

The Stinky, Horrible, No Good Wishes That Ruined My Life

I watched them from afar as I rode on the stationary bike at the gymnasium. My thin toned legs peddled quickly as I stared at the men from across the room as they lifted weights. Their bulging biceps, their wide set shoulders, and their bubbly butts were all that was needed to make my dick grow hard within my ill-fitting shorts; which I wore for a particular reason. I licked my lips hungrily as I watched them lift with one another, jokingly touching one another's muscles or slapping the other on the ass. I could see the sheen of sweat that covered their body and the dark wet spots underneath their arms, which only made my cock even harder. And with the constant friction of my cock rubbing from one thigh to the other, I couldn't stop from looking at the men and fantasizing about them.

I don't know if one of them saw me staring, or if it was by sheer coincidence but eye contact was made with one of the men. I immediately looked down towards the screen attached to my bike in hopes that they did not see me staring, but when I glanced up all three of them were laughing and pointing directly at me. My face grew red with humiliation, and my cock grew even harder.

"Fuck," I winced to myself as I pulled my gaze from the men and back towards the screen. "What I wouldn't give to be able to worship a real man."

"Have a wish? Would you give anything to make it true?" A voice on the screen said to me.

"What?" I said to myself, before I actually focused on what was on the screen. "Oh fuck," I cursed as I saw a tanned face with dark highlights staring directly back towards me. I clutched my chest in surprise at the face and felt my already rapid heartbeat increase by the scare. "God. I thought you were actually talking to me," I said to the screen, laughing slightly to myself at the thought of someone, not the television talking to me.

"But what if I was talking to you?" The man on the screen asked again, and my stomach dropped in response. This couldn't possibly be happening?

"What the hell is going on?" I asked, looking around to see if someone was watching me. "Am I on some sort of game show or something?" The men on the screen laughed in response.

"No Thomas, you aren't on a game show. I heard your wish, and was feeling quite generous," the man said as the screen pulled away from his face and revealed the rest of his body. The top half looked like a normal adult male, but as the camera pulled away I could see his lower half shifted from

human to goat. Two short furry legs extended from his muscled torso and ended in two dark cloven hooves.

“What are you supposed to be? Some sort of goat person?” I asked, trying to remember what that creature from Greek mythology was called.

“No, I am not A goat person. You could say that I am the original goat person. The name is Lucifer and it is a pleasure to meet you,” he said with a deep bow at his waist. I couldn’t help myself, but a fit of laughter tore through my lips and caused much attention to coming to me. The man on the screen’s smile turned downward into a frown. And in a puff of black smoke, he was gone from the screen.

“Believe me now?” A deep voice asked from the machine next to me. I turned and jumped in surprise. The goat man had somehow appeared in the empty bike next to mine, and without the goat legs!

“What the fuck man! How did you – weren’t you just talking – hold on. Who are you, really?” I asked, finally stopping my legs from riding the bike.

“No don’t stop,” he said with a wave of his fingers and my legs went back to peddling as if by some sort of unseen strings.

“How? What? What are you?” I asked as I attempted to stop my legs from peddling, but it was like they were glued to peddles and would not stop moving no matter how hard I tried.

“Lord. You mortals sure are dense. Cloven hooves. Lucifer. Weird powers. What do I need to come in with a pitchfork and red horns to get you to realize that I am...the...,” he left the sentence hanging knowing that I finally realized his identity.

“...the devil,” I said, finishing his sentence.

“Ding. Ding. Ding. Give the boy a prize!” He said, waving his hand once more towards my feet causing them to stop just as a cramp was filling my inner thigh. I stood from the bike and felt my legs falter, luckily I was quick enough to grab onto the side of the bike so that I would not fall.

“Need a hand fag?” One of the muscular men who was I watching earlier said as he and his friends passed me as I clung to the seat. He high-fived his friends as they all laughed at his comment and walked towards the locker room. Even with his asshole comment. I couldn’t help from my cock growing hard as the smell of their body odor wafted pass me or from taking a deep hit of the smell before it disappeared.

“Fuck,” I said, hating myself slightly at my piggish tendencies. I looked towards Lucifer, the literal fucking devil, or so he says as he raised an eyebrow in interest. “Sorry. What do you even want with me?” I asked, letting go of the seat and pulling myself up.

“I heard you call out for help. And here I am. Lucifer, ruler of hell, fallen angel, granter of wishes at your service and this is how you act?” He placed his hand on his heart. “I’m hurt,” he said, feigning sadness as he fell into his seat. “All I want to do is make all of your dreams come true, and you slap away my hand.” I knew this game. I had read enough books and seen enough movies. That the devil wasn’t this nice guy, but someone who would feast on the souls of the meek and mild. But this guy seemed different, cute even. He wasn’t the monster that literature made him out to be.

“And what’s in it for you?” I asked, walking closer to him. “What do you want? My soul?” I said, half joking. But by the way, his smile turned into a large toothy grin I knew that it was exactly what he was after. “You want my fucking soul?!” I shrieked loudly forgetting where I was located, causing people on the surrounding machines to turn towards me. “My Kia Soul,” I said to one older woman who was staring me down. She took my lie as truth and returned to her workout, luckily.

“It’s not like you are going to use it. Anyways hell isn’t that bad. I’m their. Most of the guys are their. Your grandmother is their,” he said with a wink.

“Grandma?” I gasped, shocked to hear that.

“Oh yeah, that bitch had it coming too,” he joked. “Let’s just say she had some problems that she didn’t share with the family,” he said as he sniffed and rubbed his nose. “But back to you, one soul for five wishes. After the fifth wish, your soul is mine upon death. Sound like a deal?” He held out his hand in anticipation of my immediate response.

“Uhh,” I said hesitantly as I stared at his hand as it hovered between us. Seconds seemed like hours as his Cheshire Cat-like grin seemed to continue to stretch.

“This offer does have a time limit to it, Tommy. Just think, one little soul and you could have any man you would want. Dream of any life, and make it true. All you have to do is shake my hand. Just shake my hand.” Lucifer’s voice dropped to a deep sensual tone as if his words were a lullaby trying to lure me into submission. Some part of me thought he was still faking it, but an even larger part hoped that he was telling the truth. I didn’t want to sell, my souls but death was a long way away. And if he could truly give me what I wanted in life, then it would be worth it.

“You got a deal!”