

The hallowed gloom of the basilica hummed with the voice of Nami, the prophetess. Her sermon was not one of comfort, but of doctrine; a chilling reminder of the ancient pacts that granted the Coven their dominion over the mortal and magical realms. Before her, arranged like disciples upon the wooden pews, sat her sisters: Cassiopeia, whose serpentine tail coiled restlessly on the cold stone; Ahri, a foxy smirk playing on her lips as her nine tails twitched with predatory interest; and Evelyn, her languid, almost bored posture suggesting she'd rather be anywhere but. Nami's words washed over them, speaking of the Old Gods whose blessings flowed through their veins like ichor. Then, her tone curdled with a divine contempt as she spoke of the pretenders, the heretics who dared to call themselves witches.

"They dabble in the arcane with the frivolity of children picking flowers," she hissed, her voice echoing in the cavernous nave. "They perform parlor tricks with stolen motes of power and call it magic, a blasphemous mockery of the gifts bestowed only upon the faithful. They are a blight, a "new order" that understands nothing of true sacrifice or servitude." Her sermon reached its crescendo, her words hanging in the air as she raised a hand. As if on cue, the grand doors at the far end of the hall groaned open. Two hulking, amorphous creatures of shadow and barnacled flesh shambled in, their forms shifting unnervingly in the candlelight. Between them, shackled in rusted iron that bit into their wrists, was their proof. Two witches of the so-called new order; their vibrant, festive attire now torn and dirtied. The creatures dragged the pair of women forward and forced them to their knees before the grand dais, the impact echoing on the stone floor.

"These are the heretics!" Nami cried, her voice reverberating through the chamber. "They, who have defied the will of the Old Ones and turned their backs on their kindred. They, who have abused the gifts given to them and used their magic to harm others. They, who would dare challenge the will of the gods!"

Morgana and LeBlanc kept their heads bowed in deference to the prophetess, their breaths labored as the weight of her presence bore down on them. Morgana's heart pounded in her chest, the sound deafening in her ears. Her eyes, half-lidded, darted around the room—searching, before settling on the hulking creatures that loomed at their backs. She could only be thankful as they labored away, feet scraping the stone floors, shambling back through the main entrance, the grand doors slamming shut in their departure. A minor relief. Though that in itself posed its own problem; the front door was guarded, giving them no clear escape route. She turned her head to LeBlanc, who was as impassive as ever despite the chains digging into her wrists. "How do you suppose we're getting out of

this one?" Morgana muttered through gritted teeth, her voice strained and low—an almost accusatory bite to her words.

"Don't you worry about that, Morgana dear," LeBlanc chuckled, a wry grin tugging at her purple lips. "I have my plans. Though I hope you have your own."

Morgana rolled her eyes, exasperated, but didn't press the matter. Instead, she cocked her head back and kept her gaze on Nami. The woman towered above them, her figure shrouded in unholy light and the wisps of a tattered dress. Her tentacles curled and coiled around the podium over which she presided, restlessly wriggling as ancient prose passed through her lips like a sacred incantation. Her gaze bore into Morgana and LeBlanc, holding them in place—chains were unnecessary, it seemed. An unnatural power flowed through her pitch black eyes, breathing paralysis into Morgana with her very words. A nervous sweat pricked at Morgana's brow as Nami stepped down from the dais, slithering across the stone floor. Though she knew it was futile, she couldn't help but rattle against her chains as the prophetess loomed close and tilted her head down to examine them with great scrutiny.

"Are you ready to receive the Old Ones' judgement?"

The question hung in the air as Morgana hung her head in silence. Neither she nor LeBlanc uttered a word. Nami crept closer, sliding between them, and rested a palm on each of their cheeks. Her touch was unbearably cold—the chill seeping into their flesh as though she were draining the very warmth from their bodies. She caressed Morgana's cheek with a thumb, gliding her fingers through the witch's violet locks, almost tenderly. Her sharp nails scraped against Morgana's scalp as she gripped her hair, forcing the witch to tilt her head up and look at her. Nami leaned down to whisper in her ear, her breath icy on her skin.

"I ask again: Are you ready, heretic?"

Morgana opened her mouth to speak, only to groan out as Nami's grasp tightening around her locks. LeBlanc gave a slight, amused chuckle beside her, though it only seemed to provoke Nami's displeasure.

"Speak," Nami hissed, looking to LeBlanc. "Or I will open your throats myself and let your blood speak for you."

