

The White Boy and the Seven Ginger's

The soccer team stumbled home from their Friday night win. Empty beer bottles were held in one hand while joints were clutched in the other. Their evening had been spent, hopping from one bar to another growing more intoxicated and rowdier with every pitstop. The leader of the pack, one Jackson Former, led them down the middle of the street, cheering on his own abilities. How fast he was, how strong he was, how the team was nothing without him. He would brag and bolster himself up above the rest of the team, causing his teammates to turn to the bottle quicker than necessary. But his cocky attitude did come with talent - talent that led them to the playoffs and to the championship.

"Did you see that kick!" He shouted to whomever listened.

"Yeah," a group of his players grumbled in response, having heard the story several times that night already. Even though, they were all on the field and watched the winning goal.

"Fuck, it was great! They thought they were going to win!" Jackson said as he grabbed a teammates head in his arm and pointed to him. "But they were wrong," he said, slurring his words.

"That's right dude. You won it." His teammate said practically mocking his team captain, but Jackson soaked up the praise as if it were genuine.

"Fuck yeah!" He reeled back his arm and launched his empty beer bottle into the air. He whistled, following it in the air and when it made it impact Jackson hollered. "KABLOOOM!" His teammates gave a lackluster applause as he cheered himself on for his "awesome" throw. Their pathetic cheers ended when a boy stepped from a large hedge, practically fuming from the thrown bottle. His bright red hair, pale skin, and freckled face seemed to glow in the low lighting of the street as he marched towards the group of athletes.

"Who the fuck threw that?" The boy shouted as he glared at the soccer players.

Jackson stepped from his teammates until he stood in front of the red-haired boy and puffed out his chest in a dominant way. The ginger shirked back slightly when he realized the size difference of the jock and himself, showing that his bark was far worse than his bite could ever be.

"You - you really should be more carefully," the boy said, stuttering as Jackson closed the gap between them until his beefy chest pressed against the thin boy's torso.

"Oh, should I be - be careful?" Jackson said, mocking the boy's stutter. Jackson would have let the guy's assertiveness slide, maybe even congratulated him for his assertiveness but there was something about his red hair that made him angry.

Ever since he was younger whenever he saw the pasty skin, the freckles, the bright red hair he would grow immediately angry. Over the years whenever there was a red head in his class, he couldn't help but direct his anger towards them. His bullying, his hazing, his hurtful name calling, all of his burl and strength went at them without worry of those who saw his hateful acts. Something about them made him see weakness - weakness that he needed to crush out.

"Maybe, you should just mind your - your own business." Jackson portrayed a voice that was high-pitched and fearful, which only made the boy swallow his fear and step towards the jock.

"Yes. You could have hit someone." The red-haired boy turned around to show the friends that were huddled behind the bushes, but when he turned his face back towards Jackson to unleash his bottled-up anger, he found a fist flying towards his face. The ginger haired boy fell quickly to the ground without an attempt to fight back. His head hit the ground with a heavy thud, and Jackson stepped over him. His feet stood on either side of the boy's fallen body. Jackson took hold of his shirt as the boy's head hung limp to the side.

"Next time you should just run for cover faggot," Jackson cursed as he raised his fist and released a barrage of punches onto the boy's face. Every time his hand pulled back there was more blood, less skin, and louder cries for him to stop. It wasn't until Jackson's teammates pulled him from the bloody mess that he created, that Jackson realized what he had done. He saw the people that appeared on the sidewalks, and his phones as they cried into their phones for the police. The boy's name was screamed repeatedly from the side of the street as reality settled around the team.

Kip.

His name was screamed so loudly that the group could hear it as they drunkenly ran away as the sirens grew closer. They hid quickly and held Jackson firmly in the ground while another held a hand over his mouth, waiting for his anger to subside. They watched from the bushes as an ambulance arrived and Kip was loaded into the back. The group stayed hidden until the crowd dispersed and all that was left was the splatters of blood from Kip's face and Jackson's hand.

They pulled themselves from the hedges as Jackson pushed himself free of their grasp.

"Fucking faggot deserved it," Jackson said as he brushed dirt from his body.

"Is that true?" A female voice asked. Jackson turned in a circle, expecting to see a woman standing close to him but found nothing but shadows and plants. "Do you think that he deserved it? That my brother deserved to be beaten within an inch of his life?" Her voice was like mercury as it slid around them, shapeless and fluid.

“Come out bitch, show yourself,” Jackson shouted as he stepped out from the bushes into the middle of the street.

“Oh, so you can what? Punch me? Rape me? Force me to join your army of idiots?” Jackson could feel her hot breath on his neck as he continued to turn around in circles, searching for the woman. A laugh that could have shattered skulls seemed to melt into the sky radiated all around them as the voice cackled a wickedly.

“Show yourself!” Jackson screamed, but only her laugh answered his cries. As soon as the laughter began it ended and still no person stepped forth from the shadows.

“Dude, we need to get out of here,” One of Jackson’s teammates said as they tugged his arm. “Bro - we have to go. The police could be back any minute.” Jackson looked around once more and then nodded. The entire team took off towards an alleyway, a short cut back to their frat house. One that would keep them off the main roads and away from suspicious police officers. But as they vanished a woman clad in black appeared from the opposite side of the street. She seemed to glide towards the blood covered pavement and blotted a white handkerchief onto the ground, soaking up droplets of blood before she returned it back to her pocket and disappeared back into the shadows.

