

The White Boy and the Seven Ginger's

The soccer team stumbled home from their Friday night win. Empty beer bottles were held in one hand while joints were clutched in the other. Their evening had been spent, hopping from one bar to another growing more intoxicated and rowdier with every pitstop. The leader of the pack, one Jackson Former, led them down the middle of the street, cheering on his own abilities. How fast he was, how strong he was, how the team was nothing without him. He would brag and bolster himself up above the rest of the team, causing his teammates to turn to the bottle quicker than necessary. But his cocky attitude did come with talent - talent that led them to the playoffs and to the championship.

"Did you see that kick!" He shouted to whomever listened.

"Yeah," a group of his players grumbled in response, having heard the story several times that night already. Even though, they were all on the field and watched the winning goal.

"Fuck, it was great! They thought they were going to win!" Jackson said as he grabbed a teammate's head in his arm and pointed to him. "But they were wrong," he said, slurring his words.

"That's right dude. You won it." His teammate said practically mocking his team captain, but Jackson soaked up the praise as if it were genuine.

"Fuck yeah!" He reeled back his arm and launched his empty beer bottle into the air. He whistled, following it in the air and when it made it impact Jackson hollered. "KABLOOOM!" His teammates gave a lackluster applause as he cheered himself on for his "awesome" throw. Their pathetic cheers ended when a boy stepped from a large hedge, practically fuming from the thrown bottle. His bright red hair, pale skin, and freckled face seemed to glow in the low lighting of the street as he marched towards the group of athletes.

"Who the fuck threw that?" The boy shouted as he glared at the soccer players.

Jackson stepped from his teammates until he stood in front of the red-haired boy and puffed out his chest in a dominant way. The ginger shirked back slightly when he realized the size difference of the jock and himself, showing that his bark was far worse than his bite could ever be.

"You - you really should be more carefully," the boy said, stuttering as Jackson closed the gap between them until his beefy chest pressed against the thin boy's torso.

"Oh, should I be - be careful?" Jackson said, mocking the boy's stutter. Jackson would have let the guy's assertiveness slide, maybe even congratulated him for his assertiveness but there was something about his red hair that made him angry.

Ever since he was younger whenever he saw the pasty skin, the freckles, the bright red hair he would grow immediately angry. Over the years whenever there was a red head in his class, he couldn't help but direct his anger towards them. His bullying, his hazing, his hurtful name calling, all of his burl and strength went at them without worry of those who saw his hateful acts. Something about them made him see weakness - weakness that he needed to crush out.

"Maybe, you should just mind your - your own business." Jackson portrayed a voice that was high-pitched and fearful, which only made the boy swallow his fear and step towards the jock.

"Yes. You could have hit someone." The red-haired boy turned around to show the friends that were huddled behind the bushes, but when he turned his face back towards Jackson to unleash his bottled-up anger, he found a fist flying towards his face. The ginger haired boy fell quickly to the ground without an attempt to fight back. His head hit the ground with a heavy thud, and Jackson stepped over him. His feet stood on either side of the boy's fallen body. Jackson took hold of his shirt as the boy's head hung limp to the side.

"Next time you should just run for cover faggot," Jackson cursed as he raised his fist and released a barrage of punches onto the boy's face. Every time his hand pulled back there was more blood, less skin, and louder cries for him to stop. It wasn't until Jackson's teammates pulled him from the bloody mess that he created, that Jackson realized what he had done. He saw the people that appeared on the sidewalks, and his phones as they cried into their phones for the policy. The boy's name was screamed repeatedly from the side of the street as reality settled around the team.

Kip.

His name was screamed so loudly that the group could hear it as they drunkenly ran away as the sirens grew closer. They hid quickly and held Jackson firmly in the ground while another held a hand over his mouth, waiting for his anger to subside. They watched from the bushes as an ambulance arrived and Kip was loaded into the back. The group stayed hidden until the crowd dispersed and all that was left was the splatters of blood from Kip's face and Jackson's hand.

They pulled themselves from the hedges as Jackson pushed himself free of their grasp.

"Fucking faggot deserved it," Jackson said as he brushed dirt from his body.

"Is that true?" A female voice asked. Jackson turned in a circle, expecting to see a woman standing close to him but found nothing but shadows and plants. "Do you think that he deserved it? That my brother deserved to be beaten within an inch of his life?" Her voice was like mercury as it slid around them, shapeless and fluid.

“Come out bitch, show yourself,” Jackson shouted as he stepped out from the bushes into the middle of the street.

“Oh, so you can what? Punch me? Rape me? Force me to join your army of idiots?” Jackson could feel her hot breath on his neck as he continued to turn around in circles, searching for the woman. A laugh that could have shattered skulls seemed to melt into the sky radiated all around them as the voice cackled a wickedly.

“Show yourself!” Jackson screamed, but only her laugh answered his cries. As soon as the laughter began it ended and still no person stepped forth from the shadows.

“Dude, we need to get out of here,” One of Jackson’s teammates said as they tugged his arm. “Bro - we have to go. The police could be back any minute.” Jackson looked around once more and then nodded. The entire team took off towards an alleyway, a short cut back to their frat house. One that would keep them off the main roads and away from suspicious police officers. But as they vanished a woman clad in black appeared from the opposite side of the street. She seemed to glide towards the blood covered pavement and blotted a white handkerchief onto the ground, soaking up droplets of blood before she returned it back to her pocket and disappeared back into the shadows.

* * *

Cassandra Clarissa Claire was not a woman who stood down to bullies and was not one to stand silently while someone else was bullied - especially when that bullied was her foster brother. Her adopted family had been more than kind to her when they took her in after her own family abandoned her. They treated her like their own child, even though they had no reason to show her kindness. So, it was hard for to keep her secret, her craft from them as her powers grew. The weirdness that seemed to always follow her no matter where she went. The things that seemed to just *happen* around her. The bits of information that she somehow always knew - the events that happened or had yet to pass. She knew the answer, but it was not one that she would share. She knew she was a witch. A witch with powers that could put the right person in the wrong place.

