



SPICY STORIES

VOL. 30

"Rituals"

Chapter 01

NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 30: "Rituals"

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Produced by NGT VisualStudio

This is a work of fiction.

All characters aren't real.

All characters are 18 years or older.

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CHAPTER 01

It was another day
at Lust Manor also known as *Château Grimoire*.
Here, in the main room of the
manor—the ritual chamber,
the walls of this private home
saw action for the first time in years.


It had been so long
since anyone had sex here,
and it turned out that it was
all part of the climactic ritual
taking place that night.






"I've been waiting for
so long, so we could
do another ritual..."


The woman who was
being fucked moaned
and panted.

A comic book panel featuring a woman with short, dark purple hair and large, prominent breasts. She is shown from the waist up, leaning forward with her arms crossed over her chest. Her expression is one of concern or urgency, with wide eyes and a slightly open mouth. The background is a simple, light blue-grey color. A speech bubble with a black border is positioned in the lower-left quadrant of the panel. The text inside the bubble is written in a purple, serif font. The overall style is that of a mature, explicit comic book.


"We had to wait for the right moment to come. The moon is finally perfectly aligned for us to wake up the old witch..." The other voice explained one more time.




"Isn't it what we have been doing for the past, few years? It never worked. What makes you think it is going to work, this time?" The slave dared to ask the master.




She was out of line and she knew it. She was fully prepared to be reprimanded. Punished even.




However, for some reason,
the master did let that one
slide. The slave had no idea
why, but it was the case.




"This time... It's going to work... Believe in the power of our great Goddess..." The master reminded her. Even though, it wasn't how she presented it, the master's fears were countless and quite rampant with her.




It was true. The two of them had been trying to complete this ritual for a long time, now... And they had failed countless times... Everything was riding on this new trial tonight.



All the hopes of succeeding
in awaking their Goddess
was pushing her to make
this happen.

A comic book panel featuring a woman with short, dark purple hair and large, prominent breasts. She is shown from the waist up, looking slightly to the right with a concerned or pained expression. Her skin is rendered with soft shading and highlights, giving it a realistic, glossy appearance. To her left, a hand is visible, touching her breast. The background is a simple, light blue-grey color. A white text box with a black border is positioned in the lower-left quadrant of the panel.

The lust was at the center of all of it. Without the lust, there would be absolutely no hope to even attempt at awakening their Goddess.



However, it was with their
combined lust for their coven
that the master and the
slave studied for a long,
long time to make this work.
This has to work! It has to!
The master thought to herself.

Behind the couple, there was a table with a thick book on top of it. The book was wide opened. Opened on a page that showed the same sexual pose the two were practicing.



They continued fucking much harder. Following the instructions of the old book. Her fingers pressing and digging deep into the skin of her partner. Holding her tight.



"Do you believe this is going to work, this time?" The submissive girl asked again, moaning louder and louder.



"It should work. We didn't wait for all this time for nothing to happen when our Witch Goddess is on the brink of being resurrection in our world!" The master explained to her as she slapped her big butt.



The sound of the ass-slap could be heard far down the corridor, which was quite impressive, to say the least. The master never allowed a single second to rest between cock-assaults. She was constantly getting bombarded. Used.



After all, she was only a magical and sex-slave. She was originally conceived and bred to become a decent slave. Which, was exactly what she did. Serving her master and feeling the sexual wrath of that cock.



Every time her big dick went deep and down inside of her, she knew she was serving a greater cause. And that wasn't like she was not enjoying herself, because she was. A lot.




*'I hope she knows how much
I'm willing to do for my master!'*
The slave thought as she kept
getting fucked from behind...
Over and over again...




It was just so much fun for her
that she nearly forgot about
the ritual for one second...
Never forget about the ritual!
This was so important.




A comic book panel featuring a woman with short, dark purple hair and large, prominent breasts. She is lying on her back on a light-colored surface, possibly a table, with her eyes wide open and a surprised expression. Her mouth is slightly open, and her hands are visible near her head. The background is a simple, light blue-grey color. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper right quadrant of the panel, containing text.


Not only was she suddenly shoved against the table during sex, but her huge breasts were also accidentally launched on top of that table.



Her tits slammed across the pages of the book that showed the position they were doing right now.




Once again, they were focusing most of their attention on the pages of the book. All the instructions were right there!




"I can feel that we are getting closer and closer..."


The submissive girl moaned.




"We are. The book of lust isn't going to lie to us. The Witch Goddess is going to come back. Trust me," the dominant entity in the chamber reassured the slave.



There were, at least, a dozen candles in the room. All of them helped illuminated the darkness that was so overly present within the chamber. The two women were nicely illuminated.

