

Goats and Witches Part 4

By StogieGoat

Sig had coiled up in the corner of the study while the two witchcraft practitioners poured over a couple of tomes filled with various rituals. Bayley made herself comfy on top of Sigs coils. She leaned back against his chest while he watched curiously over her shoulder. He didn't understand the runes in that book, but he was still fascinated by the very existence of these old texts. Right now, he didn't have much choice but to sit by and let Bayley and Becky figure out the next course of action. This weekend has had its up and downs for the goat, but he was feeling better about his current, transformative conundrum. The silver-haired witch yawned a bit, "Gee, you're kind of comfy, y'know that sig?"

Sig smiled at that comment. "Maybe this isn't so bad?", he pondered out loud.

"Oh, having second thoughts?" Bayley asked.

"Well, I was just thinking, if this were permanent, I feel like I could eventually make peace with it... If I had to, that is," he admitted.

Bayley reached back with her free paw, and scratched Sig under his chin scruff compassionately, "You'll be all right goat. I know you will."

Sig was enjoying the warmth of the she-wolf's body against his. He could feel her breathing while she poured over the text in that old leather-bound book. If he couldn't get his legs back, he would be satisfied to just have the memory of this moment, and his time spent

with this she-wolf. Even though he'd known her for only just over a week, he'd grown fond of her. She was so different from anyone he'd dated in the past. She had such a warm, inviting inner light that shone so very brightly. She was assertive, compassionate, and highly spirited, and he's just come to accept that was the way she was. Her empathy for him during this time, and her willingness to help, warmed him to the core.

Sig realized despite everything; he was falling for the wolf witch. He was aware of the irony of becoming smitten with her, considering it was her ancestor that had been the cause of much of the troubles he's had in his own life. He simply didn't care. He was confident that she meant him no malice. His only concern now, was if she had wanted the same thing he did. Are the feelings he has for the wolf-witch mutual? The she-wolf didn't seem to have an issue with moving fast, but Sig did understand the wants of the flesh and matters of the heart, were two entirely different beasts. For right now, he would be more than happy to spend more time with Bayley. And he would be satisfied to just bask in her bright light for a little while. He would remain hopeful but would not dare ask for too much, too soon.

He had also pondered on the feline witch for a moment. Would she be fine with some strange, outsider goat being with her sister in the long run? A question sprung to Sig's mind just then. He's wasn't sure why he hadn't thought of this before. However, he felt compelled to ask one particular burning question.

Sig, clearing his throat, "Hey, not to bother you two, but I kind of been meaning to ask you something. I don't mean any offense, but you said you were sisters? So, was it adoption or something?" He inquired.

Bayley scoffed," Pfft, no silly, we're coven, sisters. We're not that kind of family. I mean, we are close though. Right, Becks?"

"Ooooh, right. Sorry." Sig apologized.

"No worries, goat, I don't see how you would have known unless you had asked." The busty tigress answered. "And while we're asking questions here, I have one of my own, if you don't mind?"

"Oh sure, shoot" Sig replied.

"So, sig, by any chance did you... ejaculate inside Bayley last night?" Becky asked bluntly.

Sig was just a little more than taken off-guard by the sudden personal question. And an explicit one at that. "Bah- bah...." Sig just babbled, lost for words.

"I mean, unprotected?", the tiger-witch inquired further.

"Oh yeah, I totally wouldn't let him pull out!" Bayley confessed proudly. This is when Bayley put her paw under Sig's chin again and gently nudged his gaped mouth closed. "Why do you ask?", she replied.

The feline witch apologetically replied, "Sorry to be so forward, but I think it's what caused the transformation. You intermingled body fluids directly with someone in the Wilks bloodline. From what I've gathered, the curse was meant to punish the Capra's if they ever had slept with a Wilks again. Don't forget, Annette had sexual relations with your ancestor Sig. This has to be the connection. I mean, has anything like this happened to you after sex before? I would think not, right? This cannot be a coincidence."

Sig composed himself. "Right, right, I guess that does make sense. So... What now?" He asked.

"Well, I have some good news." Becky grinned.

"Oh, I don't know if I like that look", Bayley said, half-joking.

Becky had a little mischief in her eye. "The solution is *sex magic*."

"Wait... that's a thing?" Sig asked.

"Oh yeah, totally! Bayley said enthusiastically. "To put it in simple terms, it's harnessing produced sexual energy to get the desired effect. Remember that 'magic boner spell', as you so eloquently put it? Well, I just siphoned off some of the sexual energy you produced while I was going down on you. I just merely transferred that energy back to you, so you could get hard again in an instant. The rest was all your own desire," she explained.

