

Wonderful Wizard of Washington D.C

Mitchell Destiny wasn't your typical guy. He was handsome than most but kinder than anyone you would meet. Even though he came from a family whose name could be traced back to the beginning of America, he didn't hold his blue blood privilege over anyone. He was just like everyone else, except for that fact that he was a warlock. Now when people hear the term warlock they think either Harry Potter or devil worshipper; now Mitchell Destiny was like neither of them, think more Sabrina the Teenage Witch but without all the rules.

Over the years he had learned how to keep his powers secret from the mortals; he didn't wanna be the one who created another Salem. So he kept what he could do to himself, but every so often there were times, or men, who deserved a swift push in the right direction. Sometimes it would be for revenge but every so often it was to help out the less fortunate, but when he could kill two birds with one stone those were his favorite.

Now Mitchell wasn't planning on helping out Tyler originally, but after seeing him pushed around for weeks and weeks by his bully of a roommate he knew he needed to step in and assist the boy. Mitchell watched the boy for weeks seeing the horrible way that Tyler was treated by his roommate; he was pushed around, joked, and worse I saw him with a black eye. And that was straw that broke the camel's back.

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Mitchell watched in line at the school's coffee shop, watching Tyler take repeated order after order from the barely lucid college students. He watched as he moved behind the counter; swiftly creating the customer's drinks, receiving a halfhearted thanks, and a few pennies as a tip. Tyler continued to have a bright smile on his face that Mitchell felt would light up any morning, but most people seemed to miss him. His bushy brown hair, bright blue eyes, and cute southern accent truly put a spell on Mitchell; which was ironic.

"What to do what to do?" Mitchell asked himself as he fingered the large silver coin in his hand. Small symbols were etched into the aged coin, each symbol held the magic to do anything he pleased as long as he focused.

"I could just turn his roommate into his bitch," Mitchell thought as he stepped one person closer to the front register. The idea of Tyler taking control and turning Ryan, his roommate, into his bitch sounded good to him but he knew he could do better. "Maybe just bulk him up with muscles?" Mitchell

tried to imagine that southern cutie with big bulky muscles covering his body, looking more like a hot farmer or southern gentlemen. “Hmm,” Mitchell hummed, stepping one person away from the counter. He flipped the coin through his fingers as he considered his options.

“How can I help you?” Asked a high-pitched southern voice, breaking Mitchell from his train of thought.

“Huh?” Mitchell asked, looking back to the now nonexistent line in front of him. “Oh sorry,” Mitchell said to Tyler as he stepped up to the counter.

“No problem, I know its really early right now.” Tyler punctuated his sentence with an infectious toothy grin. “So what can I get for you today?” Tyler asked a second time. Mitchell looked at the menu hanging behind him unsure of what to even purchase, spending too much time worrying about his spell than what to actually order.

“Umm, what would you recommend?” Mitchell asked, smiling right back towards him. Tyler turned around and looked at the menu, revealing a pair of tight buns that were wedged into an even tighter pair of khaki pants. Mitchell began to wonder what naughty things he would do to those buns but quickly drew his attention back to his spell. He only had so much time before he needed to decide what to do.

“I would suggest the Caramel Macchiato; over ice, not frozen. That’s my favorite.”

“Then one Caramel Macchiato it is,” Mitchell said with a wink. Tyler’s face grew a deep red at the extremely forward flirtation of the young warlock.

“One Caramel Macchiato coming right up,” Tyler stammered as he quickly began to make the drink from behind the counter. And at that moment Mitchell realized how Ryan was able to pick on him so much. He didn’t need Ryan to become the submissive one between the two roommates, he needed Tyler to become the dominant one and he knew exactly how to do that.

As Tyler crafted the drink from behind the counter Mitchell began to mumble a quick incantation while his thumb circled around the coin. With each passing swirl of his thumb, the symbols of the coin began to shift and change. The coin continued to change and emit a soft glow as he finished his enchantment. Tyler turned back around just in time as Mitchell finished.

“That will be three fifty,” Tyler advised as he placed the caffeinated drink on the counter. Mitchell pulled a folded bill from his pocket and slid it onto the counter with the large silver coin sitting on top.

“Keep the change,” Mitchell said with one final wink. “Hope to see more of you soon.” And with those words, Mitchell took the drink from the counter and began to exit the café.