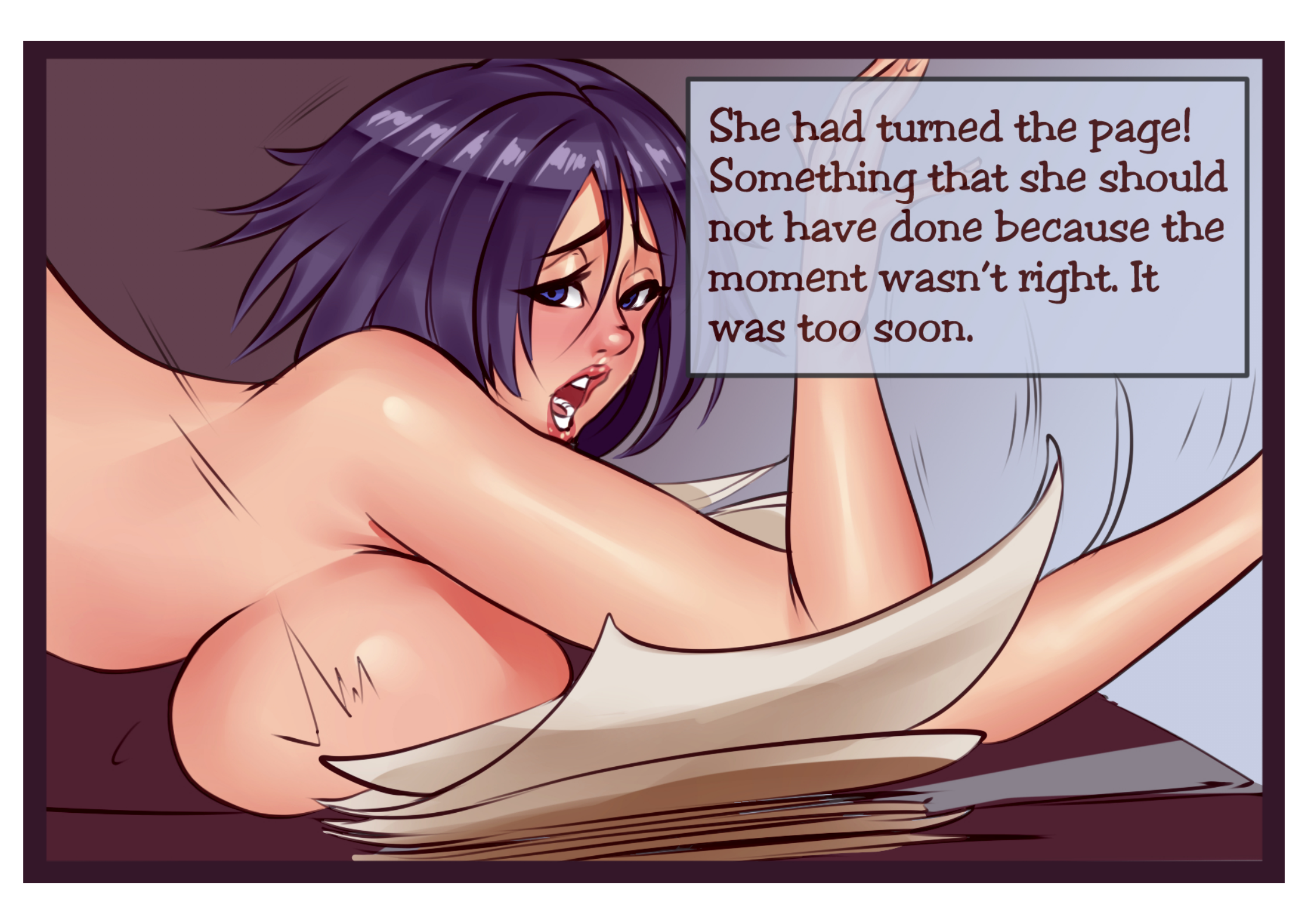


It was so hot in here that they were both sweating during the ritual. They were bound to be done soon. It was almost midnight and the ritual had to be completed at midnight precisely.




"I believe it's time to turn the page, now..." The submissive slave mentioned.


"No! Don't turn the page!" She attempted to warn her while fucking, but it was too late!



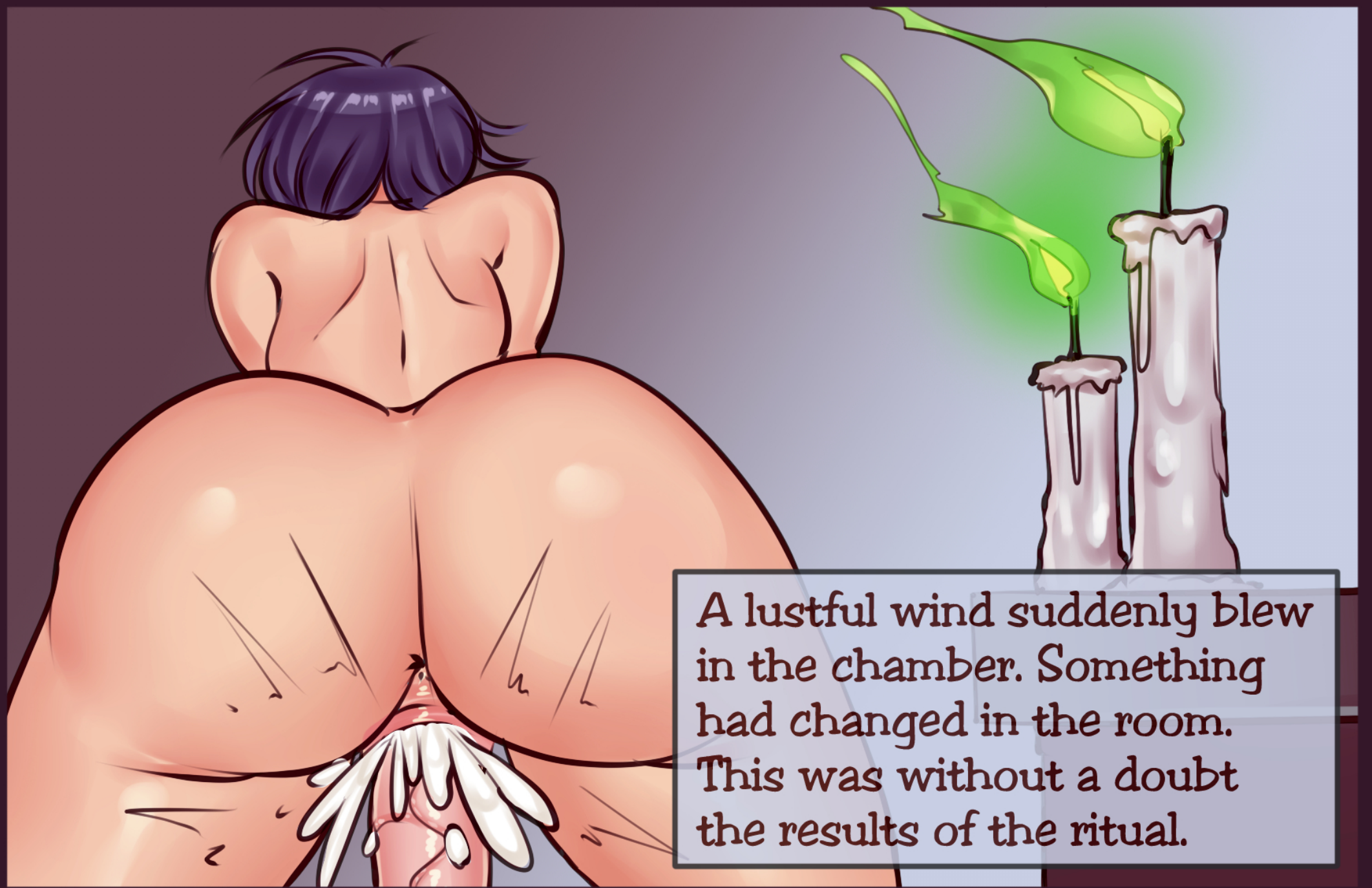
She had turned the page!
Something that she should
not have done because the
moment wasn't right. It
was too soon.



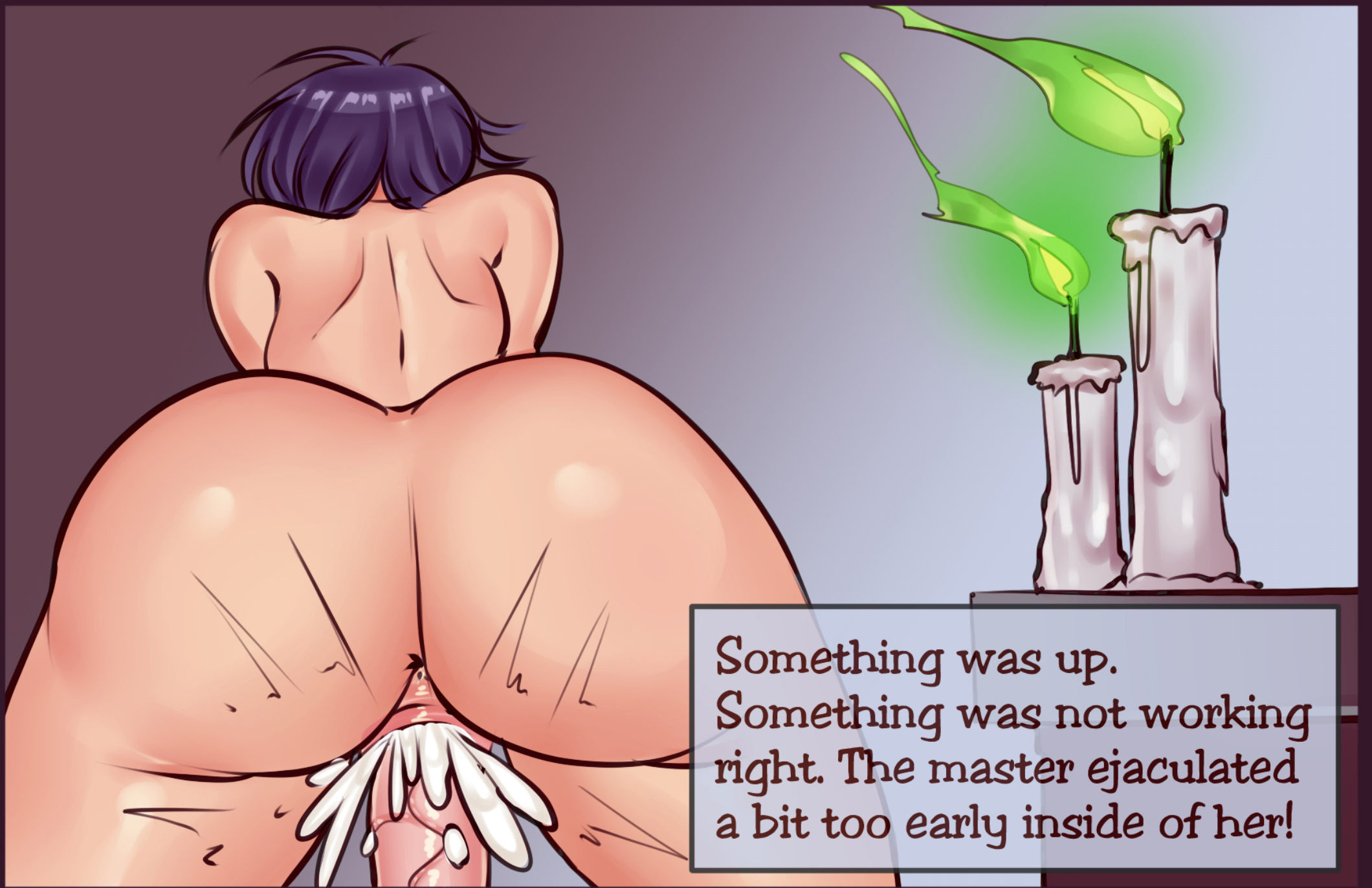
'Wait a second... What did I just do? What did I even turn the page in the first place? I was so excited to please my master that I didn't think twice about it before doing it...'



