

The Wizard Next Door

“Jesus Christ,” Arnold groaned as he rolled around in his bed. He wrapped himself up within his blankets, he pulled his pillows against his ears, he even attempted to use earbuds, but nothing seemed to drown out the noise of his new neighbor. Though the two houses sat several yards away from one another, Arnold could still hear the loud grunts and groans of the individual who lived within the house. The deep guttural cries of the occupant and the heavy *thumps* and *squishes* that came from the home made Arnold’s skin crawl.

Every night it was the same - even worse as it went on. The sounds grew louder, lasted longer, grew more . . . lively. Arnold tried to ignore the noises that leaked from his neighbor’s house, but the harder he tried to ignore them, the louder they seemed to become.

With a deep anger-fueled breath, Arnold slid from his bed and stared out his bedroom window - stared at the window that sat opposite his and the shadows that moved behind the curtain. He could see the outline of a person move back and forth behind their curtain, outlined by the soft lights of the room. The thin frame swayed back and forth in a motion that Arnold recognized. He took another deep breath, opened the window, and leaned his body outside.

“SHUT UP!” Arnold screamed at the top of his lungs. The shadow behind the curtain paused just slightly, showing Arnold that he did hear his outburst but quickly resumed the back and forth motion. “Yeah! I’m talking to you! Shut the fuck up! Nobody wants to hear you fucking all night long!” Arnold screamed a second time. The shadow did not pause the second time, choosing to ignore Arnold’s protests openly. Arnold’s face ran red with fury as he slammed his window shut. “Oh, so that’s how it’s going to be?” Arnold asked himself.

Arnold tried to be friendly. He tried to ignore the sounds. He tried to give his new neighbor some allowance. But after two weeks of silent stewing, Arnold finally found the end of his grace. Arnold slid on a pair of shorts and an oversized tank top. He stomped into his nearest boots and continued outside. He gripped his arms tightly around his center as the night air bit into his exposed skin. Arnold regretted his lack of a jacket and his lack of foresight in a longer pair of shorts.

Walking over to his neighbor’s house, Arnold felt his anger fuel him and warm his skin as he plodded through the muddy yards and up to the front door of his neighbor. Arnold slammed his fist into the front door several times before he screamed.

“Open this damn door!”

He followed his command with another few slams of his fist against the front door. His aggressive arrival was met with even louder moans and the sound flesh against flesh. A chill ran up his body once more, and he shivered.

“UGH!” Arnold grunted before he lifted his hand and slammed it into the door several more times. “SOME PEOPLE! ARE. TRYING. TO. SLEEP!” Arnold shouted at the closed door.

“Shut up!” Another neighbor screamed outside of his window.

“Go fuck yourself!” Arnold shouted back into the night air.

“You go fuck yourself!” The stranger called back.

“Fuck off!” Arnold screamed before he raised his middle finger to the night sky. He didn’t know who called out to him, but he didn’t care. His anger was for the world to endure. Arnold turned back to the front door, ready to slam his fist into the front door, and it cracked open. “Oh, so the culprit finally shows themselves.”

Arnold pressed his foot into the door and kicked it open. A mouth of darkness welcomed Arnold as he stepped forward and shouted into the house.

“Yo bitch! Gonna show yourself or just hide in the dark?” Arnold marched forward into the darkness of the house. His hands were raised, and his eyes were wide as he waited for his neighbor to show himself finally. The moment he stepped beyond the reach of the door, it slammed shut behind him with a loud *BANG*. Arnold spun around and watched as the door disappeared from the wall, eaten away from the shadows that filled the room. “What the fuck?!” Arnold cursed.

Quickly, Arnold ran back towards the wall and felt for the door, but he could not find it. There was no edge, no frame, no doorknob for him to grab. A long, deep moan came from behind Arnold, forcing his attention away from the vanished door and towards the sound. Grunts of sex and pleasure vibrated along the walls and flooded Arnold’s senses nearly to the point of uncomfortable.

“What the hell! What are you doing?! How are you doing this?!” Arnold shouted, trying to speak over the sounds of sex. A smell of sweat and musk trailed the sounds. The harsh stench grew with the moans. Slowly lights came next. Small bulbs that lined the walls of the room came to life. The soft glow of each did little to banish the room’s darkness. It wasn’t until at least a dozen lights bloomed that Arnold could see the space and gasped at its sight.

Dildos lined every wall. Hundreds of cock-shaped toys occupied the lines of shelves that surrounded the room. Arnold rotated and turned as more lights shined. Cocks of all shapes and sizes surrounded Arnold. Toys so small that it would be ineffective if used, all the way to dildos the size of traffic cones. But it wasn’t just the size that varied, but every aspect of them. Some were hairy, while others were smooth. Some were circumcised with a bright and shiny head, while a heavy foreskin covered others. Some were shiny and rubbery, while others seemed almost lifelike in their appearance. But what unnerved Arnold most - they all seemed to move. They twisted and turned and bounced as if forced to life by unseen strings or a motor held within the toy.

“What in the living fuck,” Arnold whispered as he walked towards a large cock with a heavy ginger bush. Every inch of it looked real. The shaft, the head, even the ballsac looked real as it sat atop the shelf. The cock squirmed as Arnold approached, almost as if it knew he came near it. Hesitantly,

Arnold raised a finger and poked the balls. The toy wiggled aggressively in response. A bead of He poked it gently, and the toy squirmed and oozed a bead of cum from its head.

“Don’t get them too excited; you will regret it,” a voice said. Arnold turned towards the voice and a corner of the room. Much brighter lights came alive and revealed a man that laid atop a chaste lounge. His naked body sat atop an overly plush red cushion, and Arnold stepped away. He had never had wondered if he had ever seen his new neighbor in at the mailbox, the pool, or just walking around the court but now, Arnold was confident he had never seen the man before. The man had skin so pale he looked as if he had never spent a minute out in the sunlight, and his hair radiated a fiery red, which seemed to glow as it fell around his shoulders in loose waves. Arnold's eyes fell lower and found the origin of the sound wet, flesh on flesh sound.

