

## The Kinkier Otherside

“Oh, great spirits here me. Welcome to our circle. Answer my questions. Head my call. Accept my invitation,” Thomas spoke with closed eyes. His fingertips hovered over the planchette. The man who sat opposite of him mirrored Thomas in his stance. Thomas peeked open his left eye and stared at the planchette that had not moved a single inch their entire séance. “HERE US SPIRITS! SHOW US A SIGN! LET YOURSELF BE KNOWN TO US! SHOW US A SIGN!

The floorboards rumbled underneath the two friends. Their shoulders shot up towards their ears and their eyes flew open. Together they stared at the board and wait for it to move. The board aggressively shook against the floor and the planchette moved towards its first letter.

“It’s happening. It’s happening,” Thomas said as his fingers trailed behind the moving piece of the Ouija board. This was the moment he had been waiting for, the real thing.

“Thomas -” Dave began to say as he removed his two fingers from the piece. A hint of sadness could be heard in his voice.

“Shhhh. We need to focus,” Thomas hushed as he saw the first letter appeared. E.

“Thomas we-” Dave attempted again.

“What are you trying to say to us?” Thomas said as he called out to the room. “What are you trying to say?”

“Thomas, I don’t think -” Dave began to say again.

“What?” Thomas hissed. “We finally have a connection, and you keep talking. What?”

“That’s not a connection to the Otherside, it’s the heat,” Dave said as he lifted his fingers and pointed towards a corner of the room. Two of the thirteen candles that were littered around had been blown out by the warm air that was now pumped through the vents. The hope inside of Thomas was extinguished nearly as quickly as the candle as his head fell forward.

“Damn it. I thought it actually worked for once.”

“Maybe we can try again next week?” Dave said.

“What’s the point,” Thomas said as he stood from his crossed-legged position. Tightness assaulted his left leg as he stretched out his muscles. He looked towards the clock. They had been trying for two hours, and still nothing. Thomas bit his lower lip. He didn’t know what was wrong. This place had to be haunted.

Months back, Thomas overheard Dave as he talked to a classmate about the weird things that happened in his house. Doors opened by themselves, things randomly went missing, scary sounds were heard at all hours of the night; Thomas knew this would be the place where he made his mark on the

paranormal world. But after weeks of trying, Thomas was beginning to think that the “weirdness” in the house was just his parents misplacing things or the wind.

“Did you wanna play video games or something?” Dave asked, trying to lighten the mood. “We got that new DLC for Madden this week.”

“Sure, I’ll just clean up and meet you downstairs. Can you throw in two pizzas?” Thomas asked. Dave responded with a thumbs up before he walked out of the room, skipping over the remainder of the lit candles. Thomas looked at the Ouija and wished that something would have happened. He walked around the room and extinguished each candle between his fingers and walked downstairs.

As the door to the room closed the planchette moved across the board, stopping at *hello*.

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*“We finally can move that fucking piece of wood and they leave,” the burly ghost shouted before he lifted his fingers from the planchette. The smaller ghost hovered meekly beside him.*

*“Maybe we can try again next time?” the small ghost asked. The burly ghost scowled at his translucent friend.*

*“Next time? The only reason we were able to make contact tonight was that one of those candles blew out. You would think he would have known well enough that those are keeping us out, as opposed to welcoming us in,” The burly ghost crossed his thick arms over his corporeal chest and thought. The little ghost bit his plump bottom lip and looked around the room at the candles that surrounded them in a circle and back to the Ouija board.*

*“The candles . . .” The smaller ghost whispered to himself as he floated towards the ones that were extinguished. A smile crept along his rounded cheeks. “He didn’t say goodbye.”*

*“What?”*

*“He didn’t say goodbye!” The smaller ghost screamed as he rushed towards the burly ghost, burying his young face in the ghostly hairs that framed the large ghost’s bare chest.*

*“What are you blabbering on about?” The larger ghost asked, transitioning from the aggressive burly man to a lovable big bear. He ran his large paw through the smaller ghost’s curly hair.*

