



Curse of the Call (Deals For Desires #1)

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Category: Horror

Description: Kassius has had enough of being single and unattractive. When his friends suggest taking on a test of courage to find a wish granting Sea Witch, he jumps at the chance. Although, he knows there is no such thing as magic or witches. A part of him deeply hopes it is true.

The night takes a drastic turn of events when he is offered all his desires on a silver platter. He soon learns having everything he wants comes at a cost

Was it truly worth it?

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“ Stop being such a pussy, Kassius!” goads Tim.

Everything always came easily to him. The fact that at the age of twenty-five, he still has gorgeous blonde locks and piercing blue eyes definitely helps him.

His face is a stereotypical handsome man, and handsome he is.

And don't get me started on his body. Jealousy consumes me when I'm around my friends.

Then, there's his current girlfriend, Talia.

Her long mahogany hair reaches her waist, her slim, perfect waist, and her tanned skin is flawless.

Not a blemish in sight. She has a cute face with lovely brown eyes, which one could get lost in.

I've had many dreams about them, with me in the middle, of course. Yet, the two of them make me sick when I'm around them. All cutesy and flirty. Like right now, he's standing behind her, kissing her neck, and she's letting out soft moans of pleasure. I wish it were me making her moan like that.

“Please, can we just get this test of courage started before they fuck in front of us?” Callie asks. A raucous laughter escapes us all at the comment.

“You watch too much anime,” Talia jibes back.

Out of all of my friends, though, Callie is my favourite.

She's always there for me when I need her.

Her reddish-brown hair falls in waves down her back so perfectly.

We kissed once. It just cemented we were only going to be friends, but we can laugh at that now.

Her boyfriend, Bentley, doesn't find it as funny as we do.

On the eve of Halloween, my friends thought it would be fun to complete a test of courage by walking the Sea Witches Forest to find the one who grants a wish. Witches aren't real. And all I can think is, what on earth do these four even need to wish for?

They are all gorgeous and have started finding success in their careers.

I, on the other hand, found that life has not been so kind.

Following my university graduation, I couldn't land a job in my field.

My hair has started to recede and thin. My body is mostly slim, except for my torso, my belly protrudes out, making me need to wear t-shirts two sizes bigger than normal.

Where I should have pectoral muscles, I have the equivalent of man tits. A source of great insecurity.

Forced to listen to their sexual escapades often becomes my nightly fantasy to jack off to. It has been a long time since I saw any action.

So, if I get to wish for anything, I want the ability to find sex from wherever and whoever I want. And if it's a possibility, a body that fits this wish. This thought is the only thing that's going to get me through this terrifying walk.

“Does anyone actually know the way?” I ask the group.

“Don't be absurd! Rumour has it that the forest moves and only those who truly need the wish will make it to the Sea Witch's cabin!” Bentley responds in a mocking, scary tone, wiggling his fingers in my face.

It would be scarier if he weren't dressed so pompously.

Bentley is a model, and a popular one too.

His outfits are always so out there, extra-wide trouser legs and cropped jackets with some sort of sheer shirt underneath.

His dark complexion stands out from his brighter clothing choices.

Bentley has a closely shaved head with a platinum blonde dye job. It oddly suits him.

They laugh, walking ahead of me, grumbling about how stupid my reaction was about knowing the direction to go. I catch up to them and position myself near Tim. This is a bad habit of mine. I know he isn't good to pine over, but I can't help it. So, when possible, I like to just be in his space.

Tim turns to face me before he says, “It's just a bit of Halloween fun! Relax!”

He knows that I have a thing for him, and so he often teases me with his partners. This time, he does it by hoisting Talia up to his waist and whispering in her ear as he winks at me.

Tim really can be a dick. But he is one of my oldest friends and always kept me around.

I'm probably his 'UFF' (Ugly Fat Friend) so that he looks even more stunning, not that he needs it.

If only I had the guts to expose how he often had me suck him off in university when the women didn't want him.

He should work on that personality of his.

Stretching my jeans down as I feel myself getting hard at these memories, I decide to just get this over with.

I proceed to walk across the boundary into the forest.

Ignoring all the warning signs.

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The surrounding air suddenly dropped in temperature.

A coincidence, right? Looking at my friends, they appear not to notice the change.

A low layer of mist covers the ground, making it hard to see where to place my feet as we walk.

I can't hear a sound other than our group's footsteps.

Surely, animals should be making noise. This isn't normal, and my heartbeat quickens.

I take a few deep breaths to calm my nerves and continue to place one foot in front of the other.

Snap.

Snap.

Hearing the sound of branches cracking, I turn to face my friends to see them laughing quietly. Tim is standing there holding small branches, with a smirk on his face.

“HAHA, I totally got you! Ass!”

Great, he has brought back the terrible nickname from high school, thanks Mum and Dad for a name with ‘ass’ in it, what did they think was going to happen?

“You wish!”

Dick. He did get me, not that I would let them know this.

As we venture further into the woods, the light of the modern world is left behind.

Luckily, with it being autumn, the trees have no leaves - it is odd though, they shouldn't be this bare.

Light from the full moon shines bright, and it illuminates the pathway.

I take it back, it's not lucky; all it's doing is adding to the uneasy atmosphere.

Before me, the pathway feels like it's stretching into the horizon. Trees curve, bend, and twist towards us like the forest was expecting guests. Further and further, we walk as the mist starts to rise from the ground, our bodies being enveloped the deeper we go.

“I don't like this,” Talia whimpers.

“I'm here, babe, nothing to worry about,” Tim says, pulling her close.

I find myself rolling my eyes over her reaction to the strangeness occurring.

There's a bit of fog in the forest, what's the big deal?

Although it is getting harder to see where we're going.

Hearing my friends nearby is the only way I have of knowing we're all still together.

Fuck it. I pull out my phone and turn the light on, shining it around in hopes it might

break through the fog. Trying to find out where they are.

“Tim? Talia?” I ask.

“We’re here!” Tim replies.

“Bentley? Callie?”

“Here!” They respond in unison.

I suggest we pick up the pace and find somewhere to stop and gather our senses.

I expected to face some jeers and resistance, but as the girls are seemingly starting to get a little freaked out, we agree.

It takes some time, but we manage to find a small clearing that has no fog.

A small circle clearing surrounded by blackened trees that look burnt and dead.

Not ominous at all. I keep this thought to myself, though.

“I don’t like this idea anymore,” Callie complains.

Bentley just kisses her to help calm her down.

“I agree! This was a stupid idea!” Talia moans.

“It was your idea, Talia!” I argue back.