Cassandra hid away within her dorm room as she crafted her spell. Hovering over her makeshift cauldron - a hotplate and a water boiler, she dumped ingredients into the water. Her dorm room rules kept her craft to a minimal level, but it did not stop her practice. She hovered over her the water, watching as the color shifted from blue to green to red.

*“Bubble and boil oh magic stew
Craft my spell, make it true
Revenge is sought*

Let lessons be taught."

She pulled the bloody hanky from her pocket and dropped it into the pot and watched as the water shifted from red to a pitch black. She felt the taste of sulfur in the air as the curse was nearly complete

"And the last ingredient . . .," Cassandra muttered to herself as she turned towards her desk, searching for her collection of dried herbs. But her thoughts were one step in front of her movements and caused her to slam her hand into a stack of books. She tried to stop the books as they tumbled from her desk, towards her water boiler, but she was not quick enough. She caught two but the third tumbled out of her grasp and into pot. As soon as the book touched the water, it began to dissolve.

"Oh no. Oh no. Oh no," she rambled as she watched her book of fairy tales dissolve into the spell, activating the curse she created with a final ingredient.

Black smoke billowed over the edges of the water boiler, covering the floor of her dorm room as the curse searched for the individual's blood that she dropped into her boiler.

"Well, Fuck," She cursed, knowing that she needed to let the enchantment run its course before she was able to undo it. But her main worry was, what fairy tale would her brother tumble into with Jackson?

* * *

The smell of the wet grass and animals assaulted Jackson's nose as he woke up the following morning. He rolled around in his bed, feeling bodies around him. He moved to the side and slammed into the back of one friend and rolled back into the face of the other. Jackson's memory was a haze of celebration, alcohol, and blood. His head throbbed with the regret as he thought of the amount he drank prior to the event and directly after the beat down in order to quell his anger.

"Get up!" A high-pitched voice commanded as a soft foot was kicked into his stomach. It was a hard kick, but it was one that he barely felt. "I said get up!" The high-pitched voice said a second time as he kicked Jackson once more.

"I'm up!" Jackson grumbled as he opened his eyes to a large ginger-haired face staring at him.

"He's up!" The pale skinned man said as he hopped from Jackson's bed and scurried away. The short, extremely short man that ran away looked like one of his teammates but shifted into the body of a little person. The clothes he wore, the stance he took, the voice he used, all of it seemed off. His body seemed to have been shrunken and changed. He looked like a little person, or better yet - a dwarf. But it wasn't just his size that was changed, his features were morphed. His skin was now pale and covered his

freckles, his once short black hair was new curly and red, and from his face hung a long wizard beard of the same red hue.

“Joey, what happened to you?” Jackson gasped as he looked around the room, seeing that he sat in a long line of beds, each one squeezed up next to one another like some sort of twisted dorm room. The furniture was all crafted from wood and the air smelled of animals.

“Boys!” The shrunken Joey shouted. His high-pitched voice sounded as if he had sucked an entire tank of helium and his voice was stuck in its altered form. Jackson heard the hustle of several quick footsteps as the small wooden door to the room burst open and a handful of other ginger-haired dwarfs came running into the room, rowdy and excited for something. Their high-pitched voices formed together, creating a nearly screeching scream of excitement.

“Guys. Joey, Michael, Ronald, what happened to you?!” Jackson shouted as he huddled against the headboard as they stalked closer to him.

“He’s not ready yet boys, but we can fix that. You know the drill,” Joey ordered to the other dwarfs. One by one they dropped their short trousers and erect cocks bounced free. Jackson had seen cocks before in the locker room, but these were inches above any natural cock he had seen. Their large ginger bushes did nothing to hide the near ten inches that pointed towards Jackson like an accusatory finger. Their heavy balls hung low and full of cum - cum that already dripped from their bulbous tips. His transformed teammates face turned flushed and breathing grew heavy as if overcome with pleasure. Jackson gripped his blanket in fear as they climbed onto the bed - one body at a time, hungry for Jackson.

“Get off!” Jackson shouted as they launched themselves at him. High-pitched moans and the sound of their wet cocks as they slipped across Jackson’s body filled the room. Though their bodies were little they were strong. They held down Jackson’s body as their cocks found areas to rub fuck, his inner thighs, his armpits, across his lips. The dwarfs smeared cum along Jackson’s body, moaning loudly and enjoyably as their bodies became entangled with Jackson’s.

“Fuck so big!”

“So manly!”

“So strong!”

The dwarfs breathing grew heavier as they humped Jackson like some sort of sex toy, pushing their own pleasure outward. He felt additional hands grab onto his boxers and pulled his cock free. His soft cock was met with a grunt of disapproval, but he felt their tongues run along his shaft, bringing his cock to life. Jackson’s toes curled as three of his transformed teammates worshipped his cock, bringing

it to full mast. Their rough hands and soft lips worked up and down his shaft, pushing him closer to organs. He threw his head as his mind seemed to rip in two at what was happening. Why were his former teammates little people? Why was he in this fucking place? And why were they all so horny?!?

“Guys! Guys! Get off me!” Jackson shouted, thrashing around in the bed. Though their bodies were small and compact, every inch of them was loaded with muscle. The slimy sensation of their cocks as they rubbed and thrust against his sides made Jackson recoil in disgust. But they held him tightly against the bed; with hands on my wrists, legs, and his cock - he wasn't going anywhere.

“Mr. White will love him once we are finished with him,” one of the high-pitched dwarves groaned. “I'm getting close!” He shouted. His words were met with groans from his dwarven brethren. “Whose first!” He shouted back to his brothers and they groaned loudly again. “Joey, you're first!”

A hungry, lustful looking dwarf climbed from the end of the bed. He had been the one who had been sucking and licking the areas between his toes. Jackson stared at the dwarf's face as he dragged his tongue along Jackson's body, and recognized him as his teammate Joey. Jackson tugged against the dwarves who restrained him, but they did not release him.

Joey licked and swirled his tongue in the areas that were covered in puddles of the dwarves slimy cum. Pushing the one that held Jackson's cock his hand, Joey deep throated the man's cock with ease.

