Voodoo for Two

Now I wasn’t one to believe in magic or in the supernatural. Anything that talked about unseen powers that could change and mold the world to my ideal image seemed crazy. But earlier today, whilst perusing bookshelves at a used bookstore did a single book catch my eye. Well, catch my eye, makes it seem like I found it. When in fact it found me. Now I wouldn’t want to say it leaped out at me, but something caught my finger as it drifted along the spines of its compatriots which caused me to pull it to the ground.

The spine was busted and the pages were faded, but I was still able to make out the words Voodoo and Hoodoo: Gifts of the Unknown on the front cover. I scoffed at the idea of wasting my money on such a novelty item, but when I thumbed through the pages I found an enchantment that caught my eye. It was a spell said to give the user the power to change people. Physical, mental, emotional; anything that I wanted, I could make happen. My immediate thought went to my boyfriend. Not that anything was wrong with him, but a few extra pounds of muscle wouldn’t be bad and maybe a little bit of a higher sex drive. The price was reasonable, and the ingredients for the enchantment were inexpensive as well. So I decided, why not delve into the dark and unknown mysticism of the supernatural. Also having nothing else to do for the next four hours, really helped.

I purchased everything I needed; a few bolts of fabric, a miscellaneous amount of herbs, as well as some stuffing for the doll. Now I am not the most creative person or even the best with a needle and thread but I went in knowing the image only needed to be so accurate. The doll that I made to look like my boyfriend looked like a cross between a caricature of him and something given to someone’s nephew that they hate. But if I squinted and turned my head to the side then I could make out some similar features. The next step in the spell was to add what I wanted, whether by adjusting the doll or placing symbols around it. I decided to put more stuffing in the arms as well as the bottom half of the doll. I hoped that it would transition into a larger cock, and bigger muscles but then again I was doing “magic” or “voodoo”. I wrote a few words over the doll; stronger, rougher, hornier. After all, was said in done the doll looked even less like David and more like a deformed stuffed animal. Even if the appearance was slightly off, the intention was all that needed to be there. The final step was the words to bind the doll and make it a reality.

*“Spirits of the four corners hear my plea*

*Let the doll represent who David shall be*

*Hear these words, by the power of three times three!”*

I threw my hands into the air for added enthusiasm. I don’t know if I had expected a flash of light, a rumble of thunder, or even the doll to float. But nothing happened. Butkus. As I held my hands in the air over the door. I felt ridiculous. I don’t know what came over me, the thought of it actually working now as I looked at the ugly doll I created was almost laughable. I closed the book and tossed it to the side as I looked to the clock. I had better things to do with my night, then play Harry Potter.

But unknown to me, when I left my house to go over to my boyfriend’s the door to my room did not stay shut. Little did I know, that my little brother came into my room and found the doll. And not only did he find the doll but all the extra materials. He picked his way through the supplies, adjusting the doll as he saw fit. Making it into an even more twisted version of David than even I had wanted. Playing with everything to the point where he actually got the spell right and enacted the enchantment.

Later when I pulled up to my boyfriend’s house I thought nothing of the weirdness I had just participated in earlier that night. The “magical” book and the doll I created sat so far in my mind I would have forgotten about it if it weren’t so weird. I ran a hand through my hair and sniffed both of my pits; curious if I remembered deodorant and went to the front door. I knocked a few times on the door, expecting David to be waiting at the front door like a lovesick puppy dog, but the door did not fly open as it so often did.

“Come on in!” A deep voice shouted from within the house. It sounded like David but somehow off. Like he was sick, or something was caught in his throat. I opened the door and noticed that it wasn’t just his voice that seemed off, but also his house seemed different. His once impeccably styled house was downgraded; Walmart furniture adorned the front hall, a rebel flag hung on the wall where art once sat, even trash lined the corner of the hall. Was I in the wrong house?

“David?” I called deeper into the house.

“I’m in here!” He shouted once again. I heard a loud muffled noise, unsure of what the noise was but when the smell hit me I knew immediately.

“David? Something seems off,” I said hesitantly as I came into the living room and found that it was just like the rest of the house. A massive pigsty, and in the middle of the trash-filled room laid a massive man with his massive form sprawled out on the couch. His body was an explosion of muscle. The only perfect word to describe him was thick; thick thighs, thigh arms, thigh neck. His robust form was only emphasized by his oversized order feet and the white briefs that stretched tightly across his groin.

“ ‘Bout time you showed up faggot. I was starting to think you dipped out on our weekly get together.” He said as he hefted his beefy body off the lazy boy chair.

“David? Is that you? What happened to you?” I said fearfully as I backed away from the monster of a man that encroached towards me. His huge feet lumbered towards me, shaking the very floor as the space closed.

“Faggot. I told you my name is Dave. Now that’s enough talking. My hole is really itching for some special treatment.” He turned around and revealed possibly the widest, bubbliest, biggest ass I had ever seen. His cheeks overflowed from the cotton thin underwear. The underside of both of his cheeks could be seen as well as the topmost part of his crack. I couldn’t help it but the longer I stared at his crack the more my cock began to grow in excitement.

“Bitch I said get down!” Dave shouted as he pushed me to my knees with his newly immense strength. I was barely able to open my mouth before he pushed my head between his sweaty crack.

“Mmmphh,” I groaned as his cheeks suffocated me. He pushed his ass cheeks down until my face was pressed firmly between his cheeks, while only the thin cotton separated me from his manly hole.