“Hey!” Tyler shouted from behind the counter. “This is too much money!”

“Keep the change,” Mitchell hollered back as he placed the straw of the drink against his full lips. He took a long drink from the beverage as he pushed open the door to the outside, seeing Tyler confusedly stare at the large coin. “I’m hoping to see much, much more of you very soon.”

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The rest of the morning Tyler Caldwell took order after order from ungrateful college students, each one growing more disrespectful as the morning dragged. Even though the busyness that only came from a Monday morning on a college campus, Tyler’s mind continued to drift back to the mysterious guy from earlier that very morning. Every time he thought of his face he could feel a slight flutter in his stomach.

Tyler hadn’t officially come out to people, but it didn’t take a rocket scientist to know that the skinny southern boy was queer. The way he walked, the way he talked, and the gestures he made was more than enough for people to draw their own conclusions.

“Was he flirting with me?” Tyler wondered as he rubbed his fingers around the large coin the stranger left as a tip for him. The old coin felt oddly warm within his pocket, almost as if it sat on a heater for the better half of the morning. Tyler’s thoughts were continuously clouded with that of the boy and hope that he would see him again the next time he worked next week.

As the morning continued to progress Tyler clocked out of work and began the short hike back to his college-owned apartment, hoping that his asshole roommate would be off to class at this point in time. Within 5 minutes Tyler was standing in front of his door, wishing that his roommate would not be there; that he would open the door and his roommate would be gone and so would all his stuff. But from the sounds on the other side of the door, he knew his wishes went unheard.

“What up fag,” his bulky roommate said as Tyler opened the door. Tyler looked at the muscular man sitting sprawled out on the couch, a beer in one hand and an Xbox controller in the other. If it wasn’t for Ryan’s shitty attitude Tyler would probably be lusting after him, much like every girl friend that Tyler brought over to the house. Every one of them found him to be the hottest guy on campus; a chiseled jawline, broad hard muscles, and a massive cock. The worse part was that no matter how horrible he told everyone he was treated nobody believed him. All they saw was the golden boy of the football team and his overly emotional roommate.

“Hi Ryan,” Tyler said shyly as he locked the door behind himself, moving quickly towards the one sanctuary he had in the house, his bedroom. Ryan tossed the controller to the ground and made a beeline towards the kitchen, knocking directly into Tyler and roughly pushing him into the wall.

“Watch were you’re going queer. I know you wanna get up on this but your not my type,” he shouted hatefully as he lewdly grabbed his dick.

“Sorry Ryan, I will watch where I am going next time,” Tyler said submissively as he moved closer to his room. Just a few more steps and he would be safely inside the four walls of his room. Tyler could hear the quick-footed shuffling of his bulky roommate coming up from behind him as he was shoved once again, but this time slamming his head into the hard plaster.

“God, keep your fucking hands to yourself fag.” Ryan laughed loudly as he walked into the bathroom. Tyler pulled himself off the wall for the second time, feeling a bruise already beginning to form on the front of his forehead. He turned to Ryan as he stood at the door to Tyler’s bedroom. Tyler could feel the tears welling up in his eyes wondering if this was gonna end in another black eye like last month.

“I’m sorry Ryan,” Tyler muttered as he reached for the handle to his bedroom door. He winced as he felt his hand grasp the doorknob expecting his roommate to torment him more, but there was nothing. Tyler turned the doorknob to his room and entered the darkened room and shut the door behind him. Through the closed door, he heard the deep chuckle of Ryan’s laugh as he walked back into the living room and resumed his game.

It was that moment that Tyler fell to the ground and began to cry. He couldn’t take it much longer. The hours of torment that Ryan put him through. The physical and emotional torment that he had to withstand just to live an existence of near silence so he wouldn’t anger him.

“I wish I wasn’t afraid of him anymore,” Tyler whispered to himself as he curled up on the floor, not having the strength to move. “I wish that he was afraid of me. I wish that for once in my life I wasn’t the bitch that someone could push around.” As those words left Tyler’s mouth the coin within his pocket began to glow softly once again and then vanish altogether. The spell was finally free, and the magic was ready to take control.

“If only it was that easy.” Tyler sighed as he closed his eyes and fell to sleep, but little did he know there was something bigger than him or Ryan at work.