“Back off, man! She’s scared!” Tim says, squaring up to me.

Holding my hands up, I back off, muttering to myself in a low, annoyed tone.

Gazing off through the woods that surround us, I spot a dark figure in the distance that's standing there, observing us.

Footsteps quietly approach behind me, and I'm so transfixed by the figure that when the hand lands on my shoulder, I jump out of my skin.

Physically jumping into the air. My heart begins to race at a mile a second.

It starts to calm when I'm faced with Bentley staring at me, his shaved head and trimmed beard suit his cut jawline.

He has a bulkier muscular build, and his arms are covered in tattoos.

Always the knight in shining armour. When Tim takes things too far with his jokes, Bentley is always there for me.

"Everything okay?" he asks sweetly.

God, what I would do to have him take me to bed as well.

"Just a little spooked. Can you see that thing over there?" I say, gesturing towards the creepy figure just staring at us.

In the peripherals of my vision, I see him nod.

We lock eyes, and his gorgeous emeralds glint with worry toward me.

This was a bad idea coming here. We group back up, and Bentley explains what we've seen, and this freaks the girls out more.

Just as we decide to leave, we realise that we have no clue which way we came. Shit.

“Kaaassssiiiiusssss,” I hear my name being whispered inside my head. How the fuck is there a voice in my head?

Turning around on the spot, I look for the source of the voice. Fear starts to form on my face, causing unrest in the group. That confirms it. The voice is definitely in my head.

“Kaaassssiiiiusssss.”

Snapping my head around the clearing, I check that it's not my friends pulling a prank, but am met with vacant expressions and looks of concern.

Maybe they weren't the ones saying my name.

Then, who did? Circling the tree line, I look for someone else.

Someone who would enjoy scaring people on the verge of it being Halloween.

“Kassius. What's wrong?” Callie asks with a tremble in her voice.

Hearing my name being said, I snap my head to her.

“Dude, what the fuck is going on?” Tim snaps.

“Kaaassssiiiiusssss.”

“Kaaassssiiiiusssss.”

“You guys can't hear that?” I ask.

“Hear what? You’re freaking us out man!” Bentley chimes in.

Crack.

Snap.

Crack.

A high-pitched scream echoes through the forest. In the blink of an eye, we all run.

Faster. Run faster. Dammit Kassius, why did you let yourself go!

Fucking run to safety. I can hear myself panting as I continue to make ground from where we were.

Hitting a wall of dense mist, my feet catch something, and I start to tumble.

Rolling and rolling from the momentum of my run, I come to a stop as my body hits something rigid.

Relief momentarily hits when my hand feels the tree trunk behind me.

Pushing myself up, my hand cuts itself on something sharp.

I wince from the flash of pain, and blood begins to flow, the sticky liquid drops from my hand.

I freeze when I see what caused the gash.

A snapped bone. It looks like a human one, too.

“Find me, Kassius. I’ll give you everything you desire and more.”

Instinct takes over my body as I begin to walk in the direction the voice is leading me.

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My vision blurs, like the mist itself has taken over my eyesight.

As the voice in my head continues to talk to me, trying to get to the deepest secrets I hold.

Trudging through the woods on autopilot, I'm not fully in control of my faculties.

The uneasiness that had built throughout this night is starting to ebb the longer I find myself in this state.

“Kassius. Let me give you all you desire. What you deserve.”

How is this gentle voice in my head providing a sense of calm and panic all at once?

“Even now, your friends do not care where you are. I wonder what they are doing?”

Deep in my soul, I know that at some point, the person in charge of the voice will be before me.

I'm partly excited, partly terrified. Especially, as I still can't control my own body.

As I think about the prospect of my friends not looking for me, my vision clears from the fog-like haze.

All I can see are blackened trees. The grass is wilted and bleached, dying.

In fact, looking at the forest more clearly, the entire place looks like it is dying.

“Tim!”

“Callie!”

“Bentley!”

“Talía!”

“Where are you guys?”

Frustration sets in when I get no replies, as I’m continually shouting to try and find them.

The silence melts away into moans and groans in the distance that urge me to continue my search.

It could be one of my friends, so I pick up the pace and start running towards the sound and ignoring the pain my body is in.

Blood is still flowing from my hand; the burning sensation is the only bit of heat my body can register.

Approaching the grunting sounds, it starts to register how familiar they are. No one is hurt. Far from it, in fact.

Slowing my pace, I peer around a tree to see the familiar plump buttocks that Tim has. His personality, while lacking, is made up for by his wonderful body. His moans and grunts as I see his hips move back and forth have my length hardening.

“Get closer.”

Repositioning myself, I find Talia on her knees, her mouth wrapped around his cock. Tim holds her head as he fucks her face. Of course, he was always a selfish lover. Her hand is under her raised skirt as she fingers herself. I know he's close to coming, as his moans now resemble more of a grunt.

“Swallow it all, you slut,” he yells.

All I can think is she deserves better than him, while also being jealous of her having him. Once again, I'm feeling like I'm back in high school.

“That could be you. Pleasuring the other. Or being the one pleased, all you have to do is find me, Kassius.”

My hand reaches to my constrained cock, the only thing I'm happy about on my body.

Shaking my head at the thoughts racing through my head right now, no, this is not the time for playing with myself.

I need to find Bentley and Callie; they wouldn't be this ridiculous, surely.

Walking away, I'm a mixture of horny and annoyed.

What I would give to be in the middle of those two, but also can't believe that with everything going on, that's where Tim's mind went.

Again, he isn't the best person. But boy, it's worth it.

Before I make a rash decision to relieve my pent-up sexual desires, I try to focus on the fact that I need to know if Bentley and Callie are safe. My memory flashes back to the bone that cut my hand. It was definitely human, so whose was it? Who did it?

Or what did it?

I'm deeply lost in this forest; I should be scared, but something tells me everything will be fine.

Unsure whether it's from the voice only I seem to hear or instinct, I return to the senseless wandering.

I find my gaze drifting to the stars through the leafless trees.

I aim to locate the North Star to give me a sense of direction.

It should be visible. Everywhere I look for it, though, it's not there.

A deep chill settles across my body. I wish I had warmer clothes on.

Navigating the labyrinthian forest, I find myself thinking back to the sight of Talia and Tim.

Hearing his moans brought out a longing deep within me to be wanted by him.

There was a time I hoped he wanted me, but I was just a means to an end.

Used. I liked that, though. Although, just once I wished he would've returned the favour.

I need to know what his mouth feels like around my cock. He knows it too.