“Ohh Fuck,” Jackson cried as his toes curled. The tiny man tightened his throat and bobbed up and down on the shaft, while he worked his tiny hands around his balls, massaging the load from his balls and into his shaft. “God! Stop! I'm gonna cum,” Jackson moaned as he bucked his hips into his transformed friend's mouth.

“Oh we can't have that, at least not yet.” Joey laughed in his weirdly high-pitched voice and pulled away from Jackson's cock, which slapped against his hard, muscular stomach and spewed spit and pre across his body. “So muscular,” Joey said as he dragged his tongue between the ridges of his abdominals. The dwarf shimmied off his worn trousers and pulled free his cock, humping Jackson's body as he continued to climb him like a tree. Jackson threw his head back against the headboard with a loud *BANG*.

“Fuck!” he shouted in pain. “You are not getting that fucking thing near me!” Jackson shouted at the dwarf. He sat atop his stomach and leaned towards him. His bright ginger hair seemed to glow against his pasty skin which only seemed to have color from his freckles and the thick tangled beard on his chin. He reached out his tiny hand and firmly grasped Jackson's jaw. Jackson tried to pull away, but his tiny fingers were strong.

“Too tan, dirty looking hair, no freckles - blechh.” The dwarf feigned vomiting to the side as if Jackson’s traditionally handsome face was disgusting to see. But the look he gave when he turned his face back was pure wickedness. “But we will change that.” He released Jackson’s face and grabbed onto his two pectorals, pushing the dwarves who had been sucking, licking, and biting at his nipples. The two dwarves gave Joey a look of sadness, but Joey motioned for them to resume their duties at his feet. The two dwarves nodded enthusiastically at Joey’s motion and rushed to the boy’s feet. They withdrew their cocks and then proceeded to rub them against the soles of his feet, smearing even more cum against his body.

“What do you want?” Jackson said as he moaned and giggled from the twin dwarves who sucked and licked his toes.

“Well, six dwarves, seven beds, you do the math big guy,” Joey the dwarf said as he pushed Jackson’s heavy pectorals together and thrust his cock between the rounded mounds. “Feel’s just like an ass,” the dwarf moaned as he pulled his cock back and forth, grunting lustfully with every stroke. With a grunt a small amount of cum was deposited onto the large pillows of Jackson’s chest. It was dim in the bedroom but what Jackson saw made him scream. The seed that dripped from the Dwarf’s cock was quickly absorbed into Jackson’s skin. The tan, golden brown hue of his skin vanished after the cum was absorbed and a pasty patch of skin where freckles began to slightly appear.

“Beautiful pale skin,” Joey groaned as he continued to push his cock between Joey’s pectorals, leaving a trail of cum across his upper body. Jackson watched in horror as his tan skin lightened and changed by the smears of the dwarf’s cum. Joey’s grip on Jackson’s pecs stayed tight as he fucked them. His grunts grew louder but were overshadowed by a louder groan behind him. Joey looked over his shoulder and then looked back to Jackson and grinned.

“I’m getting to close boss!” The high-pitch voice squealed.

“Then hop on, we can’t waste a drop.” Joey said as he crawled off Joey’s paled chest and onto the top of the headboard so he would watch over everything that he had done. Joey looked down and saw the pale splash of color over his chest. His golden mounds seemed to be devoid of color, almost albino. Even his darkened nipples had turned a bright pink from the dwarf’s cum. Though his worry was broken when he felt a wet tightness wrap around his cock.

“What - oh, fuck that’s tight?” Jackson gasped before a high moan of pleasure came from his lips. He looked over the Joey Dwarf and saw that another shrunken teammate of his had taken his cock into his hole and bounced. “Fuck! Get off me!” Jackson shouted as he bucked his hips, trying to knock

the dwarf from him. But the dwarf only tightened his hole around Jackson's cock, holding him firmly inside of him as he rode him like a bull.

"Oh fuck me big boy!" The dwarf screamed. Though the voice was different, Jackson recognized his friend Ryan. His tall thin body had be scrunched down into the 4-foot-tall body. He bounced like a man possessed as he jerked his massive cock. Ryan took the hem of his short tunic and ripped it over his head, revealing his red curly body hair. Jackson was confident that he wasn't this hairy before or have red hair, but it seemed like everything was different wherever he woke up.

"Ryan you aren't a fucking fag. Get off me!" Jackson shouted as he tried to throw his weight around and from Ryan's grunts; he enjoyed the fight. Joey watched as the other dwarves worshipped Jackson and played with him like some sort of sex toy. Lazily, he stroked his cock which dropped splatters of cum onto Jackson's face. He could feel the cum as it seeped into his skin and without seeing it, he knew that his golden features disappeared with every drop.

"You really shouldn't be worried about me big boy!" He groaned as he jerked his cock. Jackson hated that his cock stayed rigid within his transformed friend. He tried to look away from him, tried to think of something else besides the mounting pleasure within him but everywhere he looked, he saw them. To the left and the right there were dwarves who held up his arms in their unnaturally strong hands while they sniffed and licked his pits. Two held his legs firmly while the rubbed their cocks over his feet. Even looking up he saw Joey as he leered over him like some twisted gargoyle, dripping a steady stream of cum onto his face.

Jackson closed his eyes, but the sounds of the dwarves' high-pitched groans were much worse when he couldn't see them. It was hell. He was in a living hell. A twisted dwarf filled hell.

"Oh I'm about to blow!" The dwarf on Jackson's cock shouted. Jackson peeked open his eyes and saw the hairy ginger dwarf thrusting down on his cock aggressively. "God, it's so big! I hope he keeps it. Mr. White will love to play with it!"

That name. Jackson had heard them say it twice now. And he needed to know who that was, but when he readied himself to ask who the mysterious Mr. White was; his balls pulled up towards him and he unleashed his load deep into the dwarf's body. Jackson let out a regretful howl of pleasure as he felt his cock jolt and surge in the dwarf's hole. His groan of completion was followed by every other male in the room. The feel of their loads as they were squirted across Jackson's body made bile bubble up in his throat. They seemed endless, covering every inch of his body.