“Jesus!” Arnold screamed as he saw what plunged itself deep into his neighbor's spread legs. The neighbor propped his leg on either side of the chaste lounge and lowered himself onto a heavy cock that pumped back and forth into his hole as if controlled by some unforeseen force. The dildo had to nearly the size of a fist but easily slid in and out of his neighbor's gaping hole. The man withered on the cushion, gripping the arms of the furniture as the dildo pushed itself balls deep into the man. “What kind of queer are you!”

“The horny kind!” The man purred as he took hold of both legs and lifted them into the air, presenting his hole to Arnold. Arnold raised his hands to his face to block the view, but he could not look away from the practically living dildo that pumped quicker and quicker into the man.

“I don’t know how you’re doing that, or what kind of freaky shit you’re into, but if you don’t keep it down, you’ll have the police and your landlord here 8 AM tomorrow, and they will make sure you keep it down,” Arnold threatened, but the gingered neighbor paid no attention.

“MMMM! Fuck so thick!” The neighbor groaned in enjoyment as he moved his body up and down on the furniture to meet with the thrusts of the dildo. “Fuck I'm getting so close!” He cried out. The dildos that lined the shelves reacted and started to move and flex as if each felt the need to cum grow that much closer. The unsettling smell of musk and sweat grew more intense, assaulting Arnold's taste of odor and taste.

“Are you even fucking listening to me?!” Arnold shouted at the man, unable to look away from the sex. “You fucking freak, are you even listening!”

The room paused as the word freak. The dildos froze, the sounds of sex paused, even the stench that erupted from every toy within the room seemed to stop. The joyous face of Arnold's neighbor twisted as he pulled himself from his relaxed position. His red eyebrows knitted together as he repositioned himself against the back of the chaste lounge. He crossed his legs, keeping the dildo buried within his hole. He placed his elbow on the arm and leaned his head into his open hand.

“What did you say?” The redhead asked, dropping his voice from the high-pitched, lustful squeal to something far more melodic.

“Oh, did that finally catch your attention, freak?” Arnold bit back. The ginger pursed his lips and nodded his head as if he were examining the taste of something foul.

“And your name is . . . ?” The man asked.

“Arnold.” He responded flatly.

“Ar-nold,” the redhead repeated. “I don’t like it.” Arnold rolled his eyes.

“And I don’t care. Whatever you did to the front door, you need to undo it.”

“Don’t you want to know my name?” The ginger asked.

“Again - I don’t care.” Arnold snapped.

“Pity. I thought you would be friendlier. Usually, the ones who can hear the sounds are at least interested and not so . . . so . . . bitchy,” the redhead rambled on. “My name is Liam, not that you seemed to care.” He uncrossed his legs and pulled the dildo from his body. Arnold stared directly into Liam’s giant gaping asshole. The dark cavern seemed so empty without the massive cock buried within it. He stared at the long phallus and the leaked tip. The dildo wiggled around in a circle, leaking cum onto the floor and Liam’s forearm. He leaned towards it, placed his tongue at the pace, and moved it along the shaft before kissing the tip. The dildo wiggled more enthusiastically, enjoying the worship and way Liam’s tongue tickled the underside of the shaft.

“What the fuck is that thing?” Arnold asked as he backed away from Liam and his toy.

“What? You never see a dick before?” Liam asked, smiling at the unhelpful answer that he gave. He tilted the dick and slapped it against his face. Cum spilled across his face, and his tongue darted out to lick up whatever spilled onto his face. “Delicious!” Liam groaned. “Here. Catch!” Liam shouted as he tossed the cock towards Arnold.

Subconsciously, Arnold raised his hands and caught the wiggling toy. His fingers clasped around the warm cock and squeezed it. Cum spewed from the heavy balls that sat beneath his palm. The load launched across his shirt and partially onto his face. Arnold dropped the throbbing shaft onto the ground and backed away more. Something behind Arnold hit the back of his ankle and toppled him to the ground. Arnold slammed onto the ground with a heavy thud. His head snapped back into the ground with a *SNAP*.

“OOF!” Arnold let out a groan of pain as his brain shook violently from the collision. Arnold attempted to raise his hand to his head but felt something weighing it down - or more specifically - holding it in place. He looked to his side and saw it. A large black dildo wrapped its shaft around Arnold’s wrist. Arnold pulled against the cock and saw the base had been suctioned to the floor. Arnold tugged and pulled at his left arm, but the cock held firmly to both him and the ground. Arnold looked to his right around, to his left leg, and then to his right; they were all held in a similar state. “What the fuck! What - how are you doing all this?”

“Now that’s a secret!” The redhead said as he placed a finger to his plump lips. “Trade secret, in fact. Wouldn’t want the whole neighborhood to know there’s a wizard in the neighborhood.”

“You’re a witch?” Arnold shouted, disbelieving his own words.

“A wizard,” Liam said as he wagged his finger. “I didn’t go to school to be mistaken for a commonplace witch. You think a witch could enchant an entire room of dildos to come alive?” Liam asked mischievously.

“Alive?” Arnold asked, swallowing the word as opposed to speaking it. As if summoned by the phrase, the cock Arnold held earlier inched from the ground and moved across his chest like a worm. “Oh fuck!” Arnold screamed at the sight of it moving towards him. The 9-inch cock slowly wiggled towards him. A trail of cum was left in its wake as it progressed. It stopped at Arnold’s neck and propped itself up straight. Arnold rolled back and forth in an attempt to knock it off himself, but the base firmly suctioned itself to Arnold’s exposed upper chest. The dildo leaned towards Arnold’s mouth, and he quickly shut his lips.

“Oh, don’t be a spoilsport. Go AHHHHH,” Liam instructed. The cock pressed its head into Liam’s lips and smeared thick cum across his lips. Arnold could feel the heat of the member as it moved back and forth, seeking a way to push itself into his throat. The load seemed to be an endless stream as it continued to flow from the uncut tip and onto his face. The cock moved from Arnold’s face and poked along his face. Arnold squeezed his eyes shut as the tip poked further up his face. Cum dripped from his features and onto the floor.

