

Wonderful Wizard of Washington D.C

Mitchell Destiny wasn't your typical guy. He was handsome than most but kinder than anyone you would meet. Even though he came from a family whose name could be traced back to the beginning of America, he didn't hold his blue blood privilege over anyone. He was just like everyone else, except for that fact that he was a warlock. Now when people hear the term warlock they think either Harry Potter or devil worshipper; now Mitchell Destiny was like neither of them, think more Sabrina the Teenage Witch but without all the rules.

Over the years he had learned how to keep his powers secret from the mortals; he didn't wanna be the one who created another Salem. So he kept what he could do to himself, but every so often there were times, or men, who deserved a swift push in the right direction. Sometimes it would be for revenge but every so often it was to help out the less fortunate, but when he could kill two birds with one stone those were his favorite.

Now Mitchell wasn't planning on helping out Tyler originally, but after seeing him pushed around for weeks and weeks by his bully of a roommate he knew he needed to step in and assist the boy. Mitchell watched the boy for weeks seeing the horrible way that Tyler was treated by his roommate; he was pushed around, joked, and worse I saw him with a black eye. And that was straw that broke the camel's back.

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Mitchell watched in line at the school's coffee shop, watching Tyler take repeated order after order from the barely lucid college students. He watched as he moved behind the counter; swiftly creating the customer's drinks, receiving a halfhearted thanks, and a few pennies as a tip. Tyler continued to have a bright smile on his face that Mitchell felt would light up any morning, but most people seemed to miss him. His bushy brown hair, bright blue eyes, and cute southern accent truly put a spell on Mitchell; which was ironic.

"What to do what to do?" Mitchell asked himself as he fingered the large silver coin in his hand. Small symbols were etched into the aged coin, each symbol held the magic to do anything he pleased as long as he focused.

"I could just turn his roommate into his bitch," Mitchell thought as he stepped one person closer to the front register. The idea of Tyler taking control and turning Ryan, his roommate, into his bitch sounded good to him but he knew he could do better. "Maybe just bulk him up with muscles?" Mitchell

tried to imagine that southern cutie with big bulky muscles covering his body, looking more like a hot farmer or southern gentlemen. “Hmm,” Mitchell hummed, stepping one person away from the counter. He flipped the coin through his fingers as he considered his options.

“How can I help you?” Asked a high-pitched southern voice, breaking Mitchell from his train of thought.

“Huh?” Mitchell asked, looking back to the now nonexistent line in front of him. “Oh sorry,” Mitchell said to Tyler as he stepped up to the counter.

“No problem, I know its really early right now.” Tyler punctuated his sentence with an infectious toothy grin. “So what can I get for you today?” Tyler asked a second time. Mitchell looked at the menu hanging behind him unsure of what to even purchase, spending too much time worrying about his spell than what to actually order.

“Umm, what would you recommend?” Mitchell asked, smiling right back towards him. Tyler turned around and looked at the menu, revealing a pair of tight buns that were wedged into an even tighter pair of khaki pants. Mitchell began to wonder what naughty things he would do to those buns but quickly drew his attention back to his spell. He only had so much time before he needed to decide what to do.

“I would suggest the Caramel Macchiato; over ice, not frozen. That’s my favorite.”

“Then one Caramel Macchiato it is,” Mitchell said with a wink. Tyler’s face grew a deep red at the extremely forward flirtation of the young warlock.

“One Caramel Macchiato coming right up,” Tyler stammered as he quickly began to make the drink from behind the counter. And at that moment Mitchell realized how Ryan was able to pick on him so much. He didn’t need Ryan to become the submissive one between the two roommates, he needed Tyler to become the dominant one and he knew exactly how to do that.

As Tyler crafted the drink from behind the counter Mitchell began to mumble a quick incantation while his thumb circled around the coin. With each passing swirl of his thumb, the symbols of the coin began to shift and change. The coin continued to change and emit a soft glow as he finished his enchantment. Tyler turned back around just in time as Mitchell finished.

“That will be three fifty,” Tyler advised as he placed the caffeinated drink on the counter. Mitchell pulled a folded bill from his pocket and slid it onto the counter with the large silver coin sitting on top.