While the dwarves finished their orgasms with high-pitched sighs of relief Jackson's continued as he filled the one on his cock. He felt his balls unleash a torrential flood of cum inside his body and that

was when he felt the emptiness. Something inside of his body felt wrong - felt hollow. Looked around the room and watched as the dwarves eagerly watched him as the cum seeped into his skin and his tan was completely erased from his body. At first it was small, just one or two on his arms or on his stomach. But he watched as thousands of freckles erupted along his skin, decorating him with tiny brown dots. And it wasn't the freckles that caused him to scream but the change of color of his hair. Slowly the blonde tone of his hair became tinged with red, deepening and changing - shifting until both of his armpits had fiery red hair that was slick with sweat and saliva. The tiny hands rubbed over him and groaned, enjoying the sight.

Jackson's eyes moved towards his cock - already knowing what he would see. His pubic hair and happy trail had transition to the same red color that had crept across his body, coloring every strand that had sprouted from him. He felt a rush of heat over his face and across his scalp. A few locks fell over his eye, but he didn't need to see them to know that his head was completely covered in red hair as well.

Joey climbed down from the headboard and sat atop the pale mounds of muscle that were piled on top of him. Joey rubbed his cum covered hands across Jackson's plump lips as he pulled his head from side to side, trying to escape the taste.

"I think we can add some more red to him. What do you think boys?" Joey asked to the dwarves behind him, who let out a tired, "Yes!" Joey moved onto his knees and slapped Jackson's face with his cock, splattering cum across his face.

"Get off me you faggot!" Jackson shouted. Joey pushed his fingers into Jackson's open mouth, fingering in scoops of his cum. Jackson attempted to bite his fingers, but they were hard as stone and hurt his teeth. "MMHHMM!" Jackson shouted around the fingers. Joey laughed as Jackson attempted to talk and push the cum from his mouth.

"What's that?" Joey asked as he cupped his ear. "You want it from the source? Well I guess since you asked so nicely!" Joey pulled his fingers free and without another second he slammed his cock into Jackson's mouth. Joey groaned deeply enjoying the tightness of Jackson's throat around his dick. Jackson screamed around the cock that forced itself into his throat. The sweaty taste of the cock and the smell of the little man's balls made Jackson think back to the locker room and the pranks they would pull on their faggot water boy, shoving his face into the piles of dirty jockstraps.

"Fuck feels so good!" Joey grunted as he pulled back his tiny hips, fucking Jackson's face.

"Are you gonna do it boss? Are you gonna do it?" One of the dwarves asked eagerly watching Joey plunge his cock into Jackson's mouth, widening his throat to accept the cock more freely.

“Well, I do think he would look better with some facial hair like the rest of us,” Joey said as he pushed his cock all the way to the base, smoothing Jackson’s face with his pubic hair. Jackson closed his eyes as the dark patch of curly red pubes were pushed into his eyesight.

A tickle began across his cheeks and around his face as he felt the hairs around Joey’s cock begin to vibrate and move against Jackson’s face. He didn’t want to look; he knew that he shouldn’t, but Jackson couldn’t help himself when he felt Joey pull his cock from his throat. With a deep gasp of air he opened them, but the deep red curls still appeared in his vision. Joey stroked his cock with one hand and reached for the red curls with the other. With a soft tug Jackson felt his face pull towards Joey. The curly red pubes that once covered Joey’s cock had crawled from his cock and planted themselves on his face. Joey ran his hand through the red curls, softly pulling areas, extending the curls until Jackson could feel the coarse hair tickle his chest.

Jackson was speechless, while the dwarves gleefully spoke of his transformation.

“Beautiful.”

“So pale.”

“So freckled.”

“So red.”

“So nearly perfect.”

The word struck Jackson like a punch to the stomach. “Nearly perfect,” what else could they do to him. But something in the pit of his stomach told him he already knew the answer.

“Ugh,” Jackson cried as the dwarf pulled himself from Jackson’s cock, spilling cum all across Jackson’s groin and cock. The dwarf clamped his hole shut but was quickly assaulted by another dwarf who was eager to suck the cum straight from his hole. Jackson looked down at his pale, freckled, red haired body and felt the next step of his transformation begin. He stared down at his long legs and watched as they shrank towards him. His feet grew wider and longer as the rest of his body folded in on itself, filling in the hollowness that was left from his orgasm.

“AGHH!” Jackson screamed as he thrashed against the mighty hands of the tiny people, but as he lifted his arm to break free of their grasp, he saw it had already begun to shrink like his legs. The process was painless - physically painless - but his mind felt like he was being torn apart. Transformed into some sort of tiny freak like his teammates. He felt his face rearrange as his nose grew large, and his ears turned pointy. “Why are you doing this to me!” He shouted to his friends. “Don’t you remember me. It’s me - Jackson!”

He knew he pleading went unheard as he changed and shrank until he was a shadow of his former self. Once the last bit of his had shrunken the dwarves released him and he stumbled from the bed on his tiny feet. They did not block him as he ran from the bedroom, and out into the large section of the treehouse, of which they lived. Jackson stared at the room as he searched for a door, the small wooden carvings, the peasant-like clothes, and fabrics that were scattered around the room, the antique looking cookware that sat on the counter. Not a single piece of electronics could be seen anywhere in the house, and that worried Jackson even more.

“Where the fuck am I?”

* * *

Cassandra worked quickly as she walked into the shadows of her dorm room and transported herself into her foster brother’s hospital room. She hoped that the spell had yet to reach him, and when she saw him in his hospital gown, she knew that she had time. A nurse screamed as the pale faced girl stepped from the shadows. But with a wave of Cassandra’s hand the nurse collapsed onto the floor, falling into a deep sleep. Cassandra walked towards Kip and felt the tugs on the sides of her lips as she stared at her foster brother. His nose was skewed to the side, his lip was split, and his eye was swollen.