"Find me and I can make that desire a reality. You can have whatever it is you desiree."

Finding yourself with a seductive voice in your head willing you to find them would normally be extremely unnerving, but not her voice.

It's soft and distant, reaching out to connect.

I know it's dangerous and downright idiotic.

Yet, the need to find this person, the sea witch, most likely at that, is too strong to resist. And so, I decide to let my body move toward where she wants me to go.

What do I have to lose? My very basic and unfulfilled life? That's not a big deal.

Letting her take control again, the earlier glaze over my eyes returns.

Walking among her trees, I find myself noticing the beauty hidden within, small purple flowers litter the roots of the trees to contrast with their blackened trunks.

She returns my ability to see as I spot luminescent dots of green that create a trail for me to follow.

I'm so deep into the woods now that finding my original way in was likely impossible at this time of day.

My only light comes from the moon, stars, and now fireflies.

Dancing flies that light up the sky, they're a beautiful creature that never gets enough respect.

Weaving around their lightened pathway, I find myself drawn to more noises in the distance. Picking up my pace to find the source.

Rounding a set of thicker tree trunks, my other friends are revealed to me. Naked. And fucking. Callie is bouncing up and down, Bentley has his hands on her perky breasts as they both moan in unison.

“Get closer. They cannot see or hear you.”

Doing as instructed, I get up close and watch as my friends pant and moan into the night sky.

Callie moves one hand down to rub herself in circular motions as she slows her movement on his cock.

She stops and licks her finger, which causes a feral groan from Bentley as he now maneuvers himself on top and begins to thrust in and out of her with ferocity.

My cock now hard again, constrained by its denim prison, is begging for release.

As I move my hand to open my jeans, I find myself unable to.

“Not yet. Hold on, Kass. It will be worth it.”

Readjusting myself, I watch as Bentley pulls out and shoots his hot sticky seed over Callie.

She tells him to lick it off, and he does without hesitation as they now proceed to make out, passing his load with it.

Leaning back against the tree, I breathe as I try and force my horniness to die down.

Taking a glance down, I can see a large wet patch from my leaking member waiting for his turn to be played with.

“Whoever you are. Let me find you!” I say out loud and in my head.

“You are almost ready.”

Feeling like I’m being toyed with, I stop staring at my friends who now appear hazy and continue deeper into the woods. Towards the salty sea air.

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Blood pumping through my veins, I'm finding myself getting a little aggravated by the games the witch is seemingly playing with me.

Hearing her soft giggle just adds fuel to the fire.

She's taunting me. And I like it. What is wrong with me?

Is it bad that I'm drawn to a voice, a presence, possibly a figment of my imagination?

Probably. But will it stop me from finding out? Absolutely not.

Thinking back to the earlier encounters with my friends, I can't help but wonder if they were real or not.

Surely, they wouldn't be so neglectful of the fear we all felt.

I can't have been the only one looking for everyone.

Right? The more I thought about it, the more I felt it was indeed a trick. A reminder of what I came for.

To seek a wish from the witch.

At least, that's what they joked to me it was. Waves of sadness and loneliness take over, although I was never actually sad about my inability to be in a relationship. Enjoying all genders should have meant I would find some action, even if it was from sources that maybe weren't always the safest.

But how long has it been since I had actual sex?

Passionate, full of fire and desire sex.

Maybe a few years. This revelation forms a large pit in my stomach.

I know that my life took a change from my plans, and my body didn't help.

But surely, I wasn't that undesirable? I'm a nice guy, caring, passionate, and would worship my partner, or partners, if it were a possibility.

And then, with the force of a freight train, I realise my problem.

Both. I want both. Not separately, together, happily as one couple.

Three of us. Ha! What a ridiculous thought!

No wonder nothing ever worked out. There's a part of me that has known the only way I could be happy would be for my desire to have two loves of my life.

"I guess I'd better get used to being alone," I say to no one.

My internal revelation somewhat eases a great sadness within myself, but creates a new one.

A desire. A desire that I can never have.

Taking in a large breath, looking toward the void of the sky and its twinkling lights mocking me, I release my built-up frustration and scream.

Holding onto my forceful belt, I feel my throat sting, forcing me to stop.

Salt hits the back of my throat, carried from the wind, causing me to cough from the shock.

It's not the first time today that salty air has presented itself to me.

Shooting pain in my head, likely from my earlier tumble, snaps me back to the present, reminding me that we live nowhere near the sea, so this can't be possible.

New surroundings cause more internal panic.

The trees have thinned out, and large, pointed onyx-coloured rocks litter a large grass-filled area.

“Are you done wallowing in self-pity?”

“What do you want from me? Why are you tormenting me?” I say, hoping she hears.

An uneasy silence fills the air around me.

“I want to save you from your self - sabotage and free you to have everything you desire.”

“Everything?” I ask hopefully.

“Everything, darlin’. You have suffered long enough. Once you find me, desiring sex will no longer be an issue. I will make you so much more. You will look so much more.”

I can't believe I have been sucked into this again.

A fantasy of a witch somehow fixing all my problems. This feels like the plot of a TV

show, one in which I would be screaming at the television that he's making a stupid mistake.

Now, I want to make that mistake. Not only do I want it.

I need it. I need to find a way for my life to get better.

This seems like the quickest way to do it.

“You're finally ready! Quickly now! Find me!”

With a new sense of belief in whatever strange events have led me to this moment, I head toward where my heart is being pulled.

Snap.

“Kassius.”

Snap.

I registered the voice a moment too late.

Two large glowing emeralds stare me down.

White fur reveals itself atop one of the larger stones that were behind me.

An earth-shattering growl came from its mouth as saliva dripped from the sharp, pointed teeth.

A wolf. But like none I've ever seen before.

As it leans its head to the sky, looking at the moon, it releases a howl that causes me to still.

“RUN!”

The panic-laden voice in my head brings my focus back to what’s happening.

Standing before me is a terrifyingly large wolf with brilliantly white fur.

Sharp talons scrape along the stone, causing my inner ear to bleed from the noise.

As I see it lower its front, I realise it’s about to attack.

Turning on myself, I run as fast as I can.

My heavy feet thump against the ground as I try to keep my marginal lead from the pursuing wolf.

I wish I were in better shape. Sharp stinging pains circulate in my lungs from this sudden act of extreme exercise...

for me. A bitter, almost metallic taste builds in my mouth, letting me know that I’m definitely pushing myself too hard.

I can’t believe it, even in my state of exhaustion and being overweight, I manage to escape the pursuing wolf.

Spinning on the spot, I breathe a slight sigh of relief knowing that my safety is confirmed as I stand still.

