

Goats and Witches

Part 6

Written by StogieGoat

Bayley was watching the front of the store whilst her tigress business partner was tending the back room, on one late June evening. The air had grown warm and humid and the days longer as the season changed to summer. The business at the occult book store had slowed to a crawl and they hadn't had any patrons wander in for the better part of an hour now. Bayley was getting a bit bored and she began to tap her claws on the glass case she was resting her elbows on. Just as she thought she would die of boredom the door chime rang out, and a familiar blue-furred goat casually sauntered into the store. The silver-haired she-wolf immediately perked upon seeing him. "Cig!", she exclaimed with a genuine, but toothy smile.

"Hey, yourself," Cig said cheerfully. "We closed up shop a few minutes early, thought I'd wander on over and say, 'hello'."

"Good thing, cus let me tell ya' goat, there wasn't anything going on over here tonight," Bayley said.

"Ah, slow over here too?" Cig asked.

The backroom door creaked open and a busty She-tiger wearing a black knee-high dress and black fishnets appeared holding several boxes of books. "Ah, there's our hooved friend!" She said, noticing Cig.

"Sup Becks?", Cig shot back.

"Sloooow." The she-tiger replied.

"Things will pick up once the spooky season rolls around again," Bayley interjected.

"Samhain?", The blue-furred goat man replied.

"Hmm, I'll give you credit goat, you pronounced it correctly. Bayley's taught you well." She tigress replied. "But alas, we need to survive the rest of the summer before we can start thinking about All Hollows Eve."

Bayley interjected again. "Y'know I don't mind summer down the shore, to be honest."

"Really? Didn't have you pegged as the beach bum type" Stogie said.

"Believe it or not, I am a total sucker for a sandy beach and a cool ocean breeze; crashing waves and all that stuff." Bayley lamented.

Cig raised an eyebrow, and replied, "Well, I am free this Saturday morning if you'd like to..."

Bayley interrupted excitedly, "Beach trip?"

Cig chuckled, "Okay, guess I didn't need to pull your leg."

"Can Becky come?" Bayly asked hopping up and down.

"Hey now, I didn't say I was going to tag along," The tigress said, furrowing her brow.

"Pleeeeeease?" The white-furred she-wolf begged while flashing a puppy dog-eyed look at the shapely tiger-witch.

"Becky sighed and brushed a long green-dyed streak of hair away from her face. "Fine, I'll go." She said, protesting slightly.

"I thought tigers like water?" Cig asked.

"We do... but I could do without all that hot sand." Becky scoffed. After thinking on it for a moment, the she-tiger did reconsider that sentiment. She raised an eyebrow and said, "Then again, I do like to lay in the sun... and I can bring a book."

Bayley smiling said, " It'll be a nice relaxing Saturday at the beach! I promise you won't regret it."

Cig dropped his trousers onto the stall floor; his belt buckle making metallic thunking noise as it hit the boards. The cerulean-hued goat pivoted around in the changing stall, so he could bend over to grab his swim trunks out of a small travel bag he'd toted along for the beach trip. The she-wolf and her tigress cohort were off in another stall getting into their swimwear.

Cig admitted to himself the thought of them rubbing sunscreen into each other's backs excited him a little, but he wasn't here for that today. All he knew was that this trip would make Bayley happy and that was more than enough for him. Seeing her smile delighted him more than anything. Not that the more intimate moments they shared weren't fun also, they certainly were. And fortunately, they hadn't had any other transformative occurrences since the "goat-snake", incident. Their more physical engagements now being able to continue unhindered by a terrible family curse. He was sure that he and the she-wolf might be engaging in such physical activities again soon. But for now, he was here to enjoy a dip in the ocean, and later maybe some volleyball. At least that's

what the plan initially was, but then suddenly there was a knocking on the stall door.

"Little Cig, Little Cig, let me in!" A feminine voice sang teasingly from outside the stall door.

Cig chuckled at that quip, then said, "All right, hold on a one-second cutie." Then he reached around and unlatched the door. Not one second after Bayley and Becky pulled the door open and squeezed themselves into the stall with Cig. Sig yelped, "W-ait what are you guys doing?" He was now sandwiched between the two scantily attired witches. Becky had her backside pushed up against Cig and the she-wolf slid in behind him, pressing her breasts into his back. "Um, ladies... what is this all about?" Cig asked.

Bayley spoke into Cig's ear, "Thought you might like a little surprise."

Cig felt Becky press her plush rump into his general groin region and wiggled her tush teasingly. The tiger-witch curled her long tail around Cig's neck gently.

"You... had this planned for a while now, haven't you?" Cig asked.

Bayley replied, "Yep."

Cig Followed up with, "We're not getting out of here till we have sex, aren't we?"

Becky replied, "Hopefully... I mean unless you don't want to?"

"I mean... no pressure. I just thought you'd be into this?", Bayley questioned.