"Well, that was a pretty cool trick, I'm not going to lie," Sig said, lamenting.

"Aw, you're so sweet." She beamed and gave him another little scratch under his chin scruff.

"So, is that why you were okay with me not pulling out? Did you like... use a *prophylactic spell* or something?" He asked curiously.

"It's called an *IUD*, Sig." Bayley chuckled.

The sultry tigress added, "Unfortunately magic isn't a cure-all. We can do some pretty neat things, but pregnancy and venereal diseases, are complicated. You need penicillin and medical science to fix some of those things I'm afraid."

Bayley interjected, "Yeah I mean if you got a broken bone or a deep cut, there is some curative shamanistic magics that may help. But stuff like cancer or syphilis you would need a professional. That's why the world has surgeons and doctors. If we could just 'Magic everything away, there wouldn't be so many hospitals and doctors, would there?"

Sig scratched the back of his head, "Well yeah. That does make a whole lot of sense. But, what about my situation though?" he asked, sounding a little worried.

"Oh, that is a magical issue. Magic would be the ONLY solution. And right here in these notes, I have a ritual we can perform, that can restore you to your original shape," she said patting the notepad with one paw. "And, might add...this should also stop further unwanted transformations due to intercourse with my she-wolf friend over there," Becky said, looking confident.

Bayley clapped her hands delighted and let out a little "Yay!", in reply.

Becky once again interjecting. "Oh, and speaking about fixing you... She segued. "We are going to need a couple of things from you, to make this ritual work."

"And that would be?" He asked.

"Well, for one, we need a tuft of your fur. And also... Oh, how do I put this delicately?" The tigress sounded hesitant.

“I’m not going to need to cut anything important off, am I?” , Sig asked nervously.

“No, no... Gods no! This is nothing like that”, She assured the goat. She pivoted around in her chair and pulled open a wooden compartment in her desk. She reached in and produced a flask. “However. We are going to need you till fill this.” She said, holding the glass tube up for display.

Sig’s eyes widened when he realized what the tigress was hinting at. “Ooooh... You are going to need some of my...um, ‘Goat milk’?”

“Bingo!” Becky shot back, making a finger gun hand gesture with her other paw. “And before you ask...Yes, Bayley can assist you with that. Matter of fact, it’s better if she does.” She added.

Concerned, Sig asked, “Wait...Would I and Bayley *doing it*, again run the risk, another transformation?”

“No, not if we perform the ritual immediately after Bayley collects your, *snake venom*. Just make sure to remain awake till after the ritual is performed. Falling asleep might be bad,” the tigress replied, still confident.

“Hm... Sounds like a good time to me.” Bayley said while nudging her elbow into Sig’s belly playfully.

“So, what do you say goat? Think you’re up for the task?” Becky said, playfully waving the glass tube.

Bayley interjected before Sig could answer. "Oh, trust me, that shouldn't be a problem, right sig?"

Sig stammered, "Uh, Y-yeah I think I can--"

"This guy, shoots, SO MUCH baby batter! I mean like... A LOT!", she said gleefully, while gesturing with her paws.

Sig just tittered nervously, "Um, yeah, I guess I was sort of backed up."

"Look, I know you're nervous about this, but we're all friends here. So, it's okay. We're all adults, and it's not like you and Bayley haven't already explored each other's bodies, right?" Becky said supportively.

"And I sure have a new body to explore tonight, don't I Sigs?", Bayley egged him on playfully.

Somehow, this did make him feel more reassured. "Hmm... Well. I mean... not complaining about the solution here. And since we gotta do it, I guess we can make this fun, right?" He replied, sounding more enthused. He slid his arms around Bayley's mid-section and hugged her.

She giggled "Aw, that's the spirit Sigs."

Sig was okay with this, but one thought did just cross his mind. *Wait?... where exactly is my junk?* He thought to himself. It's not like I've seen it since last night, or even thought about it? *Where do snakes keep their stuff anyway?* He wondered

"Hey guys... we may have a problem," Sig said, sounding concerned again.

“What’s that, Sig?” Bayley inquired.

“Um... if we are going to do this... I need to sort of know where my, *you know what is*,” he said while making a pointing down motion with his hands.

“You didn’t look for it while you were in the shower?” Becky asked.

“No... I mean. That wasn’t the first thing on my mind at the time be honest,” He confessed. “Well, I got to use the restroom anyway...so now’s a good time as any, I suppose?” He paused for a second, then excused himself. “Um, if you ladies don’t mind, I’ll just go do that right now.”