That was mistake number one. A growl echoes from behind.

Turning, I come face to face with the leaping animal, whose teeth are snarling with vicious intent.

It crashes into me and pins me to the floor, lowering its body to prevent me from moving.

With snapping motions, it tries to bite at me, but I move my head just enough to avoid any damage.

Then, I catch the eyes of the beast attacking me.

Brilliant and vibrant shades of green that almost look human.

Losing myself in them for a moment tells me I'm not actually in danger.

The wolf, which I now know is a male because I can feel its...

You get the picture. He looks at me, the snarls and growls stop before nuzzling into my neck.

Slowly, he drags his nose up my neck and around my face, sniffing me intensely.

The moist nose leaves a trail over me. Disgusting .

Just as I thought I was safe – mistake number two.

I freeze as the wolf bites into my shoulder.

I let out a scream of pain as the teeth retracted from my skin, leaving puncture wounds.

I hear its howl up close and personal. Something about it reverberates through my body and soul.

Using this to my advantage, I scramble from underneath the wolf, struggling to get to my feet while accidentally kicking the wolf in the face.

Mistake number three. I run in a random direction.

My final mistake in getting away. The landscape looks very similar, and I'm unable to retrace my steps.

Picking a route I run for my life, applying pressure to the bite mark.

Instinctively, I head to the trees, hoping it will lead back to my friends.

Until I trip over a large tree root, my body contorts and flips as I tumble down a hill.

THUD!

Agonising pain. Every part of my body stings and aches from the running and the fall.

A low growl emanates from the top of the hill, causing me to fall over.

A grotesque snarl leaves its body before scampering off.

Letting out a sigh of relief, I can't help but let out a chuckle of victory for escaping, even if it was an accident.

Gingerly, I get to my feet, inspecting my body to look for any signs of broken bones or wounds of any kind.

I got lucky. Just a few scrapes along my arms and legs.

A throbbing sensation burns at the back of my head, and I wince when I place my hand there.

That's going to hurt more tomorrow. I also check to see if the bite mark is clean.

Great, I'll need a tetanus shot, and there's nothing I hate more than needles.

Shuffling forward, the nerve endings of my body are screaming at me to stop, but if I do that, I feel like the wolf will find its way back to finish what it started.

Which right now feels like a mercy. Time is ticking, and the voice in my head hasn't been this absent all night.

It has me a little on edge; the lack of taunting and judgment of my choices is oddly missed.

Maybe that's because it was a conversation to keep me distracted from the strange and creepy events of the night so far.

Why now? Why is she hiding from me? All night she has wanted me to find her, and now nothing. What a bitch.

I just want this night over now. I'm fed up, tired, and sore.

So much for believing in the possibility of this witch's ability to grant my wish for my desires that I hold dear.

I knew it was too good to be true. Just as these thoughts begin to run wild, the scent of salty air becomes overwhelming, and I know I'm close to finding the person whose

voice has been tormenting me all night.

If I continue, I just may find what I'm looking for.

But first.

GULP.

It seems I've come across a decision I must make.

Behind me is the snarling wolf, but up ahead lies only a swaying rope bridge with wooden slats that look older than time itself.

No choice though, going back would put me in the path of the wolf, and I would still be hideous.

Hesitantly, I place my foot on the first slat.

SNAP.

It breaks instantly, and my foot falls through.

Grabbing the ropes tightly to prevent myself from falling through, my heart is racing with adrenaline.

How stupid can I be to attempt to cross this bridge?

And that's when I hear the howling of the wolf again.

Nope. No. I'm definitely not facing that beast again.

Putting my life in the hands of fate, I walk as fast as I can across.

Several planks of wood snap beneath my feet, but I'm moving so quickly that it fails to stop me.

When I reach the end, the ropes of the bridge break and fall.

"Well, that was close!" I say to myself.

Peering over the edge, my stomach churns. The fall would have killed me. Across the gorge, I see the large wolf staring in my direction.

"Better luck next time, mutt!" I tease.

Probably not a wise idea, but fuck it. Salty sea stench fills my nostrils almost to a burning sensation, and the sound of crashing waves rings in my ears.

This still shouldn't be possible; the nearest beach is hours away.

Making my way toward the sound, everything opens to grasslands, and there's a stairwell down to a beach.

Thin and steep stone steps spiral down to the sand below.

Reaching the bottom, I see it, the thing that has been drawing me in.

A dilapidated shack is humming with an orange and yellow glow and provides a sense of warmth in the darkness.

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The flickering of orange and yellow provides the warmth that I need right now.

Inching my way closer, I find myself calming down whilst simultaneously feeling cold.

Whatever is generating the light must be warm.

At least that's what I tell myself as I get to the threshold of the door.

Inside, I can hear movements and dishes clanging. Who would choose to live here?

"Are you going to just stand out there or come inside?"

That voice, it's familiar, yet not quite.

"Come on. I have waited long enough, Kassius."

It clicks. It's the voice from inside my head.

The witch. She's real. This time her voice was audible and muffled by the building.

Inhaling a quick deep breath, I enter the shack.

A blast of heat from the fire instantly begins to soothe the ache of my shaking bones.

I didn't realise how cold I was. The room smelled of burning sage mixed with herbs and spices from the food she was cooking.

A jolt passes through me out of fear when she places a blanket over my shoulders, while also causing me to wince from the bite mark.

“You’ll catch your death like that. Humans. Never look after themselves,” she mutters to herself as she walks to the pot of food.

Slowly stepping further in, my gaze looks around the shack.

It’s nothing special and rather underwhelming for an ‘all-powerful witch’.

There’s a reason we stereotype witches; all around this building are fauna, jars of animals, and animal parts.

I let out a soft chuckle. Turning toward her, I notice that I wasn’t paying attention to her, as she stands there staring at me.

Golden locks that reach the floor, her slim figure only accentuates her large breasts.

She catches me staring and provides me with a wicked smile.

Now, I spot her ocean blue eyes that almost sparkle.

Maybe they are. She gestures for me to sit down at the table opposite her.

“Sit. Eat. Then, we’ll talk.”

Doing as I’m told, I pull the chair out and sit.

She pours soup into a bowl. It smells divine, my mouth begins to water as the scents of the spices float up through my nose.

There's a freshly made loaf of bread with rosemary and thyme.

Now that is the nicest smell that I've ever experienced.

Crusty on the outside and fluffy on the inside.

A perfect piece of bread. And it tastes incredible!

Everything complements each other perfectly.

Sitting in awkward silence as we eat, I catch her looking at me.