Cig wasn't sure how he felt about this. He found the shapely tigress very attractive. But his heart belonged to the wolf witch. He adored her to no end and wasn't sure if this would drive a wedge. What if he enjoyed it a little too much? "I-uh... Bayley, are you okay with this?" Cig asked sounding concerned.

Bayley answered, whispering softly into Cig's ear, "I haven't forgotten all the trouble I caused you Cig. I'm telling you, it's okay. Let's just call this a gift. I mean... a VERY sexy gift, but a gift non the less."

Cig's body would betray his conflicted feelings as he felt his manhood start to harden and pressed up against Becky's backside through his swim trunks.

The blonde and green-streaked-haired tigress noticed his arousal right away. "Someone's getting just a little excited?" The tiger-witch said in a coy tone.

Cig was reluctant to give in to his libido, but the temptation was undeniable. "Okay, but take it easy on me, I've never been with a tiger before...or a tiger witch for that matter." He said nervously.

"No worries goat. I mean... after all I'm the one in the submissive position here."

Cig conceded, "Oh... so you are."

"Whenever you're ready goat... I'm here for the taking." Becky purred.

Bayley wedged her hand down Cig's swim trunks and pushed them downward removing one of the barriers between his manhood and Becky. The curvy feline's backside felt so soft and warm up against the goat's hardening member. His green-tinted rod throbbed with anticipation. Bayley pushed herself up against Cig's back a bit more firmly so she could reach under his belly and grip the base of his now erect penis. The ruffles of snow-white face fur were mushed into the goat's shoulder. "I'll help guide you on your way lover boy," Bayley said sweetly.

Cig moaned softly at the she-wolf's touch. Bayley's assistance did help him feel more comfortable with the situation, melting away some of his fears. "*Bayley*

seems pretty keen on making this happen. I suppose just this one time wouldn't hurt, would it?" Cig reasoned to himself.

The sultry tigress slipped her thumbs under the strings of her two-tone black and white bikini and slowly removed the final barrier between Cig's pulsing manhood and the tigress's womanly parts. The sexual tension was palpable in that cramped space at that very moment.

Cig felt Bayley rub the head of his cock up and down the length of the tigress's sweet folds.

It was Becky's turn to let out a soft moan and bite her lip in anticipation. Already flush faced the feline pouted, "Please, don't tease me like this Bayley, I want him inside me right nooow."

"Oh, such a needy kitty, isn't she Cig?" Bayley taunted. However, the she-wolf would soon relent, guiding the tip of the aroused goat's member between Becky's plump, wet pussy lips. She whispered intimately to Cig, "She's all yours goat."

Cig not wasting any more time began pushing his hard throbbing member into the lusty tiger-witch. He moaned again as he felt his manhood being enveloped by Becky's love juice-slicked love tunnel. Her inviting but warm love tunnel embraced his hard throbbing rod in a firm grip.

"Feels good doesn't it hon?" Bayley asked.

Cig started bucking his hips into the she-tiger's soft backside. "Ah-are all witch's AH-as amazing as you two?" Cig replied.

"Y-you flatter me, goat. Oh, goddess, Bayley. I can see why you can't get enough of this goat dick!" Becky bayed in pleasure.

"N-now who's flattering who?" Cig quipped in reply.

Bayley smiled and gave Cig a peck on the cheek as he enthusiastically thrust into the tigress. She was genuinely pleased to see him enjoying himself.

Beads of sweat formed on Cig's brow as he worked enthusiastically to please this hungry tigress. The smell of their sex permeated the air and this only made him further excited. It smelled like the distinct scent of sex juices and coconut sunscreen in the cramped stall now. The trio tried not to get too loud to draw attention. But the sound of creaking boards and stifled moans were audible if someone were to get too close. Not to mention the sound of Cig's furry testicles slapping off of the smoking hot tigress's love mound as he continued to hump away fervently.

Bayley, couldn't help but watch the blue goat's tail wiggle and bob with each thrust of his hips. She rested her paws on Cig's back side and kept her

shoulders to the booth wall as to give him enough thrusting leverage. She couldn't deny the urge to give him a playful swat on the rump. "Sorry... I couldn't resist." Bayley said after her paw bounced off Cig's blue furry tush.

Becky moaned, "O-oh goddess, I-I'm close."

Bayley, mindfully cautioned the duo, "Don't cum too loudly guys, we're not looking to get caught."

Cig, in an attempt to remain as quiet as possible, nodded silently in reply. His urge to moan out loud was not as great as his desire to not spend the night in a police holding cell.

Becky clapped one paw over her muzzle as Cig continued to thrust his meat into her unmercifully. She stifled a yelp as she felt the rumblings of her orgasm approach. She braced herself against the stall wall with her other paw as her legs trembled. Her eyes watered and her ears pinned back against her head as the intensity of her orgasm hit her like a speeding truck.

Cig could feel Becky's warm orgasmic juices overflow, drenching the darker fur of his ball sack. "H-how was that, Beck's?" Cig asked.