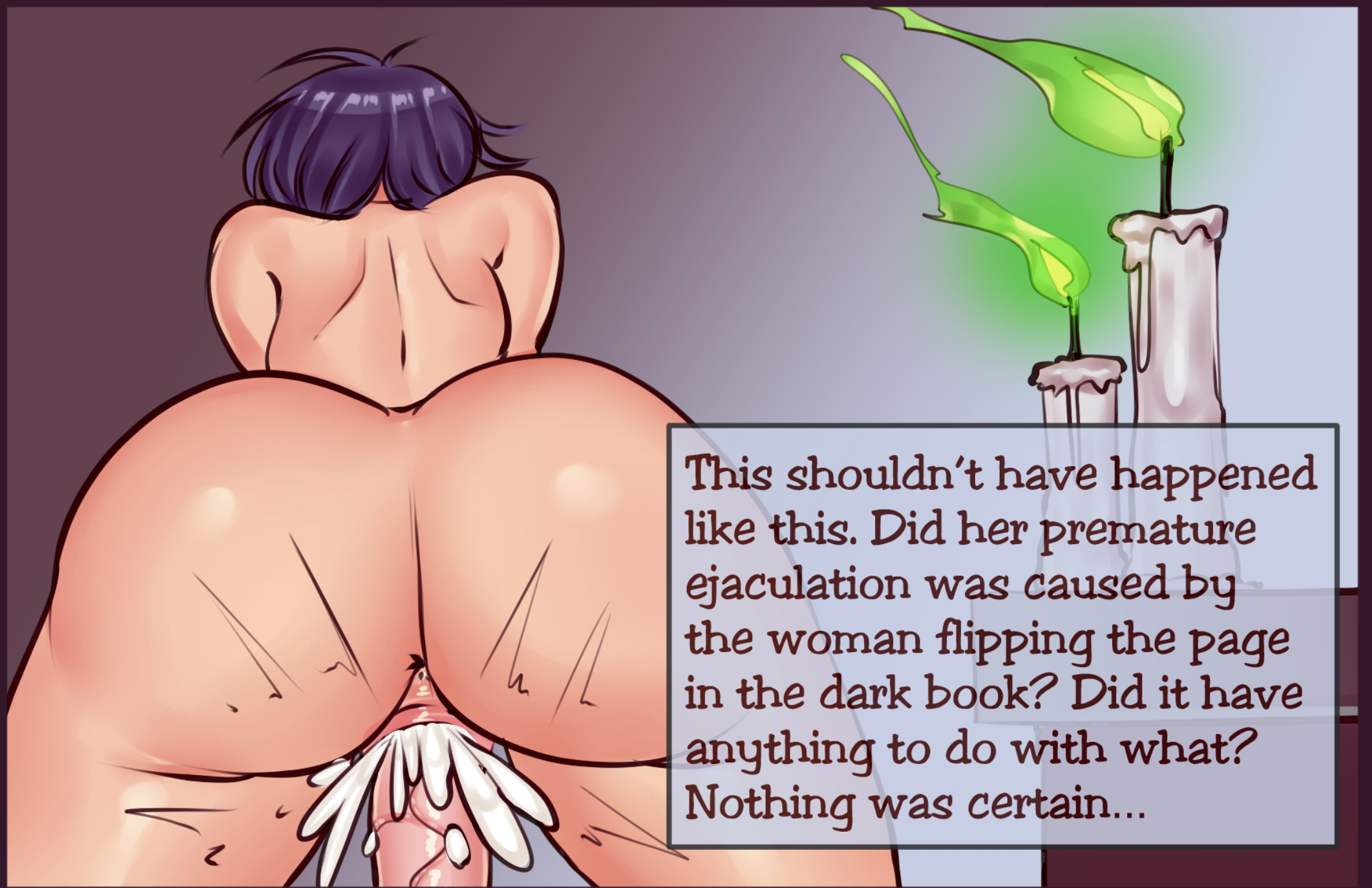
'What's wrong with me?'
Already regretting what
she had just done.
Too bad! It was over,
now...



