

Spellbound

Alexis Alexandra

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The witching hour – that time of night when the veil between life and death, the natural and supernatural is at its thinnest, allowing for ghosts, demons, and spirits to travel between two worlds. Standing at the edge of Scarsmack Bluff overlooking the sleeping town of Crickhallow, nineteen-year-old Amber Rathmore felt a chill run down her spine as she imagined an inferno of hellfire sweeping across the town that she had grown to despise destroying everything in its wake save the small brick ranch style home where her one and only friend Kayla lived. Eyes drifting down the nearly three-hundred-foot rocky drop, she briefly considered jumping as she had countless other times, but now, as then, she took several steps back. “I won’t give you the pleasure of thinking you’ve won,” she seethed.

“*Why such malice?*” a genderless, ephemeral voice spoke.

Spinning around, Amber squinted against the darkness but try as she might she saw nothing but a few trees a dozen feet away. “W-Who’s there?” Tightening the grip on the ancient, gnarled blackthorn walking stick she inherited from her late grandmother, she stared into the trees. “If you come any closer, I swear I’ll knock your fucking head off!”

“Well, that’s not very nice,” an innocent sounding female voice replied as a young woman dressed head to toe in black stepped from behind a large oak.

“Who are you? Why are you here? Are you following me?”

“Why are you so angry?” the woman asked as she casually walked towards the edge of the bluffs as if she had exactly zero cares in the world. “I have every right to be here as you,” she added as she sat down. Without looking back, she patted the ground to her right. “Come on, have a seat and tell me what’s on your mind.”

“I’m not telling you anything! I was here first so you can go find somewhere else to sit.”

“This cliff is plenty big enough for the both of us. I’m Morena by the way. And you are?”

“Irritated,” Amber sighed.

“Nice to meet you Irritated. Now come on, you want to vent and I want to hear what this town could’ve possibly done to deserve such vitriol.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“No? Who are you denying the pleasure of thinking they’ve won? How were you so wronged that you wish the whole town would burn? No, not just the town. The people too. You want to see them all burn. Well, all but one,” Morena said as the left side of her mouth curled into a sinister smirk.

Seeing a flash in the strange woman’s eyes like staring at a cat in the darkness, Amber took a step back. “I... I don’t... how did you... who the hell are you?”

“I already told you. I’m Morena. You still haven’t told me your name though.”

“And I don’t think I will. Stay here if you want, I’ll just go find somewhere else to be alone.”

“Oh, come on, Amber, don’t be like that. If this is how you treat people you’ve just met then it’s no wonder you only have one friend.”

“You don’t know a damn thing about... wait, what? How do you know my name? God damn it! If you don’t start answering my questions, I swear I’ll knock your freaking head off!”

“Wow, really?” In a surprisingly fluid motion, Morena cartwheeled back and onto her feet. “Let’s start over,” she said, offering her right hand. “Nice to meet you. I’m Morena and you are?”

“You apparently already know my name and I’m not playing this stupid game.”

“I’m trying to be civil here. Why are you making this so difficult?”

“Oh, I don’t know, maybe because some strange woman I’ve never met comes popping out of the shadows asking all sorts of questions.”

“In my defense you asked me questions first. You wanted to know who was there and why and I told you.”

Looking the young woman up and down, Amber could now see in the dim moonlight that Morena had nothing on under her semi-sheer dress. Long, braided black hair. Alabaster skin. Icy blue eyes. Delicate features. Really seeing her for the first time, Amber found herself staring at one of the most beautiful women she had ever laid eyes on. Shoulders slumping, she let out a long sigh. “I’m sorry I snapped at you like that. It’s just that I’m not used to people being nice to me.”

“Apology accepted. Now, why on earth would anyone be mean to you?”

“You’re really not from around here, are you?”

“Nope.”

“And yet you somehow know my name. Why are you here, really? How do you know my name?”

“Like I said, I’m here to help. As for how I know your name, well, a magician never tells her secrets. Do you like what you see?”

“W-What?”

“My body. Do you like it?”

“I... um... w-what? Why would you...”

“Because you’ve been staring at it ever since I stood up. It’s okay, I really don’t mind. For what it’s worth I like your body too. So, do you like mine?”

“I... you’re very pretty.”

“Thank you. So, would you like my help or would you prefer I go away?”

“I don’t even know what you mean by that? Help with what?”

“Help dealing with all the ways this town wronged you, of course.”

“No offense, but unless you’ve got a nuke in that dress, I don’t see how you can help me.”