“Keep the change,” Mitchell said with one final wink. “Hope to see more of you soon.” And with those words, Mitchell took the drink from the counter and began to exit the café.

“Hey!” Tyler shouted from behind the counter. “This is too much money!”

“Keep the change,” Mitchell hollered back as he placed the straw of the drink against his full lips. He took a long drink from the beverage as he pushed open the door to the outside, seeing Tyler confusedly stare at the large coin. “I’m hoping to see much, much more of you very soon.”

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The rest of the morning Tyler Caldwell took order after order from ungrateful college students, each one growing more disrespectful as the morning dragged. Even though the busyness that only came from a Monday morning on a college campus, Tyler’s mind continued to drift back to the mysterious guy from earlier that very morning. Every time he thought of his face he could feel a slight flutter in his stomach.

Tyler hadn’t officially come out to people, but it didn’t take a rocket scientist to know that the skinny southern boy was queer. The way he walked, the way he talked, and the gestures he made was more than enough for people to draw their own conclusions.

“Was he flirting with me?” Tyler wondered as he rubbed his fingers around the large coin the stranger left as a tip for him. The old coin felt oddly warm within his pocket, almost as if it sat on a heater for the better half of the morning. Tyler’s thoughts were continuously clouded with that of the boy and hope that he would see him again the next time he worked next week.

As the morning continued to progress Tyler clocked out of work and began the short hike back to his college-owned apartment, hoping that his asshole roommate would be off to class at this point in time. Within 5 minutes Tyler was standing in front of his door, wishing that his roommate would not be there; that he would open the door and his roommate would be gone and so would all his stuff. But from the sounds on the other side of the door, he knew his wishes went unheard.

“What up fag,” his bulky roommate said as Tyler opened the door. Tyler looked at the muscular man sitting sprawled out on the couch, a beer in one hand and an Xbox controller in the other. If it wasn’t for Ryan’s shitty attitude Tyler would probably be lusting after him, much like every girl friend that Tyler brought over to the house. Every one of them found him to be the hottest guy on campus; a chiseled jawline, broad hard muscles, and a massive cock. The worse part was that no matter how horrible he told everyone he was treated nobody believed him. All they saw was the golden boy of the football team and his overly emotional roommate.

“Hi Ryan,” Tyler said shyly as he locked the door behind himself, moving quickly towards the one sanctuary he had in the house, his bedroom. Ryan tossed the controller to the ground and made a beeline towards the kitchen, knocking directly into Tyler and roughly pushing him into the wall.

“Watch were you’re going queer. I know you wanna get up on this but your not my type,” he shouted hatefully as he lewdly grabbed his dick.

“Sorry Ryan, I will watch where I am going next time,” Tyler said submissively as he moved closer to his room. Just a few more steps and he would be safely inside the four walls of his room. Tyler could hear the quick-footed shuffling of his bulky roommate coming up from behind him as he was shoved once again, but this time slamming his head into the hard plaster.

“God, keep your fucking hands to yourself fag.” Ryan laughed loudly as he walked into the bathroom. Tyler pulled himself off the wall for the second time, feeling a bruise already beginning to form on the front of his forehead. He turned to Ryan as he stood at the door to Tyler’s bedroom. Tyler could feel the tears welling up in his eyes wondering if this was gonna end in another black eye like last month.

“I’m sorry Ryan,” Tyler muttered as he reached for the handle to his bedroom door. He winced as he felt his hand grasp the doorknob expecting his roommate to torment him more, but there was nothing. Tyler turned the doorknob to his room and entered the darkened room and shut the door behind him. Through the closed door, he heard the deep chuckle of Ryan’s laugh as he walked back into the living room and resumed his game.

It was that moment that Tyler fell to the ground and began to cry. He couldn’t take it much longer. The hours of torment that Ryan put him through. The physical and emotional torment that he had to withstand just to live an existence of near silence so he wouldn’t anger him.