“Get it off me!” Arnold shouted between closed lips. Liam laughed.

“Come on! You’ll love it! Wizard’s honor!” Liam promised as he raised three fingers. Arnold continued to shake his head back and forth, fighting the living cock with every fiber of his body. Liam let out a grunt of disapproval. “Well then. If you are going to act like that - then I think I will have to resort to other means.” Liam pulled himself from his chair and walked over to the wall of withering cocks. Arnold squinted his eyes as he tried to keep as much cum out of his eyes as possible but could not fully close them out of fear - fear of what to come. Liam took a few long thin one’s cocks from the shelved and dropped them from the floor. They hid in the darkness of the floor as they crawled towards Arnold. He waited to feel them as they crawled on his body but instead of judging them move across his shirt - one poked its way within the leg of his shorts. And that was when Arnold truly began to worry.

“Get it off me!” Arnold screamed through his tight lips. He shook his leg as much as the dildo would allow. With each jerk, the cock that held him tightened its grasp around his leg.

Arnold felt the warm member inch up his shorts, rubbing itself beside his thigh as it wormed its way further up his body. The only thing that took his attention from the cock that wiggled within his shorts was the one that attacked his face with its repeated jabs. Cum pooled around Arnold’s eyes and dripped along the features of his face. More and more seemed to merge together around his lips, forcing him to keep his mouth closed. Arnold hoped that every jab would be the final one, but another would follow just moments later.

“Now, now, don’t be such a prude. Maybe this will help. Get you a little more comfortable and in the mood.” Liam lifted and hand in the air pinched his fingers, and drew them back. Though Arnold’s eyes were tightly closed to keep the cum from his eyes, he felt a tug on his clothes. Arnold’s body lifted slightly as the fabric was torn from his body and turned into shadows. Arnold squinted his eyes and watched as his underwear floated towards the ceiling and vanished into nothingness. “There much better . . . oh my . . . just look at you. So much bigger than I thought it would have been. I will have to craft one to match after we are gone.” Arnold’s cock was large and nearly the size of the one that repeatedly attacked his face. It was just as thick, but a just shy a few inches.

Arnold clenched his thighs together as the second cock wormed its way between his thighs. The cock felt the space it once crawled become tighter and restricted. It poked at Arnold’s thighs, pushing its head between the tightness it found. Cum leaked from the tip, lubricating Arnold’s legs before it tried again. The cock made a back-and-forth motion, leaving a thin amount of seed. Just enough to give it the allowance it needed to push forward. Arnold tried to keep his thighs as tight as possible, but It was hard to focus when a cock repeatedly stabbed his eyes or tried to weasel its way into his mouth.

The moment the head of the cock found Arnold’s hole, he let out a horrible yelp of surprise. His mouth flew open in shock, and the cock on his face launched at the opportunity to bury into Arnold’s mouth. Arnold tried to bite down or close his mouth around the animated dildo, but it was too quick for his slowed reaction. The head found its way into Arnold’s mouth and forced the rest in after.

Inch after inch of the living toy shoved itself into Arnold’s mouth. He screamed around the cock as it pushed itself into the back of his throat. Arnold’s eyes widened and bulged from his face as his ability to breathe became inhibited by the toy’s head. Cum dripped into his eyes and burned.

That moment of relapse was all the other toy needed to insert itself into Arnold’s hole.

“UGHHH!” Arnold screamed as the cock forced its way into his body. It felt as if Arnold’s hole was being ripped in two. With another sharp jab, the head and the first inch of the cock pierced itself into Arnold’s virgin hole. At the same time, the cock in Arnold’s mouth hit the backside of his throat. Arnold silently prayed as he openly gagged around the toy that he would wake up from this horrible dream. “ARGHH!” Arnold shouted around the toy as he tried to focus on his breathing - or lack thereof. His eyes moved towards Liam, begging him for his freedom or at least air. Liam’s enjoyment paused as he examined the look in Arnold’s eyes.

“Oh my!” Liam said, feigning worry. “I forgot that you human’s need to breath more often than us magical folk.” Liam clapped his hands together and placed them before his mouth. He then blew a steady stream of air in between his palms. As his palms inflated with air, Arnold felt the relief of air entering his body. Though the cock still blocked his airway, Arnold was able to breathe with ease. That moment of relaxation gave the cocks the freedom they needed to push forward. The one within Arnold’s mouth lurched forward, moving past his gag reflex while the other sunk three more inches into him.

Arnold’s eyes moved from Liam and narrowed at the cook that fished its way into his mouth. Arnold stared at the massive balls and the ginger public hair covering the balls sac and drew closer to his

mouth. The curly pubes carried with them the sweat of sex. The cock pressed two more inches into his mouth, and Arnold gagged loudly at the assault. Several more inches were fed into his mouth before he felt the ginger pubes meet his lips. The dense patch of hair tickled his nose and forced him to breathe the odor of sweat and asshole.

Disgust rolled through his body as the stench of sweaty cock became too much for him to ignore. The base of the living cock pressed into Arnold's lips. Its balls sat pushed against his face, trying to force its entire form into his mouth, but Arnold's lips would only stretch so far. The cock wiggled around in his throat while Arnold flexed and tried to cough it out of his mouth. The living dildo only seemed to enjoy the flexing and leaked more into his stomach.

His mind switched back and forth between the toy cocks that entered his body. The one that sat within his throat seemed to stop invading his body, while the one that started forcing its way into his hole had only begun. Though the cock stopped its intrusion for a few brief seconds, allowing Arnold's hole to adjust to the cock that stole away his virginity. The first four inches felt as if they would kill Arnold, but as the cock wormed its way further, it pressed on something hidden within Arnold's body.

"Mmmm," Arnold cried around the cock, tightening his throat around the cock, as a release of pleasure throbbed within him.

"Oh, fantastic!" Liam applauded, lightly tapping his fingers together.

