before I leaned over to give her a kiss.”

“It was my fault,” Beverly continued. “He wanted to kiss my cheek, but I saw a raccoon in the road. I yelled.”

“I swerved.”

“And then we were here.” Beverly offered a melancholy smile. “The Lord Reveler said we could be together. That we could do the things we wanted.” Her face changed, sliding from innocent young woman to a gaunt skeleton. “But it has been *so* quiet. Some days I cannot even see Thomas. Some days we are lost in the dark. Where are the things we were promised? Where is the joy that leech swore we could feel?”

Thomas flickered and reappeared on the other side of the room, no longer a youthful man, but a hovering corpse of ethereal rot. “This place does not allow reflection on life. It forces you to dwell on moments like this. Moments of sex, moments of lust, moments of carnality. The other rooms are scenes of debauchery. They show us all the things we could have done in life, but are denied to us in death.”

Nea held out hands to the two specters as her clothes melted away. “Here’s your chance. Two hot blooded fuckbodies at your beckon call.”

The ghosts leered at the two living souls for a few seconds. With a sudden jerk, the ghosts rushed toward them, the eerie silhouettes colliding with Nea and Conach. The two staggered as their eyes took on a gray glow. Nea’s mouth spoke, but it was Thomas’s voice which came out. “Oh, this is nice.” Her hands moved up to squeeze her breasts.

*You’re in the wrong body.*

“Bev, look at me. I have such a juicy pussy.” Nea’s body awkwardly spread her legs. For Nea, it felt like being pulled by unseen strings.

Conach stood limply, head lolled forward. “This body doesn’t make any sense,” Beverly’s voice said from Conach’s lips. “How am I supposed to know how to use a cock let alone a tail.”



“Do you want to switch?”

“No, you’re the one getting fucked this time.”

“Looking forward to it.”

*What the hell are you two doing?*

“Mine is confused,” Thomas said. “How’s yours doing?”

Beverly managed to get Conach’s body moving, though his tail dragged behind him lifelessly. “No fucking clue. He’s speaking in some weird language I can’t understand. Sounds irritated. God, look at his skin.” She raised Conach’s hand up as his clothes disappeared. “Like looking at the night sky, isn’t it? I would have killed to look like this.”

“Holy shit, look at your dick. It’s huge.”

“Way bigger than yours was,” Beverly taunted, wagging Conach’s dick back and forth.

Nea’s face frowned. “No need to be catty,” Thomas said. He moved Nea’s hands down to spread her pussy lips. “She’s...I’m wet. I think she’s always like this. I can see little hints of her memories. Shit, Bev, all they do is fuck. She woke up this morning and sucked your guy’s cock immediately. The Reveler lied to us. We should haunt these two. At least we’d get a good show from time to time.”

*Hey! Stay out of my memories. Those aren’t part of the deal. You have our bodies, so get to it.*

Thomas laughed, a strange sound with his voice and Nea’s vocal cords. “She wants us to get on with it. Not that she’s wrong. It’s a little crowded sharing a body with a witch.” Thomas moved her body rather clumsily over to the bed, climbing up on her hands and knees. “Think you’ve figured out how to get that cock working?”

“Do I have to think about it or something? Cock go now? Oh, that’s helping.” Conach’s dick swelled at the sight of Nea’s upturned, naked pussy. “Huh, so this is what having an erection is like.”

“Wait till its in me,” Thomas said. “You think you understand it right up until you slide into your first, hot slit. The heat, the tightness, the warmth of flushed skin — all of it surprises you.”

Conach’s hand grabbed hold of Nea’s ass, squeezing. “Peculiar. Never really thought of asses as sexual, you know. Ten seconds with a dick and...ungh. The things I’d do to touch her ass. To rub this cock against it. To bite it, lick it, worship it. Every part of you. Is this what

guys feel all the time?”