“If you’re leaving, you might as well leave as handsome as you can.” She smiled as she placed her hands on his face and pushed the power within her into her brother’s body, healing the wounds and mending the broken pieces of his face. Soft pops and cracks followed as Kip groaned beneath her hands. She pulled them away and there he was - healed and handsome as ever.

“Ca . . .Cassandra? What are you doing here? I thought mom and dad said visiting hours were over?” He paused for just a moment, noticing the pain of his face had vanished. He reached for his nose and then to his lip and stared at his hand. There was no blood. There was no pain. “What?” He gasped.

“I don’t have time Kip. Do you trust me?” Cassandra asked.

“What? Cassandra, what do you mean?” Kip asked as he heaved himself up against the flimsy headboard of his hospital bed.

“Kip, there is no time for questions. Do you trust me?” Cassandra asked once more. She wasn’t sure if it was the focus in her eyes or the seriousness of her voice, but Kip nodded.

“Yeah. Of course, I trust you,” Kip said as he smiled, happy that the pain in his face had somehow magically vanished.

“Then I need you to listen. Something is coming. Something that I created. I am so sorry Kip, it was a mistake, but I’ll fix it. It just might take some time.”

“Cassandra, you sound crazy.” The lights of the room flickered as a darkness came to the window. The spell crept outside the window, searching for her brother. “What is that!” Kip screamed, pointing towards the cloud of darkness as it attempted to squeeze through the window.

“I’m sorry I never told you Kip. I’m a witch.” Cassandra held up her hand and summoned the smallest amount of fire to her palm and her brother let out another gasp.

“But what does that have to do with me!” he said as he bunched up the blankets in a hope of protection. Cassandra banished the fire from her palm and held her brother’s cheeks.

“Do you want revenge against Jackson, and those dicks who did nothing?” Kip searched Cassandra’s eyes for meaning to her questions, knowing there was no time for his own questions. “Do you want him to be your slave? Your personal pleasure toy?” Kip’s throat bobbed up and down. She didn’t just keep her secrets, but also kept his secret as well.

“Yes.” Kip said, thinking of the handsome faced boy who nearly beat him to an inch of his life. “Yes I want everything.” Cassandra dropped her hands, walked towards the window, and opened it. The smoke billowed towards Kip like a wave that had been let loose. The darkness swirled around him, eating away at his body, pushing him into the story book that was held at the center of the enchantment. There was no pain, but Kip was still afraid.

“I will figure out a way to get you back. Just let the story play out. Every enchantment must run its course. But this is your story. You are in control of it Kip. What you say becomes reality. You will be safe. I love you,” Cassandra said as her brother disappeared from his bed. She looked to the nurse who slept on the ground. She waved her hand, ending the sleep spell she had cast and made sure that the nurse began to stir before she walked back towards the corner of the room. Cassandra stared at the empty bed and hoped that her brother would be okay as she stepped into the shadows, returning to her dorm room and back to her cauldron.

* * *

Kip appeared outside a door that was built into the most massive tree he had ever seen in his life. He looked around himself and saw that it wasn’t just one massive tree in front of him. He was in the middle of a forest of them. His hands brushed his clothes and found the hospital gown was gone and was replaced with homemade trousers and a tunic, while his feet were bare and covered in muck.

“Cassandra,” he gasped as he searched around him. It was like he was in a video game, or more accurately - a fairy tale. Kip could hear shouting and sounds of panic from the opposite side of the door and when he reached for the handle the door flew open and revealed the shrunken naked man on the

other side. A moment of silence was shared between the Kip and the tiny man, but the little man's face of shock quickly changed to rage.

"You!" The dwarf shouted.

"Me?" Kip asked as he pointed to himself. He opened his mouth to ask what he did, but six more dwarfs partially naked dwarves appeared at the door and cheered.

"He's home!"

"He's back!"

"Welcome home!"

Kip could not help but smile at the cheerful welcoming from the little people. He was pulled inside to their cottage in the tree and couldn't help but smile. Kip towered over the tiny men by several feet and was thrown into a nearby chair. Kip tried not to look, but he couldn't help the fact that each of the dwarves were pantsless and their massive cocks dragged along the floor as they ran about the cottage.

"Bring the new guy!" One of the dwarf's shouted as they tugged a fully nude one towards Kip. The one held down struggled and fought against their grasp but was thrown to the ground with ease.

"Why, why are you doing this?" The dwarf asked him. Kip tilted his head, recognizing the voice. The deep manly tone that seemed to have the ability to inflate his cock. Kip stared more intently at the pale-faced, ginger-haired, little person. Though he was much smaller, and his features were slightly changed; Kip recognized him.

"Jackson?"

"You ginger haired faggot! Why did you do this to much! How did you do this to me!" Jackson shrieked as he motioned to his transformed body.

"I didn't do this," Kip said as he shrank back against the aggressive little person who shouted at him. Before it was his size that was able to take Kip to the ground. His large hands and his strong muscles, but now all Jackson needed to defeat Kip was his horrible words.

"You are in control of it Kip. What you say becomes reality. You will be safe."

The words of his sister rang through his mind as Jackson launched into another tirade of hateful slurs while the other dwarfs stood shocked in their respective spots.

"Shut your mouth!" Kip shouted in a meek, frightened voice. Immediately, Jackson's lips were sealed shut as if by magic. Jackson pawed at his lips as he tried to force them open but could not. Jackson's eyes turned even more enraged as he positioned himself to jump at Kip. "Do not move!" Kip commanded and Jackson froze in position. Kip straightened himself, feeling impowered for the first

time. "On your knees." Jackson fell with a quick *thud*. "I remember you Jackson. What you did to me. How you left me to die." The dwarves around Jackson gasped. "But this is my story Jackson, and you are here to obey me."

"MMHHMMM," Jackson shouted behind his lips as he tried to plead his case.

"Quiet!" Kip shouted, tightening his fists. "You want me to unseal that mouth?" Jackson nodded quickly and eagerly. Kip's eyes gazed towards the footrest that rested beside Jackson, then down to his muck covered feet, and an idea bloomed in his head.