He could not explain the enjoyment that welled within him as the cock within his hole pressed firmer on the button within his body. The cock worked itself further, using its copious leakage as lube. The thickest part of the cock pushed into Arnold's hole. His eyes fluttered as another assault of enjoyment tried to overtake his fear and confusion. Arnold's thrashes of freedom transitioned to jolts of delight as his body shook more and more as the cock forced every inch of itself into his body. Arnold couldn't see his dick due to his position and the cock that sat within his throat, but he could feel as it bounced.

Arnold's cock leaned from one side to another, leaking cum onto his lap and the floor. He could feel his asshole continue to open up and relax the further the cock pushed inside of him. The instant the balls found themselves nestled against Arnold's hole; another ripple of ecstasy tore through him. The two cocks within him seemed to connect to one another and his dick. The sensation of his hole and his mouth appeared around his cock.

The tightness.

The wetness.

It was all there and apparent around his cock, and every bit of it disgusted him.

Arnold fought the sensations that flooded his body, the ones that foretold of the forced orgasm that bubbled underneath his skin and within his balls. He forced his mind to the spaces where he went when he attempted to hold off his orgasm, wanting the sex to last longer than what his body would allow. Arnold's mind drifted to thoughts of his mother, his sister, his brother, his fat ugly roommate who

lumbered around the house shirtless. Arnold thought of curdled milk or his male friends. He thought of the stench of the locker room, how it baked with the horrible stench of sweat and man. He thought of any memory that he could hold off his orgasm and the pleasure that he wanted to erupt from his cock and body.

I'm not a faggot, Arnold mentally cried to himself as the cock fucked in and out of his throat, creating pleasures that were foreign and disgusting.

I'm not a queer, Arnold screamed inside his head as he felt the living cock within his asshole widen more and plunge further within his hole. Arnold could only imagine how ruined his hole would appear after the cock's finally released him. He had seen images online of holes that gaped and struggled to close, and Arnold pleaded that his hole would not look like those that he had seen.

"MMMpphhmh!" Arnold cried out as his cock bounced and throbbed against his lower stomach, shooting out small spurts of precum as the vibrations the living cocks sent several pulses of pleasure. Arnold's stomach in several knots, untying and retying them tighter with every thrust.

I'm not gonna cum, Arnold thought. Though he did not believe in his own power of control. His cock throbbed and leaked a steady stream of cum along his shaft. His legs twisted around the binding cocks. His knees knocked into each other, rubbing with a fear of the orgasm to come. He thrashed his head against the floor, practically giving himself a concussion as he fought the feelings of pleasure that welled up within him.

The cock within his hole could feel Arnold's body tighten around it, and it fucked him with an aggressive energy that Arnold had not known before. With every thrust, the cock slapped harder and faster while the one in Arnold's throat buried itself repeatedly to the base of the shaft. Arnold's eyes fluttered every time the living cock would thrust past his prostate or press its balls into his taint. The sensation of fullness was unfamiliar to him and ate away at his ability to withhold himself from coming.

Arnold's orgasm crept along his spine, teasing him while his balls tightened and his cock grew rigid. The tip pointed towards Arnold as it readied for the floodgates to open. Liam giggled with excitement from the side as he watched Arnold fight what his body wanted to release. Arnold's eyes slammed shut as his cock twitched and issued out a heavy load onto his upper body. The first splash of cum sent Arnold into a rollercoaster ride of emotions. The enjoyment assaulted every sensor of his body. Arnold released a scream of pleasure around the cock within his throat. The howl was so strong it seemed to shake the very walls of the magical space.

"UGHHHH!" Arnold cried out. His cock unleashed a load across his upper body, shooting a heavy stream of thick cum across his upper body. The two cocks within him mirrored the load, shooting an identical load into his body. Arnold constricted his throat around the cock, feeling the cum drip down his throat. The one within his hole shot loads of equal thickness and heaviness, breeding Arnold's ruined hole. The feeling of the warm seed as it pooled within his ass and the back of his throat made Arnold want to hurl.

Arnold could feel the load as it leaked out of his hole and onto the ground. His eyes rolled into the back of his head, forcing him to enjoy the orgasm that was shared between the three cocks. Arnold's back arched, and his body jolted with the titanic amount of ecstasy that coursed through his orifices and danced along his skin. The cocks wiggled in a way that Arnold could tell that they enjoyed the orgasm as much as he did.

"So quick! So fast!" Liam licked his lips as he eyed the load that covered Arnold's body. "Just makes me so cum hungry." Liam sauntered towards Arnold and dropped to the floor soundlessly. He leaned onto Arnold and dragged his tongue across Arnold's torso. It twirled around his flat stomach, moving along the curves of his musculature. He grunted as he found the pool of cum within Arnold's belly button. Liam pressed his lips around it and sucked the load of cum out. "Mmm," just as sweet as I hoped.

"MMPHMM!" Arnold cried around the cock within his throat.

"Oh, how rude of me. You can't talk with your mouth full like that!" Liam dragged his tongue up Arnold's body. His mouth paused around Arnold's nipples and licked the few droplets of cum that landed on his upper chest before he went to the cock that sat within Arnold's mouth. Liam's lips pressed into the base and sucked one of its heavy testicles. The cock jolted within Arnold's throat, slowly withdrawing as it softened. Though the cock did not shrink in length, the girth lessened. Liam released the ball from his mouth and straddled either side of Arnold's body. His hard cock slapped against Arnold's body.

With Liam's legs spread across Arnold's midsection, a small amount of cum leaked from Liam's hole. Arnold felt a shiver course through him as the warm slime gathered under his body. Liam reached out and grabbed hold of the throbbing cock. Gently, he pulled it from Arnold's throat. Inch by inch, it withdrew. Arnold felt the living dildo worm its way from his throat and out into the open air. He tried to count how long it was, but the sheer length was well beyond what it was before. It was like a hose, pulling from his body. The size should have reached close to his stomach if Arnold's calculations were correct. The bulbous head popped free of Arnold's mouth with a *PLOP*.

Arnold coughed twice as the lemon-sized head of the cock pushed his jaw apart before it was fully pulled from his mouth. Liam held with the living dildo with both hands. It withered and moved within his hands like a snake as it looked for a place to pleasure. Liam leaned forward and dragged his tongue along the shaft, enjoying the taste that he found.

