

Voodoo for Two

Now I wasn't one to believe in magic or the supernatural. Anything that talked about unseen powers that could change and mold the world to my ideal image seemed crazy. But earlier today, while 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 busted spine and torn pages told me it was a long, forgotten book. The faded title was barely legible, but I could still make out the title "Voodoo: 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 helped.

I purchased everything I needed; a few bolts of fabric, a miscellaneous amount of herbs, and 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, 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 at the clock. I had better things to do with my night than 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. He was making it into an even more twisted version of David than even I had wanted. He played 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 home 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 the noise, but I immediately knew when the smell hit me.

"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 an

enormous man with his vast 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 fearfully asked as I backed away from the monstrous man that crept towards me. His huge feet lumbered towards me, shaking the floor as the space closed.

“Faggot. I told you my name is Dave. Now that’s enough talking. My hole is 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 thin cotton underwear. The underside of both of his cheeks was uncovered along with the topmost part of his crack. I couldn’t stop the thoughts that invaded my mind as I stared at his ass.

The longer I stared, the hungrier I became. My cock grew hard as the ghost of the taste of his hole came into my mouth, as if I knew the flavor before even tasting his hole.

“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 listen . . . ten to me! This is . . . a spell!” His ass repeatedly interrupted my attempt to explain what happened to him. His wide ass swallowed my face between my words and swept his hole across my mouth, dragging my tongue out with it.

“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! Now shut your faggot mouth and eat my ass like an obedient pig.” Dave grabbed onto the waistband of his underwear and drew it underneath his massive cheeks. A stench followed swiftly

behind the sight of his manly hams. The horrible odor of unwashed ass, shit, and piss flooded my face. I took a deep breath, swallowing the stench, and let out a deep guttural groan of enjoyment.

“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 start 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 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, no fabric 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 eat at his hole ravenously. 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 gathered there since his last shower. The masculine scent flowed into my nose and went directly to my cock and brain, lifting me 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 cock, getting off at the very act 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 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 wet asshole, teasing him with sharp and soft bits. It was when I licked 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 going just to 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. I 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. I followed the licks of his sole 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 for me to undo what I had done to both of us?

Chapter 2

While I licked and kissed the soles of my Ex-boyfriend's feet, my brother stared at the doll halfway across town. He looked at the dorky clothes that the doll that clothed the door and knew that the manlier doll he created shouldn't be dressed like a nerd. He sifted through his toy chest in search of something more fitting. He threw out his costumes and his bears, scattered his legos and toy guns across the floor, and dug until he found his action figures hidden deep in the bottom of the chest.

"If he's 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 a tight tank top. He struggled to get the overly shapely David doll into the clothes, but he could snugly fit the clothes onto its fabric frame. But when he stared at the doll, 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 the doll in hand and tossed it into the nearest pile of dirt. He ran the mud over the doll's 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 stagnant water and dunked the doll into it. He repeated the process several times until the mud seeped into the doll's skin and the clothes were beyond repair.

"There!" He chirped 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.

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I wasn't sure what woke me up from my exhaustion-induced slumber, the smell, or the harsh slap to my face I received from my boyfriend's feet. I felt the brush of hairy toes and rancid sweat under my nose as I came too. He stared down at me with a twisted grin on his face, well, his new face. His square jaw was covered in thick curly hair, which surrounded his once effeminate features. His nose was crooked and looked to have been broken multiple times and not appropriately set once. David's teeth were crooked and discolored, adding to the menacing grin that sent several shivers down my spine. He removed his cap, revealing a shiny bald head that looked like it hadn't seen hair in years.

"I said get up faggot," he said with another swift kick to my side. I let out a groan of pain as I pulled myself to my feet, but he pushed me back to the ground. "What the fuck did I tell you? NO

WALKING! If you're gonna be my bitch then you are gonna be treated like a bitch." My head swam with thoughts and confusion. I needed to get out of here and get back to my house and figure out what has happened to that doll. "Open up bitch," Dave groaned, and before I could register his words, I felt a stream of hot piss splash against my face. "I SAID OPEN UP!" He shouted once more, and I instinctually listened. He grabbed me by my hair and plunged his cock into my mouth, and began to fill it with his piss. It was acidic and sour at the same time. It filled my mouth until I felt the seal around his cock begin to drip his piss onto my clothes. I had two options; spit it out and get the shit beat out of me or swallow.

