

Love Potion #11

“Hey! Leave her alone!” I shouted from the edge of an alleyway. The darkened corridor which was lined with trash was occupied by two rather large gentlemen and a hunch over woman on the ground. I could see her bag in one of their hands and her wallet in the other. The two men stood well over six feet tall and even in the darkness, I could see their bodies were rippled with muscles. The silhouette of their bodies was enough to make grown man shirk away in fear, but with the liquid courage pulsing through my veins; I thought nothing about our size difference. I ran with every ounce of strength I had within my body at the two men and rammed them into the ground. The unexpected surprise attack was all that was needed to catch the two muggers off guard. Both of the men fell to the ground with a large thud while the woman’s purse and wallet hit the ground and her belongings were scattered amongst the wet pavement.

“We need to go!” I shouted as I held out a friendly hand to the woman and pulled her to her feet. She was much older than I had thought, and her body was in the way able to run as fast as we would need to get away from the muggers. Without asking I lifted her onto my back and charged away from the two muggers. Even though I was small I had a strong pair of legs and my fear of them catching either of us was much stronger than their hatred for getting interrupted. I ran faster than I ever thought I could run. The older woman on my back screamed directions into my ear. Turn here. Turn there. I did not know where she was taking the two of us, but any place was better than where we were.

Turns out the woman live don’t 10 minutes for the place where I found her, in a small Victorian house that was right off the main road. We dashed up the stairs and she found a hideaway key underneath the floor mat and let us both inside. I could hear the two men running towards our location, and every second that she took to unlock the door felt like an eternity.

“Inside,” she told me. And I did just that. We huddled behind the door, locked the several deadbolts, and waited as the two men shouted on the street.

“Where did they go?” He asked his friend.

“Let’s go this way. That dumbass is gonna get the beating of his life,” the second mugger said as they ran away from the house. My heart had never beat faster in my entire life than it did at that moment.

“Jesus Christ. That was intense,” I said to myself, and the stranger as I pulled myself up to a standing position. I looked around the entryway to the house and saw antique lighting, several large cushioned chairs, and an illuminated sign that hung in the front window of the house. Though the words were backward, I knew what the sign read. “You’re a fortune teller?” I asked the older woman as she stood up from the ground and brushed the dirt and mud from his skirts.

“Among other things,” she said, and for the first time, I noticed her thick German accent as she spoke. She turned on a light within the entryway and stared at me as if she were staring into my soul. I could see her face was covered in lines, which told me that she was much older than I had originally assumed. Her long pointed chin was tilted upward, and her crooked nose pointed down which gave her facial features a crescent moon appearance.

“Well, you must not be very good if you didn’t know you were going to be mugged tonight,” I said, half joking. I didn’t believe in fortune tellers, magic, but aliens that were another story. She gave a soft hmm, while she continued to exam my face.

“Well, Charlie not everything is able to be changed or avoided. Follow me.” She said as she turned away from the front door and walked into an adjacent parlor.

“How do you know my name?” I asked, stunned from her knowledge. Had I told her it while we were running? Had we met before this night?

“The future is like a giant ocean, full of possibilities Charlie. If I would have changed my usual course so that I was not mugged tonight, and gone a different direction; I could have been killed, hit by a car, mugged by a different group of young assholes.” She explained her reasoning as she took one of the two chairs that sat at a small table in the middle of the room. “Sit,” she instructed.

“Say, I went another way. Do you think there would have been such a nice gentleman like yourself on another street who would have been kind enough to help an old stranger?” She queered. I took my seat and sunk into the heavily cushioned chair, happy to be off my sore feet. “Now my new friend. How can I help you?” She asked, raising one of her grayed eyebrows.

“Uhhh. I don’t need any help,” I said, trying to think about what she was talking about. She smiled a wide toothless grin and produced a small deck of cards.

“You needn’t lie to me, Charlie. I have already seen my future, and yours in fact,” she said as she flipped over two cards. “The lovers, the magician. Something tells me that you are having some trouble in your love life. Explain to me.” It was less of a question and more of a demand from the older gypsy woman. I considered leaving her house and all this mono jumbo behind, but my feet hurt and my head

was spinning. So I stayed and explained to her my long lines of failed relationships, with one douchebag after another.

“So you fall for the men, who do not like you?” She asked, whittling down my relationship problems to the simplest of words. I shrugged my shoulders.

“Yup sounds about right,” I said to her with a laugh. She pursed her thin lips and pulled herself away from the table with a long groan and cracking bones. She walked to a wall lined with several hundred bottles and returned with a small vial.

