

Secret Diary of a Shinto Witch

By

James Lucien

Thursday, July 4, 2013

Dear Diary, I've never thought to keep a diary before so you are my first. You're a gift from my mom, specially enchanted so that your pages will appear blank to anyone other than me. My mom wants me to use you as a grimoire, which I'll do, but you'll also be my secret diary.

I guess I should introduce myself before divulging the craziness that's happening in my life. I'm Breanna Miko, Anna for short, a Shinto Witch like my mom. Actually, I'm a half-blood, which I'm told is exceptionally rare. I'm a Gemini, talkative by nature, which can be troublesome when you're required to live a double life. I just graduated high school. Most parents would be pushing college, but not my mom. She wants me to move to Japan because she says, "something big is coming and I should be with my own kind when it does."

My mom was banished from her coven years ago for revealing her magick to a human, who became my dad. He's not around anymore, but I don't want to talk about what happened to him. So anyway, now that I'm eighteen, my mom wants me to go join the bitches that kicked her out before her paranoid delusion gets me. There's no way I'm leaving my home, mom, and girlfriend, and no matter what she thinks, she can't force me.

In case someone who has the spellcraft to reveal your contents finds you someday in the future, I'll describe myself. I'm five-foot-six, a hundred-and-fifteen pounds. My favorite part of myself is my alluring eyes, almond-shaped and emerald-green. The shape, thanks to my Japanese mom, and the color, thanks to my Irish dad. My style is goth spiked with punk, and you'll never see me without my purple eyeliner and shadow. I've got a spunky hairdo, raven with a streak of violet down the right side. My outfits don't change much. I'm wearing a lacy black and violet choker with matching corset arm-warmers. My purple lace C-cup push-up exaggerates my ample cleavage, as my tits are over-proportioned to my petite frame. Guys eyes are always locked and loaded on my bosom. But I don't blame them, especially when I'm wearing this tight black fishnet sleeveless belly-shirt. I enjoy the attention, which is why I wear an amethyst navel piercing to draw attention to my defined abs. I take self-defense classes at my gym, where I work out regularly to keep fit. My frilly plum and black petticoat miniskirt rests low on my rounded hips and does very little to conceal the curves of my soap-bubble bottom. My knee-high black combat boots with purple laces advertise that I'm tough but also fashionable.

So my best friend in the whole world since forever is Caitie. She's my little ginger faerie. Her shoulder-length hair is fiery-red with jet-black tips, and her big beautiful eyes are aquamarine. She's a few inches shorter than me, her breasts a cup size smaller, and her rump is a bit plumper. My cheeks are gaunt in comparison to her chipmunk cheeks. She's always dressed in scarlet and black and her style is basically a girlier version of my own.

Caitie's also my secret girlfriend. My mom would never approve of our relationship. I'm not gay, I'm bi, though I've never been with a guy. We spend every night together, her bed or mine, and we've done so since we were kids, so when we became more than friends our parents were none the wiser. Caitie can do wondrous things with her fingers and tongue, but I'm never quite satisfied. I've got an itch that's steadily been growing more fierce.

Caitie knows I'm not a Wiccan Witch as I allow everyone else to believe, but an actual magick-wielding Shinto Witch. She's completely loyal and would never tell anyone the truth about me. Even my mom trusts her, which is saying something, plus who would believe her anyway. Real magick only exists in fantasy stories, right?

My mom owns a metaphysical bookstore, where I've helped out since I was old enough to properly organize the books. She performs readings, healings, and séances in the atmospheric basement. Even with the attraction spells, we will never be rich but we make ends meet. We live in an apartment above the store, which is decorated like an authentic Japanese home but for the sheetrock walls rather than shoji screens. My favorite place is the fire escape outside my window, adorned with climbing vines that blossom white and pink flowers. During the spring and autumn, I read out there often. In the summer, I sunbath in the nude with a cloaking spell, which brings us to the craziness I mentioned.

It was noontime, a cool summer breeze was blowing, the blue sky was sunny, and my naked skin was soaking up the warm rays, when a black Ducati Monster with blue accents came rumbling down the street and squealed to a stop outside the store. The leather-clad rider pulled off his helmet, revealing thick tussled blond hair, perfectly chiseled facial features, and shimmering sapphire eyes. He looked up at me. He could see right through my cloaking spell, and that's not even the craziest part.