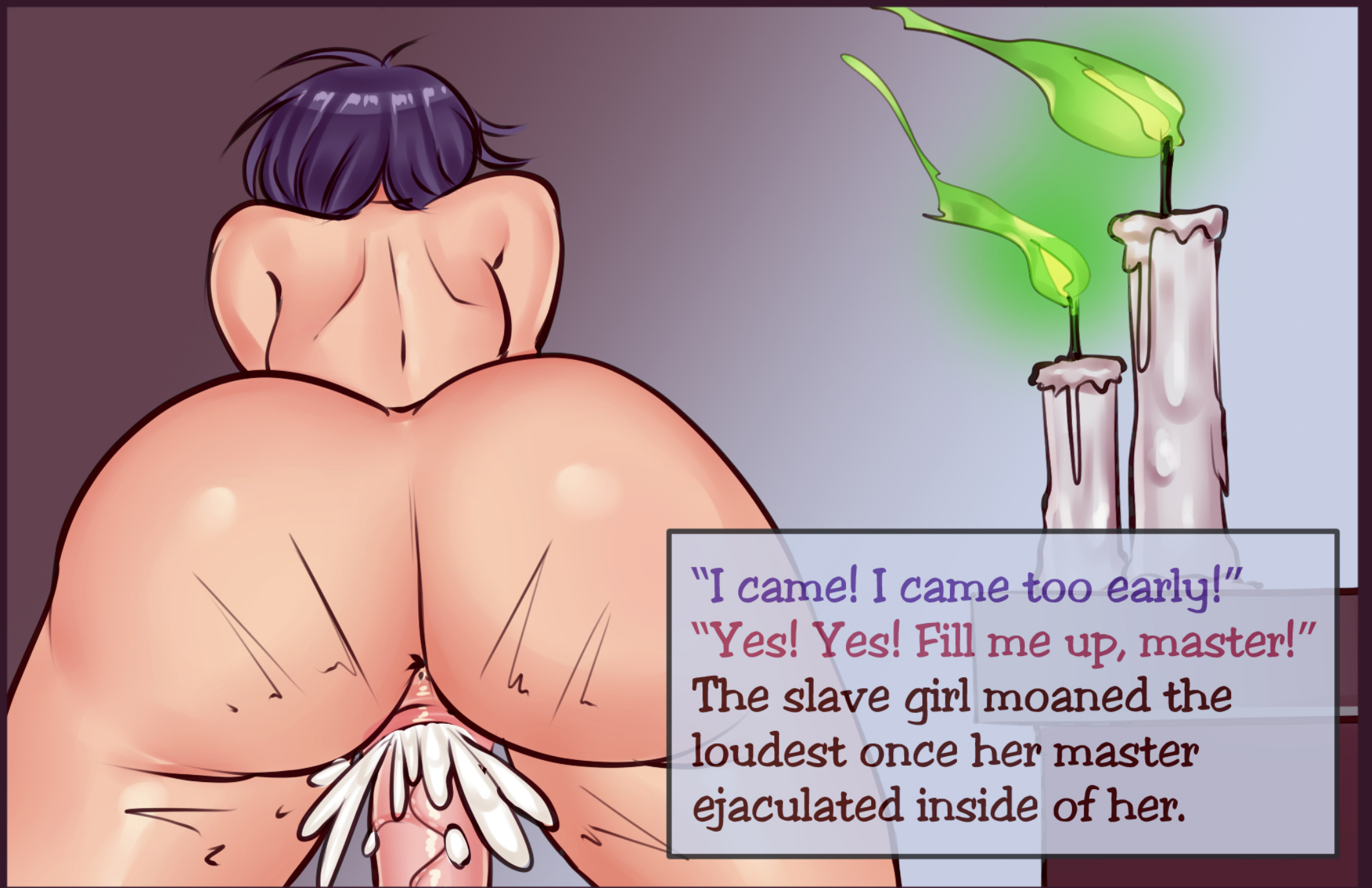
A lustful wind suddenly blew in the chamber. Something had changed in the room. This was without a doubt the results of the ritual.



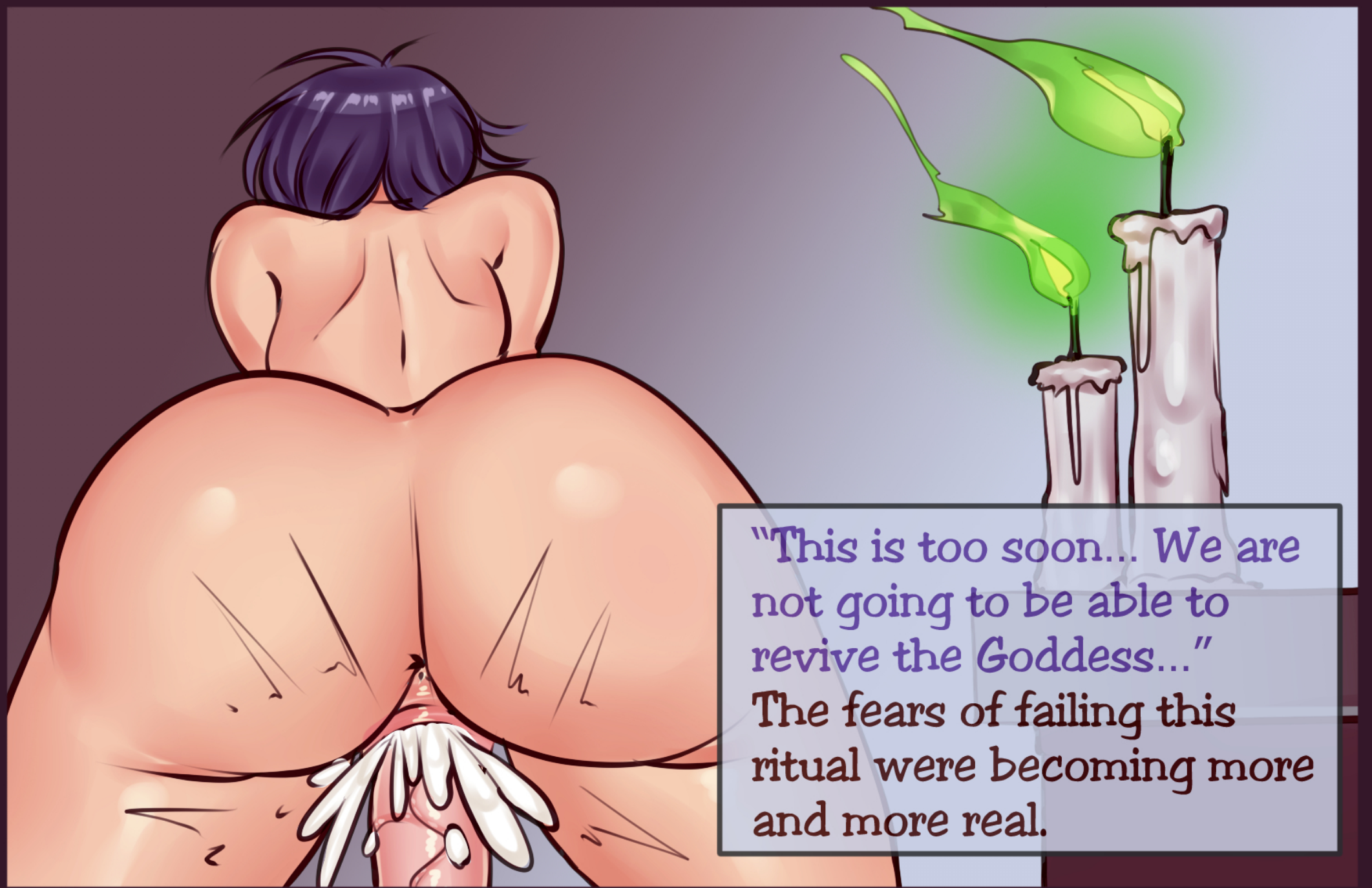
Something was up.
Something was not working
right. The master ejaculated
a bit too early inside of her!