*“He didn’t say goodbye! He didn’t end the connection. We are still in the thin spot!” The small ghost squealed as he floated towards the edge of the extinguished candles. “Just watch,” the childish ghost said as he floated over a burnt candle.*

*The burly ghost’s mouth fell open. They weren’t stuck any longer.*

*Every Friday night had been the same. They were summoned by the thin boy’s call. Then kept even from entering the circle by the candles. Then they were banished by the end of it every week when he said “Goodbye.” Every week, they were brought back to their old home, and every week they were sent away without contact. The thin boy’s regimen made them unable to make any communication, but the heating caught him off guard tonight, which meant that he was sloppy and because he was sloppy - the two ghosts were free to do as they please. Or at least until they were banished again.*

*Excitedly, they floated through the door and down the stairs, eager to see the living. The two friends had settled onto the couch, each with a controller in one hand and a slice of pizza in the other.*

*"Wanna have some fun?" The burly ghost asked his small companion.*

*"Always Daddy," the smaller ghost said gleefully as they hovered over to the mortals.*

*"Which one do you want?" The burly one asked. As he floated into the light of the room, his form became slightly more visible. A leather jacket covered his bare chest. The thick pelt of hair that decorated his burly build shimmered in the light as if each piece was studded with its diamond. His aged features smiled down at the little ghost that ran around him like a puppy dog. "Go ahead. Make it a good choice, it's gonna be yours for a bit - or at least until they send us away."*

*"Yippie!" The ghost shouted before he dove into Thomas.*

*"Perfect, I wanted the thicker one. But Hopefully when I leave, he will have quite the appetite like the last one," The burly ghost said as he merged with Dave.*

\* \* \*

"OoooOOoo," The two friends said in unison as they felt a chill run down their backs.

"Can you turn the heat up or something, it just got really cold in here!" Dave asked as he reached for a nearby blanket and covered himself in it.

"You got it!" Thomas shouted as his body practically launched from the couch and ran towards the thermostat. He paused at his body's quick reaction to the request. Thomas hesitated in the middle of the floor as he registered what he was doing. Why did he just so obediently jump to his friend's request?

Dave watched his friend stand in the middle of the room and felt something within him react to Thomas's movement.

"Are you going to just stand there? I said TURN UP THE HEAT!" Dave said. His voice dropped several octaves into a deep baritone as the order left his lips. Thomas's body jumped into action once more, moving like a marionette doll as he moved towards the thermostat.

"So - so sorry Sir!" Thomas stammered as he ran across the room and turned on the heat. Something laid over him as he obeyed the command. A sense of satisfaction and enjoyment as he obeyed his friend's order. He turned towards Dave with a smile on his face and waited as if his body knew something was to follow.

"Good boy," Dave said. The words escaped his lips before he recognized what he said and couldn't understand why he said it. Dave shook his head, trying to right his mind. But when he looked back at Thomas's beaming smile something inside of him spoke again. "You know what would make Daddy really happy?"

What am I even saying, Dave thought?

“Anything Daddy!” Thomas said. He cocked his head to the side as the look of confusion appeared on his features. Both friends looked at each other, wondering why the other was acting so weird but neither could find the words.

“A beer. A nice cold one,” Dave said. The slight overhand that was his stomach swelled slightly at the mention of beer. Dave laid a hand on his stomach and rubbed it, as his mind traveled to a faraway place. “A nice cold one with the rest of yours and my pizza. Fuck that would sound so good.” His stomach swelled, even more, pushing his shirt higher over the small sphere that grew. A sliver of flesh was exposed, along with his belly button and Dave’s hand rubbed the skin back and forth. “Bet that would fucking fill this tank right up.”

“You got it, Daddy!” Thomas said as he ran into the kitchen and paused at the door to the fridge. For a brief moment, he caught his reflection in the stainless steel appliance. His face seemed younger, thinner even. The stubble that decorated his face seemed to have vanished from his cheeks and his chin. His eyes seemed larger and even slightly bluer than normal. He pursed his lips in a kiss to his reflection before he opened the fridge. “Perfect!” Thomas squealed as he pulled a six-pack from the bottom of the Fridge before he wandered over to the counter to collect the remainder of the pizza.