It makes my heart flutter. How long has it been?

"Five years, if your memory is correct."

Coughing on my mouthful of food, I reach for a drink to help distract me.

"Sorry. That was rude. I haven't had company in a while myself, Kassius," she says.

"No... Err... It's fine," I lie.

"It is not," she replies.

Well, at least she agrees.

"Um... So... What do I call you?" I ask her with a hint of fear.

"Do not be afraid. If I wanted you to be harmed, I would have done so already. As for my name, I have had several over the years: Agnus, Morgaine, Tituba, La Bruja del Mar, Krake, and many more. But I always enjoyed my time as Catherine. So, call me

that,” Catherine says wistfully, clearly thinking about her time as these people.

“Okay. Catherine. Why me?”

Silence fills the air for some time as she ponders the question.

“Because you desire something I can help with,” she offers.

I desire something. Yes, we came here as a group over the silly story of the witch granting wishes, but was it a desire?

In my heart, I know the answer. Has my life really been that bad?

Flicking her fingers and hands in strange motions, she clears the table and brings crystals, a bowl, and some other objects.

“This will only work if you are honest with yourself,” Catherine says in a soft voice.

Her beauty is captivating, and it makes me sad to see her trapped here. Honest with myself.

I want to be handsome.

I want sex.

I want lots of it.

But that isn't exactly it.

“I want the power to make it happen. To be the one everyone desires!”

“Doesn’t it feel better, being honest with yourself?” she says, taking my hands.

“Yes, it does,”

“I must warn you, what I can do for you will give you that power and make you a master of desire. But it will come with consequences. Dire consequences,” Catherine’s voice became cold and stern.

“Do it,” I say, needing all my internal desires to be made a reality. Regardless of the consequences.

“It’s a two-stage ritual, but I will make you into something desirable and a master of desire. The first of its kind. A male Siren.”

I gasp in shock. A male siren. History and myths never mention sirens as male, always a female in the tales, and now I get to be the first. If memory serves, they use song to draw men to their doom.

All tales would explain how dangerous they could be.

This is it; I can finally have control, power, and sex.

“Make no mistake, Kassius. This is a curse above all else, but it will grant your desires. You must be sure, as the witching hour approaches, this spell will alter everything about your looks and give you some abilities to harness desire. But you must listen out for the call, if you fail to keep up with the call... Terrible things will happen.” Her voice echoes around the room.

Nodding, I let her know that I’m willing to continue.

She starts to gather ingredients and sticks them into her bowl.

She mutters some words and phrases in a language I don't recognise.

The bowl levitates and smokes. I hope that is a good sign.

It slowly drops back to the table. Wincing as she cuts her palm and drops her blood, which is black as the sky, into the bowl.

It doesn't take a genius to figure out what is next.

“You must freely offer your blood to the ceremonial oils.”

Taking the gilded gold knife, she wipes it clean and hands it to me.

Gripping the blade tightly, I can feel the pressure of my skin breaking.

Swiping in a quick movement, I cut my palm as she did.

Hot sticky crimson begins to pool in my hand.

Raising it over the 'oils' as she called it, I let several drops enter the colour-changing liquid.

Catherine takes my hand, wrapping it in a tight bandage.

When her skin hits mine, electricity sparks in my hand.

It's like I was always supposed to be here.

In this moment, on this day, with the witch.

Becoming the first male siren. Always unique, that's what I tell myself.

She closes her eyes and swirls her hand over the container.

Again, using a language I don't know. But my focus shifts to the soft features of her face, a button nose highlighting her lips.

I notice the sprinkle of freckles on her cheeks, supple cheeks that I want in my hands to plant a kiss on.

Her lip lifts on the right side. She knows exactly what I'm thinking.

Amazed by her ability to captivate me and continue her spell, my eyes wander.

Catherine is standing up now. My pulse quickens as my eyes drift down to her breasts, which move with her body, and down to her slim waist. A big puff of smoke forces me to stand out of panic.

"It's ready. Step one is complete. The ocean approves of you," she offers with a big smile.

Gulp.

"What is step two?" I ask nervously.

She reaches around her neck, and suddenly her thin black nightdress falls to the ground. Staring at this completely gorgeous naked woman, I find myself stirring in my pants. Fuck. I'm so horny right now from the sight of her slender figure and perky breasts.

"Don't leave a girl waiting, undress." Her low, seductive voice travels to me.

Panic sets in as she walks toward me. Naked. I haven't been naked in front of

someone in a long time.

“I... err...” is all I can muster.

She smiles as she stops in front of me. Releasing a slow exhale, I lift my t-shirt off, revealing my protruding stomach and flat chest. Feeling self-conscious, I move my arms to cover myself up. Pulling me close, she places her breasts against my chest. Her body is so warm.

“If we are going to make you a siren, you must get naked for the next part. You have nothing to be ashamed of,” she says sweetly before reaching my ear. “And from what I can feel, you definitely have nothing to be concerned about.”

Blushing, I take a step backwards and take off my shoes and reach down to my belt.

Unbuckling the belt, I unbutton my jeans, pushing them down, revealing my tight-fitting boxers that are doing nothing to hide my erection.

Her eyes look at me not with pity or shame but lust. I expected her to be repulsed by my form as I often am.

Her hands trail down my upper body and stop at the waistband of my underwear. Giving her a nod, she pulls them down and lets out a small gasp. I did mention I was proud of my cock. Taking my hand, she leads me across the room to where her bed is before going to get the bowl off the table.

“Next, we need to rub the oils I have consecrated by the power of the sea all over our bodies.” She tells me softly. “You must rub them over me first.”

Shakily, I take the sponge, and she hands it to me as nerves take over.

Dipping it in the oils, clear and with a strange scent, I slowly rub the sponge over her arms, slow and soft.

She turns as I massage the oils into her back before she faces me once more.

Squeezing the sponge to release the liquid over her chest, I drop the sponge and begin to move my hands all over her body.

Rubbing it into her shoulders, neck, and face.

I stop as my hands reach her breasts, I apply a little pressure as I squeeze and rub them in a circular motion.

She lets out a deep moan as I make my way down her body, kissing and dragging my lips across her skin.

She continues to make low, passionate noises with each pass of my hands.

I finally drop to my knees, caressing oils around her stomach and plump ass.

It may be cliché, but I'm an ass man. Holding each cheek in a hand, I squeeze while kissing any piece of skin I can.

She extends one leg out, and I add the oil to her skin.

I move my hands up her legs, dragging my nose along her, taking in this gorgeous being's scent. I repeat the step with the other leg.