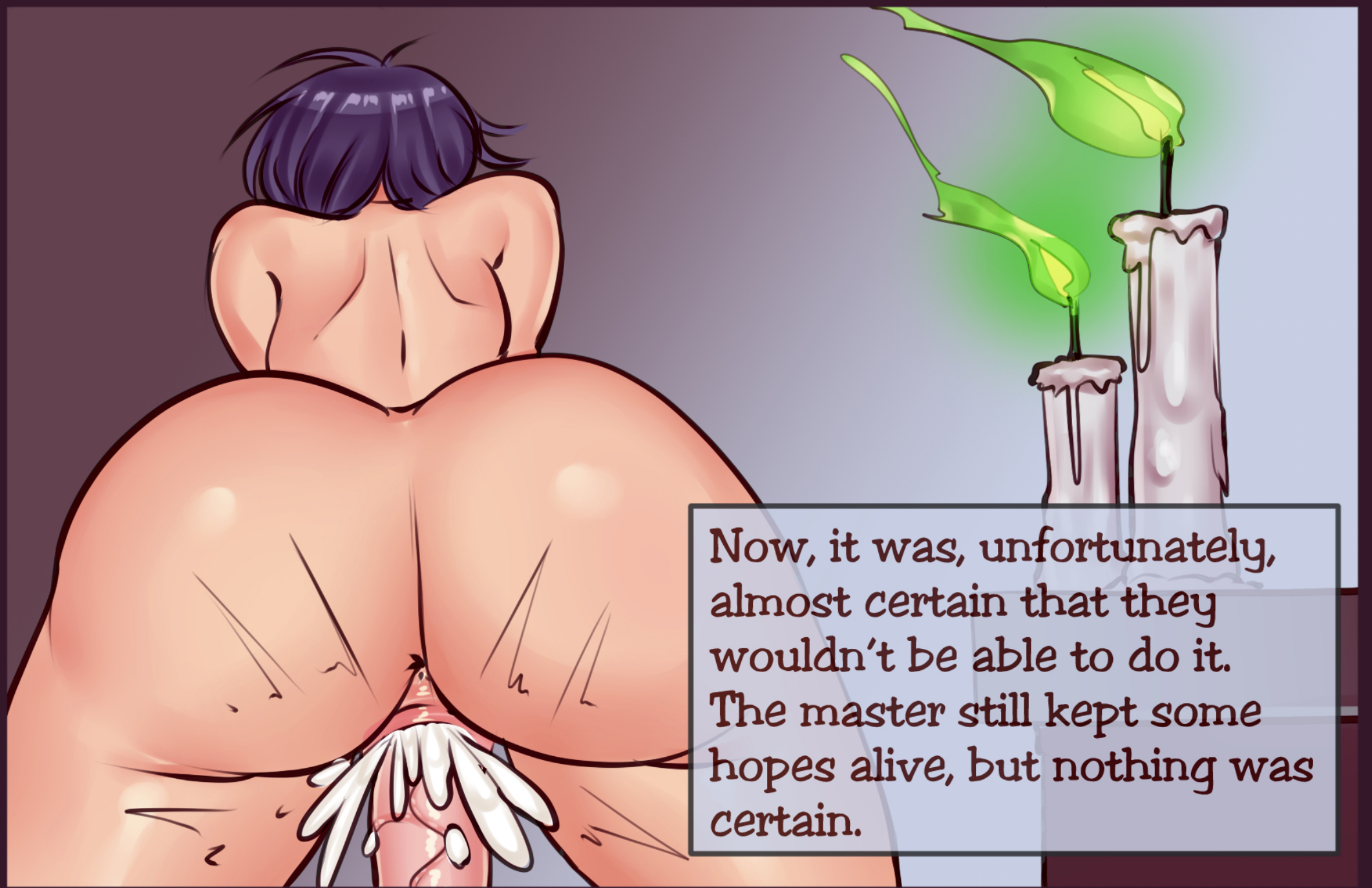
This shouldn't have happened like this. Did her premature ejaculation was caused by the woman flipping the page in the dark book? Did it have anything to do with what? Nothing was certain...



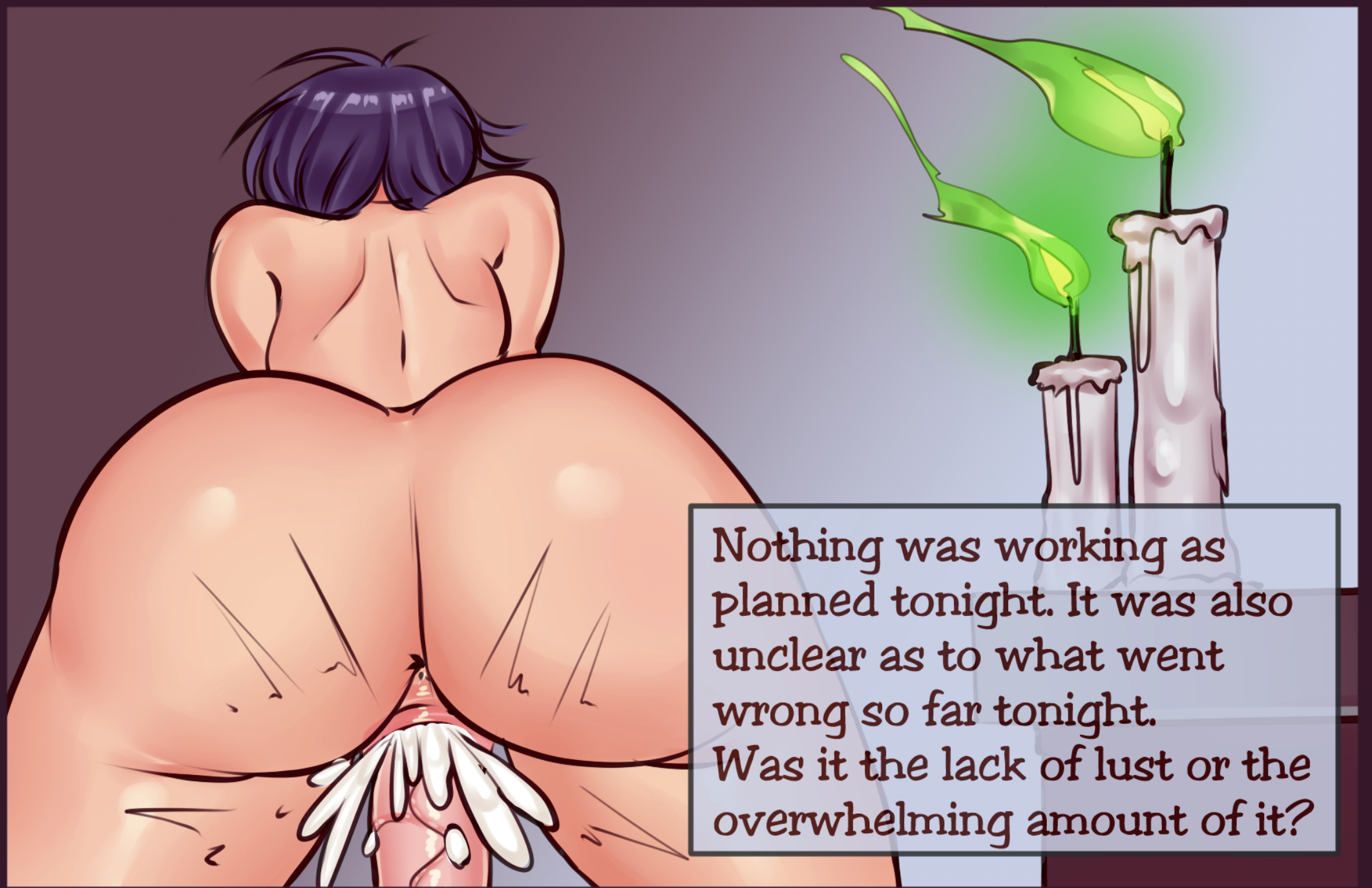
"I came! I came too early!"
"Yes! Yes! Fill me up, master!"
The slave girl moaned the loudest once her master ejaculated inside of her.