“Fuck. Just feeling you back there gets me all excited!” Dave groaned as he grabbed a fist full of my hair and rubbed my face up and down his crack as if he were wiping the sweat from his hole with my face. I gasped for air every time my face was brought to the top of his crack. Even with the lack of air but cock throbbed aggressively within my pants. It was then that I realized this was Dave. There could be no other answer for what happened besides the voodoo. But how did he turn into this hulking beast, this was not what I wanted. This was not what I intended.

“David! You have to lis…ten to me! This is….a spell!” My words were interrupted by the constant up and down motion of my face as it was swept along his crack.

“Bitch, stop being so chatty! If I wanted to hear a bitch whine I would let my bitch of a girlfriend do this to me! No shut your faggot mouth and eat my ass like you’re supposed too.” His grabbed onto eh waistband of his underwear and drew it underneath his massive cheeks, which exploded outward towards my face. The massive hams were free of their cottony prison and so was the sweaty stench of his crack. I took a deep breath, actually enjoying the manly stench that wafted from his hole.

“Ugh!” I groaned loudly as my free hand took hold of my cock and began to massage the shaft. I could already feel a spot of precum begin to form underneath my jeans. A spot that would overtake my pants if this were to continue.

“See I knew you would get into it like usual. Now just stick out your tongue like a good bitch and start tonguing my hole.” I extended my tongue as I was instructed and he sat down on my face once more. But this time there was no fabric that protected me from the assault on senses; the smell, the taste, the feeling of his hefty body pressed against my bony features was too much for me. I fell under the spell of his manly form and began to ravenously eat at his hole. My hands took both of his cheeks in hand and pulled them further apart, which allowed deeper probing of my tongue. I ran my tongue around the edge of his hole, collecting the sweaty ruminants that had collected there since his last shower. The masculine scent flowed into my nose and went directly to my cock and brain; lifting me up as if it were some sort of drug. The room began to spin the longer I spent within the deep crevice of his butt. Was it the lack of oxygen getting to my brain? Or was it the intoxicating scent of masculinity assaulting my weaker form.

“Fuck. You are such a butt hungry fag. God, I can’t believe you get off to this shit. You nasty bitch.” Dave groaned as he jerked his own cock. He called me a fag as he jerked his own cock, getting off at the very act which he was condemning. Even though I could not see his cock or balls; the strokes that he took were long and the slapping sound was deep. All while I humped the air, begging for some type of friction to give way within my pants so I could cum.

“Fag. I am getting close,” Dave groaned as he began to clench his cheeks, locking my face within his butt cheeks. His immense musculature trapped me in a place where I never wished to leave. My hands massaged his two chunky pillows which only caused deeper moans to erupt from Dave’s face. My tongue pistoned in and out of his hole, feeling it loosen around my tongue. My teeth nibbled around the edges of his soaking asshole, teasing him with sharp and soft bits. It was when I locked my lips and shoved my tongue in one final time did I feel him begin to jolt forward as he came all over his carpet. “Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. FUCKKK!” He shouted. His load was so thick that I could hear it slap onto the floor. And when I was dropped free of my musky prison, I could see the monster sized load that he had just shot onto the carpet. It looked as if a super soaker sprayed thick white goo all along the floor without any abandonment.

“Shit fag. That was good.” He groaned in satisfaction as he plopped back onto his worn leather recliner with a loud squish of his cheeks. “You gonna just sit there or are you gonna get into position fag? I got you a few another few hours unless you wanna just waste your money.” He said as he lifted his massive feet into the air. Was I expected to lay underneath them? The question answered itself as I felt my body begin to pull towards the soles of his feet like a magnet. I laid onto the ground and he propped both of them onto the front of my face, and let out a chuckle of dominance. “Can’t believe you pay for me to do this shit to you,” he laughed. “But hey, it’s your money fag. Do with it what you want. Also, I think they are gonna need a tongue bath too. Didn’t have time to shower after the gym today. And I know those are even worse than my ass.”

Without any further prompting, I extended my tongue once more and swept it along the sole of his foot. The taste was even worse than that of his asshole if that was even possible but I went back for a second and a third and a fourth. Followed by multiple deep huffs from between his toes. Was I somehow different as I wondered? Never before had I been so addicted to the smell of another man’s body odor or want to bathe in it as I did now. But more than that I wondered, was there any way a for me to undo what I had done to both of us?

Chapter 2

While I licked and kissed the soles of my boyfriend’s feet my brother stared at the doll halfway across town. He looked at the dorky clothes that the doll was dress in and knew that the bigger, manlier doll that he had shouldn’t dress like a nerd. He sifted through his toy chest in search of something. He threw out his costumes and his bears, scattered his legos and toy guns across the floor. His entire toy chest was practically empty when he found what was hidden underneath everything.

“If he is gonna be a big man. He needs to dress like a big man,” my younger brother said as he took the clothes from his military action figure and dressed the David doll in camo colored pants and the tight tanktop. He struggled to get the overly shapely David doll into the clothes but he was able to snuggly fit the clothes onto its fabric frame. But when he stared at the door it still seemed off, not manly enough for him to be labeled an action figure. It was then an idea came to mind. He ran out to the garden with doll in hand and tossed it into the nearest pile of dirt. He ran the dirt over the dolls face and clothes, dirtying it up in every sense of the word. But that wasn’t enough for him. The little boy found a puddle of stale water and dunked it repeatedly, he found mud and smeared the “army boots” and covered them both, but finally when he brow was covered in sweat he used the doll to wipe his face clean.

“There!” He said cheerfully as he stared at the ruined doll. “Now this is a big boy’s toy,” he smiled triumphantly. “Now let’s go find some bad guys.” He took the toy into the air and flew it around the yard giggling, unsure of what he had done to the real David or better yet, what he had done to his brother.