"What the fuck are you?!" Liam said, coughing twice as his throat attempted to talk. Liam rolled his eyes.

"Have you not been listening?" Liam wiggled his fingers, and lights shot from the tips. Small glimmers of light danced from them and fell onto Arnold. Each disappeared at contact with his face.

"But . . . but magics not real!" Arnold barked.

“Really? Are you really going to try and say that? You are literally being held by dildos that I crafted from my magic and brought to life. How are you even able to say that?” Liam asked. The annoyance in his voice was evident at Arnold’s beyond obvious question.

“This couldn’t be real. It’s all a dream. Just a dream. There’s no way that this is true.” Arnold couldn’t right what occurred within his mind. Everything was wrong. This could not be real.

“Well, if you think that this is all a dream. Then why don’t we take this someplace a little bit more . . . comfortable,” Liam purred. He lifted his arms and made a sweeping motion down to his chest. The room melted away into shadows as Arnold and Liam were transported from the room filled with dildos to a much more brightly lit area. Though the room had changed, the shelves of thriving dildos covered the walls. Arnold saw a large four-poster bed had replaced the chair that Liam had once sat upon. Cum and lube stained the black satin sheets of the bed while leather cuffs hung from each of the posters.

Liam tossed the cock he held to the side, leaned back, and grabbed the base of the cock that happily lodged itself within Arnold’s lower intestines.

“Ready?” Liam asked. Arnold opened his mouth to respond, but Liam did not wait for Arnold’s answer. He gripped the base and pulled.

“Oh fuck!” Arnold called out as the meaty shaft was dragged quickly over his prostate. The cock wiggled in dismay as it was forced from its place of happiness. Arnold could feel it move within himself as it squirmed. Arnold’s cock lurched forward and shot a small amount of cum onto Liam’s lower back as the thickest part of the cock pressed into his prostate a second time. Liam let out a giggle of surprise as his other hand went around his back and scooped the glob of cum that dripped along his back. He brought it to his lips and seductively licked his hand clean.

“Delicious!” Liam said, and then he returned to his work with the dildo held firmly within Arnold’s hole. With a sharp tug, he pulled out the last few inches, giving a last hard tug.

Arnold let out a yip of pain as the head popped free of his now ruined hole. Liam held the cock as he did the first one, much like a living pet. It moved and wiggled within Liam’s arms as he gawked at the cum covered shaft. The cum glistened over its veiny exterior, and Liam let out a deep moan of hunger as he sniffed the shaft. Liam leaned first and dragged his tongue along the cock. He spent additional time around the head, making sure to lick every inch clean of the cum and Arnold’s ass juices.

“Love the taste of virgin hole. Or at least - what was a virgin hole.”

Liam snapped his fingers, and Arnold was released from the cocks that held him so firmly to the ground. Arnold went to move, but with another quick snap of Liam’s fingers, Arnold was lifted into the air. He levitated slowly as his arms flailed for something to grab.

“Put! ME! DOWN!” Arnold screamed as he was lifted high enough into the air that his floating body was level with Liam. Liam went to touch one of Arnold’s legs but received a quick swat into the side. Liam frowned.

“Wow, you really don’t understand how this works do you?” Liam laughed. He clapped his hands, pinched his thumb and index finger together, and slowly pulled them apart. Arnold’s legs followed suit as they were forced apart by the invisible strings of magic that wound themselves around his body.

“What do you want, you fucking ginger freak! I’m warning you! Once I get free, I’m going to shove my fist so far up your ass you’re going to taste it for a week!” Arnold threatened as he wiggled around mid-air. Though his legs were spread firmly apart, his upper body retained its ability to move.

Liam laughed at Arnold’s threats and leaned down and looked at Arnold’s hole.

Subconsciously, Arnold flexed his hole, and Liam groaned at the sight. Cum oozed from his gaping asshole and dropped onto the floor. The once-tight pucker had been stretched like taffy, forced open in a way that it would forever gape and look ready for cock. Liam could not control himself as he stared at Arnold’s recently widened fuckhole. He leaned closer, held Arnold’s cock, and pressed his lips into Arnold’s hole.

“OOoooOooOOO FUCK! What . . . the . . . fuck are you . . . JESUS!” Arnold screamed as Liam played around the insides of Arnold’s hole with his tongue. Deftly, Liam’s tongue moved inside of Arnold’s hole as it scooped out the cum that had been buried inside of Arnold’s hole. Liam felt Arnold’s cock hardened within his hand as he worked his way around Arnold’s hole. The shaft thickened to the point of a second orgasm, with only Liam’s tongue being the source.

With every lick of Liam’s tongue, Arnold felt his cock inflate further. His spent balls seemed to come back renewed and refilled, ready for another load. Arnold’s toes curled as he floated in the air. Liam’s hand left Arnold’s cock and swept around his body until they grabbed his two firm globes.

“Oh god, why does this feel so good?” Arnold cried to the ceiling.

Liam laughed into his hole as Liam’s tongue continue to fuck Arnold’s cum filled hole. Liam’s tongue seemed to thicken and lengthen within his body as he greedily searched for every droplet of cum from that the living dildo deposited into Arnold’s body. His mouth stayed continuously pressed into Arnold’s hole as if he were kissing his lover. The sensations of the ginger-haired wizard’s lips as they pressed into Arnold’s puffy hole sent vibrations through his bones. Arnold hated how good it felt and hated himself even more as he arched his back and attempted to wiggle his hole around Liam’s mouth. The moment Liam realized that Arnold enjoyed his sexual advances, Liam pulled away.

“Enjoying yourself, are we?” Liam asked as he wiped the cum from his lips and pushed it into his mouth. He grunted at the taste.

“No!” Arnold barked back. “You probably did some weird faggoty thing to me!” Liam laughed again. “What the fuck is so god damn funny!” Liam burst into uncontrollable laughter as he leaned back from Arnold’s hole and howled to the ceiling. The cocks that lined the walls wiggled in enjoyment at their creator’s joy - several even released their loads, covering the floor, ceiling, and other cocks. Liam laughed so hard that tears formed in his eyes.