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Cassandra Clarissa Claire was not a woman who stood down to bullies and was not one to stand silently while someone else was bullied - especially when that bullied was her foster brother. Her adopted family had been more than kind to her when they took her in after her own family abandoned her. They treated her like their own child, even though they had no reason to show her kindness. So, it was hard for to keep her secret, her craft from them as her powers grew. The weirdness that seemed to always follow her no matter where she went. The things that seemed to just *happen* around her. The bits of information that she somehow always knew - the events that happened or had yet to pass. She knew the answer, but it was not one that she would share. She knew she was a witch. A witch with powers that could put the right person in the wrong place.

Cassandra hid away within her dorm room as she crafted her spell. Hovering over her makeshift cauldron - a hotplate and a water boiler, she dumped ingredients into the water. Her dorm room rules kept her craft to a minimal level, but it did not stop her practice. She hovered over her the water, watching as the color shifted from blue to green to red.

“Bubble and boil oh magic stew

Craft my spell, make it true

Revenge is sought

Lessons be taught."

She pulled the bloody hanky from her pocket and dropped it into the pot and watched as the water shifted from red to a pitch black. She felt the taste of sulfur in the air as the curse was nearly complete

"And the last ingredient . . .," Cassandra muttered to herself as she turned towards her desk, searching for her collection of dried herbs. But her thoughts were one step in front of her movements and caused her to slam her hand into a stack of books. She tried to stop the books as they tumbled from her desk, towards her water boiler, but she was not quick enough. She caught two but the third tumbled out of her grasp and into pot. As soon as the book touched the water, it began to dissolve.

"Oh no. Oh no. Oh no," she rambled as she watched her book of fairy tales dissolve into the spell, activating the curse she created with a final ingredient.

Black smoke billowed over the edges of the water boiler, covering the floor of her dorm room as the curse searched for the individual's blood that she dropped into her boiler.

"Well, Fuck," She cursed, knowing that she needed to let the enchantment run its course before she was able to undo it. But her main worry was, what fairy tale would her brother tumble into with Jackson?

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The smell of the wet grass and animals assaulted Jackson's nose as he woke up the following morning. He rolled around in his bed, feeling bodies around him. He moved to the side and slammed into the back of one friend and rolled back into the face of the other. Jackson's memory was a haze of celebration, alcohol, and blood. His head throbbed with the regret as he thought of the amount he drank prior to the event and directly after the beat down in order to quell his anger.

"Get up!" A high-pitched voice commanded as a soft foot was kicked into his stomach. It was a hard kick, but it was one that he barely felt. "I said get up!" The high-pitched voice said a second time as he kicked Jackson once more.

"I'm up!" Jackson grumbled as he opened his eyes to a large ginger-haired face staring at him.

"He's up!" The pale skinned man said as he hopped from Jackson's bed and scurried away. The short, extremely short man that ran away looked like one of his teammates but shifted into the body of a little person. The clothes he wore, the stance he took, the voice he used, all of it seemed off. His body seemed to have been shrunken and changed. He looked like a little person, or better yet - a dwarf. But it wasn't just his size that was changed, his features were morphed. His skin was now pale and covered his

freckles, his once short black hair was new curly and red, and from his face hung a long wizard beard of the same red hue.

“Joey, what happened to you?” Jackson gasped as he looked around the room, seeing that he sat in a long line of beds, each one squeezed up next to one another like some sort of twisted dorm room. The furniture was all crafted from wood and the air smelled of animals.

“Boys!” The shrunken Joey shouted. His high-pitched voice sounded as if he had sucked an entire tank of helium and his voice was stuck in its altered form. Jackson heard the hustle of several quick footsteps as the small wooden door to the room burst open and a handful of other ginger-haired dwarfs came running into the room, rowdy and excited for something. Their high-pitched voices formed together, creating a nearly screeching scream of excitement.

“Guys. Joey, Michael, Ronald, what happened to you?!” Jackson shouted as he huddled against the headboard as they stalked closer to him.

“He’s not ready yet boys, but we can fix that. You know the drill,” Joey ordered to the other dwarfs. One by one they dropped their short trousers and erect cocks bounced free. Jackson had seen cocks before in the locker room, but these were inches above any natural cock he had seen. Their large ginger bushes did nothing to hide the near ten inches that pointed towards Jackson like an accusatory finger. Their heavy balls hung low and full of cum - cum that already dripped from their bulbous tips. His transformed teammates face turned flushed and breathing grew heavy as if overcome with pleasure. Jackson gripped his blanket in fear as they climbed onto the bed - one body at a time, hungry for Jackson.

“Get off!” Jackson shouted as they launched themselves at him. High-pitched moans and the sound of their wet cocks as they slipped across Jackson’s body filled the room. Though their bodies were little they were strong. They held down Jackson’s body as their cocks found areas to rub fuck, his inner thighs, his armpits, across his lips. The dwarfs smeared cum along Jackson’s body, moaning loudly and enjoyably as their bodies became entangled with Jackson’s.

“Fuck so big!”

“So manly!”

“So strong!”

The dwarfs breathing grew heavier as they humped Jackson like some sort of sex toy, pushing their own pleasure outward. He felt additional hands grab onto his boxers and pulled his cock free. His soft cock was met with a grunt of disapproval, but he felt their tongues run along his shaft, bringing his cock to life. Jackson’s toes curled as three of his transformed teammates worshipped his cock, bringing

it to full mast. Their rough hands and soft lips worked up and down his shaft, pushing him closer to organs. He threw his head as his mind seemed to rip in two at what was happening. Why were his former teammates little people? Why was he in this fucking place? And why were they all so horny?!?