

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 can’t 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.

Moving through the entryway of the bar, I felt the men that surrounded my body push closer to me as I moved to the bar in need of a drink. I could hear the need sniffs from some of the men as they became intoxicated by my scent. Others reached out their hands as they attempted to touch me. I felt their fingertips brush against my arms and my face like they were each attempting to touch the sun, and as soon as they made contact they would groan and flinch away. The groans mounted as the men transformed and changed like the mugger, I finally reached the bar.

“Water,” I groaned, nearly exhausted as I laid my hands on the bar top. The man behind the counter stared in fear and awe at the bodybuilders that now stood behind me. He shakily placed a glass on the counter and filled it with water. I reached out my hand and brushed our hands together and it was then that he began to change before my eyes. While before it was my scent that turned the mugger it seemed like just a touch of my skin as enough to turn the men into my ideal lover.

The changes radiated from the hand I touched like dye dispersing into water. His left arm began to swell with muscle moving from his forearm to his shoulder, and towards the rest of his body. With the muscle came a darkening of his skin. His pale nearly pasty appearance became a perfect bronze. His already tight shirt began to tare as his torso outgrew the small article of clothing. The sleeves were the first to rip and then when he began to paw at the neck hole he ripped the shirt down the center, revealing to plump pectorals which begged for freedom. His fearful, almost painful face, began to contort and shift until his rounded cheeks and large nose became sharp and his chin angular. The fearful smile became a self-satisfied smirk as he leaned towards me and smelled.

“Damn boy, you smell mighty fine,” he said as he watched drink from my water glass. I chugged the entire glass and slid the empty glass back towards him. He filled the glass without being asked and held it out to me. I reached for the glass but he pulled it away. “Well it’s not free,” he said cockily.

“I...I don’t have any money,” I stammered, knowing that I had lost my wallet earlier when I was running from the brutes.

“Well I can think of something else that you can pay with,” he said as he leaned towards me and pursed his lips. I quickly pressed mine to his own, pulled away, and reached for my glass. He pulled it away a second time.

“Oh come on, that wasn’t a kiss. What you don’t like me?” He said as he pushed out his bottom lip, and pouted. I leaned forward a second time and pressed our lips together. We both parted our lips and slid our tongues over one another, massing one another’s before finally breaking the kiss. “Much better,” he said as he moved the glass towards me. I glued the glass of water faster than the first. I turned around and saw dozens of the transformed men mingling with one another, but their eyes

continued to cut towards me. All of them knew that it was me that did this to them, and I wondered if they would feel the same way towards me as the mugger did?

“You think you’re up for a little fun?” The bartender asked.

“Excuse me?” I asked, turning back towards him as he continued to make drinks. “What do you mean?”

“Well someone needs to judge the wet T-shirt contest now that I am competing,” he said before he struck a double bicep pose. In one hand flung a long list of names of men that were going to be participating in the wet t-shirt contest.

“Oh, I don’t. I couldn’t.” I pushed away from the bar and right into the arms of another man. I looked up and saw a tall black man staring down at me. Most of his face was obscured by his generous sized pectorals. “Oh, I’m sorry,” I mumbled as I felt his large cock press into my tiny backside.

“I wasn’t asking. Take a seat over near the stage. I wouldn’t want you to miss any of the fun.” He nodded towards the other side of the bar. “Line up men! We have our judge and the fun shall be commencing shortly!” He shouted to the muscled men that filled the bar. Now as I looked out to the crowds of men, all of them resembled the statues of mythological hero’s; Hercules, Perseus, Theseus. All of them perfect but different in their own ways. Some were toned, while others were beefy. Some men had huge asses while other’s were blessed in the front.

While before the men reached out to me to be touched, I could not help but extend my fingers to touch them. I was like a kid in a candy shop as I grabbed at the hung men’s groins or tweaked their expanded nipples. They each would give me grunts of enjoyment in return. I was led to a small table with a clipboard and paper attached with a long list of names. The men surrounding the table and the rest of the bar all lugged their immense bodies onto the small stage, lining up like they would if it were a bodybuilding competition.

“Okay men, we have our judge. We have our contestants. Now all that we need is the water!” The barman announced from the corner of the stage as he pulled a long metal chain. I looked above the long row of men and saw a long line of sprinklers as they began to release water onto the contestants. The music changed into a deep seductive thrall while the men’s clothes began to become soaked. My cock, even though recently drained, grew back to full mast as they all rubbed and undulated their bodies. Their shirts began to become sheer as the water was soaked into the fabric. The men’s eyes were all staring directly at me as they danced as if by a trance.