*Only when they're super horny, Nea thought. Spread our legs wider. They won't fit if you stay scrunched together like that. It might be pretty, but if you're going to fuck you'll need room.*

Thomas took the suggestion, moving Nea's knees further out. As he did, her pussy lips opened giving the other ghost a full view. Thomas shared his excited thrill with Nea as Conach's hand pressed against the exposed lips, fingers nudging inside her. Nea wished she could speak directly to the fae. The ghosts could move them, but they couldn't change the way Nea and Conach felt, only share feelings of their own or sample what Nea and Conach felt for each other. Thomas's excitement buzzed around Nea's thoughts like a manifestation of caffeine jitters inside her head.

Beverly seemed lost in her own internal dialogue with Conach as the fingers of Conach's hand moved in and out with no defined goal. The fae's other hand moved up and down his dick as his tail twitched behind him. Precum oozed in a steady flow from the tip. Conach's hips nudged forward to rub the goopy fluid onto Nea's ass. The ghost and witch shivered at the sensation, thrusting her ass back against his cock. “I'm gonna stick it in you now, Thomas,” Beverly said. “Your pussy is going to be spread wide open by this massive dick. Think you'll still feel like a man once that's happened to you?”

Nea experienced a bizarre sensation of thrill mingled with shame. *Is this what a humiliation fetish is like?*

“Mmm, put it in me,” Thomas cooed. “Fuck my pussy, Bev. Make me cum. I want to feel this whole body shake when I gush around that dick.”

Conach's hands took hold of Nea's hips. The cock pushed forward, sliding ineffectually into the small space between Nea's asshole and pussy. Beverly grunted and tried again, aiming higher and pressing against Nea's ass. *It's usually easier with inexperienced people to put it in yourself,* she said. Thomas moved Nea's hand behind her, gripping Conach's dick and guiding it closer to the proper entrance. Nea frowned, or she thought of frowning at least. She realized she'd tasked someone who'd never had a vagina with accurately directing a dick to the entrance of a vagina. *Lower,* she hissed, as eager as Thomas to be filled.

The angle finally aligned, and everyone sighed with relief. Nea's walls spread around Conach's familiar dick while Thomas and Beverly experienced the sensation from new perspectives. Nea's blissful moment passed as she noticed the energy in the air. From somewhere else in the world Tabby was observing them, probably jealous of their being together and perhaps having fetched one of their dildos from the collection. Nea desperately wished she could send some signal to Conach.

The fae's tail moved up alongside Nea's body before the tip slid against her naked breasts, rubbing her nipple and sending small waves of pleasure through her body. “Sorry. The

fae's still talking gibberish, but I don't think he wants me to control the tail."

*He's keeping it for me! Nea thought. Tell him...er, her. Tell them I know its him.*

"Ungh, can we concentrate on the dick inside us? Ah! Ouch! Ok, ok. The witch says she knows its him. Now fuck me already."

Beverly awkwardly moved Conach's hips in a slow rhythm, learning from instinct. Nea's pussy clenched tight on each outward pull and yielded willingly to each inward thrust. Thomas's thoughts blurred further as the pleasure began to compound in Nea's body. Behind them, the other possessed body moved with more confidence. Conach's tail continued caressing anywhere it could reach while his hands obeyed Beverly's control, grabbing Nea's ass, breasts, hips, and sides whenever possible. "It's so fucking tight," Beverly groaned.

"It could be tighter," Thomas said. "I'm a witch after all." Magic swirled in the air. Conach's dick grew, throbbing with new girth and length inside of Nea's body. "Gawd...fuck."

Beverly picked up speed, slamming into Nea's ass with more and more force. Her body rippled as her tits swung back and forth, subject to light, playful taps from Conach's tail. "This woman has such a nice, round ass, but if we're playing with magic..." Conach raised his hand and brought it down with a hard slap against Nea's rump. The flesh wobbled and grew, swelling to double its size in only a few seconds. Her ass stuck off the back half of her like it had been stung by a bee, squashing out against Conach's flat abs. Beverly laughed, "Shit, might have gone too far. You're more ass than woman now."

Thomas craned Nea's head back to look at the swollen ass. "I have an idea."

More magic sizzled through the air. At the base of Conach's cock, the skin rippled and grew. Nea watched as a passenger in her own body as the fae grew a second dick. It went up for an inch before curving and swelling to roughly the size of a normal dick, but twice the length. As it grew, it pressed against her asshole. *Why didn't we think of this?* She groaned internally as the head of the new cock pushed past her sphincter and into her ass.