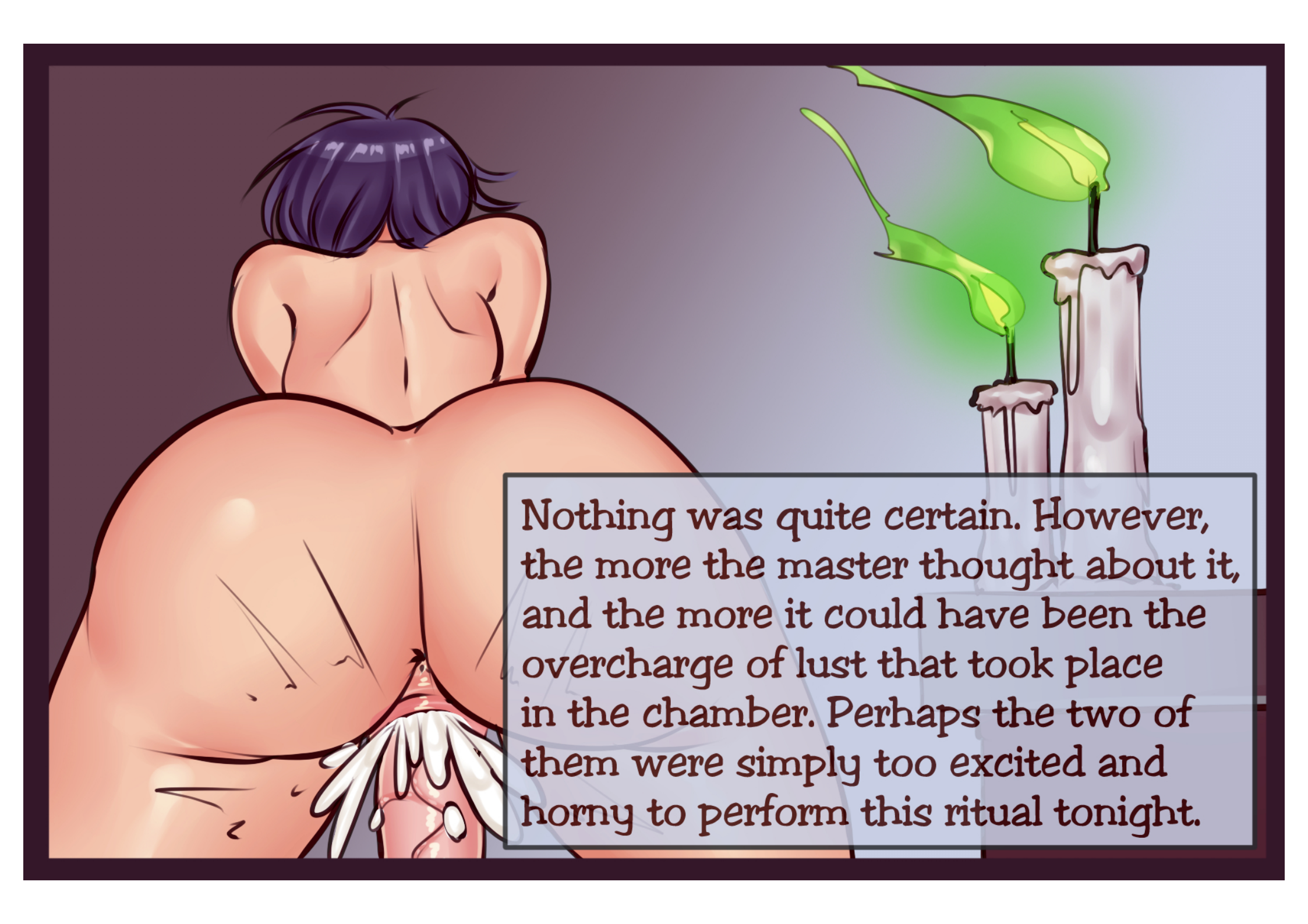
"This is too soon... We are not going to be able to revive the Goddess..."
The fears of failing this ritual were becoming more and more real.



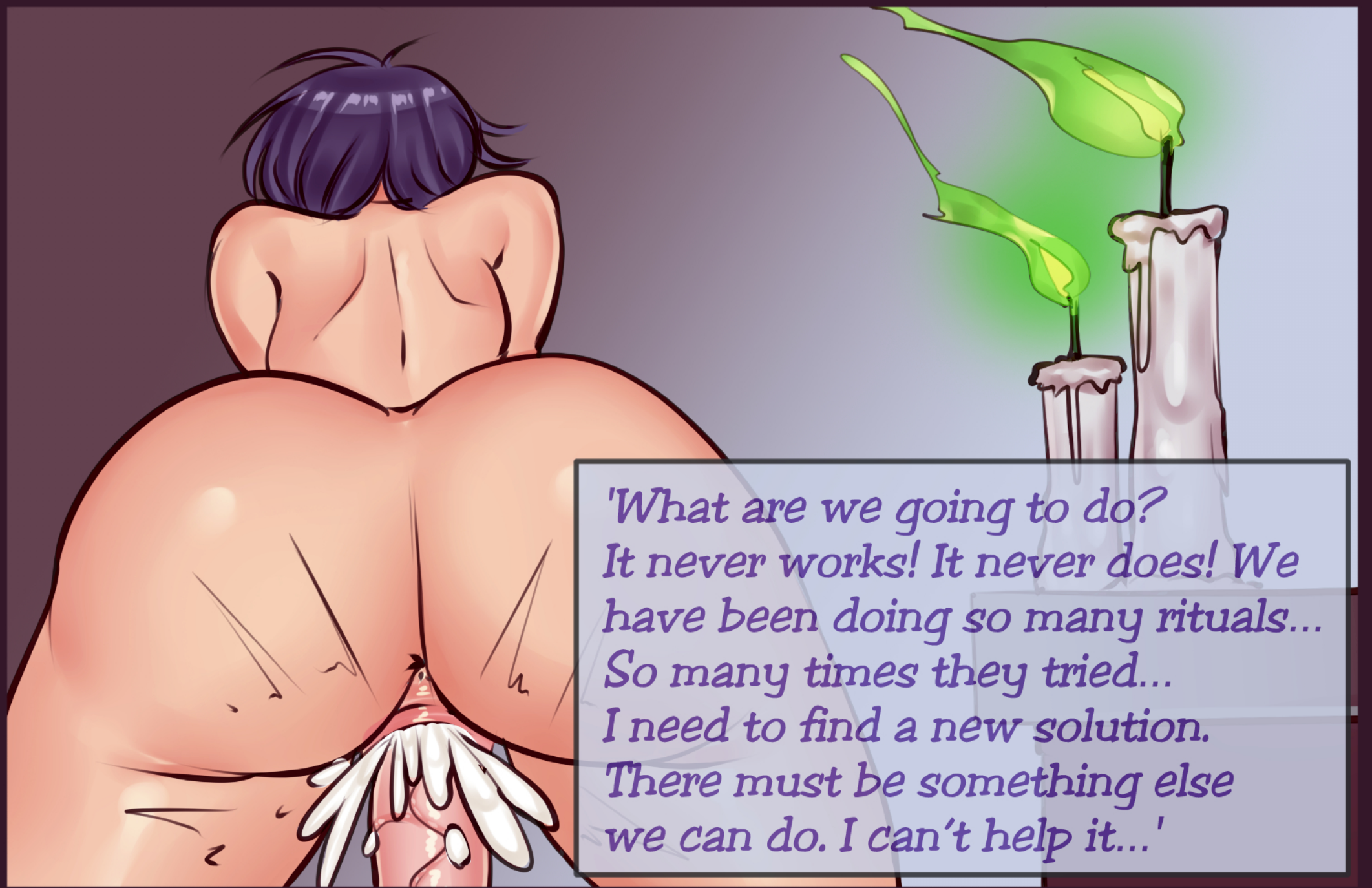
Now, it was, unfortunately, almost certain that they wouldn't be able to do it. The master still kept some hopes alive, but nothing was certain.