I rose and his gaze fused with mine, transfixing my mind and enrapturing my heart. He flashed me a sinful smile, full of predatory hunger, and it instantly caused my mouth to salivate, my nipples to tighten, my stomach to flutter, my clit to throb, and my pussy to cream.

I thought, Ooh, fuck me! I want you to ravish me! Bend me to your will! Spank me, pull my hair, and make me beg for more! Violate my every orifice! Fill me with your spunk! I'm yours for the taking! Your every caprice is my desire! I live to serve as your lustful slut!

And then his attention was drawn away, my furious mom rushing out of the store and shouting at him to leave immediately if he didn't want to be hexed with an eternally flaccid penis, and the love spell was broken. I gasped for air as a shudder of near-orgasmic pleasure tore through me, followed by a hollow feeling and a desperate longing, and I hissed, "Dear Goddess, what was that?"

Contrary to my salacious manner of dress, like I said before, I'm a cock virgin. I've always held the belief that sex should be a celebration of love, not a casual exchange of body fluids. And yet in that moment, I'm certain I would have pleaded on my hands and knees for the privilege of sucking that gorgeous man's cock. I would have greedily swallowed every last drop of his hot cum, or if he would prefer, I would have wallowed in bliss as he spurted his load all over me, showering my face and tits with his sticky seed.

I blinked and shook my head, attempting to clear the haze from my mind. I thought, What's happened to me? How could a single moment of locked eyes have so enthralled me? I've got to find out who he is, what he is. He can't be human. He can't be.

So I focused my will on him as I whispered a tracking spell. I was planning to follow him, but the spell didn't take hold.

He winked knowingly before replacing his helmet and speeding away. Somehow he was able to deflect my spell.

I hurried inside, threw on my black robe and ended up meeting my mom at the top of the stairwell. Confused and excited, I nearly screamed, "Mom, what was he?!"

"Dangerous." Was my mom's hushed reply in Japanese, as usual when we're alone. "If you see him outside the store again you tell me *immediately*. If you see him anywhere else you call me *immediately*. You understand me, Anna? *Immediately*."

I spoke in Japanese to appease her. "Yeah, mom," I flared my eyes, "*immediately*. But what is he? I'm an adult now, remember? You can't keep secrets from me anymore."

“I can and I will if they’re for your safety.”

“Mom,” I shouted, “if you’re worried about my safety you should tell me how he neutralized my magick!”

She sighed. “His *kind* can detect and resist our magick, but they’re not completely immune. If for any reason you have to defend yourself against him, you must call upon your most powerful spells, and your focus must be as sharp as a katana blade.”

“What was he doing here?”

She shook her head, her expression haggard with worry. “I don’t know, and you mustn’t go out until I do know. Go get dressed, I need you to mind the store for a few hours while I fortify the warding spells and attempt to draw some knowledge from the spirits.”

Ooo, I just got a text from Caitie that she’s waiting outside! We’re going to a party at the cemetery. Yet another reason I love my fire escape. Later, Diary!

Friday, July 5, 2013

Diary, you’re never going to believe what happened last night!

So we went to the cemetery party and it was mostly goth kids, but some emo and punk kids too. There was lots of beer, weed, and shrooms, but I didn’t partake in any of them because it’s too risky. I learned my lesson a long time ago. Magick and drugs don’t mix well, like not even a little bit.

The fireworks had just started, we were listening to tunes, people were grooving, and Caitie was already drunk. She is a total lightweight. We laid down on a grassy grave to snuggle and make out as we enjoyed the bombs bursting in air. Then this punk kid pukes his dinner all over a tombstone a few graves over. So gross!

Anyway, when I looked over at the vomiting kid, I noticed a dark figure standing under this old gnarly tree a pretty good distance away. I could feel his gaze, serious sexual predator type staring, but I was lying in the shadow of a tombstone. The moonlight wasn’t on me. No human would be able to see me in that dim light from that distance. It had to be him.

I smooshed Caitie’s cheek with a hard smooch, and whispered, “Witch business. You stay here.”

She pouted. “Hurry back, I miss you already.”