“Happy worm hunting goat.” Bayley giggled, as Sig slithered out of the room.

Sig stood in front of the toilet. *I hope this doesn’t take too long*, he thought. *I wasn’t joking about needing to pee. I mean, I feel my dick in there somewhere when I try to tighten up my muscles. It’s there. But how do I get to it?* Sig ran his hand down below his waist to where his crotch used to be. He felt around and discovered that one of his hooved fingers could slip in between the longer scales near his crotch area. *Jackpot!*, he thought to himself, feeling relieved. He pried the newfound cloaca open and started to extract his manhood. He was able to do so, with relative ease. However, he was shocked at what he saw. He looked at it awkwardly for a moment. He wasn’t sure if he should be all that upset. As a matter of fact, he found himself starting to grin. Excited, he thought, *OH, she is just going to LOVE this!*

Sig slid back into the study fifteen minutes later. He had a goofy smile on his face

“So, how’d things go in there? Find what you needed?”, Bayley pried.

“Yep!” Sig replied, beaming.

“Great! Looks like we just need to get ready to perform the ritual then.” The wolf witch said, placing the pads of her palms together.

Becky interjected, “I recommend we wait till after dinner. I also suggest you have a glass of wine or two, goat. Just enough to loosen up.”

“Sounds like a plan to me.” Sig grinned and nodded.

Just to kill a few hours before dinner, the two coven sisters challenged Sig to a few rounds of Uno. Sig lost, and badly no less than three times in a row. Then afterward the three of them shared a meal. Since they were more interested in putting in the effort for the ritual to come, they elected to order out for some food. Sig would insist on paying. Sig would also entertain their suggestion of sipping on a couple of glasses of wine. Bayley and Becky would join him in this while they digested their meals.

They would again return to the study. “So, is it... *that time?*”, Sig would ask.

“Not just yet. I want to go slip into something a little more appropriate if you don’t mind,” Bayley hinted, enthusiastically.

“Are we gonna, Y’know... *Do it* right here?” Sig asked, awkwardly.

"That would be optimal, I'm afraid," Becky answered honestly. However, we'll put down a couple of thick blankets and plenty of pillows. So, it should be comfy enough. It's for expedience's sake, I promise you," she said, reassuringly.

"Er... Are you going to be watching the entire time?" Sig inquired, nervously.

"Well, again... it would be optimal." She replied.

"Ah, don't mind her Sig, you aren't going to be doing anything she's never seen before," Bayley said, to alleviate any of Sig's concerns.

"Well, you both seem okay with it. So, I suppose it's no problem at all. Besides... You're helping me. I'm not really in a position to protest here, right?", Sig said calmly.

"Great! Since we have that all settled, I think I'll go get more comfortable," the she-wolf grinned with a hint of lustiness. Soon after, the two sultry witches excused themselves from the study to prepare. Sig took the opportunity to coil up in the middle of the floor. He would lounge here until they would return. Sig tried to think calm, positive thoughts. The two glasses of wine he'd drank, helped a bit.

About half an hour later the study door flew open. The pleasant scent of perfume wafted into the room along with the two feminine forms. Bayley was now adorned in a black and purple wide-brimmed hat. It had a bronze circular piece affixed to the front of the purple sash that ran around the base of the hat, just above the rim. A pentacle was etched into this round metal piece. She also wore a black drawstring bustier that Bayley covered her soft ample bosoms. Her privates were covered by a scant G-String, that left little to the imagination.

Bayley's arms were covered in black a purple arm stockings and legging that matched. Sig was in awe, to say the least. His jaw just about hit the floor. Sig was quite surprised to see that the tigress had elected to dress much the same. Her lingerie, however, was black with hints of crimson in it. And this tigress came baring a container holding pillows and blankets along with a couple of other sorted items.

"Let's get this party started!", Bayley beamed excitedly.

"So, you guys DO wear which hats." Sig chuckled.

"Eh, that's just for the occasional get-together or special event," Bayley replied. "Do you like it?" She said, touching the brim of her hat and doing a cute pose as if to show off for Sig.

"You look fantastic if you don't mind me saying," Sig smiled.

Sig started to mutter a question, "Um, Becky- "

"Ah, this? ", She said, indicating her sexy nightwear. "Just trying to set the mood. I promise. I'll just be observing." She assured him.

"Don't worry, I said it was cool." Bayley chimed. Then she put her paw up to the side of her face and said "I thought a little eye extra eye candy wouldn't hurt," she winked.

"Well, that was thoughtful." Sig giggled.