Nothing was working as planned tonight. It was also unclear as to what went wrong so far tonight. Was it the lack of lust or the overwhelming amount of it?

A cartoon illustration showing the back and buttocks of a person with short, dark hair. A small, white, winged figure is perched on the right buttock. In the background, two lit candles are visible, with green flames. The scene is set against a dark, muted background.

Nothing was quite certain. However, the more the master thought about it, and the more it could have been the overcharge of lust that took place in the chamber. Perhaps the two of them were simply too excited and horny to perform this ritual tonight.

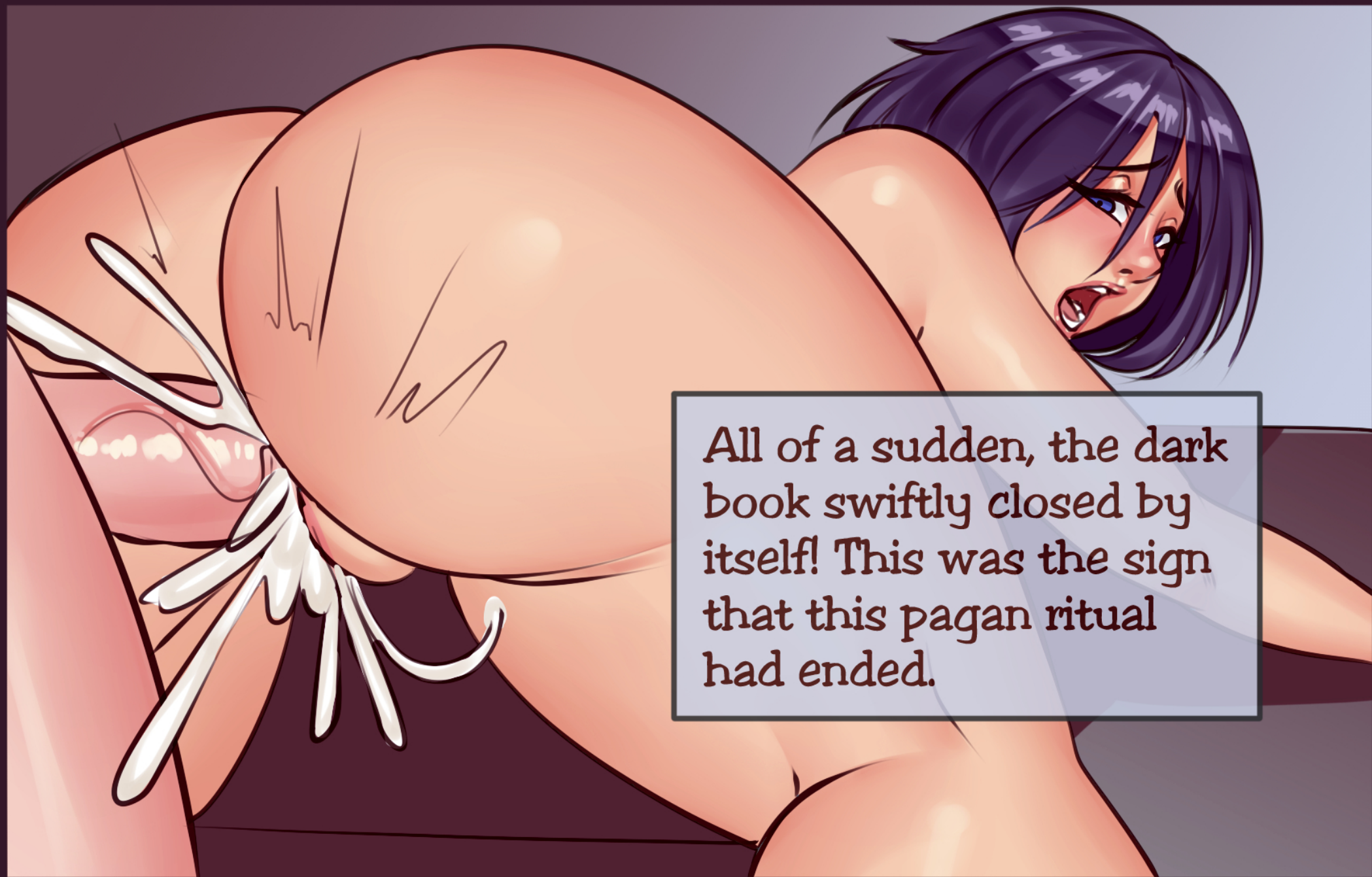


*'What are we going to do?
It never works! It never does! We
have been doing so many rituals...
So many times they tried...
I need to find a new solution.
There must be something else
we can do. I can't help it...'*





She was right. This was too soon. This wasn't supposed to happen like this.



All of a sudden, the dark book swiftly closed by itself! This was the sign that this pagan ritual had ended.



In order to succeed in executing this dangerous ritual, the two of them were required to keep a high level of pleasure for a long, long time without any premature ejaculation.



They had failed.
The master failed.
Too bad! They were this close
to make it happen and to
revive their dark Goddess...



"What happened, master?"

"You turned the page. I told you not to turn the page."