“I’m getting hungry baby boy!” Dave shouted from the other room.

“Oof,” Thomas grunted as he felt his cock harden slightly at the name: Baby boy. Thomas adjusted his cock before he collected the food and drink. Though his cock felt hard, it just didn’t feel right. He knew that it should have filled the pouch of his briefs and pushed its way out of his waistband. But it just stood erect within the pouch, pointing forward. Creating a small tent within his briefs as opposed to an appropriate bulge. It didn’t add up. It was as if his cock did not grow in size as it grew harder. Just remained the same three inches as was when it was soft. Thomas’s hand moved towards his waistband, ready to open his underwear and see his cock but a deep grunt from the living room brought him back from his worries. The manly noise sent a thrill through his bones, erasing his concerns. As far as Thomas knew, he was perfect. Exactly as Dave wanted him to be.

Thomas returned to the living room with sustenance and stopped at the sight of Dave. He had removed his shirt and had grown nearly double in size. His usual chubby midsection had expanded in all directions, growing into a healthily sized belly in just a few minutes since Thomas had been gone. His flat upper body had become engorged with size and now sat on the stomach that Dave so lovingly rubbed. Dave had not noticed any of the changes and just continued to lazily rub his growing stomach. The circular motion of his hand left a trail of hair on his budding gut. Dense brown and gray hair sprouted around his stomach, growing thicker and heavier with every passing of his hand. Thomas stared at his friend and knew something was wrong. Something was wrong with both of them.

“Fuck, I’m so hungry Boy. Why don’t you feed me, and I’ll take over first player.” Dave said as he sunk deeper into the cushions of the couch. His stomach swelled like a growing balloon, sitting down on his quads. His belly had transformed into a gut in a matter of seconds.

“Dave . . . I think something is wrong with us,” Thomas said. His voice noticeably higher.

“Yeah, something is wrong,” Dave grunted as he lifted his arm and sniffed his pit, which now held a dark patch of thick curly hair. “You’re face isn’t pressed in my fucking pit boy. I don’t shower all week long and this is how you treat me?”

Didn't shower all week long . . . the words echoed in Thomas's head and pulled him forward.

It was magnetism that drew Thomas from the edge of the living room and towards Dave's uplifted arm. The smell was so erotic to him. So manly. So musky. His dick went rigid in his pants as he drew closer, creating the most pathetic tent he could have imagined. Though it felt hard within his sweats - it felt small. Smaller than ever before. He sat the food on a cushion and stared at the mass of armpit hair and Thomas paused. He licked his lips as the smell of unwashed armpit intensified and wrapped around him like a disgusting blanket. Thomas watched as a bead of sweat rolled down the length of his body. Thomas's mouth was dry - so fucking dry.

Something inside of him told him that it would quench his thirst - quench the need that rumbled through his bones.

A hand pressed into the back of Thomas's head and pushed him towards the pit as the droplet of sweat moved further long his side. Thomas stretched out his tongue and licked the salty excretion and moved his mouth up his friend's body. Thomas's body shivered and jerked as he felt his small cock unload into his underwear as the taste evaporated on his tastebuds. His hands grasped Dave's side, trying to center himself as the pleasure washed over him.

"Oooo fuck Dave," Thomas moaned as his cock drained into the front of his underwear, leaking into his sweatpants. The hand released Thomas's head and rubbed the wet spot that appeared on the front of his pants. Dave rubbed Thomas's cock as it remained hard, ready for another load of cum as Thomas pressed forward into the dense pit of hair. His tongue swirled around Dave's pit. The hair grew and twisted beneath Thomas's tongue, growing denser and thicker the more he licked. Dave let out a deep exhale of enjoyment as he reached for a beer.

"And it's Daddy now, not Dave," Dave said as he took the sip of the first of many beers.