"Magic is not only for the wet and creepy," LeBlanc managed to quip, though her eyes dilated in unmistakable fear, betraying her arrogant smirk. "Magic belongs to those who wield it, not the unknowable idols of

worship. The old gods are dead." Nami lingered on this for a long moment, her face unreadable, before releasing her hold on the two women and allowing Morgana's head to drop, bangs falling over her face. Nami slinked away from them, regaining her composure as she slithered back to the dais, her pale form shifting under candlelight. She let her weight rest against the podium once more, tendrils twitching.

"...Perhaps a taste of your own medicine is needed, heretic," Nami mused, looking once more down upon the two shackled. "You say magic is not only for the devout, so you must have no issue indulging in a ritual of our own." LeBlanc visibly paled, though it was with an almost self-satisfied expression that Nami continued: "The Old Ones have spoken. Your punishment shall be divine retribution. Your bodies shall be sanctified by the communion of the faithful. Your voices shall be silenced as you are transformed into tools of devotion." She gave the order with a wave of her hand, commanding the attention of her three sisters—who had been silent until this moment—still seated in the pews.

"Our bodies will be what?!" Morgana choked out, twisting her wrists against her restraints. "You speak in tongues, prophetess!" Nami ignored her outburst, preoccupied with watching the others rise from their seats and shuffle toward them, a smile tugging at her lips. Ahri, Evelyn, and Cassiopeia formed a half-circle behind the two women, looming over them.

"We're to be sacrificed," LeBlanc hissed through gritted teeth, earning another chuckle from Nami.

"No, nothing like that. The opposite, in fact; you will be given the chance for unthinkable power." The prophetess leaned over the podium, resting her chin against her palms with an unwavering gaze. "Your bodies will be used for what they were intended: pleasure. Pleasure in all its forms."

As Nami spoke Morgana felt hands slide underneath her arms from behind, glancing down to watch as fingers decorated with long, black nails grabbed onto the neckline of her dress. With a sharp yank they tore the fabric apart, letting it fall away as she gasped at the suddenness. Chilled air formed goosebumps on ripe flesh, her breasts heaving with exasperated breathing as her bosom was bared in its entirety. Her nipples, round and pink, stood pert in the cold. She shot a look over towards LeBlanc to see her companion in a similar predicament, pale flesh revealed from underneath vibrant clothing. Her hands jerked against the shackles as she fought against them, desperate to cover herself.

"Your insides will be blessed by the divine ichor of our chosen sisters," Nami went on, a playful lilt in her voice.

Ichor? Morgana scanned the three women desperately and caught the sight of Evelyn, who stood passively between the two—her form now totally nude. In her hand, just below her waist, throbbed something long and thick; her palm caressing along a meaty, veiny girl-dick, sack taut between her silky thighs. Her tip drooled pre-cum, glistening against pale skin. Morgana stared in shock, understanding slowly dawning upon her face, as Evelyn wrapped her fingers around the shaft and pumped up and down. She swallowed hard, trying to collect herself.

"...So this is irony, huh?" Morgana spoke dryly. Nami laughed overhead, confirming as much. It seemed that Morgana and LeBlanc's little romp abusing their powers on Ashe hadn't gone unnoticed. She glanced to her other side as heels clicked around her back only to find a second, equally as turgid, aching length pulsating only inches from her face as Ahri approached candidly. The foxy witch stared down at her with hungry eyes, stroking her throbbing girl-dick up and down. Her length looked slightly larger than Evelyn's, though they were equally as intimidating in size, a tuft of neat, dark fur just above the swollen root. Her fingers curled through Morgana's violet locks—and in a single movement Ahri grabbed her hair and jerked her head forward, slapping her length against Morgana's cheek. It was hot, almost uncomfortably so, against her flesh, and as heavy as it looked.

Morgana glanced away again, hoping to distract herself from the thick length flopping against her face—only to watch the very moment that Cassiopeia's thick, obsidian cock sheathed itself down LeBlanc's throat. One of them, anyways; a second one unique to the snake's biology draped over LeBlanc's face, the thick vein along the underbelly rubbing across the bridge of LeBlanc's nose and drooling pre-cum into her hair above. For a moment Morgana was thankful that it was Ahri who had chosen her.

If only for a moment; Ahri tugged at her hair and forced her head to look upwards, craning her neck back as the fox witch angled her girl-dick downwards, holding it between her legs. Ahri smirked down at her, grip tightening in Morgana's wavy locks, tapping the bulbous head across her lush lips. Morgana grimaced, turning her lip up and wrinkling her nose, but didn't resist. "Not much of a choice," she muttered, parting her lips just enough for the thick cock to prod its way past her lips, spreading her mouth open. It felt hot against her tongue, wet, her own saliva mixing with pre-cum in her mouth.

