

Love Potion

"It will work," I said to the bottle. I didn't believe in magic, but a broken heart made me believe in things that once seemed nonsensical. I touched it to my lips and knocked back my head. The thick liquid trailed down my throat and tasted exactly as it smelled - chocolate and caramel. Once the bottle was emptied and my stomach was full, I stared at the bottle. The heart shaped symbol that sat alone on the front of the small vial.

Love

It was my only choice. She would thank me one day. When we were together again, and she was back to being in love with me. It would be okay. We would be okay. The front door opened, and I nearly jumped out of my skin as I heard her footsteps through the house. She was right on time as I had hoped. I waited behind the bedroom door as she shuffled through house. I held my breath as listened to her rummage around the front.

"This has to work. This will work." I said, wishing the potion would bend to my will. That it would made the unbelievable, believable. I made the wrong decision. It was one drunken night with a woman, and I would let it ruin my life. I wouldn't let it ruin our life. The handle on the door jiggled and I held my breathe.

Emily

"Adam," the deep voice said as the door. I didn't have time to cover my face as Emily's father walked into our bedroom. I couldn't stop myself from locking eyes with the older man. I stared into his beady blue eyes and his wrinkly face and felt drawn to him. My heart pounded in my chest as I stared at him. "Adam," he said again but the annoyance in my hand was replaced with a breathy intent.

"It wasn't . . . it wasn't supposed to be . . ." I attempted to say as I stumbled towards him. The magnetism between us was undeniable. His small head sat on a flabby, and rotund body. His hair was gray and his teeth were crooked. Disgust bubbled under my skin as it mixed with the attraction that potion welled up within me. "I'm not gay." I said as my ex-girlfriend's father pressed his thin lips to mine and pressed his body into mine. His stubbled chin scrapped and rubbed against my smooth cheeks as our kiss became more passionate. My hands moved like a puppet's as they wrapped around the older man's chubby midsection. My hands grasped onto his flabby ass. The round fatty folds made my dick grow hard and ache for the feeling of them on my dick. I ground my hardening cock oversize khakis.

You're disgusting!

"God you're so sexy," I said, breaking our kiss for just a moment. I stared at his wrinkly face and the thin amount of hair on his head. So suave. So fat. So sexy. So disgusting. My brain felt as if it was being torn in two the longer, I looked at his face. I grabbed onto his sides and thrust by cock into his much smaller groin.

No. No. No. Stop!!!

"I know what you want. Why you cheated on my daughter." Mr. Hicks grunted as his elderly eyes cut me. He placed his hands on my shoulders and pushed me onto the ground. My knees buckled easily under his grasp and he pulled my face into his crotch. "Is this why you wanted her to leave you? You wanted her dad's dick?" My hands squeezed his heavy ass and gripped on his belt. My body was eager for what was hidden within his unsightly dress pants.

"Yes sir," I gasped. My hands fumbled with his belt as they moved faster than my mind could allow. He ran his hands through my thick head of hair, allowing me to undo his pants.

Stand up. Stand up you stupid bitch! Don't do this!

The moment his pants fell to the floor I let out an uncontrollable gasp. He was without underwear and his cock pointed at me like a finger of accusation. It was barely over four inches erect and covered in a bush of hair. And it was the sexiest thing I had ever seen.

"You want it boy? You want my daddy dick?" He asked. I nodded hungrily, feeling the passion for this elderly man overcome every straight fiber of my body. My mouth opened and I took his dick into my mouth with ease. The shaft of it barely filled my entire mouth, but it fit my jaw perfectly. My tongue flicked the tip of his cock and felt his salty load deposit on my tongue. His hands moved from my hair and onto my face and fucked his cock between my lips.

This isn't happening. It isn't real. Pull away. Push him away. Stop sucking his dick!

My inner monologue begged for me to stop but my body leaned into his cock. I felt his tiny cock hit the back of my throat. I gagged at the taste as more cum was pushed into my throat. I buried my face in his pubes and inhaled. The scent was sweaty and manly. I could smell the cheap bodywash on his cock and wanted to bathe my face in it.

Looking up at him, I found his face leering down at me. Staring holes into the top of my head. His moans grew quicker as we stared into each other's eyes. I felt it. The feeling the potion sink deeper into my heart - into my mind - warping my thoughts and my memories.

"Oh fuck," He groaned as his hips moved faster. I tightened my mouth around his small cock and felt the first spurt of cum as it was shot into my throat. I swallowed it and wanted more. I gulped down every drop that oozed from his tip and returned back for more. When his cock softened in my lips Mr. Hicks released my face and I fell back on my ass. I felt my stomach turn in knots as I stared at him. The words escaped my lips before I knew what I was saying.

"I love you Daddy."

"Daddy loves you too."