“What are you going to make me a potion?” I joked as she placed the bottle down on the table. She smiled.

“I’m not making you anything Charlie. I had already made it three weeks ago for you. This here is a love potion. But it was not like any other,” she began to explain. “While most you would need to have the other person drink, this is for you. Drink this and every man that comes in contact with you will be transformed into your perfect man. And they will have no other option but to try and win over your affection. It will allow your natural pheromones to interact with their bodies and make them want you more than anything else in the world.” I lifted the bottle from the table and swirled the liquid around within the tiny vial. It seemed to glow while a milk substance floated around in the center.

“What’s in it?” I asked, somewhat interested in the woman’s offer.

“Just stuff from my garden. And a little...” she wiggled her fingers, “something to jazz it up. It’s completely safe. And it’s up to you. I just believe in paying my debts.” She took the seat opposite of me one more time as I stared at the bottle. I removed the cork and sniffed the contents. It smelled okay, sort of like a mix of Pepsi’s and lavender. I looked at the older woman, and back to the bottle. She moved her hands in an eager, yet urging manner.

“Well, we all have to die sometime.” I threw back the bottle and downed the contents. I was wrong, it tastes horrible. I swallowed quickly and stuck out my tongue in disgust. “YUCK!” I groaned. “You couldn’t make this taste any better,” I pleaded with her, which she responded with a laugh. A laugh that was genuine and brought life to this ancient room.

“No my dear. Even I don’t have the power to do that.” We sat and chatted for a few more minutes within the parlor about my life and her life, and then she advised that it was time for her to retire. She gave me a hug at her door and told me to be careful and have fun. I didn’t know what she meant by being careful but I walked back into the night air, somewhat lost of directions and began to wander back to the bar.

It wasn't until I reached back to the Main Street did I hear a voice that I recognized from earlier, coming up from behind me. I turned quickly but did not move quickly enough. One of the two muggers grabbed me by my shirt and lifted me high into the air.

"You fucking faggot!" He shouted at me as my feet hung in the air. "You have no idea who the fuck you are messing with....I'm going to..." he began to explain but his words were lost as his eyes glazed over. He leaned his face closed to me and took one long hit of the air and groaned. "You smell...you smell....you smell so good!" The stranger groaned again as he pulled my chest towards his face and took another long drag. He moaned much louder this time and his hands loosened their grip on my clothes. I shirked away from him fearfully, unsure of what was happening. "Fuck!" He growled as he dropped me to the floor. He began to rub his face and paw at his clothes like he was tripping on a drug. "God, I feel so alive," he moaned as he took his shirt by the hem and pulled it off his body and over his head. I watched as he continued to strip away his clothes until he stood there, in the middle of the street, in nothing but his underwear. His baggy boxers did nothing to hid his apparent arousal caused by the scent that I could not smell.

"So hot," he groaned as he closed his eyes and rubbed his hands over his body. I watched from my spot on the paved sidewalk as his skin seemed to glow with a soft golden light. He flexed in the dim lighting of the street lamps and I then grew before my very eyes. His whole body seemed to inflate as if he was attached to an air pump. His whole body grew with muscles while the fat seemed to melt away from his body. He looked less like a douche bag frat boy and more like a serious bodybuilder with every passing second. The glow on his skin was only matched by the glisten of sweat that now poured from his forehead and his pits. The musky smell of man filled the air, and that aroused me as well.

"You're so perfect!" He groaned as his hands moved towards his cock as it too, began to grow. I saw the way his cock grew hard and extended down the leg of his underwear. The shaft of it grew thicker while it extended. The front of his underwear began to bulge due to his now lemon sized balls that filled the front of his underwear. The boxers hung awkwardly on his waist while his privates grew too large to be hidden within his underwear. "I want you," he moaned. "I need you!" He cried, as something overcame his mind and caused him to mentally snap. "No. You need me," he said as he narrowed his eyes towards me.

"What?" I gasped, unsure of what was even happening, but then; I remembered the potion. Could it actually work? Did it actually work, was a better question? "What. What do you mean?" I asked, unsure of how the attraction or how the 'potion' worked. Did it make him fall for me? Or was it making

me fall for him? I stared at his glistening, god-like body and wanted to fall to my feet and worship him. Worship every inch of his perfect body until I had every inch, every muscle memorized.

“You need me. You need to have me,” he said mindlessly as he rubbed his cock that now stretched nearly to his kneecap.