Then one by one they each peeled away from their shirts, revealing their muscled torsos. I watched in awe as the men began to pose and flex for me. Their biceps became larger, their pectorals

more inflated, and their abs flexed and rolled to the time of the music. I didn't know how much time had passed since the wet T-shirt contest had begun, but I never wanted it to stop. The men were oozing with confidence and lust that was directed towards me, and I never wanted it to stop. I hadn't even noticed that I had one of my hands within my pants, rubbing my hard cock. It wasn't until the barman made another announcement that the muscle induced hypnotism was broken.

"Okay, now judge. Which two lucky men will be brought into the final round?!"

"What?" I asked confused, obviously unsure of the rules of this competition.

"What two men, were the best? Your winners, please!" He shouted into the microphone as he himself was still posing, obviously hoping for a place in the winner circle.

"Oh, umm," I said to myself as I looked back to the clipboard which was devoid of any notes on the competition. I looked back to the men and spotted numbers hooked to their pants, and honestly; selected three at random. "Number 13 and....ummm...number 2," I said quickly. The two men stepped to the edge of the stage and flexed their muscles in a show of dominance which only made my cock throb in enjoyment.

"Okay, everyone who wasn't selected by our handsome judge. Off the stage, myself included, while you two. Get ready for the talent portion of our competition." The long row of Herculean men stepped off the stage as they grumbled to themselves, obviously hurt that they were not selected, but that did not stop any of them from sending winks in my direction. I could already feel the men surrounding the desk as the smell of musk and wet filled the air.

"Okay, first up. Contestant number 13. You other two, get off the stage and wait your turn." One man left the stage while the dark-skinned African American stayed on stage. "And what exactly is your talent?" The barman asked.

"Pole dancing," he said in a deep rumbling tone. It was like I could feel his voice in my bones. "Do you want to see me dance for you?" He asked as he began to unbutton his jeans. My mouth was already watering at the sight of the massive bulge that protruded from the front of his pants.

"uh huh," I moaned as I went back under the table, but it was slapped away by a much larger hand. I looked to my left and saw the barman had taken the empty seat to my right.

"You should pay attention to. Let me help with this. I doubt you even know how to work a cock properly. Even if it is your own." I bit my lower lip and nodded in agreement as I felt his fingertips dance along the edge of my underwear.

"Yes. Please begin," I croaked, my voice cracked when I told the man to begin which only made him laugh. His smile widened as he dropped his skintight pants to the floor, revealing a tiny poser with a

monstrous bulge in the front. He turned around and walked slowly to the pole, making his wide hips and massive ass bounce with each step. He looked over his shoulder, acting coy, and then in one swift movement, he took the pole in hand and swung his body around it like a train professional.

I watched in awe as the over muscular turned, twisted, and contorted his body around the pole with such ease. He would climb to the top, place his legs underneath his ass, and then slide down slowly; showing off his strength and his heavy bulge that seemed to only grow larger as the dance continued. And if the show wasn't hard enough to watch, I had the barman with one of his hands in my pants the entire time milking my cock and whispering into my ear.

"Fuck his cock is massive."

"Look at that ass. Bet it tastes as good as it looks."

"So flexible. I bet you could fuck him in any position that you wanted."

All I could do in response with a breathy moan. I had thought I would have come multiple times during his performance but the barman would pull away whenever my balls pulled towards my cock, ready to cum. By the end of the performance, I would have given my left leg to be allowed to cum. Just watching the way the pole dancer moved his body like a wave up and down the pole with his ass and crotch both jiggling was almost enough to push me over the edge. If he would have just danced for a few more seconds just the sight of him would have done it. But when the music ended, so did his performance.

"Okay! Give it up for contestant number 13!" The crowd erupted into loud moans of lust and ecstasy. I turned around and saw that it wasn't just me who was enjoying the show. It was like an orgy was unleashed behind me. Every man was attached to another in one way or another; some faces were pushed into other's butts, somewhere bathing another's muscles with their tongues, and others were just fucking intensely while several watched. "Now, on for contestant number 2!" The barman announced as the tall black man exited the stage and a short, beefy, hairy man entered the stage. "Are you ready?" He said asking me while he squeezed my cock gently.