“WHAT?!” Arnold shouted.

“It’s - it’s just that you keep calling me a ginger faggot - when . . .” Liam giggled again, unable to finish his sentence.

“When what?!” Arnold shouted. The laughter died in Liam’s eyes as he stared at Arnold.

“When you are becoming a ginger faggot yourself!”

“What the hell are you talking about?” Arnold shouted back. Liam pressed his hand against Arnold’s hole, and his fingers sank into Arnold with no resistance. Arnold grunted in unwanted pleasure but quickly let out a yelp of surprise as Liam tugged out a clump of hair from around his hole. “FUCK! What the hell are you doing!”

“Oh hush, it wasn’t that bad.” Liam leaned over Arnold and showed him the pubic hair that he had plucked from Arnold’s body.

It was red.

It was bright red.

“Is that mine?” Arnold gasped as he stared at the shimmering red hair as it caught the light of the room.

“Yup, and from the looks of it, there is already so much more.” Liam nodded down towards Arnold’s cock.

Arnold tilted his head and looked down at his groin. His usual dense forest of brown hair had changed. It grew lighter and red, nearly strawberry blonde. Arnold watched as his happy trail actively changed from brown to red. Arnold’s eyes turned into saucers as the red color spread across his upper body, transforming even the peach fuzz that was sprinkled around his pectorals and his nipples. A tingling washed across his face. He shook his head violently from side to side as if he could stop the transformation. The tingly sensation covered his face and stopped at the crown of his head.

“Mmmm, so perfect.” Liam groaned. “But I think we need to do something about that tan skin of yours. Much too dark for a ginger faggot. WE don’t go out into the sun too often.”

We, that simple word that made Arnold want to hurl. He wasn’t WE. He was a THEY. He wasn’t some ginger-haired faggot. He had dark brown hair. He fucked chicks. He didn’t suck cock or get fucked by them. He didn’t want this. This wasn’t him.

Liam walked away from Arnold’s floating body and perused the walls for a few seconds. The withering cocks seemed to lunge towards their creator as they silently begged him to choose them. Liam quickly returned with a monstrously sized cock.

“What . . . what are you going to do with that?” Arnold stuttered, fearful that Liam would push that into his hole and further ruin him.

“Oh, this is a special toy, much like that one that was in your hole. But it has a different charm.” Liam held the traffic cone-sized cock in his hands and massaged the melon-sized balls. His hands moved around the shaft quickly as he repeatedly pressed his lips into the head of the cock. The slit on the head was large enough to accept Liam's tongue as he passionately kissed it. Arnold watched with a mix of fear, confusion, and disgust as the cock throbbed more aggressively within Liam's hands, growing even bigger with every touch.

The cock jumped within Liam's hands with one final stroke and issued out a heavy droplet of precum from its tip. Quickly, Liam turned the living cock towards Arnold and allowed the cum to spurt across his body.

“Better close your eyes,” Liam teased as the first load shot from the gigantic cock. Arnold slammed his eyes shut as he felt the load land across his body. The heavy cum splattered across his chest, his face, his abdominals. Arnold expected to feel the steams of cum drip along his body and fall onto the floor but as soon as the cum touched his skin - it was absorbed. The strings of cum disappeared into his body, and a cool sensation was left in its place. The feeling was quickly erased by the time the next stream shot across his body.

Every time the cock seemed to hesitate, Liam tickled the shaft, and another heavy spurt of cum shot from the tip and covered a new section of Arnold's body.

Arnold lost count on the number of times the cock launched another load, losing count around twenty - with several of the loads hitting him directly in the face.

“There,” Liam said finitely. Arnold kept his eyes closed as he waited for the last load that hit him in his face to dissolve as the others had before it. “So much better. Much better than what you looked like before,” Liam said as disgust layered his voice. “Kissed by moonlight, I would call it.”

Arnold peeked through his eyes and saw Liam practically glowing with excitement.

“Just look,” Liam said as he nodded down towards Arnold's body. Though every fiber of Arnold's body told him not to look, his curiosity got the better of him.

“Holy shit,” Arnold gasped as his hands swept over his pale body. Every inch of his body seemed to be bleached of color. The name “Kissed by Moonlight” was a perfect description of the new color of Arnold's skin. Every inch of him looked like it was hidden away from the sunlight. The red hair of his happy trail seemed even brighter, while his pubic hair was the definition of “fire crotch.”

“I know - it's so perfect. I would be at a loss for words, too, if I didn't see it myself.” Liam reached across Arnold's floating body. His fingers lightly drifted up Arnold's body, stopping at his nipples. Liam's fingers circled Arnold's tiny pink nipples before he lightly flicked them with his fingers. Arnold jolted with every flick, and his cock throbbed back to life.

“Fuuuuuck, please stop - just let me go,” Arnold whined as Liam's hands became even more eager.

“You’re just so fucking perfect. I just can’t keep my hands off you,” Liam groaned as he dragged his hands down to Arnold’s cock and began to milk the shaft.

“Get off me!” Arnold shouted as he threw himself back and forth mid-air. “No matter what you do, I won’t be like you. I may look like you, but I won’t ever be a faggot.” Arnold spit the word out at Liam, knowing that it pissed him off the first time, and Arnold hoped that if he continued to rattle Liam’s cage, he would mess up or let him free. Liam pursed his lips and climbed atop the floating body.

“Don’t worry,” Liam said as he froze Arnold’s upper body.

Liam took hold of Arnold’s cock and lined it up with his already lubed hole.

“I wouldn’t want to make you gay,” Liam teased as he lowered his body onto Arnold. “How would that be fun? It’s much more fun to keep you straight but force you into enjoying the life and pleasure that came with being a *faggot* as you like to call me.”

Arnold’s cock pierced Liam’s hole. Arnold let out a deep groan of unwanted enjoyment while Liam moaned as he hole swallowed Arnold’s cock. The 8 inches were easily sunken into Liam’s body as his ass came to situate itself on Arnold’s lap. Though Liam’s hole had recently been wrecked by one of the largest cocks within the magical space, it could still grasp tightly onto Arnold’s cock.