"Don't you worry, we'll have plenty of fun together..." Ahri breathed out a laugh, a manic smile etched upon her face flaunting pearly white fangs. She slide a hand up her figure to cup one of her breasts in her palm, massaging the pale flesh in rhythm with every tug forward and back. She was excited. Her hips jerked forward and forced her thick length to the back of Morgana's throat, leaving the witch gasping around it. Morgana looked up at Ahri, brows furrowed, as the fox witch tilted her head back and thrust again, fucking the back of her throat with wild abandon. She groaned, eyelids fluttering, the heat of Ahri's girl-dick smothering her mind with every thrust. That thick shaft tasted of salt as it gagged her throat, Morgana's tongue dutifully polishing the base all the way to the hefty sack that clapped into her drool-coated chin, purple lipstick starting to paint the porcelain cock-flesh in smeared streaks. Morgana felt her own cock bulge her skirt, every buck of Ahri's hips into her face tempering an unwanted arousal in her own loins, and resentment could only build in Morgana's glare.

And then it softened—mostly in shock, as she'd been too distracted to notice a second set of heels approach, Evelyn's dick unceremoniously flopping against the side of her face. She stroked it patiently, slapping and rubbing it across Morgana's hollowed cheeks, pre-cum smearing her skin as it was milked from the bulbous tip. Ahri eased back, smirking down at Morgana, letting her breathe freely for a moment—but that respite didn't last long, as Morgana had hardly drawn breath before Evelyn was cramming her length into her jaw next. Morgana tensed up, her entire body jerking in place, but it was to no avail; even without being shackled, there wasn't much she could do against a cock being rammed down her throat. Evelyn thrust against the inside of her cheek from an angle, bulging and contorting her face with the outline of her cockhead, a steady dribble of pre-cum staining Morgana's tongue and leaving her feeling oddly lightheaded.

"The other one was too angry for my tastes... This one seems far more pliable," Evelyn purred, lovingly running her hand through Morgana's tresses. Her cock popped out from between Morgana's glossy lips with a wet smack, Evelyn stroking and dragging her shaft across her mouth before jamming it back inside. Morgana found her nose buried to the hilt again, balls nestled against her chin, thick pre-cum drooling down her throat. Evelyn grinded in place, dragging her veiny length across her tongue—while Ahri stroked herself furiously, one hand clutching her meaty shaft while the other palmed her hefty sack.

It was overwhelming; their combined scents assaulted Morgana's senses as she serviced their throbbing lengths. Her own length was at full-mast now between her legs, unable to hide her body's reaction, and

she felt lightheaded; the intoxicating cocktail of salty flesh and thick, heated pre-cum filling her nose leaving her lips to mindlessly lick and suckle around the cocks occupying her mouth. She left her mouth gaping and her tongue outstretched each time one of them pulled away, eager to find another shaft to slap across her wet, drooling mouth and plunge down her throat until spit frothed around her dark lips. Occasionally, between bouts of having her face buried into pelvic muscle, she stole glances of LeBlanc, seeing her comrade in the same humiliating state: gagging and slobbering over serpentine cock-meat—both shafts painted a lovely purple as Cassiopeia seemed to alternate—with her tits glazed with spit and seed. The snake-witch wore an arrogant smirk, which only widened as she saw Morgana's lewd state.

"I believe it's time to move onto the main course, sisters," Nami proclaimed, making a broad gesture with her hands. The trio of witches glanced up, Evelynn mid-way through holding Morgana to the base of her cock—gagging and sputtering around it—and Ahri fondling her own length furiously. Cassiopeia laughed throatily, lifting LeBlanc from the floor with ease.

"Yessss, indeed," she hissed. LeBlanc's shackles clattered to the stone floor, and Morgana similarly felt her own wrists unburdened as Ahri undid the lock. Evelynn impatiently humped herself against Morgana's face two more times before pulling back, idly letting her cock fall over her cheek with a wet smack.

"Let's get to it, then." Ahri smirked down at Morgana and lifted her by the arm, pulling her up to her feet with surprising strength. What remained of her tattered dress was torn away in one swift motion by Evelynn's claws, unveiling her plush, pale figure. Her thick cock curled upward, fully erect and sticky, quivering between her legs. Ahri hauled her forward effortlessly, and her body eventually collided into LeBlanc's own sweat-glazed form. Their breasts and throbbing lengths mashed together, legs barely supporting them as hands grasped their hips and breasts possessively.