Now Kip would never had admitted it to another. He had been so secretive with his browser history over the years, never even sharing it with the men that he dated or the guys he was interested in sexually. But he had a fetish that he felt he could finally bring to the life within the safety of Cassandra's enchantment.

"I want you to worship my feet."

No Fucking way!

Jackson looked at Kip's nasty feed and could smell the sweat and smells that floated from them and into Jackson's nostrils. He knit his brows together in anger and wished that he could speak. That he could scream and shout at Kip and then pummel him into next week like he did the night before, back when he looked like a normal person and not this tiny, pale faced, freak. But even as he mentally denied Kip's command, he could feel his body being forced into position. That he face was slowly lowered towards Kip's feet. The smell grew more revolting the closer he could. Jackson's stomach churned as he saw the bright ginger hairs that sprouted from the toes.

"I want you to lick them. I want you to clean my soles and wrapped your hateful tongue around each and every one of my toes and clean until they are all you can taste. I want you to worship my feet until your jaw hurts and the taste of my sweaty toes fills your stomach. I want you to be my eternal footstool, even though you will hate ever living moment of it."

Jackson felt the words wiggle their way into his mind, seeking out a place to root inside of his mind. Each command weighed him down, pushing him further towards the ginger haired feet. He tried to pull away, tried to turn himself to stone, but some unknown force wrapped itself around him and forced his mouth open. Jackson felt as if his tongue was pulled free of his mouth and pressed into Kip's sole. Kip leaned back into his chair and groaned as he felt the first lick. His cock throbbed as the feeling of a tongue against his feet sent shivers up and down his spine, hardening his cock as well.

"Fucking disgusting ginger bitch!" Jackson grumbled around his tongue as Kip pushed his other massive foot into Jackson's face. The way he wiggled his toes in air made Jackson's stomach churn in

circles, threatening to heave what food he had in his stomach all over the ground, but he kept it under control. The wicked glint in Kip's eyes told him that it would only be much worse if he did that. With every ounce of strength within him Jackson pulled his tongue from the bottom of Kip's partially cleaned left foot. He was doing it; he was defying him. Slowly and forcefully Jackson began to close his mouth.

No don't listen.

Don't do it.

Don't listen to him.

Fight Jackson. You are stronger than this red-headed faggot!

"I'm waiting," Kip said in a lazy manner, and Jackson felt his tongue extend from his mouth and press back into the foot. Disgust rippled through him like a tidal wave as he found more flavors in the other unwashed foot. He stared at the nasty underside of the feet and groaned, wishing that it would be over. Jackson moved his tongue around the dirty soles of Kip's feet while Kip rubbed his feet up and down Jackson's face. The nearby dwarves watched and rubbed their hardened cocks, enjoying the sight and wishing it was them that got to worship the infamous Mr. White's feet.

"Make sure to get in better those toes," Kip mentioned as he settled into the chair, undid the front laces of his trousers, and pulled out his cock. He let out an exclamation of excitement when he saw his cock had grown several inches and his pubic hair was redder and thicker than before. While Kip wasn't necessary small before he traveled to this world, he was monstrous now! Kip gripped his cock with two hands and groaned at the overly sensitive shaft, and the length that was still left untouched even by two of his hands. He worked his way along the shaft, watching as cum pushed from his tip and over his hands while Jackson cleaned and licked the muck from his feet. Kip worked his hand up and down his shaft as Jackson worked over his feet, cleaning away the muck and the sweat that was collected in them.

"I guess bigger feet does mean a bigger cock - thank sis," Kip laughed as he fished underneath his girthy shaft and produced two large egg-sized testicles which bobbed up and down with cum. Kip moved one large foot from Jackson's face and nearly lost it at the sight of disgust on Jackson's face as he forcibly licked his feet.

"Loving your new life?" Kip laughed as he pressed his foot firmly into Jackson's face.

"When I get out of her I am going to kill you!!" Jackson grunted as his tongue flicked against the sole of Kip's feet.

"Oh are you now? Seems like you are a little preoccupied," Kip laughed as he settled into a steady rub on his massive cock and the further degradation of Jackson between his toes. He watched as

Jackson regretfully licked and worked over his toes. The sensations were there, and the wicked enjoyment was there, but as Kip watched Jackson stumble around his toes, he knew what was missing - the talent.

“Dwarves! Present your cocks!” Kip shouted. The six other little men stopped their fornication and stood at attention. “Jackson, stop.” Jackson froze in place. “I want you to suck each of those ginger pubed cocks. I want you to suck them off like your girlfriend’s suck you off. And if you swallow each of their loads. I will consider letting you free.”

Please no. Please. I wont do that!

With such anger in his eyes Jackson crawled towards the first dwarf. The dwarves tiny, round face stared down at him as he opened his mouth and pushed his face into the cock. The head of the dick pressed into the back of his mouth and down his throat. The tiny strong hands griped his face and plowed his face. The dwarves heavy balls swung like a pendulum against Jackson’s furry face. He was fearful that their pubes would add to the collection of hair on his face but knew his fear did little in ways of getting him free. So he took the dwarves’ cocks, one after another he let them bury their cocks into his throat and dump their loads into his stomach. The salty sweat taste of their loads mixed in Jackson’s mouth and belly, adding to the loads of sweat that he had already licked from Kip’s feet.

Much to Kip’s surprise Jackson swallowed every bit of cum. But it wasn’t until he got to the last dwarf, his prior friend Joey, that he Jackson missed the load. Joey had grabbed ahold of Jackson’s ears and plowed his face, widening the already chasm like throat and when his balls tightened, and unleashed Jackson fell back onto his ass and the cum exploded all onto Jackson’s body. Jackson had no time to react. The splattered cum acted as grower for the light speckling of ginger hair across his chest and happy trail, causing it to erupt and to curl and to cover his chest and his lower body. The pale skin seemed to grow against the thick patches of hair that covered Jackson’s body. That look, the one of total defeat and disgust was what made Kip completely loose it.