They commenced laying down blankets on the polished wood floor of the study. Then lit candles in a circle all around where the goat-naga and wolffess would lay with each other. Becky dimmed the lights and quietly took her seat. Sat with one leg crossed over the other. patiently observing.

Bayley had produced a small radio from the box that they had hauled into the room with them earlier. "I thought some slow tunes might help", she explained. She inserted a small iPod into the boom box. She scrolled to a playlist called, "*Sex Grooves*" and then tapped play. The music that started to emanate from the boom box resembled pagan chanting over slow rhythmic percussions. She walked toward Sig with purpose, and she licked her chops voraciously. Suddenly the wolfess dropped down on all fours as if she was stalking him as her prey. Sig noticed from this angle he could see down her bustier and see her glorious, and very prominent cleavage. He felt his manhood start to stir, despite being nervous about having an audience. He was laying back on his coiled serpentine form while watching her come for him like the predator she was evolved from. She got closer and reach out and put one paw on top of his upper coil, grabbed the collar of his shirt, and pulled him in, nose to nose.

"You're all mine tonight", She said lustily. Then she unbuttoned his shirt, button by button, and pulled it up over his shoulder exposing his darker blue patch of chest fur. She pushed her muzzle to his for a kiss. Sig took in the scent of her perfume. She broke away from the kiss then started to nibble on his long ear flap. Sig could feel his manhood starting to pulse with warm blood. She drifted down to his neck and she gave him a little love bite with her fangs. Not enough to break his skin or anything but just enough to get his attention. Sig let out a stifled yelp.

"Mmmmm...I took it easy on you last night. Tonight, I'll show you how wolves fuck." She said with a breathy whisper. Sig's manhood started to slide out of its cloaca. The slit parted and the heads began to protrude from the opening. Bayley glancing down at his groin area now witnessed not one, but two green, glistening cock heads protruding out from belly scale plates.

The wolfess gasped, "Whoa... No way!"

Sig grinned, "I had the feeling you'd be cool with this."

Bayley placed both her hands on either side of his cloaca area, and she witnessed his hemi-cock start to swell and rise from its hiding place. She put a paw on each of the dual members and felt them throb in her gentle grip. They were almost as girthy as a soda can and had rows of fleshy nodes that ran down the length of them. "Oh... we are going to have so much fun." She said with enthusiasm. She paused for a second and her expression changed to concern. "Hey... Are you sure you want to change back?" She asked sincerely.

Sig, paused a moment to think about it. But he shook off the notion immediately. "Yeeeah, I kind of want to be able to drive a car normally...I'll miss my hooves," he answered honestly.

"Uh-huh, but you did think about it," she chuckled. "But it's your choice and I can respect that." She nodded and smiled. "But since you are like this right now, we can enjoy it for just tonight!" She added. She turned back to Becky, "Can you throw me some lube? I got something extra to work with here." She pleaded.

"On it!" The tigress replied urgently. She reached into the container and produced a small plastic bottle with a purple cap. She threw a bottle of clear fluid over to Bayley who snatched it out of the air. "Just in case", she said calmly. She put the bottle down near them for later. "I wasn't expecting to get *DP'ed* tonight, but here we are, I guess?" She said just a little more excited. Then she placed her arms around Sig's neck and leaned in to kiss him deeper. She slipped her tongue into his mouth aggressively. She began to entwine her tongue with Sigs like

she had done the night before. However, this time she felt something she wasn't expecting. His tongue was longer and forked. And it was now sliding into her mouth. She broke off the kiss suddenly. She saw his green forked tongue lolling out of his now fanged mouth. Not something a goat traditionally has. "Whoa... wasn't expecting that!" she exclaimed. She paused for a moment, then continued, "This gives me an idea, however," she said devilishly.

"Oh... Sorry... I forgot all about that," He apologized.

"No worries, this is a happy surprise," The wolf-witch said gripping one of his throbbing snake-cocks. "Lay back for me." She demanded.

He did as she asked without question. Sig had an idea of what she wanted to do next. He uncoiled his body so that it was more splayed out, and belly up. This allowed her to pivot, swinging her backside toward his face, straddling his chest. Her voluptuous backside was now inches from his face. He knew what was coming next. On instinct, his forked tongue whipped out from his mouth. It ran up the slit area of her womanhood, just outside her G-string, taking in the scent of her female parts.

"Oh, someone is getting impatient," Bayley said coyly. At the same time, she felt his members surge to their hardest state. She giggled teasingly. "Well, since you're so enthusiastic, goat... I'll give you something to snack on," she said lustily. She then proceeded to pull at the G-string stretching it till it was digging into her slit and ass crevasse. A second later it ripped, exposing her fleshy glistening pussy lips. She tossed what was left of her undergarment over her shoulder and it caught on one of Sig's horns. She wiggled her ass in his face with a tail swish. "Bon appetite, goat!" She teased.