“Yes,” I whispered and he nodded in agreement.

“You need to worship these muscles. You need to worship this cock,” he ordered. He took took his boxers and began to pull them down.

“No. Not like this.” He paused briefly, took two fist fulls of the fabric and pulled. The boxers two into two pieces of fabric. His cock fell free and slapped aggressively onto his throned thigh. He ignored his cock, balled up the fabric, and tossed far into the distant bushes. “You like this?” He asked as he took pushed his arms towards his inner chest and flexed his pectorals. The two large mounds of muscles pushed together and created the perfect divot. I imagined what it would feel like with my dick pressed between his chest. I could feel my cock as it began to leak into my underwear the longer I stared at the mugger. He lifted his arms into the air and flexed and posed in front of me. My eyes searched his naked body in awe and traveled lower to the massive appendage that bounced unattended. Every time he moved from one pose to another it flung precum onto the cement floor and all I wanted was to drop to my knees and lick up every droplet. I couldn’t believe all of this was happening in front of me.

“You like the way this muscles look?” He asked. I nodded.

He dropped to the ground with his arms outstretched, without any worry about the massive member that hung from his lap. With his swift fall, I was gifted with the view of his ass as it jiggled and bounced every time he pushed his body up. I saw the way his muscular back flexed when he face, was pressed against the ground and I couldn’t help but finally give in to my urges. I looked around the street and found it devoid of people. I moved into a shadowed area, unzipped my pants, and withdrew my cock. It wasn’t anywhere near the size of his monster cock, but my eyes were not on my cock. I just continued to stare at the Herculean man that was exercising in front of me.

“What do you see?” He asked as his push ups quickened.

“A god,” I moaned as I massaged my cock.

“You want me to suck that cock of yours?” I said with a snarky grin as he watched me with a pair of nearly condescending eyes. I looked passed his face and passed his undulating pectorals. His cock pointed directly at me like a dart moving towards a bullseye.

“Please.” I pleaded, the words were barely audible but they were loud enough for the mugger to hear me. He stared at me like a hungry tiger that stalked its prey. He crawled on his hands and knees

towards. His ass and cock moved seductively towards me. His full, almost fake looking lips, parted as drool dripped from the corners of his mouth as he opened wide. He teased the head of my cock with his lips. I attempted to slid my cock in his mouth but he closed his mouth before my cock was able to slid entirely inside.

“Ugh, please. Please,” I moaned, as my legs shook with anticipation at the thought of his sucking my cock. He kissed my tip and moved his moistened lips around the edges, kissing every inch of my cock.

“You want it? You want me to slid you cock into my mouth and have me milk it until you cum?” He asked, before he extended his tongue onto the tip of my cock and licked the underside of my dick from the base to the tip which pushed forth a string of precum. A string which stretched from my cork to his lips as he pulled away.

“Please, I cant stand it anymore.” I felt like I was going to cum from him teasing me. His hands slipped into the backside of my underwear and clutched two handfuls of my ass cheek as he opened his mouth and sucked my cock into his mouth.

I groaned, taking two fistfuls of his hair, I pushed my cock into his mouth. His moans of enjoyment only made me push harder, and faster into his mouth. His tongue lapped against the shaft of my cock as it slid into the back of his throat.

“Feed me your load,” he ordered, and I quickened my speed. My hands moved from his head and onto his back. It was hard as a rock and it only seemed to grow larger and wider the longer he sucked my cock. It was like his size only seemed to continue to grow the longer he was near me. Just feeling his muscles expand underneath my fingers made me fuck his throat harder than the last thrust.

“Shit. I’m gonna shoot!” I shouted as I pushed my cock into his mouth one final time and felt my cock unload into his mouth. His cheeks swelled with my heavy load of cum, which he swallowed gleefully. I felt my cock jolt within his mouth as my balls emptied. He pulled away and licked my tip like a lollipop, enjoying the taste of my load as it rolled over his tastebuds. He dabbed the corners of his lips and licked the remnants of my load from his lips and stood. Before he was a few inches above me, but not he towered over me like a giant. He aggressively tucked my shrinking cock back into my underwear and buttoned my shorts, but not before giving it a gentle tug.

I stumbled away from him, in a daze at what had just happened. My orgasm felt like it had drained every ounce of strength from me. I walked along the sidewalk with the mugger following closely behind me like a godly shadow. I moved into the closet restaurant, not noticing the dozens of men that filled the bar or the sign that hung that read, “Wet T-shirt contest,” that hung over the door.