"Still have a plan for escape?" Morgana chuckled dryly. Their faces were just inches apart, Morgana able to smell lingering traces of Cassiopeia's musk on her sister's breath. LeBlanc still wore that same, scornful glare, but the intensity in her amber gaze had drained. Beneath running mascara and hair matted by pre-cum, she looked defeated, with no answer to give—only able to wait with her ass poised outward as Evelynn circled around and let her cock drape over her plump, perfect ass. The fat length twitched in anticipation as she slowly parted the orbs of pale flesh and slid into the valley between them, nestling into the cleft of

LeBlanc's cheeks. LeBlanc shuddered, and grabbed onto Morgana's forearms for support. Morgana did the same as Ahri pressed into her from behind; able to feel the rhythm of Ahri's heartbeat with every eager pulse of her throbbing length. The fox witch slid her arms around Morgana's figure and grabbed at her generous chest, pulling her against her busty frame and teasing her hard nipples with two clawed fingers. Morgana bit her lip, instinctively pressing back into Ahri and spreading her legs into a V-shape.

"No... Gh, no answer for me, huh?" Morgana laughed as much as she could muster—only to be interrupted by Ahri planting a hand firmly on her ass and shoving her forward, mashing LeBlanc's sweat-glazed tits into her own. Ahri smirked and wiggled her hips, angling her cock downwards, pre-cum trailing from the tip as she found Morgana's waiting, wet hole. She humped teasingly at first, slapping the tip of her length against her cheeks and slicking the cleft of her ass in drying spit before hilding herself inside in one, smooth motion. Morgana moaned sharply—and LeBlanc mirrored her shortly after—their bodies colliding into one another as either girl was slammed into from behind, their cheeks clapping back against powerful thrusts that pounded them in unison. Morgana arched her back and moaned out freely as Ahri railed her clenched asshole, squeezing down around the meaty length as her cock flopped uselessly between her legs.

"It's like a mirror..." Evelynn chuckled from behind, balls slapping against LeBlanc's supple thighs as she pumped her hips against her, making her jiggle with every thrust. "Two slutty Harrowing witches being put in their place."

Morgana closed her eyes, blocking out LeBlanc's erotic glare—nose scrunched up in pleasure, pale skin painted with sweat, ragged breaths escaping between purple lips smeared with seed. It was hard to deny the truth of Evelynn's words, and that only made Morgana moan louder as Ahri fucked her plush ass in rough, bestial movements. She moaned alongside her, pink-tipped shaft flinging drooling pre-cum onto the floor in time with Ahri's thrusts, balls bouncing against her wobbling cheeks as Ahri pumped in and out. It was rough, far rougher than Morgana would have liked to admit—the tight ring of her hole hugging Ahri's length as it slammed its way deep into her guts, stretching her around it. And it felt good. So unbearably good that she couldn't deny her own lust anymore, cock jerking as it spewed a constant trickle of seed onto the cold, stone floor beneath her.

"Oh, fuck!" she gasped, throwing her head back. Something possessed her, overcome with lust in the heat of the moment, and she

plunged her head forward, locking lips with LeBlanc. The other witch yelped into her mouth in surprise but didn't pull away, her tongue brushing across Morgana's own, each slurping at one another's saliva. They shared in that wanton pleasure, not daring to open their eyes and look at one another—but feeling the reverberation of their mutual moans. Evelyn's pale length drove itself into LeBlanc's sore ass without remorse, yet still LeBlanc's body reacted eagerly. A sharp crack across her ass left it wobble under Evelyn's stinging palm, her own cock bouncing and throbbing wildly. She shot off without warning, splattering her creamy girl-cum against the floor in an endless, powerful burst.

Morgana gave a mewling gasp as she broke the kiss, saliva running down her chin. "You taste... Hahhh... you taste good," she slurred, red in the face. LeBlanc laughed hoarsely, their lips touching again as Morgana pressed in for another wet smooch. Ahri dug her nails into Morgana's thick hips, hilted herself over and over again, hips slapping into her round asscheeks as they jiggled in place. Her cock throbbed—and in a single moment Morgana could feel Ahri's hot load spill inside her with each thrust, pulsating with every pump of seed deep into her guts. Morgana could only moan helplessly as her own cock spat out a second, pitiful string of cum onto the floor, dripping down the length in steady streams of seed. Her body shook in the aftershock of pleasure, squeezing around Ahri's softening shaft.

"Mmh... You love this, don't you?" Ahri growled into Morgana's ear, nibbling at her earlobe. She was still hard, meaty claps of their bodies together as she kept thrusting even through her climax. "I can feel it... The way you tighten around me... You'll make a lovely addition to the coven, sister," she purred, bringing her lips down to kiss along Morgana's shoulder, fingers gripping possessively into her waist.