Sig ran his long tongue up her exposed womanhood slowly, enjoying the taste of his lover's tender parts. While he was enjoying his meal of *wolf pie*, Bayley would decide to get a muzzle full of *goat-snake* for herself. Bayley pressed her lips against the tip of one of his cocks. She gave it a little smooch first, then pushed her muzzle down on it slowly. She could feel the warmth of his cock head pushing past her lips and filling her eager mouth. She worked his fat-headed cock with her tongue while she began to jerk on his second pulsating green member. She could feel the fleshy nodes rub on her paw pads as she stroked it. She knew she had much to work with here, but she felt up to the task.

She braced herself, then took his cock deeper into her muzzle. She could feel the nubs rub against her tongue as she slowly lowered her head onto it. This would be a new experience for her, but she didn't mind it one bit. Continuing her oral assault, she began to drag her mouth back up his thick, node-covered shaft, only to push it back down once more. *Not sure if I can hilt him this time.* She thought. This would be more of a challenge to attempt such a daring move. But she did consider going for it. For now, she paced herself with shallower thrusts with her muzzle.

Sig pushed his forked tongue past her outer lips and worked it into her moist inner opening. Bayley felt his agile snake tongue enter her.

She let out an "Mmmmm!" due to her mouth being full of Naga cock currently, but she could not stifle her moans. Sig began to push his tongue farther into her tight canal, then began to slowly retract it, then push it back in once more. He continued to work the inside of her delicious love tunnel like this for a while. He would occasionally retract his tongue to tease her

outer lips and clitoris. The goat-snake swirled his forked, fleshy appendage around her clit a few times, causing her to pull her maw off his cock and gasp loudly.

“Oh you dirty goat!”, She exclaimed, fully enveloped in the throes of lust and pleasure.

The couple continued to suck and slurp at each other while Becky watched on. She started to squirm a bit as she felt herself grow excited by what was going on in front of her. She bit her lips and thought. *I'll be quiet... they aren't going to mind if I... indulge myself, right?* She wouldn't dare ask to join them, but she needed to do something about the uncontrollable urge she was having. This animal lust coming over her. Her G-string was now wet with her love juices. She didn't expect to get excited at all, it was not like her to give in to her urges like this, but watching them did something for her. She slid her hand under her G-String and began to slowly run her fingers up and down her wet throbbing vaginal crevasse.

She then indulged herself further by slipping one of her digits into her opening. She tried not to whimper as she delved into her wet place. *I guess we're all in this together now*, she thought. She pushed her middle finger into herself up to the second knuckle. She began to work her opening vigorously with her middle digit, using her wrist to drive it in repeatedly. This was still not quite enough for the lusty tigress, so she elected to slip her ring finger into herself as well, spreading her pussy wider. She now began to furiously drive her middle and ring finger into herself unmercifully and with no remorse. She bit her lip again and began to fondle one of her own breasts with her free hand. *Oh, goddess forgive me, but I'm so hot right now*, she thought lustily. The tigress could hear the subtle, wet squelching noises her pussy made as she kept burying her finger inside herself. The she-tiger knew she was starting to be too loud but she could not stop herself.

Bayley was still getting her pussy worked over by Sig's skillful tongue. She felt the urge to let her breast out of their confinement, so she slid her maw off of Sigs throbbing cock and reared up a bit so she could loosen her bustier. At that moment she finally noticed Becky watching them and furiously masturbating. Becky locked eyes with her for a second.

"I-I'm sorry... I don't know what came over me." The tigress began to moan.

"Heh, it's okay she said. I'm VERY flattered. Please... enjoy the show." She said winking.

"Hey, why did you-" Sig cut himself off, now witnessing the tigress working herself over.

"Oh!" He awkwardly exclaimed.

"Hey sig, how about we make this entertaining for our voyeuristic friend over there?" Bayley grinned wolfishly.

"Well, if you're cool with it, I see no harm in letting her enjoy herself?" Sig smiled and gave Becky a double thumbs up for encouragement.

"Well, then...let us continue, shall we? And Becks... don't tire yourself out too much, we still need you to cast the spell tonight."

Becky, relieved to hear they were okay with this, replied, "I have to admit, you do put on one heck of a show."

Bayley teased, "Oh, just you wait for the second act, pussy cat... Just you wait!"

End chapter 4