“Mmmmm,” Liam groaned as he massaged Arnold’s cock with his well-trained hole. “Not as big as my usual toys, but still good - adequate,” Liam said with a small amount of disdain. “But it’s not like you will be using it much?”

“What are you even - oh fuck, why does it feel so good!” Arnold cried out as Liam began to fuck himself on Arnold’s cock, using him as one of his living toys and not a person.

Liam wrapped his legs around the floating body of his transformed neighbor and bounced. He tightened and released his hole as he moved his hips. Liam leaned his body onto Arnold’s and kissed around his chest, his neck, and his face. Liam’s lips never touched Arnold’s but just continued to leave bursts of pleasure across Arnold’s body.

His magic sunk into Arnold’s skin with every kiss. His powers wove their way through Arnold’s body, rearranging his pleasure sensors, his mind, his desires. They sunk deep into his brain, but one aspect Liam allowed to remain constant: his disgust for gays and their sex. But Liam made sure to twist some of his own enjoyments into Arnold’s mind. Liam dove deeper into Arnold’s mind as he swam through his memories and found new parts and pieces of his neighbor that he would never have expected - and some were much darker than he could have ever assumed.

Arnold shook his head as the impressions that Liam left sunk into his body. A sinister smile crept over Liam’s face as he stared deeply into Arnold’s eyes. Their noses practically inches from one another.

“You like this?” Liam teased as he squeezed his hole tightly around Arnold’s cock.

“No!” Arnold gasped even as his cock throbbed inside of Liam’s hole.

“Sounds like a familiar answer . . . no . . . is that one you hear often?” Liam asked. Arnold tried to string together a sentence, but the uninvited pleasure forced only a moan from his lips and not words. “Seems like a lot of women say those words to you . . . no . . . stop . . . please . . . ironic that you are in that position now.”

“It's not - it isn't what you think?” Arnold said, trying to speak between the thrusts of Liam's ass on his lap.

“Oh, it isn't? You don't need to lie to me, Arnold,” Liam said as he pulled away from Arnold's cock. “But don't worry, once I am done with you - you won't ever need to fuck again. Or really want to, for that matter.”

“What do . . . mean?” Arnold grunted as he felt another horrible orgasm begin to tease him. His balls were already pulled tightly beneath Liam's plump buttocks. With every thrust back of Liam's hips, he could feel the orgasm creep that much closer to the surface.

“When I'm done with you - you are never gonna fuck another woman again. Or at the very least, you can try, but it's not like you will ever feel any pleasure.”

“What?!” Arnold shrieked as Liam sank his ass plump cheeks onto Arnold's lap with a heavy slam, one that sent their floating bodies bobbing in the air. Arnold hated how good Liam's hole felt as it tightened and massaged his cock with every movement.

Liam stayed seated on Arnold's lap, wiggling his cheeks back and forth as he explained his horrible plan to Arnold.

“Let's just say that I am very good at what I do,” Liam purred as he lazily stroked his cock as it leaked onto Arnold's body. “I took a peek inside that brain of yours, and I don't think that you really understand what it means to be a top. I saw all those women that you drugged and fucked and threw out of your house. So, I'm taking it away.”

“You're taking away my cock?!” Arnold screamed, imagining a life without a cock.

Liam laughed.

“Not exactly. Just the pleasure that comes with using it.” Liam squeezed Arnold's cock tightly with his asshole and resumed bouncing as he continued his explanation, edging Arnold closer to orgasm with every bounce and thrust. “That moment that you cum, you will never feel the pleasure of fucking again - you will only need to get fucked. Be used like those women that you fucked and mistreated. So this is the curse I lay on you, Arnold. I curse you with the life of submission. Your hole will forever be stretched and gaping for cock. Your mouth shall never know fullness without the member of a man. A hunger will forever plague you as you search for more and beg for more. You will hate yourself and be disgusted by your hunger.”

“No. No. No. No!” Arnold begged as he felt Liam's words lay atop his body like weights. Arnold struggled for freedom, pushing against the magic that kept him afloat and docile.

Just don't cum. Just don't cum, he thought to himself. Arnold sunk back into the horrible place to keep the orgasm from releasing, but he was powerless to resist that pleasure that already condemned him. He could already feel the first bit of cum push from his tip as Liam's hole massaged his shaft.

"YES!" Liam commanded as he bounced crazily atop Arnold's cock, pulling the shaft to the end of his hole before he squeezed and threw himself to the base. "I curse you with the pleasure of your mouth and of your hole. I curse you with numbness of your cock and of your loins. I curse you with this load Arnold! I curse you with his seed!" Liam threw his head back as he screamed.

Liam's orgasm shot through his body, and his cock exploded across Arnold. His hole created a vice grip on Arnold's cock and squeezed it tightly, and Arnold lost control.

Energy burned through the room as the two men came. Cum flew across Arnold's body while Liam's hole overflowed with the man's seed. Liam focused himself as Arnold withered beneath him at the forced orgasm. Liam took the seed that decorated Arnold's chest and drew two powerful runes to seal the spell within Arnold's body. He crafted two runes of pleasure, intermingled with each other - one for his mouth and one for his hole. And finally, a rune of addiction. Liam wanted Arnold to want the pleasure and hate himself for it.

With a final stroke of his cum covered finger, the cum sunk into Arnold's spell, creating a permanence of the cursed runes. As Arnold's balls squeezed their final stream of cum into Liam's hole, the two bodies floated towards the ground, ending the levitation spell. Liam lifted his body from Arnold's cock. Cum spurted free from his hole, covering Arnold's lap and cock. His member deflated and shrunk immediately into his softened form. Liam stepped over Arnold and pinched the air, removing the invisible strings that held Arnold's body still.

Arnold laid on the ground, exhausted and confused, while Liam bounced away from his spent body.

Such a hungry little faggot.

Such a horny little ginger fag.

"What was that?" Arnold said as he lifted himself from the floor, hearing voices within his mind.

That hole is made for our cock's ginger boy

That mouth is made to milk our cocks.