I pinched her cheek. “Enjoy the fireworks, baby. I’ll be right back.”

I weaved between kids and tombstones, focusing my will to concentrate my magick in case I needed to defend myself. When I reached the gnarled tree and the shadowy figure leaning against it, I looked into his sapphire eyes, shimmering even in the darkness, and my focus was lost at once and my magick melted away along with my inhibitions.

He was wearing the same leather jacket and pants as earlier and the same sinful smile, which rendered me powerless.

With quivering lips, I muttered, “Who are you?”

“Dante Ferrari.” His voice was as sweet as hot caramel. It hit me like a dunk into a steaming spring.

He stepped backward around the tree and my feet involuntarily followed him. With an impossible blur of motion, he tore my fishnet belly-shirt off and unclasped my bra, exposing my breasts, which jiggled as they fell free. My tiny pink nipples grew stiff and tender.

Dante unzipped his jacket and tossed it off with a roll of his broad shoulders. As I took in the spectacular sight of his muscular chest, arms, and abs, my knees rattled and gave out, dropping me to the ground. His lurid skin was stretched taut over lean muscle that rippled with his every movement. My mouth sat agape as I gazed up at him in a daze of desire. I wanted to lick every inch of his hunky physique. I wanted to hump his leg like a horny mutt. I wanted to worship and making offerings at his feet.

“Anna, here is my first gift of many to come.” He unbuttoned his pants, unzipped his fly, and the most magnificent thing I had ever seen sprung out at me. Even the thought of it now is getting me wet. His prick is a work of art, like if Michelangelo’s David had a colossal cock. It was as long and thick as the biggest porn dick I have ever seen. I creamed my panties instantly. My heart raced with anticipation. I wanted to sink my teeth into it to be sure it wasn’t an illusion.

He commanded me with his seraphic voice, “Pull down my pants, Anna.”

My trembling hands gripped the waist of his pants and peeled them to his ankles. I didn’t have even the vaguest of thoughts of denying his demand. I would have happily submitted to any request. He had dominated me with his appearance and voice alone. I was his willing slave eager to please anyway possible.

He looked down upon me like a savior from on high, and ordained, “Now suck my balls before I allow you to savor my cock.”

I had been so enthralled by his holy endowment, I hadn’t even noticed the heavy hairless sack below.

I mumbled timidly, “I’ve never...” I hesitated not because I didn’t know how, since thanks to the Internet Caitie and I have been watching porn together since we were eleven, but because if I wasn’t any good at it I wanted him to know why.

“I know, therefore I’m going to relish it all the more so. Do not delay in obeying my commands again.”

I placed my palms on my thighs like a true submissive, and then kissed each nut and gave his sack a lick, taking a taste. I had expected them to be salty with sweat since he’d been wearing leather in July, but either he showered before following me to the graveyard or he doesn’t perspire.

He uttered a soft groan. “That’s my good little slut. Give them a tongue bath.”

I lapped at his balls until they were dripping spit. I sucked one between my lips and then the other, all the while greedily staring up at his exquisite prick, aching to devour it whole. I wanted to stuff all of him down my throat. I wanted to feel the stretching of his might girth. A thought trampled through my head, both daunting and arousing. I realized he was going to want to cram his monstrosity in my tiny pussy that’s never taken anything more than a few slender fingers. But then I looked up into his eyes and my fear was burned up by my passionate devotion for him.

“Now Anna, you may gradually raise your attention.”

My self-control was strained to the max as I placed slow, sucking kisses up the broad underside of his shaft. Then I gingerly swirled my tongue around the fat head.

Just as I was going to press my lips down over his luscious cock, he clutched my hair tight with one hand and yanked my head back and sideways, driving a cry from my throat.

“Pucker those plump pink lips.” I puckered and he drummed his prick against my lips. I wriggled and whimpered wantingly. “Stick out that tasty tongue.” I jutted my tongue and he continued his teasing game, slapping his cock on my tongue as I whined woefully. The devious grin that stretched his lips told me he was enjoying his taunting play. “Beg for what I know you are so anxious for.”

I folded my hands together before my chest, and pleaded, “Please, feed me your cock.”

He snarled ravenous, “Again!”