I choose the less pain-associated choice, and I swallowed.

I swallowed it all.

Every drop that he emptied into my mouth until I felt my stomach bulge from being overfilled, and when he removed his cock and gave it a shake, I don't know what came over me. I stretched my lips to catch the last droplets of his piss and groaned. Was the voodoo somehow affecting me as well?

"Now, what do we say bitch?" David as he took my jaws tightly into his hands.

"Thank you," I groaned as my tongue ran around my lips, searching for additional droplets of his golden liquid.

"Now that's a good bitch," he grunted as he sat back in his lazy boy and dropped his camo-themed pants to the floor. I could see the multiple stains that occupied his underwear. Many rich dark stains and flavors made my very mouth begin to water with a want to taste it. I looked around the apartment, and it had changed again. Most of the furniture had disappeared, and what was left were pieces that were meant for the outside. The only piece that seemed worth something was that chair that occupied his oversized frame, though that too looked ready for the trash heap. The floors were murky, and the walls were stained from smoking inside.

But David wasn't a smoker . . . or the old David that I used to know, not the new DAVE.

As if on cue, I heard the sound of a lightly, and the stench of smoke filled the air. David took several deep puffs of a cigar that was thicker than most cocks I had seen, well, except for his own. I watched as he took several deep hits and fell into his chair. He lifted his leg, grunted, and pushed out a wetter than probably expected fart in my direction.

"Whew!" he waved his hand in front of his nose. "That one sounded like you are gonna have some cleaning duties later bitch."

He couldn't possibly mean?

Dave lifted his leg and pushed out an even louder, wetter fart in my direction, and a gasp fell from my lips. What was happening to me?! I sniffed the air and felt the horrible stench of his gas

infiltrate my body and gnaw at my brain. The smell was horrid, but my cock throbbed in my pants. I felt it grow the more I sniffed, and I crawled slightly towards him. It was so manly and so putrid. I knew I had just been forced to eat his ass before I fell asleep, but this smell was something new and far worse than what he had forced upon me.

But now, I wanted it.

I wanted to bury my face in that deep trench and explore all the scents and flavors that his body had to offer. But I resisted the urges of my darker self. There was a voice that begged me to release and worship Dave as a man was supposed to be cherished.

“But first, why don’t you get back to work and suck a few loads out of these balls. Watchin’, you suck down all that piss like a fucking toilet got me all excited.” He wagged his dick from side to side, drawing me closer to him.

I bit my lower lip. I didn’t just want it - I needed it. I wanted to suck Dave’s cock until his balls ran dry, and his loads overflowed from my hole like a horny slut. I wanted his heavy load to meet with the piss that I swallowed earlier. The thought of the disgusting cocktail that would soon be mixed within my mouth made my mouth water.

“Well?” He asked as he wagged his cock back and forth.

I swallowed the hunger and looked towards the front door. Could I get away from him quick enough? But what would happen if he caught me? If this was how he treated me when he was happy and I was “supposed” to be here, what would he do if I attempted escape?

“I ain’t gonna ask you twice. Ya’ got wax or something in your ears today bitch? What the fuck is wrong with you?” His deep voice broke through my mental walls and forced me to crawl towards his exposed cock. The closer I crawled, the heavier the stench grew. The scent of musky balls and sweaty cock was like an aphrodisiac to me as I sniffed the air. My cock remained hard as I crawled, leaking another load into my cum-filled underwear. Dave gripped his cock and stroked it once. His hand passed over his cock the head of his cock, massaging and rubbing it slowly before he pulled away.

It only took seconds to happen, but I watched as his foreskin crept along his shaft and swallowed the head of his cock. He pulled it away with another pass of his hand, and the scent of sweaty cock intensified.