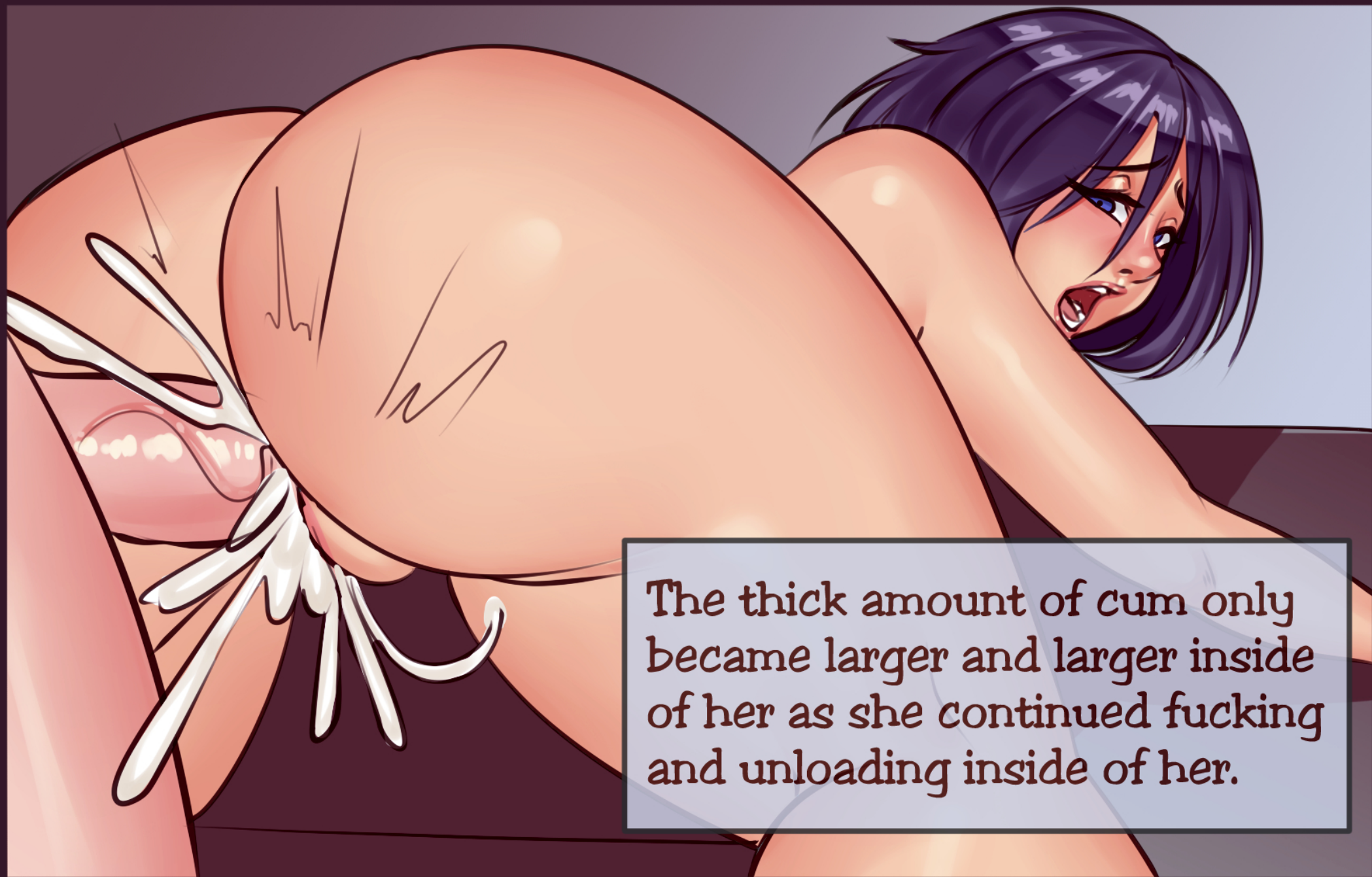
"My apologizes... I felt like I was about to come, and I wanted to see what was next in the book afterwards... I did come... So hard... Thank you, master..."



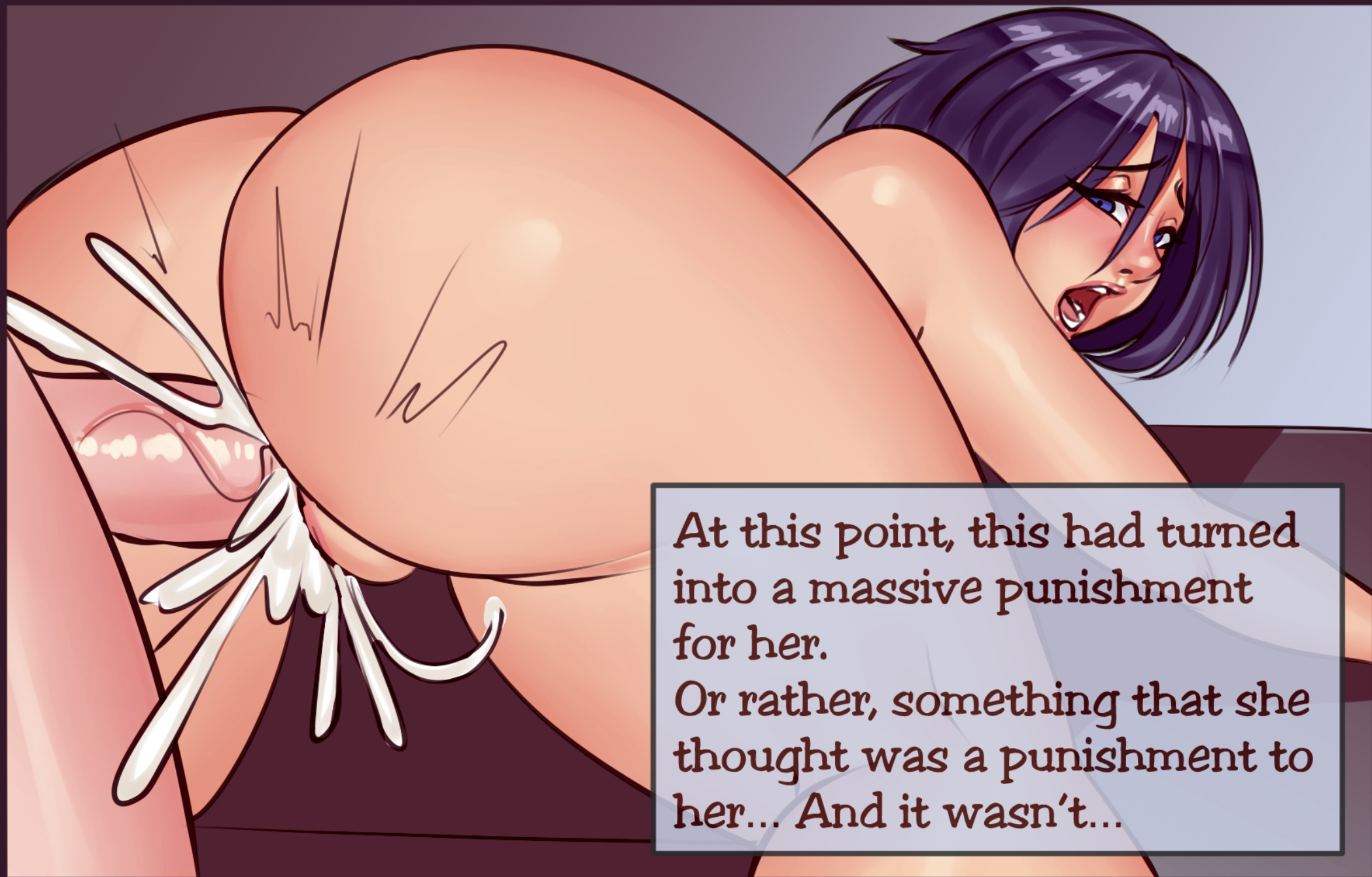
"I wasn't pleasuring you because I cared about your satisfaction... This was only the for the ritual..."

"Yes, that's right... I forgot..."

"You always forget about everything!" The master continued reprimanding her slave.



The thick amount of cum only became larger and larger inside of her as she continued fucking and unloading inside of her.



At this point, this had turned into a massive punishment for her.
Or rather, something that she thought was a punishment to her... And it wasn't...



This was only some real and deep pleasure for this slave... Pleasuring her master was so important to her, after all.




I'm so sorry I ruined the ritual again, master... This won't happen again... I can guarantee you that... Oh! You keep adding more and more cum inside me... I am not worthy of this... This feels so amazing to me...'






"You always forget everything..."
"What are we going to do, now?"
"We need new blood..."



"New blood?" She asked, confused. However, this time, she didn't bother to give her any more clarification than that.




The master stepped away from the slave. Taking the dark book with her. The dark ritual was over.




It had, unfortunately, been failed.

"I no longer have any use for you. You disappointed me. Again."




"No, please, master...
I can still be of some use
to you..."

"Then, do this one and
easy task..."



"No, please, master...
I can still be of some
to you..."
"Then, do this one
and easy task..."



"New blood is exactly what we need in hope to finally awaken our Goddess again."

"This is our only
hope..."



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