“Oh fuck boys! I’m about to - about to- FUCK!” Kip hollered as his cock shot cum into the air like a fountain spewing water. His loaded spewed in all directions; his clothes, his face, the chair. The dwarves left their cocks and jumped at any area that had his cum and cleaned it off before it was able to seep into the furniture or the floor. Kip collapsed onto the chair as Jackson stared at his further transformed body.

“Go ahead and put your cock between my feet.” Jackson moved in accordance with Kip’s rules and pressed his cock between them. Kip slowly moved his feet up and down the shaft of the redheads cock and laughed as he jolted and gooned beneath his strokes.

“Loving your new life Red?” Kip teased as his brought Jackson’s cock to a full erection.

“No, no . . .you’re disgusting . . .they are disgusting. Filthy faggots,” Jackson gasped as he answered the question truthfully, but couldn’t stop the grunts and groans that came afterward as Kip worked his feet up and down Jackson’s cock. The tongue bath and the sweat from Kip’s feet acted as the perfect lube as he moved his cock between the massive feet of the red heads.

Stop. You need to stop. You need to get away. This isn’t you. Fight it. Fight!

Jackson told himself to run, but his hips continued to move - continued to thrust into the massive feet of the boy who he once bullied. The need to cum overpowered his disgust that he felt for the taste that slid down his throat and the massive hairy feet in front of him. Kip wrapped his feet tightly around his cock and moved them quickly up and down the shaft. Ginger laid his head against the wooden floor and allowed the pleasure to overtake him.

“I think if you like it so much, you shouldn’t be allowed to cum any other way. I think you will only ever cum with the taste of some ginger boy’s feet on your mouth or with one wrapped around your cock. I think you will worship them and serve them like a pathetic pig. Unable to disobey them ever again.

“What, no!” Jackson shouted in between his gasps, ready to plead for Kip to stop.

“Cum! Cum, you foot addicted pig! Cum and seal your feet!”

“OH GOD!” Jackson cried as he cock lurched between Kip’s feet and dribbled cum all over his toes and smeared onto the soles of his feet. Jackson’s own massive feet twitched and curled as he thumbed his head against the floor repeatedly as the orgasm became too much for him to handle.

Kip peeled away his feet and pressed them into Jackson’s face and he licked them so hungrily, Kip knew that everything he had said had come true. Kip watched as the other dwarves began to dress themselves in their own small pair of trousers and small tunics.

“Off to work Mr. White.” One dwarf said as he plucked one of seven baskets that sat on a shelf.

“To the mine?” Kip asked as he crossed his legs, not worrying that further pressure was put onto his human footstool.

“Nah, apple picking. Much more profitable,” Another dwarf laughed. “Should we take the new guy?” he asked.

“Nah, I think he is perfectly fine right where he is!” Kip said as he closed his eyes and fell asleep to the sounds of his new dwarf roommates chanted and hummed off to work. Jackson didn’t have the strength to lift himself from the humiliation and just fell asleep with him.

Jackson's Escape and his Climb Up the Beanstalk

The taste was what woke Jackson up, the sweaty, musky taste of Kip's feet and the super salty taste of the dwarf's cum on his tongue. He woke on the floor naked, covered only in the dried cum of his fellow transformed dwarfs. He looked down at his small body, hoping that everything that he had experienced was some sort of horrible nightmare. But he looked down at himself and saw that the nightmare was real, as was every horrible transformation he had undergone. The shortened body, the ginger hair, the unrelenting obedience of his body to do everything Kip commanded; it was all true. Jackson looked at Kip as he slept in the plushy worn chair. Jackson wrinkled his nose as the smell of his feet hit him in the face.

"God," Jackson grunted in disgust. He looked at Kip's massive cock that laid lazily on his lap. His heavy balls were empty, but even soft his cock was still nearly ten inches. Kip let out a soft grunt as he adjusted himself in his chair, adjusting his feet on the footstool. Jackson looked at the size fourteen feet and felt Kip's command pull at him.

The pull was weak, but Jackson felt his body already begin to move towards Kip - towards his massive hairy feet that were begging for another tongue bath. His mouth was gently pulled open and his tongue extended himself as his body followed the obedience that connected the two of them.

"You won't do it again Jackson," he grunted at himself as he pulled himself in the opposite direction towards bedroom. He slammed the door to the bedroom shut and felt the pull lessen.

The need to obey, and worship those massive hairy ginger feet was still present, but the distance made it easier to disobey. Jackson looked around the room and found the discarded clothes of his former teammates. He collected what he thought would fit, sweaty underwear, stained trousers, and a dark brown tunic. The boots he found were massive, but even at their large size he wasn't sure if they would fit. Before he could even think about what his body was doing, he lifted the boot to his face, pressed his nose inside, and inhaled so deeply.

"What the fuck did you do to me?" Jackson shouted, dropping the boot to the ground as if it were on fire. His heart raced as he huffed quickly, trying to get the sweaty stench out of his nose.

Quickly he grabbed the boots a second time and pushed in his feet. Not giving his body the opportunity to do anything else to the sweaty boots that he found. He walked to the mirror, feeling like a clown as his large feet slapped against the ground. He couldn't help but stare at his reflection and laugh at his reflection.

“I’m a freak. I am a ginger haired freak!” His reflection was so foreign to him and he couldn’t stand staring at himself. He looked nearly identical to the rest of the crazed, Kip obsessed dwarves. “I need to get out.” He said firmly as he collected a bag from the wall and snuck into the kitchen. He filled the bag with whatever he could find, apples, cheese, a large bottle of whiskey.

Kip snored as Jackson stealthily opened the door, but the bottom scrapped against the floor and created a loud creak as it opened.

“Going somewhere?” Kip asked sleepily. Jackson froze while his body told him to run.

“I’m getting away from you and this place. I’m gonna find a way to go back to normal,” Jackson said firmly, though his high-pitched voice took some of the confidence from his tone.