“I wish I wasn’t afraid of him anymore,” Tyler whispered to himself as he curled up on the floor, not having the strength to move. “I wish that he was afraid of me. I wish that for once in my life I wasn’t the bitch that someone could push around.” As those words left Tyler’s mouth the coin within his pocket began to glow softly once again and then vanish altogether. The spell was finally free, and the magic was ready to take control.

“If only it was that easy.” Tyler sighed as he closed his eyes and fell to sleep, but little did he know there was something bigger than him or Ryan at work.

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Tyler awake hours later to the sound of Ryan banging on his door loudly, shouting incoherently on the other side of the thin door. Tyler rubbed his eyes, looking for his phone in his darken room.

“Fuck I slept all day,” Tyler groaned as he rolled around on the carpeted floor, pushing the blanket off of himself and staggered to his bedroom door. Tyler unlocked his door, finding Ryan grinning mischievously.

“Sorry Ryan, I was asleep. Did you need something?” Tyler asked, holding the door tightly in his head in case he needed to slam it shut so not to get hurt.

“Yea. I’m hungry. Go make something for dinner.” Ryan barked at Tyler. Tyler stared blankly at the muscled gorilla standing in front of him. Tyler knew he wasn’t being asked to make dinner, but was being ordered.

“Yes sir,” Tyler said begrudgingly. Ryan gave one final half-smile and then turned around and walked back to the living room. Tyler followed behind Ryan, going into the kitchen while Ryan plopped back down onto the couch. He watched as Tyler stumbled into the kitchen wondering, what creation he would be making for him tonight. On more than one occasion he made Tyler cook him dinner, a big guy like Ryan needed a lot of food and the only thing he knew how to make in the kitchen was a protein shake.

Ryan turned his attention back to his video game, hearing Tyler begin to chop vegetables and bash on pots and pans as he prepared food on the stove. It wasn’t until Tyler was nearly done that Ryan had a wicked thought.

“Steak,” he shouted randomly at Tyler.

“Excuse me?” Tyler asked, pulling a large chicken breast from a fiery hot pan.

“Are you dumb. I said I wanted a steak.” Ryan paused his video game and looked to a shocked Tyler. “Is that a problem?” Ryan raised an eyebrow. He could see Tyler hovering from foot to foot in silence.

“I’m already done with the chicken. Is that okay?” Tyler stuttered. The two roommates stared at each other in silence; the only sound in the room emanated from the the the sizzling oil of the pan. Ryan pulled himself off the couch and walked towards Tyler. He pressed his engorged pectorals against Tyler’s flat chest. When Ryan was standing next to Tyler he always felt powerful. Tyler’s tiny body was dwarfed by the sheer mass of Ryans; his broad shoulders, he bulbous biceps, his thick legs. He could feel Tyler shrinking inward as he pressed against his body.

“Do you think that’s okay?” Ryan smirked.

“No Ryan. I will fix it.” Tyler whispered as he turned around going into the fridge looking for a steak to cook for his roommate. Ryan felt pleased with himself, forcing Tyler to do his bidding as usual. But as he walked towards the couch the feeling of success began to slowly melt away, and be replaced by one of dissatisfaction. Like he had done something wrong. As he sat on the couch and looked at Tyler he felt something for him that he did not feel usually for his roommate. Ryan watched Tyler cook the

steak in silence, sullenly moving around the kitchen. Ryan tried to bring his attention back to his video game but these weird feelings of remorse were overflowing inside of him.

“Steaks are done,” Tyler said, his voice barely above that of a whisper.

“About time faggot,” Ryan shouted, attempting to sound menacing but he didn’t feel the same power he usually felt from his hurtful words. He walked to the table as Tyler brought the plate full of food to the table. As Ryan made it halfway through the room he felt like his world was turned upside down; the floor began to spin, his eyes began to blur, his senses all began to dull, and he fell. He could hear Tyler shouting words of worry, feeling his hands on his body. The thought of Tyler touching his body disgusted him.

“Get your hands off me homo,” Ryan grunted through his confusion, and with those final words he blacked out.

It was hours later when Ryan awoke in his room, tucked under his comforter. Did Tyler put him in his bed, Ryan wondered? He began to struggle underneath the thick blanket, feeling much weaker than normal.