“All out of nukes, but I can still be very helpful. How about a little demonstration?” And with that, Morena quickly gave Amber a once-over before snapping her fingers.

Feeling her clothing shift, Amber looked down to see her tee-shirt tighten as cotton gave way to leather. Sleeves became straps as the lace-up front remained open just enough to show off her ample bosom. Simultaneously, the legs of her jeans split along the seams and as they shortened denim turned to latex and as a cool breeze blew by, she quickly realized she was no longer wearing panties. “W-What the... did you... how?”

“I did and you know exactly how, Amber. That stick you carry. Blackthorn, right? It looks old.”

“It was my grandmothers but that doesn’t explain how you transformed my clothes!”

“I apologize. I should’ve asked before doing it, but in my defense, you look sexy as hell.”

“T-Thanks. But how did you do it?”

“Come on, Amber, do I really need to spell it out for you?”

“Y-You... you’re a... you’re a witch! Like my grandmother.”

“Like you.”

“If I was a witch, I wouldn’t need a nuke to deal with this shithole of a town.”

“Geraldine Rathmore. Anastasia Rathmore. Brianna Rathmore. Penelope Rathmore. And then there’s your grandmother Gwendoline Rathmore. All witches, but do you know what else they had in common?”

“H-How do you know my grandmother? And the rest of my ancestors for that matter? Who the hell are you?”

“Anastasia was Geraldine’s granddaughter. Brianna was Anastasia’s granddaughter. Penelope was Brianna’s granddaughter. Gwendoline was Penelope’s granddaughter. And you, Amber, are Gwendoline’s granddaughter. Now, are you ready to talk, or do you want to be the first Rathmore in thirty generations to skip out on their birthright?”

“What do you mean? What birthright?”

“Come on, Amber, you’re not stupid so why are you acting like you are? You know damn well that your grandmother was a witch and that you’re one as well.”

“My grandmother was bat-shit looney.”

“And yet here you are at the Scarsmack Bluffs during the witching hour and with her old walking stick no less. You know what you must do, Amber, so why fight the inevitable? You have about forty-three minutes to accept your fate, to perform the ritual that will endow upon you the gifts of your ancestors. All you need do is reach out and take it.”

“Y-You mean you?” Amber stammered. “I can’t deny what I’ve seen with my own eyes. You changed my clothes with a snap of your fingers so maybe my grandmother wasn’t as nutty as she led on, but...”

“I know what you’re thinking and claiming your birthright doesn’t make you a lesbian anymore than taking a sip of wine makes you an alcoholic. You know what you must do, Amber, and I’m offering myself to you willingly and completely. Time’s running out, Amber. Will you walk away from your destiny, or embrace it?”

“Why couldn’t you be a man?”

“You know why. I see the way you look at me, Amber. I see the lust in your eyes. I see how much you want to rip my clothes off and take me right here under the light of the full moon so why fight it? Why fight your true nature? Accept that you’ve never been straight. Accept that you’ve wanted to have sex with another woman since you first discovered the joys of self-pleasure. Stop resisting and take me! Say the words, Amber. You know the ones I speak of.”

“I... you’re... this is... I’m not... why are you doing this to me?”

“I’m not doing anything to you. I *can’t* do anything to you, Amber. If you want to claim your birthright you must make the first move. You must be the one to initiate the ritual. You know the words, Amber, so say them and I’m yours.”

“What happened to talking about what’s on my mind?”

“We can talk after you’ve claimed your birthright.”

“You mean claim you. I have even less interest in dominating you than having sex with you, Morena. Don’t get me wrong, you are an incredibly beautiful woman but despite what you say I am not lesbian or even bisexual.”

“You can lie to yourself all you want, Amber, but I see the truth you’ve spent a lifetime denying. Now claim me before your birthright ends with the witching hour. Do it! Rip my dress off and fuck me silly! Dominate me, Amber. Turn me into your willing and obedient sex slave and I’ll grant you powers few in this world attain.”

“Let’s say you’re telling the truth and you really can give me power, why must we have sex, why must I make you my slave to get it?”

“Because that’s how it works so stop fighting your nature and take me, Mistress. Use me to fulfill your every perverse fantasy. Drink my orgasm and you’ll have the power to have anyone and anything you can imagine. You’re running out of…” The tearing of fabric echoing in the night, Morena watched as her dress was torn from her body. Remaining silent for fear of scaring off her new owner, she continued watched as her view changed from bluffs and town, to star-speckled sky as she was guided to the grassy ground.