“I’ll find you again my little foot pervert. Don’t think distance from me will stop you from worshipping another man’s feet.” Kip laughed as he slid from the chair with a loud *clap* of his feet on the floor. Several heavy *thuds* followed as Kip approached Jackson. He looked down at Kip’s massive feet and felt his body begin to move towards them, ready to worship and obey a second time. But Jackson’s disgust was enough to keep from immediately obeying, and he ran.

Jackson pushed himself through the door and out into the open forest. He ran as quick as his little body could move. His short legs and large feet were an odd combination as he dashed between the large trunks of trees and over their thousand-year roots. The heavy clip-clop of Kip’s feet trailed behind Jackson slowly, and only pushed Jackson to run further and faster. He pushed his little body as fast as it could go, and had no idea where he was even going, or if he would find someone who could help him.

“Little foot boy,” Kip’s voice called out as Jacked crossed out of the woods and into a large clearing. The small open meadow was clean and lush with flowers and plants, but one in particular stood out to him. A colossal beanstalk that stood erect within the center and stretched out into the sky. The center column was large, nearly the size of a redwood in diameter. Bright green decorated the sides of the beanstalk while vines wrapped themselves around the plant, as it stretched towards the sky. It may have not been the best idea, but whatever was up the beanstalk couldn’t be any worse than the taste of Kip’s feet. He ran towards the beanstalk, feeling it as a beacon of safety.

Jackson grasped the nearest vine and gave it a tug, feeling the strength of its growth and pulled himself up. Though his body had compacted in on itself, he was still very strong. Potentially even stronger than before. He lifted himself from the grown and onto the lowest vine. He stepped on a leaf, feeling the sturdiness of the plant and he began to climb. One foot after the other he climbed the beanstalk.

“Hand. Hand. Foot. Foot. Hand. Hand. Foot. Foot.” Jackson chanted to himself. He looked down at the ground and saw that he had already moved several stories away from ground. He looked out into the meadow and saw that Kip had stopped midway though and gazed up at Jackson as he climbed. Jackson expected Kip to chase after him and follow him up the tree, but he just stoically stood in the meadow and watched as Jackson climbed. His red hair seemed to shimmer like a ruby in the sunshine.

He didn't take Kips' moment of hesitation for granted and he pushed himself forward. So Jackson climbed, and climbed, and climbed; he climbed so far that Kip soon became ant-like in size. He watched as the ground disappeared along with Kip as he climbed above the treetops and into the open air. Jackson gazed out at the hundreds of acres of trees that surrounded him. He saw large mountain ranges and oceans in the distant as well as a castle that stretched out towards the very clouds that he climbed.

“Where the fuck am I?” Jackson asked. The world around him seemed so different to his own. He tucked the question into the back of his head and continued to climb. He didn't know why he continued to climb, but the only other option was to go down. Hours passed as he climbed, growing hotter and sweatier with every hour. The moment he crested through the clouds Jackson felt ready to collapse. He regretted his decision to climb and hoped there could be some other way down.

The tip of the beanstalk ended right at the top of the clouds, and what was hidden above them surprised him more than anything.

It was a house. A colossal house made of brick and covered in red shingles. The front door was dark wood and stretched several stories into the air. He couldn't imagine what monster lived within the house that would match the size of the home. Jackson began to consider his choices when the tops of the clouds shook as something moved within the house. Jackson gripped the beanstalk tightly in his hand, but the heavy thuds caused the beanstalk to waiver back and back until the moment came that Jackson's hands slipped from the vine and he fell.

“ARGGGGHHHHH!” He shouted as he fell from the beanstalk. This was it, Jackson thought. This was how he would die. As a freakish red haired, foot licking, fag. But his deathly expectations were ended when he collided into the solid surface that ran across the tops of the clouds. He lifted himself from the ground, and felt the ground continue to shake. The door of the house opened and from within stepped out a literal giant.

“Kip?” Jackson asked as he stared at the giant. Though he looked similar but while Kip was thin and weak looking this giant was strong and manly. He looked as if Kip had been injected with several large doses of steroids and HGH. His face was covered with a thick curly red beard that was large enough

for Jackson to hide his entire body. His heavily muscled upper body was covered in a thin layer of hair, and only grew thicker the closer it got to his crotch. The little pair of shorts did nearly nothing to hide the massive bulge that jiggled and undulated with every step. Jackson's eyes did not stop as they traveled over his thick legs and onto the largest pair of feet he had even seen. Each was nearly the size of a boat and covered in tiny hairs that curled around his massive toes. The smell of the giant's foot slammed into Jackson like a wall as the giant approached him. Without even speaking, Jackson knew what was about to happen.

"No. No. No," He said as he felt his body, being dragged towards the feet. The giant-sized kip grinned at Jackson in a twisted manner as he lifted his foot and hovered it over Jackson's body. Jackson felt the tightness of the connection between him and enlarged Kip, and he crawled on his stomach towards the lifted foot like some deranged beast.

"Open up!" The giant roared and Jackson opened his mouth and pushed out his tongue. The giant gently pressed his foot on top of Jackson, squishing him between the sweaty bottom of his foot and the cloud. The weight of the giant's foot would have been more than enough to crush his former body, but the dense Dwarf body he had was able to continue his obedient licks.

"NO!" Jackson screamed as he dragged his tongue against the bottom of the giant's foot. Droplets the size of his fist was found and gulped down into Jackson's swelling stomach. The giant let out a demeaning laugh that shook the air around him as his cock throbbed.

The giant rubbed his gargantuan foot back and forth against Jackson's body as if he were using Jackson as a way to clean bottom side of his foot. Jackson tried to close his mouth or pull away, but his body was not his to control. He felt his face press harder into the sole of the giant's foot, swallowing more sweat. His stomach felt ready to explode from the amount that he had swallowed.

This is how I am going to die, Jackson thought. This was it. Crushed beneath some giant foot with the taste of his sweaty toes on his tongue. Jackson waited for death to rescue him from this living hell, but the giant-sized Kip pulled his foot away and placed it on the ground with a heavy *thud*.

"Mount it!" The giant commanded and like a puppet obeying his puppeteer, Jackson climbed on top of the giant's foot, using his long red hair as rope afraid of what the next command would be.