“Ryan?” Tyler meekly asked from the corner of his room causing Ryan to almost jump out of his skin. “Sorry. I didn’t mean to scare you. But don’t freak out.” Tyler explained to the barely conscious Ryan.

“What do you mean don’t freak out?” Ryan said groggily as he pulled himself out of the blanket. Even within the dark room, he could feel something was off. “Turn on the light.”

“You may want to wait until I explain. . .”

“Turn on the fucking light!” Ryan ordered.

“Ryan, please listen to me. Just let me. . .”

“Tyler if you don’t turn on the fucking light I am going to ram my fist so far up your ass.”

“Okay! But don’t say I didn’t warn you.” Ryan watched as a shadow, which he presumed was Tyler, crossed his bedroom and flipped on the light to the room. The bright light blinded Ryan’s eyes, causing him to blink repeatedly until his vision returned. Ryan looked at Tyler’s sullen, confused face.

“What the fuck is going on with you, you freak,” Ryan said as he threw the blanket off his body revealing his shrunken form. “What the fuck?” Ryan gasped, staring at the thin, frail body covered in his large clothes. He lifted his thin arm up to the light, seeing a thing waif of an arm where all of his hard-earned muscle should have been. The built-up callouses on his hands were gone and so was the dark hair that once covered his body. Ryan began to hyperventilate as he jumped from his bed and ran to the long

mirror that hung on his wall. The once almost skin tight basketball shorts hung loosely from his thin hips and his nonexistent ass.

“Wait,” Ryan said as he pulled his pants open and found his once massive cock had shrunk away to nothing but a few minuscule inches. The hefty balls that once filled out his boxers had become almost nothing. His privates looked like they belonged to a prepubescent boy. He stared at himself in disbelief, seeing Tyler float behind him sharing a face of confusion as well. His eyes flowed back and forth between staring at Tyler and staring at his reflection.

This couldn't be him. This couldn't be happening, and upon closer inspection, it wasn't just his body that changed it was also his face. His rugged face and hard jawline melted away and round out, almost giving him a child-like appearance. Ryan touched his face, feeling the soft supple skin underneath his thin fingers. Every part of him was foreign.

“No this can't be real,” Ryan said as he waddled to his wallet; his extra large shorts sliding down his waist with every step he made. He fell to the floor with his wallet in hand, throwing his cards to the side until he found his license. “This can't be happening.” He lifted the license into the air and the image captured reflected the new, weak, young Ryan. He turned to Tyler with tears welling up in his eyes, “What happens to me?”

Tyler stared at Ryan as he began to weep on the floor. Tyler stared at the shell of a man that his roommate had become; he stared at him feeling sad for the loss of his roommate's hard-earned muscles, but a part of him felt stronger for the first time since the two met. Then it hit him.

“The wish,” Tyler muttered to himself.

“Wish? What do you mean wish?” Ryan asked, wiping the tears from his face. Hoping for some sort of explanation for his decreased stature.

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The next day was the hardest for Ryan, attempting to fall into his normal everyday life, but it wasn't just him that was different; his friends didn't recognize him, his teachers didn't treat him the same, and he definitely wasn't on any type of sports team with his lessened size. He thought that he could gain back his popularity and size with time, but it was much harder than he ever would have thought. His supposed friends only saw him as a tiny twerp and the gym only seemed to be getting harder the more he went.

Tyler watched from afar, seeing Ryan's struggle with his changes. He explained the wish to him the night the Change happened. Ryan didn't believe Tyler one bit about the changes, but the only

obvious solution to his immediate shrinkage was the wish. Ryan wanted to beat the shit out of Tyler, but Tyler was now bigger between the two of them and he wasn't sure he could actually win.

Ryan walked back to his apartment after another humiliating day of classes. He was unsure if he could handle another day of this type of humiliation, most days he ended the night in tears. He stood in front of his apartment door as his extremely oversized clothes billowed in the wind. He unlocked the door to his apartment finding Tyler laying on the couch, relaxing in the spot that used to be his spot.

