

Couples of South Pointe Lake

1. Midnight Ritual

It was hours past midnight here in South Pointe. There was the various noise of night creatures abound in the maple and spruce trees and bushes that littered the compounds and streets. A stiff balmy breeze blew in from South Pointe Lake, and a groan of thunder echoed in the distance.

A dark figure wearing a cloak eased out of a garage and raced down the street on Cinnamon Drive, bypassing through the hedge of a house, then broke into Sycamore Street. The figure stopped beside a tree to adjust its cloak. There came the frantic barking of a dog. The hooded figure waited in case there lurked a loner who had chosen this peculiar hour to walk his pet. Seconds passed, and the dog's incessant barking quieted down. That was when the figure took off across a backyard trail that led into a softball field, then cut through a wild bush leading toward the north-east end that was the lake.

Here, there stood a concrete gazebo, which was where the figure was heading. Other figures were there waiting. They, too, wore cloaks and knelt in a circle around another

masculine character who stood symbolically over them. The proceeding stopped as the lone figure came and knelt among the cloaked persons, completing the circle.

“Your presence be honored, Master,” the figure muttered before kissing the standing man’s feet.

“You are late, Hera.”

“Apologies, Master. It was a drag to get away from my spouse. He wanted to have sex tonight.”

“Did you grant him that wish?”

“No, Master. My body is yours and yours only.”

The man grunted, then: “What about the rest of you, my slaves? Do you all agree?”

They were five cloaked figures kneeling around him, and they responded in unison: “Yes, Master. We all agree.”

“Good. It is only a matter of days left for me to be here with you. My time is almost at hand. In the meantime, have you begun carrying out my directive?” his gaze settled on one of them. “Cera?”

“Yes, Master. My husband has begun drinking your pristine water. In a matter of days, he will become hooked.”

He turned to another, “What about you, Amore?”

“Master, you know well enough that my husband is hooked and lives to obey your word. We humbly await your arrival.”

“Yes. That moment is coming, my sluts.” The man loosened his robe to reveal his naked form. His hard phallus stuck out of his pelvis like a pole. “I think it is time to feed you.”

The figures took off their cloak to reveal their faces. The women knew each other. Between themselves, they harbored no secrets with regards to the black god standing in their midst, the black god whom they served. They murmured and moaned as they appreciated his

majestic erection hovering inches from their faces. It had been weeks since last they got to marvel at his girth. Such was a strategy their Master willfully employed to bend them to his will power, depriving them of it to maintain their obeisance. It as well worked for whenever he decided to summon them for a late-night séance such as this.

“You all have done well this period,” said their black god. “A reward is well deserved.”

They knew what came next. They crawled toward him and pleaded to be the one to receive his staff.

“Master, pick me!”

“Pick me, Master! Me!”

“I want it, Master! I’m starved of it!”

They grasped and pulled at his arms; they caressed his thighs, all the while groveling cowering before his king phallus. The black god chose his bride for the night—Rosa.

The others moaned their displeasure, but know it wasn’t something to quarrel about—rest assured they would each get their own time. They returned to their former prostrating position and watched their slave-sister loosen her robe, of which she—like the slaves—was naked underneath, to come and kneel before him. Rosa went ahead with sucking his cock and stroking his shaft, making the others simmer with envy and lust. It wasn’t their place to bargain who the Master chooses. Though their friendship was tight, friendship often devolved into a fierce competition when it comes to pleasing the Master.

Rosa spread her robe on the floor and laid on her back. Their Master knelt before her; his cock brushed against her crotch as he drew closer. She sucked in her breath as his prick’s head rub against her vulva. She spread her legs to accommodate his bulk as he then introduced his hard-on into her. Rosa tensed, and her lower body shot off the ground as he forced himself inside her. She exhaled a whimpering shriek, and it compelled the other women to come to hold her down. They fingered their pussy and played with their tits as they watched the Master

arrogantly take his pleasure. Rosa writhed uncontrollably under him. She choked on her cries, trying her best not to attract neighbors by screaming aloud her lust. The sensation of having her Master's cock rammed into her, stretching her pussy walls, sending stabs of ecstasy coursing into her brain made it difficult to maintain her resolve. Rosa gazed past his shoulder, past the gazebo's roof, at the night sky. Her body spasmed, and her feet went on and scratching at the floor. Her slave-sisters held her down to keep her from becoming consumed by her excitement. They knew what was coming, and they waited for it to happen.

That moment finally did come when their Master pulled out of Rosa, groaning with satisfaction as he lurched to his feet. The others came at him, fighting over whose turn it was to clean off the thick cum spurting out of his phallus. That sweet nectar they craved so badly that they couldn't do without it. They turned to each other after enjoying their fill, sharing kisses, which was them sharing their Master's essence. Once the ritual concluded, they knelt before their Master and bowed their heads while kissing his feet.

"Thank you, Master," they murmured. "We await your next teaching."

A lone figure stood twenty feet from the gazebo under the shadow of trees, observing the ritual. He was the designated gate-keeper whose duty it was to keep watch over the ceremony. He stood at a good spot, ready to alert them if anyone might unknowingly encroach upon their exercise. There were countermeasures should such occurrences happen. Nothing that might invoke harm, but so far, there had been no such reason, and it was hoped that the residents of South Pointe would remain clueless until when the appropriate time arrived.

The man watched as the women cleaned themselves, then donned back their robe. They said goodnight to each other before dispersing into the night, back to their respective homes, back to their normalized lives. Each woman had taken with them a glass jar containing samples of the Master's seed. These were bound to play a specific role in the events that were about to follow.