Becky, still trembling from orgasm, could only reply with a muffled moan.

Bayley, replied for the still quivering tigress, "I think that means she's having a good time Ciggy."

After a minute or two Becky managed to gather her thoughts. She could still feel Cig thrusting away at her loins. She took the paw that was previously stifling her moans and planted it back on the wall to brace herself so her face didn't push into the wall from Cig's barrage of thrusts. *"Well, he is persistent, I'll give him that."* She thought. Panting, she asked. "A-are you getting close goat?"

"Y-yeah.. g-gonna spurt," Cig said trying to keep his voice down.

Bayley leaned in and whispered sweetly to Cig "C'mon Ciggy, empty those fat goat balls for us?"

Bayley's naughty whisperings helped push him to the point of no return, his body reacted as if to obey her command. His eyes rolled in his head as warm jets of cum burst from his green mushroom-headed cock and flooded Becky's love tunnel.

"Oh gosh... all of that, just for me?" Becky said as she felt the warmth in her belly spread with each blast of semen Cig let loose. "My Goddess, goat, where do you store all that spunk?"

Cig's hips stopped bucking, and he stood there panting heavily for a few moments. Eventually, he slid his softening member out of Becky's cream-filled womanhood. Just as expected, the excess seed spilled over onto the floorboards.

"He's a messy boy, ain't he?" Bayley said with a toothy grin.

"W-we should clean this up," Sig said.

"Not it!" Yelled Bayley, and she quickly exited the stall.

Bayley, fleeing the scene, allowed the goat and feline much more wiggle room now. Becky would take the opportunity to stop bracing herself against the booth wall and stand up straight since the sexual activities had drawn to a definite close. The now satiated tigress pivoted around so that she was facing Cig. She planted paws hands on her hips and smirked, shaking her head at Bayley's decision to prematurely hit the beach, and sighed. "Go on ahead and find a good spot on the beach Cig, I'll clean up"

"Um, you sure?" Cig asked.

The tigress scratched at the scruff on her face nervously for a moment, then said, "Actually before you go, I just wanted to have a word with you. I could sort of sense your apprehension earlier. I hope you didn't feel coerced into...doing it with me?"

"Oh no, of course not. You and Bayley made it clear it was up to me. I made that choice." Cig Said.

"Hmm, it's Bayley, isn't it? I can tell you do care for her a lot" Becky said cutting to the point.

Cig nervously cleared his throat and then said. "Yeah... I mean, don't get me wrong, I did genuinely enjoy this. And you were fantastic..."

"But you don't want to mess up what you and Bayley have, correct?" Becky interjected.

"I mean no insult, I promise you," Cig replied nervously.

"Oh Cig, I'm not insulted, I'm very happy for you two. Trust me, I think Bayley feels the same about you. We're just, a little 'loosey-goosy' with the sex. It's also a part of our craft. While I have a high opinion of you, I have no intentions of getting in the way. You have my promise." Becky said, assuring the long-eared goat.

Cig Smiled, "I appreciate you talking to me like this, Becky. I think highly of you too."

Becky leaned in and kissed Cig on the forehead, then confessed, "Well despite that, I just wanted to let you know, that I still thoroughly enjoyed it."

"Aw, well I'm glad you had fun" Cig smiled.

Becky patted Cig on the shoulder and said, "Now, go on and meet up with Bayley, I'm sure she's wondering what's taking us so long."

"Ah, right... I'd better hit the sand!" Sig said before exiting.

After Becky had met up with the goat and wolf, the trio frolicked amongst the waves for a while. After a couple of rounds of volleyball, Cig found himself plopping back first onto the warm sand, looking up at the sky. Before long he had dozed off. While he was passed out, the witches thought they'd playfully prank the goat by covering him in sand up to his neck. They even built a small sand castle on top of him. And through all of it, he did not stir. The two coven sisters snuck off to have a water balloon fight and left Cig there peacefully snoozing away.

Cig finally opened his eyes and realized he must have dozed off for a while. To his surprise, he was covered up with sand. "Oh, very funny ladies!" He called out. But it seemed they weren't in range of his voice. He looked up and saw the sand castle. *"Aw, now I'm just gonna feel like a jerk if I wreck it."* He thought to

himself. But then he noticed something else. Something was protruding from just under the sand. He didn't think anything of it at first, but then he felt a slight spasm from his lower back, and then this object moved. This strange object burst from the loose pile of sand around Cig and then flopped back down next to him. Much to Cig's surprise, it appeared that it was a tail that much resembled that of sharks. Furthermore, this shark tail was a very familiar shade of blue.

This took a moment to sink in, but then Cig came to a sudden realization. In a burst of panic, he flailed his arms sending sand flying outward in all directions. He sat up sharply in his panic-stricken state. Breathing heavily, he held up his hands so he could inspect them. Much to his shock his hands no longer had hooved digits, but rather webbed claws.

Cig bleated loudly, "Ah, goddamn it, not again!"

To be continued...