When my face reaches her entrance, I gently kiss her clit as I let out a soft breath. She shivers from this. Standing up, I let out slow breaths as my excitement reaches heights I've never experienced before.

Now, she begins the same washing ritual.

First, with my arms. Then my back and ass.

I let out a soft squeal as she squeezes it.

When she massages my torso, I expect to be self-conscious, but she's so captivating, and her touch sends shivers through my body that I can't help but enjoy it.

She smiles when she realises, I'm enjoying it, she washes my legs but leaves my length until last. Wrapping a hand around and stroking me before she returns to my face.

“Now, to complete the ritual. You must fuck me and in the moment of climax say my name and the power will surge into you.”

I get to sleep with this beautiful woman to get all my desires. Fuck. This alone would have done.

Placing my hands on her face, I pull her in for a passionate kiss.

Our tongues explore each other's mouths.

Hoisting her up by her ass, she wraps her legs around my waist, and I lie her down on the bed.

Caressing my hand down against her soft skin, lowering it between her legs.

I slide two fingers in and rub with my thumb.

She gasps in ecstasy. I kiss her neck and move to her breasts.

Placing my mouth around one of her nipples and biting, forcing her to gasp in joy.

I remove my fingers and place them in my mouth before kissing my way down between her legs and placing my tongue inside her.

I've never tasted a person who felt like pure lust. I can't stop myself from tasting her, but she pulls me up and rolls herself on top of me.

Nibbling my neck, she wraps her hand around my hard length that's struggling not to explode.

As she strokes me long and slow, my breathing becomes loud and heavy at her touch.

She moves down my body, I lock eyes with her, and she gives me a wicked smile before taking my cock into her mouth.

Her tongue explores my hard head, forcing me to groan in pleasure.

It's been too long since I got to enjoy the feelings of someone playing with my cock.

The pace quickens, and I begin panting even faster.

I can't wait anymore. I need to be inside her.

Lifting her off me, I begin to passionately kiss her as I return to being on top, hovering at her entrance.

"Fuck me, Kassius. Fuck me now!" she says loudly.

Not waiting anymore, I thrust deep inside her, as she screams with ecstasy. I lean my head to hers, taking a small breath before I start to move in and out of her. The pace

quickness with every heartbeat, our moans entwined in harmony.

“Harder, please fuck me harder,” she says breathlessly.

I thrust deep and powerfully, grunting with each thrust. I’m getting close. She arches her back as she lets out a feral sound, and I feel myself being coated in her cum. Her inner walls clenching and squeezing me send me over the edge.

“I’m gonna come,” I moan.

“Inside me! I want to feel it inside me!”

Releasing my seed inside her, she arches once again as I scream her name.

“CATHERINE!”

Before I collapse on top of her. Breathing heavily, my eyes start to close.

“Remember, listen to the call. There are consequences, but now you will have everything you’ll ever want.”

My vision darkens, and I pass out.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:15 pm

Struggling to open my eyes, I blink frantically to force myself awake. When did I get home? My memory is a little hazy; all that I can remember is heading to the woods with my friends to find the witch behind the stories that keep the little children away.

Getting out of bed, I realise I'm naked.

This is not the way I tend to sleep, so I'm a little bewildered as I stumble toward the bathroom.

Turning on the shower, I find myself waiting for the room to steam up before stepping inside.

Hot water runs over my body. The sensation of the water hitting my skin forces a relaxing sigh to escape.

Tonight, the Halloween party is taking place, and once again, I'll be flying solo.

Having to put up with all my coupled friends and all the hot acquaintances that I have no chance of getting with.

I feel myself stirring. Soaping up my body, I notice that everything is not as it should be.

Using my hands to explore myself, pectorals, and abs.

I have abs! And that really desirable V-cut toward the pelvis that highlights where men like you to look.

When I place my hand on that region, relief flows through me.

At least this part of me remains the same.

I go to put my hands on my head and I feel long locks of hair.

I have hair again! What the fuck happened last night?

Looking at this newly sculpted body, I see the bite mark from the wolf is still there.

What a shame, this new body deserves no blemishes.

Knock. Knock.

“Kassius, can I come in?”

Wait, who is the woman knocking at my bathroom door?

“Err... sure,” I say, puzzled.

Wiping the steam off the shower window, I see the most stunning woman standing in just her bra and panties. Black lace. My favourite type.

“So, this morning wasn’t enough?” she teases as her eyes lower.

“You can always join me, you know, to help?” I flirt back. Or at least try to.

I slept with this woman. I bet it was incredible; it’s just a shame that my memory of the event doesn’t seem to be there.

She grabs her black dress and slides back into it, as she puts in her large golden loop

earrings.

Her long, raven black hair falls just onto her breasts, which I can tell are perky and bouncy.

“I’d love to, but I’m late for work and this gal is trying to get promoted,” she says, winking.

“Another time?”

“Maybe. Who knows, hot stuff. I gotta jet, enjoy your party tonight!” She says, walking out of the bathroom, and I hear the door to my flat close.

I didn’t even get her name, and I’m fine with that.

For too long, nobody wanted to be with me in any form, so I’m going to take what I can get.

Now that I have this amazing body, my face looks handsome, and locks of amazing hair that I haven’t experienced since being a young teen, I need a new costume.

I want to show off the body that my wish has seemingly granted.

Looking at the time, I have a few hours before meeting up with Callie for lunch to confirm the party arrangements.

Looking in my wardrobe, I realise that most of my clothing won’t exactly show my body off to its full potential.

I make a mental note to buy some new clothes as well today.

Finding a pair of jeans and a t-shirt that basically fit was not too bad, all things considered.

They just came across as a baggy fit, which isn't my style, so that'll have to be fixed.

I turn to Google to find inspiration for a costume that could be thrown together at the last moment.

All are sexy versions of popular characters, but that still didn't feel enough to show off my body.

A costume that would make a statement. That would turn heads as I walked around.

As if the internet knew what I needed, an advert appeared for a sports store, and I knew exactly what I was going to wear.

Arriving at a small coffee shop that serves some basic food, I spot Callie looking frustrated.

That's likely because I'm running late. She'll understand when I explain everything.

Surely, my appearance should explain that; I hope.

Of all my friends, Callie is the one who understands what I've gone through growing up, she knows me the best after all.

She knows about my absent father, large family of siblings, so is it that strange to want to be desired, all things considered?

Approaching her table, she offers a look that is a mixture of 'who are you?' and 'this seat is taken' .

I pull out the chair, and it scrapes so loudly that many heads turn to face me.