“OooOooOOO!” I groaned as I paused between his stretched legs. As I leaned forward, he released his cock and allowed it to slap my face. Sour cum and smells dripped down my face. My tongue stretched for the flavors that dripped down my face but could not reach. Instead, I went for the source. I

stretched my mouth wide as I took in the head of his cock. My tongue met the musky taste that I imagined and dug within his foreskin for more.

“That’s a good pig!” Dave said as he approvingly rubbed my head. He relaxed further into his Lazy Boy and turned on the tv. “You got until the games over to make me cum, Pig.” He took a fistful of my air and tilted my eyes up towards his transformed face. His small pig-like eyes glared down at me like some wronged animal. “Understood?” He asked.

I nodded through the pain. He released my hair and little smacked my cheek softly.

“Good pig,” He said before he turned his attention back to the television, and I turned mine back to his musky cock.

As the game played in the background, I grew accustomed to the flavor of his cock; the way that his foreskin would pull and give as I moved my mouth around the head. The underside of his head remained just as sensitive as it used to be before his transformation.

Though Dave remained uninterested in my blowjob, he would give a small jolt every time my tongue focused on the area that I knew he loved. His balls squeezed out a heavy droplet onto my tongue as a reward, which made me returned over and over again. But the hunger for the other several thick inches forced my mouth to travel along his cock. My tongue pressed against the bottom of his shaft as I pushed it into my mouth.

Quickly, it hit the back of my mouth, but it was forced past the gag reflex and the tightness of my jaw, finding its way into my throat. I felt it bulge within my throat as I fed myself inch after inch. Dave’s heavy bush welcomed my nose the moment I pressed myself into the base of his cock. The curly mass of pubic hair weaved its way around my face and dug into my nose, bathing me in the stench of his crotch. I growled around his cock, wanting to stay in this moment. I didn’t care that I could not breathe or that my boyfriend was no longer my boyfriend. All I wanted was to worship.

I pulled myself from the cock, feeling every inch withdraw from my tight throat. Right as Dave’s cockhead was about to pop free of my mouth, I shoved it back into my throat. The eagerness caught Dave by surprise as he let out a deep grunt of enjoyment. I bounced my face up and down on his face, enjoying the way that my throat widened further. I cut my eyes to Dave as he ignored me.

Something inside me begged me to stop and fix what I had done, but another part of me loved and reveled in what had happened to David and the angry disgusting man he had become.

“Fuck,” Dave growled. His hips lifted slightly from the chair and forced his cock into my mouth, surprising me with his participation. His hairy balls pressed into my chin and retracted as their churned a

load. The first spurt of cum within my mouth was so sour that I thought I would hurl at the taste, but my mind immediately realigned itself and found enjoyment in the horrid taste.

The second stream of cum tasted identical, but I moaned in enjoyment as the taste filled my mouth. I held it within my cheeks, allowing the loads to add up and overflow from my lips. I pulled away from Dave's cock and let the cum decorate my face. I held my mouth and showed Dave the load that I so obediently held, and he laughed.

"Fucking faggot. Swallow it. Swallow like a good boy." I closed my lips and swallowed the thick cum. I felt every ounce travel down my throat and settle into my stomach. The nearly rancid flavor was so horrible to contain. I burped and felt cum push onto my lips. I licked them both, covering them with Dave's seed. "And?" Dave said.

"Thank you, Sir," I gasped feeling the words come from my lips.

"Good boy. Now get the fuck out of here!" He said as he pushed me off of his lap and onto the floor. "I got my lady coming over and don't need her seeing your faggot ass here."

"But . . . David . . ." He pulled himself from his chair and hovered over me like some sort of giant monster.

"What did you call me?" He barked. Anger flooded his eyes as I quickly crawled away.

"I'm sorry!" I said, fearful for my life.

"Now. Get. The. Fuck. Out!" He hollered.

The door slammed behind me thirty seconds later and I staggered to my car.

"I need to fix this. I need to fix all of this."