“Please, use my mouth as your suck and fuck toy. Rape my throat. Fill my belly with cum.”

“I will, but only after you show me your cunt.”

As I lifted my miniskirt with one hand and pulled my panties aside with the other, exposing my bare Barbie slit to the summer evening breeze, I realized I was under the influence of an incredibly insidious type of magick. But the fact of the matter was I didn’t care.

“Show me more.”

I spread the petals of my flower, unveiling pink folds glistening with my ardent craving.

“I’m going to assault your virgin cunt, but not until after you bring me to climax with your savory mouth. You may fondle yourself with one hand as you pleasure me if you choose so.”

Before I could thank him for his kindness, he was shoving his massive erection passed my lips into my mouth. My eyes rolled back in my head with bliss as I sucked his enormous rod. I kept my tongue wrapped around the underside as he bobbed my head up and down at a steady rhythm. The fat head struck the back of my throat with each bob, causing me to gag at first but I soon grew accustomed to the sensation and even relished it. I rubbed my clit in unison with my sucking bobs. Dante instructed me to use my free hand to jerk his prick, and so I stroked his shaft with each glorious suck of his godhood.

I sucked and sucked and sucked and with my every moan and slurp he groaned. I drooled all over myself, bubbling slobber swaying from my chin, and yet he repeatedly told me how incredibly beautiful I looked with my lips wrapped around his big dick. When one arm got tired of tugging, I switched hands, again and again and again. It was like sucking the most delicious milkshake of my entire life through a giant straw and there was a ripe juicy cherry at the bottom that I desperately wanted. I needed to taste that cherry more than anything ever! With each tug and suck that bright red scrumptious fruit rose a little further up the straw, increasing my pleasure.

Just as I felt the cherry about to pop from the top of the straw, Dante growled for me to let go of his prick. I reluctantly relinquished his throbbing cock and he clutched my head with both hands as he rammed his dick into my throat, hard and fast. He was fucking my throat raw and I was gagging and suffocating and scrubbing my clit frantically as I fingered myself with my freed hand.

When I started to go numb as my mind was receding from lack of oxygen, Dante finally grunted and released a hot spurting stream into my throat, my mouth, and all across my face and chest, an absurd amount of splooge, as I was quaking with the most intense orgasm in the history of humankind.

Caitie’s sobs broke the spell over me like shattering glass. The fireworks had ended, so I’d been on my knees for at least an hour. I wiped the goop from my eyes to find Dante was

gone, nowhere in sight. Either he is inhumanly fast or he can cloak himself. Caitie's crying face had been buried in her palms, so she couldn't tell me which.

Caitie cried, "You're bored with me! You let a stranger fuck your mouth! You don't love me anymore!"

"No, Caitie, I love you! You'll always be my little ginger faerie!"

"Why'd you let him do that do you?!"

"I'm sorry, baby, but he put me under a spell. I didn't want to," I lied to calm her, "*promise!*"

"He's a Witch?"

"No, he's something else."

"You're not bored with me?"

"No, of course not, baby."

And then she burst into sobbing tears again, crying from some bottomless pit of sorrow. I think some part of her knew I wasn't being completely honest. She cried as I broke into the cemetery restroom and cleaned the copious sum of semen off me. Squeezing me tight as I rode us home on my scooter, she continuously cried the entire ride no matter how many times I reassured her of my love for her. She cried as we climbed the fire escape to my bedroom and in the shower as I bathed us both. She cried as we fell asleep entwined and even in her restless sleep she cried.

My bedroom is completely soundproofed thanks to a hush spell. If not, my mom surely would have come knocking on my door to see what all the crying was about, and there is no way I would have told my mom what happened with Dante. She'd take me directly to the airport and put me on a plane to Japan.

In the morning Caitie had to go to work, but I promised we would go on a real date tonight. I can't bear to see her upset at my doing. She doesn't deserve any heartache. She's always caring and compassionate. I love her more than anything, even if she doesn't fully satisfy my sexual needs. I know it's corny, but she really is my everything.

Well, I got to get ready now for our big date that I've been preparing for all day. Later,
Diary.

This is the end of the free preview.

To read the full story, purchase the erotica collection, [A Sensual Wonderland](#).