“Sorry, hun, that seat is taken,” Callie says with disgust.

“Yes, you saved it for me.” Now, it truly hits me that my looks must be so drastically different.

“Do you not recognise me, Callie?” I tease.

She looks deep into my eyes, and the moment when the realisation hits, her hazel eyes dilate with shock.

“Kassius? Is that really you?” She whispers quizzically.

“Yes.”

“What the fuck happened? You vanished last night and now this!” She says, gesturing to my new form.

I recount the tale of being separated from the group last night and how the witch had been in my head all night.

The awkward part was explaining how I saw both couples getting it on.

She denied it vehemently, explaining they spent hours searching for me.

It turned out, according to Callie, that I was there one moment and gone the next, and they tried everything but ultimately decided I must have left.

I can't help but think I was manipulated into taking this 'curse' as the witch called it?

It didn't matter. I slept with the witch, and I assume that random woman this morning in my bed.

I keep explaining what happened that night, being chased by the wolf, the ritual, and the sex.

The amazing sex. Waking up next to someone random who also implied a great night.

My only problem with that one is I can't remember her or anything after the witch.

Choosing to leave the becoming a 'siren' out of the conversation and talking about my costume.

Listen for the call. I wish I knew what she meant by this. Call to what? For what?

"Earth to Kass!" Callie says, waving her hands in front of my face.

I must have zoned out.

"Sorry. What were we talking about?"

"How are we going to find you a costume?" She states.

"Well, it has to show off this body," I say, standing up and lifting my shirt to reveal my new hard abs and the 'v' towards my pelvis.

Callie gets a look in her eyes that I've never seen from her.

Lust? I assume that's what is taking over.

Before I make a terrible decision and ruin a friendship, I take her hand, and we head

to find me a last-minute costume.

There are some relationships that, if I ruined with poor choices, wouldn't bother me.

But not Callie's. She's my ride or die friend.

Bentley is probably furious she's out with me again; he was always jealous of how close we are, although he does try to hide it.

I have heard Tim make comments about it to try and cause a scene, but Bentley always keeps cool.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:15 pm

Getting ready to leave the house, I decide to take a final look at myself in my costume.

Well, if we can call it that. I have on just a pair of red short shorts that are fairly tight, which highlights all my new thigh muscles and essentially reveals everything.

It also comes with a tank top that has a red cross in the centre.

A lifeguard – a classic muscular man's costume.

Callie thought I needed to really show everything off.

And honestly, I'm glad we did. The other choice was a pair of Speedos and to dress as a member of the Olympic diving team.

I may have this gorgeous new body, but it doesn't mean my confidence is fully there yet.

I'm about to set off to the party when my head begins to feel fuzzy and pain drills into my skull.

The rest of my body begins to tingle. This can't be good.

Is this the call I was warned about? Ocean sounds flood my mind, and suddenly I know what I must do.

I leave my apartment, and I happen to lock eyes with my stunning neighbour, Lexie.

Her long blonde hair is pulled into a tight ponytail as she wears the stereotypical sexy nurse outfits that all hot women opt to wear.

“Hey, Lexie. Looking stunning as always,” I say, flashing a wide smile.

She looks me up and down, “Kassius. Wow... you look... absolutely incredible.”

Licking my lips, I move towards her. I have wanted to sleep with her ever since she moved in.

No, it’s more than that, I desire to be with her.

With that thought being focused on, I start to talk to her.

My voice comes out warm and silken, explaining how I’ve always wanted her to notice me. Sending the impulse of want to her.

“I want you, Lexie. Now,” I whisper with every syllable of this desire; it feels like a wave of my innermost thoughts is being projected.

She walks closer to me, and I place my hands on her waist. Reminding her of the beauty she possesses, along with my need for her now, seems to widen her eyes with lust. We begin to kiss passionately, I push my tongue into her mouth, and she does the same.

They meet in a sensual dance, caressing, exploring, and tasting each other.

Heated breaths exchanging between us amplify my desire to have this woman.

I move to her neck and begin to nibble and kiss her hard.

“I can feel all of you. I need you inside me. Now,” she pants loudly as she expresses this.

Wasting no time, I hoist her up against the corridor wall, and she wraps her legs around me.

With one arm, I lower my shorts and slide her on top of my hard length.

Letting out a loud moan, I cover her mouth not to alert the rest of the residents.

Thrusting hard and deep, she exclaims her muffled ecstasy.

Never before have I felt such joy, sex in the open.

With my hot neighbour, no less. The fizzling sensation in my body begins to ebb as I approach orgasm.

Needing the extra grip, I hook my arms under hers, holding onto her shoulders.

I hoist her up and down as fast as I can before I lose all control.

After completion, I place her back onto her feet, she wobbles a little.

“Lexie. That was incredible,” I say, catching my breath.

“Yes, it was.” Is all she can muster as she slumps against the wall.

Kissing her on the cheek while I pull my shorts back up, I head off to the party at Tim’s.

A large smile forms on my face as I make my way toward the building’s exit.

It feels strange to say this, but somehow, I feel more desirable.

More beautiful. More... just more. There's no way something bad can happen from all of this.

I know there was a warning from the witch, but so far, all I can see is something good finally happening.

If I ignore the earlier fuzzy sensations.

Getting to the party required a lengthy taxi ride.

Tim's family is filthy rich, and they have let him use the family's country home to host a large party.

He can be a total ass at times but being my oldest friend and the fact that his parties are always legendary, is why I'm here.

Watching the face of the driver, his eyes widen as he approaches the gates.

Without needing to speak on the intercom, the gates start to open, and he slowly drives up the pale sandstone path.

Elegantly cut trees line the pathway up to the large ornate building.

There's a large circular fountain with a naked man and woman made of marble in a standing embrace.

No wonder Tim is always a horny bitch. Exiting the car, I can feel the bass of the music in the ground.

Entering the sea of bodies, the elevation of the music hits like a wall of noise.

Flashing disco lights illuminate the various rooms of the lower floor.

Walking further inside, I spot his usual rope with a sign to stop people from going upstairs.

Normally, I'd sneak up there and hide in his room, especially when the rejections would hit me.

Tonight, however, I won't be hiding but rather enjoying everything I can get out of tonight.

Grabbing a shot from the welcome table, I swallow the small amount of spirit that has the burning taste of aniseed, sambuca, my favourite.

I proceed to locate the room that has all the drinks to choose from, because if I'm going to enjoy myself, I need a small amount of Dutch courage.

There are a lot of faces watching me pour my vodka and Coke.