Voices sprang within Arnold's head, teasing him with his new reality.

"Where are you? How are you talking?" Arnold lifted his body from the floor and drifted towards the wall of withering dildos.

Pick me. Use me. Pleasure me.

Arnold's mouth fell open as he stared at a massive cock that pointed towards him. The large pink head already leaked a heavy cascade of precum over the shelf as it pointed towards Arnold.

Open.

The word whispered into Arnold's mind. A tingle formed in the back of Arnold's throat. Arnold coughed, but the itch remained. That voice within his mind told him what he needed to satiate the craving.

Open.

Arnold slowly opened his mouth as the cock leaned towards him. The large head pressed into his lips and forced his mouth wider. The cock moved through his jaw and down his throat, lubed by the previous cock's loads. Arnold's mouth stretched wider as the thick shaft pushed itself past his mouth and deep into his throat.

Good ginger fag.

Arnold felt the cock sink further into his body, expanding his throat wider than the one before, choking the air from his lungs. Repulsion bubbled in his body as he allowed the cock to push itself to the base into his mouth. Arnold lifted away, and the cock stayed within his mouth. The heavy balls pressed against his chin as he felt the tingle vanish from his throat. His soft cock sent out a burp of cum onto the floor. Arnold relaxed for a moment, but another sensation seemed to beg for his attention. The area the cocks pleased within his hole previously; burned with a need to be touched.

Use me. Worship me. Become one with me.

A voice called out to Arnold. He turned around to the walls. Dozens of cocks leaned towards Arnold, begging to be the one he chose, but one voice spoke out among the soft cries of so many.

Come to me. Let me sink into your pussy. Let me widen you. Let me gift you with the fullness you need.

Arnold walked around the room while Liam watched from his large bed. Arnold looked among the shelves as the first dildo stayed firmly within his throat, happily wiggling as it leaked into his stomach. Arnold searched through the cocks, but none held the voice that called to him from within his mind.

Finally, Arnold stopped at the last shelf, which only on the most monstrous of toys. Cocks that looked to resemble something that was not from his reality.

Use me.

The voice called out to him again. Arnold knew which cock called out to him when he saw it. It was large and covered in a deep red bush. The hair traveled halfway up the shaft and created a dense forest of hair over it. The cock was nearly as long as Arnold's arm and the head, practically the size of his fist. The cock squirmed seductively, promising to scratch the itch that swelled within Arnold's hole. Arnold suckled on the cock within his mouth as he stared at the gigantic living cock.

Plunge me into your boy pussy faggot. Let me carve you a proper hole for cock. Let me show you pleasure and lust.

The words scared Arnold and made him step away from the cock, but the itch and the hunger of his hole made him step forward. He took the cock from the shelf. It excitedly wiggled within his hands before Arnold dropped it to the ground. The cock immediately set itself erect, pointing upward, seeking Arnold's hole.

"This isn't happening. This isn't happening," Arnold thought as he squatted down onto the eager cock. The moment the head broke through his anal ring, Arnold saw stars. He saw pleasure he never knew existed. He groaned around the dildo in his mouth and felt nausea quickly follow when he realized what he did. The waves of emotions assaulted his mind as he continued to push himself onto the cock. Every inch brought another wave of pleasure and disgust. Arnold cried out around the dildo that wiggled within his throat but did not stop. A freehand moved towards his cock, and found it rock hard. He rubbed it and found no pleasure from his cock. It felt as if all the receptors from pleasure had been removed. Arnold's eyes searched for Liam and saw him stroking his rigid member on the edge of his bed, ready for his third load.

"You will never know what it's like to touch yourself again. Pleasure will only come from two places, my little faggot. But that doesn't mean I won't be able to use you as I see fit," Liam groaned as he teased the tip of his cock and imagined plunging himself on Arnold's rock hard cock. "Maybe sink a few more inches, and you will realize what I am talking about."

Arnold, regretfully, obeyed Liam's suggestion. He pushed down, feeling his hole widened around the thickest part of the living toy. A tsunami of pleasure flooded Arnold's body as the head of the massive cock pressed against a newly enlarged prostate. Arnold shook and convulsed as he tried to remain standing. Arnold's hole gripped the cock and milked it as he bounced up and down on the shaft, losing himself in the pleasure of his first anal orgasm. Arnold felt tears form at the corners of his eyes and fall across his face. He couldn't stop himself. He bounced and bounced until his soft cock stopped leaking, and the cock within him was spent.

Arnold pulled himself from the massive ginger cock, and withdrew the cock from his throat. Both cocks fell to the floor, content with their loads. The voices spoke to Arnold once more.

Good faggot.

Good pussy.

A perfect slut for our ginger cocks. A perfect hole for our loads.

Arnold stared at the pool of cum that leaked from his hole and fell to his knees. As tears streamed down his face, Arnold scooped the load from the ground and fed it to himself. He groaned in a mixture of disgust and hunger as the thick load fell down his gaping throat.

“Why . . . why can’t I stop myself?” Arnold cried as he licked his fingers clean of cum. Every time the salty sweat load touched his tongue, he felt his stomach twist, readying itself to hurl, but Arnold continued to go back for more.

“You can stop whenever you want. The question is, do you want to stop?” Liam asked.

Before Arnold could answer, a knock came from the doorless wall. Liam snapped and the wooden door that Arnold entered through reappeared.

“Seems like my late-night company is finally here! Glad you were here to keep me occupied. Maybe if you are lucky, I will even let my boyfriend shove his massive cock into that gaping pussy of yours. But only if you ask nicely.”

Arnold scooped another handful of cum from the floor as Liam walked towards the door. He looked at the door as it opened, and a burly ginger-haired man stood in the doorway.

This was his moment to run, to return to his life. But as the man entered the room, Arnold saw the heavy front bulge in the front of the man’s shorts and felt that itch returned to his throat and hole.

The man looked at Arnold and laughed.

“I see you found another toy for the evening.” The man pulled his shirt over his head, revealing a beefy chest covered in curly red hair. His grin twisted and grabbed his hardening cock. “I always love your straight boy toys.”