"Hi Tyler," Ryan mumbled as he entered the apartment, his shoulders slumped in a depressed manner.

"Hey Ryan, today any better?" Tyler asked, attempting to form a smile. Tyler couldn't say that he didn't love seeing Ryan go through what he went through every day of his life. Ryan looked up from the floor as he staggered into the kitchen. Over the last few weeks, Tyler had watched the old Ryan slowly get chipped away by the people who use to be his friends. Even though all the changes he went through physically Ryan still treated Tyler like shit most days; calling him a faggot, a homo, a bitch.

"Same as yesterday. Same as tomorrow." Ryan walked into the kitchen and opened up the refrigerator door. At least he was able to smile knowing that he could hide away in his room for the weekend; not having to see anyone until Monday morning was a blessing for Ryan. "Do you want a coke or something Tyler?" Ryan asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Oh, yea. I would love one." Tyler stuttered, shocked by the first friendly words he had heard from Ryan since moving in together. He pulled himself into a sitting position on the couch as Ryan walked the drink towards him on the couch. He couldn't tell if it was the shifting of his oversized clothes or the lighting, but it looked like he grew slightly as he crossed the room. A barely noticeable amount, but Tyler could see Ryan's clothes fill in slightly.

"Here you go Tyler," Ryan said as he handed the soda to his roommate. Tyler sipped the drink in silence as Ryan sat down beside him on the couch. The two roommates sat beside each other silently watching the television. Tyler's eyes continued to float away from television onto his shrunken roommates' form. Either though he had lost over 100 pounds of muscle and at least 6 inches in height, Tyler still thought his roommate was attractive. While before he was hot and sexy but now he thought he was cute, much like the boy next door.

"I hate myself," Ryan said, breaking the silence of the room. Tyler turned to his roommate and looked at the tears rolling down his face. He wanted to console him but didn't know how to console someone who was getting exactly what he deserved. Tyler slowly pressed his hand against his roommate's slender back and rubbed it reassuringly as Ryan buried his face back into his hands. The two

roommates sat together on the couch until Ryan pulled his face away from his hands and looked into Tyler's eyes. "You have beautiful eyes." And then he leaned in and kiss Tyler.

Tyler's mind exploded with confusion as he felt Ryan's lips press further into Tyler's. Their lips parted as Ryan's tongue invaded Tyler's mouth, dancing around one another as the kiss became inflamed with the passion that was secretly hiding within Ryan's tiny body. Tyler could feel Ryan's hands snaking along his thighs, pulling Tyler's body closer to his own. Tyler's own hand moved along Ryan's back feeling the muscles tighten and loosen beneath his fingers, feeling them expand as the kissing intensified. I finally pulled away from Ryan and stared at his face; he looked almost as confused as I felt.

But the part that confused Tyler, even more, was that Ryan's face was beginning to look more like the old Tyler; stronger, more masculine, sexier. He could see Ryan's shoulders and arms filling out the sleeves of his shirt while his chest was inflating like two water balloons. Tyler wondered, what the hell was going on. The longer the silence continued the more fearful the face Ryan made.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have done that," Ryan blurted out as he began to pull completely away from Tyler's body. Tyler grasped onto Ryan's wrist holding him still.

"No, I'm just . . .confused I guess. I can't say that you kissing me wasn't a surprise." Tyler let out a nervous laugh. "I assumed you hated me from how you treated me the last few years." Ryan blushed slightly.

"I'm sorry I made you feel that way. If it's even close to how I have been treated the last few weeks then I'm surprised you haven't run away." Tyler gave a nervous laugh as the silence grew once again.

"Soo . . .you think I have nice eyes?" Tyler asked, attempting to break the silence of the room. Ryan gave a light chuckle in response.

"Yea," Ryan said. "I guess that's the weirdest thing you have had to deal with today." Tyler looked at the shape of Ryan's face once again and literally watched as facial hair sprouted on his cheeks and filled in along his jawline, giving him an appearance of a vastly older man. With the added mass that was adding to his frame within the last few moments, he looked similar to the older Ryan but older somehow.

"I have something I want to show you."