"Hngh... no, I-I—" Morgana moaned out, legs shaking as Ahri fucked her plump ass in brutal movements. Morgana was drooling, eyes rolling back, cock dripping onto the floor, thought interrupted when LeBlanc groaned sharply again. Another, weaker load poured out into the pooling seed between them, both girls being milked by their prostates relentlessly; Evelyn buried to the hilt in LeBlanc's guts, and Ahri prodding against Morgana's depths with her thick length. The duo were untiring, likely blessed by magic with endless stamina and virility; bent on breaking and warping LeBlanc and Morgana's minds to be nothing more than pleasure-addicted vessels for worship and spunk.

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Hours had bled away in an instant. Morgana had her last coherent thought long ago, now lost in the enthralling pleasure that tingled in her cum-glazed body. She laid sprawled out over the altar, under a statue of the Old One, beneath LeBlanc's own form; collapsed into Morgana's embrace, their breasts and cocks sandwiched between them and mashing together with each new thrust from between their legs. Cassiopeia, with a snake's dexterity, coiled her obsidian tail around the stone slab they laid upon; her dual girl-cocks plunging into the loose puckers of both girls in unison, easing back and forth into their combined gapes. Her hands roamed over LeBlanc's ass tenderly, caressing over claw-marks and bruises, her black talons biting the flesh as she squeezed and massaged the pale flesh. Ahri hovered close by, her cock resting square over Morgana's face—tended to by the gentle smooches and exhausted lapping of Morgana and LeBlanc's combined mouths. Ahri smirked, rolling her hips slowly as she rode out her pleasure with sensual ease, balls rested against Morgana's cheek; while Evelynn amused herself by spectating while humping herself between Ahri's thighs.

"It seems they've taken to the ritual quite well, sisters," Nami purred as she loomed near, circling the altar with a curious glimmer in her pitch black gaze. She traced her fingers along Cassiopeia's body, affectionately brushing over her back and squeezing her hips—drawing a content hiss from the serpentine witch—and glided towards the altar. She stared down at Morgana and LeBlanc with undisguised lust, watching as the latter girl mewled in pleasure with each new thrust inside her. A satisfied smile was plastered on LeBlanc's usually sardonic face, now smeared with seed. She had since fallen limp against Morgana's body, simply enduring Cassiopeia's efforts to further ruin her gaping asshole, every thrust drawing a new moan from both girls between their soft, mindless cooing and smooching. Nami leaned down and wrapped her hands around LeBlanc's face, squishing her cheeks in her palms, directing her gaze upward. LeBlanc blinked—her mind still trying to catch up with what was happening—eyes glassy and unfocused, bleary from overwhelming pleasure.

"Now, all that's left is for you to tell your sisters just one thing..." she softly crooned, a warm smile across her lush lips. "...Where does Lissandra hide from our scrying gazes?"

LeBlanc looked at her through the fog, slowly realizing the question that was posed. "...No," she gasped out, her voice hoarse from moaning. A brief moment of lucidity cut through the lust-drunk haze. "I-I won't betray her—"

Nami yanked her hands away as if she'd been stung, sneering down at the pair. "This one needs a few more hours, I suppose..." She glanced to Ahri, who moved without instruction; drawing her hips back and shoving her cock deep into LeBlanc's open mouth. Morgana adjusted mindlessly and started to obediently lap at Ahri's balls as they dragged and bounced over her face while Ahri thrustured into LeBlanc's stretched lips. Nami's eyes admired the sight of Morgana's subservience for a moment before a smile etched itself upon her face anew. She kneeled forward, placing her mouth dangerously close to Morgana's ear.

"And how about you, sister?" Nami hummed, stroking her fingers delicately through violet locks. "Will you tell me what I need to know? Do this for us, and your pleasures will never cease." Her palm lingered on Morgana's cheek as she contemplated for a moment, then pressed her forehead against Morgana's own in a surprisingly tender gesture. "You are one of our own now. We only seek to bring Lissandra under our fold as well. After all, she would be terribly lonely without a coven of her own, would she not?"

Morgana blinked slowly, focusing her hazy eyes on the witch hovering above her—though Ahri continued to pump herself back and forth between LeBlanc's drooling lips—and then back again at the endless void of Nami's sclera. She nodded, breathless. LeBlanc's eyes widened at the gesture, only to roll back as Cassiopeia struck her ass with a firm swat.

Morgana's lips cracked open, and she spoke, with one final gasp of pleasure. "I'll tell you everything, sister."