"Holy fuck," Thomas groaned. "I always wondered what it would feel like."

"Well?" Beverly asked, seemingly pleased with her dual cocked body.

"Full...wonderfully full," Thomas said as Nea's hands gripped the sheets. "Fuck me. Fuck me with your two dicks." Euphoric waves crashed through Nea's body, sending both Nea and Thomas into tittering fits. "Let's never let them go," Thomas rasped out between the wet slaps of Conach's body against Nea's. "Let's keep them and fuck them together until they drop from exhaustion."

Beverly didn't answer. She curved Conach's body forward, driving the two dicks as deep as possible inside Nea's body. They twitched independently as Nea's pussy and ass

squeezed tight around them. Beverly's voice dripped with lust, "Do you want me to cum in you, Thomas? You want me to empty these heavy balls into your ass and pussy?"

"God yes," Thomas said. "This is all I ever want. Forever. Just keep fucking me until — UNGH!"

Nea's body spasmed as Conach's went rigid. Beverly shoved Conach's cocks in as far as they would go as his balls unloaded into Nea. Thomas and Beverly screamed together as they experienced a new form of orgasm. Nea's mind clouded with images not of Conach, but of Beverly, alive and well, naked and waiting. She felt a rush of love and affection alongside a peculiar desperation and fear. — Others wouldn't approve of their being together. He had nothing real to offer her, and he risked taking her away from college. Yet all of those anxieties dulled as her hand touched his. Their lips met. Minutes later they fumbled into the bed together, a rushing need to fuck commanding their senses.

It all ended. Nea collapsed forward onto the bed as the spirit withdrew. Conach fumbled on his feet before toppling down beside her. "Nea? Is that you?"

"Yes," she said, not raising her head from the tattered bed. Cum oozed out of her massive ass as it began to deflate to its normal size. Conach stared at his two dicks until the new appendage withered away into nothingness. Nea rolled over and hopped up. "Thomas? Beverly? I have an idea."

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Cleaned up and dressed, they returned to the lower level of the castle. Music thundered from every direction. They could hear laughing and singing and dancing, but they saw nothing. Once more donning their coats, Conach and Nea left the castle, only turning back at the gatehouse to see a regal figure standing on one of the parapets. "Is that the Lord Reveler?"

"Seems like it," Nea answered. "Returned to his glory."

Conach opened the door and smiled at the familiar if strange hallway. "Isn't that what you wanted?"

Nea gave the specter a wave and watched him vanish. "It's what was necessary. Something that happens here isn't right, and maybe I'll regret restoring him at all." She stepped through after Conach and closed the door behind them. As she sealed it off, Tabby trotted down the hallway, breasts jiggling. "Did it work?"

"Wonderfully," Tabby answered. "Three rituals done, and not even half the month gone. How was it? Looked like the usual fun, but I couldn't hear anything you were saying."

Nea took the hands of her companions. "It was odd, but it made me think. I love you both, you know. It took ghost possession to point it out to me, but when the three of us are together — the reason our magic is so powerful — is because I have rapidly and absolutely

fallen in love with the two of you.”

Conach squeezed her hand and nuzzled into her shoulder.

Tabby smiled. “No one’s ever said they love me before,” she said. She thought for a moment while looking back and forth at the two others. “I suppose I love you both as well. Or at least have the embers of love. I mean, Conach did hate me not that long —”

Before she could finish, the fae swept her up into a massive embrace, squeezing her tight as he wrapped his tail around her. “I was a fool to doubt your heart, Tabatha. Forgive me that, please.”

“Alright! Alright, put me down. What the hell happened to bring this on?”

“Ghosts,” Nea said, sadly. “They’re not all that scary, really.” From within her coat, she withdrew a small box. “Grimbough?”

“Yes, Mistress?” the steward said, appearing almost instantly from around a corner. “I see you have ignored my caution entirely.”

Nea held out the box. “You needn’t fear these two. Find them a nice place to haunt. Somewhere they can peek in on us from time to time without being too much of a bother.”