Leering eyes and some lips being licked as they stare at my physique.

Deciding to entertain, I pour a little vodka down my torso, soaking my tank top.

"Oops, I made a mess. Someone want to clean me up?" I ask the room.

A few try to make it to me before a young man dressed as a character from a popular superhero franchise is on his knees before me.

His hands caress my thighs as I feel his face against my shorts.

He slowly reaches his hands up my body as he starts to stand up again – he raises my tank top, dragging his tongue over my upper body, through the grooves of my abs and pecs.

Electricity surges through my being from this experience.

His eyes look at mine with the same hunger as Lexie earlier, I kiss him softly before smacking his ass.

“Maybe later, hot stuff. I have a few friends to find first.” I whisper in his ear.

Smiling to myself at how easy it seems to get people to want me now, just as promised, I begin my search for Tim, Talia, Callie, and Bentley.

They’re all excited to see this new version of me after a message Callie sent from the changing rooms. It was rather exhilarating having Callie in there taking pictures to send to my friends.

We couldn’t help but giggle when the staff manager figured out, we were both in there and kicked us out.

This party feels bigger than normal. There’s a chill room where the music is lower, a room with a dance floor and a DJ, a room full of drinks, and even a room for a fortune-teller or a mystic.

Making a mental note to check that out a little later, I continue my search.

Normally, I’d say fortune-telling is a load of rubbish, but after meeting a witch who has made me gorgeous and able to get what I desire, it has me thinking maybe some of the mystical arts are real, too.

Navigating the large rooms, I find the room where my friends are waiting.

Talia is dressed in a skintight suit with cat ears.

Bentley is dressed as a creepy clown, like a creepy clown.

I hate clowns. Callie is dressed as a zombie cheerleader; the short skirt is very revealing.

Then, there's Tim. He's dressed as a Roman royal, in a toga, revealing half his toned chest and his legs.

"Well, guys, what do you think?" I ask.

"Fucking hot!" Callie and Talia say in unison.

Their partners look at them, but the exchange of looks tells them silently that they aren't wrong.

"I cannot believe it was real," Bentley tells the room.

"It's impressive, I guess, for not putting in the work." Tim jibes at my new body.

Even now, he can't help but try to put me down.

I swear he was kind as a child, but something caused this change.

As much as I would like to pull him up on it, now isn't the time.

We take a group photo with various poses.

Tim placed his arms behind his head and arches his spine to puff out his chest. Talia gives him the side eye as the rest of us stifle some laughs.

Right now, I'm here to drink and have as much fun as possible. It's already started off great.

“Well, what are we waiting for? Let's go and party!” Tim exclaims.

Wasting no time, we all exit our meeting room and head into the large room hosting the music. A grand entrance is to be expected; we're announced as we enter the room by the DJ, and the room goes wild. They must be drunk because there's no way that it really happened.

Dancing, or what I pass for dancing, has me feeling ecstatic because I would never normally let myself loose like this.

As the bodies start to move closer, my desire to be touched takes over.

Building up the need for attention, I focus my mind before releasing a heavy, seductive sigh.

I feel the wave of silky desire pass to the people around me.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:15 pm

At first, I thought it didn't work, but I feel two hands from behind caressing my back before sliding around.

The two pairs of hands rip my tank clean off.

One hand rests on a pectoral muscle with a slight squeeze, the other has stopped above the waistband of my shorts.

The other person is lightly breathing on the nape of my neck and kissing gently.

Letting out slow, breathy moans, a woman dressed as a witch approaches me.

She kisses me, gripping tightly to my upper arms, steadying herself.

The two people's hands move around my body, touching and grabbing all the right places.

Trying to return the favour, I first caress the witch's breasts as she leans in for a kiss. She tries to move my hand lower, but that makes me not want her. Turning around, I find the superhero from before is back. I kiss him intensely, and the woman walks off as the guy and I explore each other.

"Let's find somewhere quieter," I whisper into his ear, and his whole body quivers against mine.

Leaving the room, we enter a corridor, and he has my back against the wall as he proceeds to kiss my neck and work his way down.

I'm so hard right now, and in front of me is a man who wants to suck me.

I feel his breath on my waistline. It's about to happen when I see Tim and Talia fighting further down the corridor.

Fucks sake. He's awful when he's like this. I need to intervene.

Pulling my suitor up, I whisper, "Sorry. I really want this, but I have to sort someone out."

Kissing his forehead, I send him on his way. Walking towards my arguing friends, I'm ready to calm them down as it looks heated.

"... even bother for so long?" I hear Talia say as I approach, missing the start of the question she asks.

She storms off as soon as I arrive. Tim looks uncharacteristically sad. These two fight often, and they act normal afterward. Yet, this feels a little different. Somehow, it feels final from his expression.

"Tim? Everything okay?" I ask, knowing the answer.

"Does it look FUCKING OKAY?" He spits.

Holding my hands up in defense, "Sorry."

He slumps to the floor, and I sit next to him. Leaning his head onto my shoulder, I'm reminded of a friend from my youth. His softer and sweeter side. Once upon a time, I probably could have fallen for him.

"Want to go somewhere quieter to talk?" I ask him.

Nodding his head, he stands, and I follow him through his grand house. We find our way to the stairwell, and we climb the large stairs and make our way to his room. Sitting on the edge of his bed, I pat his thigh reassuringly.

“What happened?”

“You did,” he replies.

“Me? What did I do?” I say, bewilderedly.

“You had to change. The girls haven’t stopped talking all day about how good you look. Then tonight... Everyone has been fawning over you, and I hate it.” He tells me.

That hurt. Of course, he doesn’t like this as it makes him no longer the centre of attention. I’ve had enough of being his punching bag. Standing up, I proceed to walk toward the door. He grabs my hand, and I turn back. My body is getting that fuzzy sensation again.

“Wait... That’s not how I meant it to come out!” He says, raising his voice and standing closer to me, leaving me no space to leave.

I can smell him. The scent that always makes me weak for him. Sandalwood and Myrrh. This is dangerous.

“I mean... I liked you as you were. You didn’t need to change, and I know that’s largely my fault. I haven’t been very nice, but that’s because...” He trails off.

“Because?”

“Talia and I would fight because she knows everything that happened between us.

Today it just exploded because I think I got jealous of everyone wanting you and that you didn't want me anymore." Tim says this in a low voice.

He's closer than he ever has been with me, and our foreheads touch. Is he trying to say he likes me? Surely not! There are plenty of times things could have evolved. Why now? He kisses me, and I step backward in shock. Tim's eyes are streaming with tears.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I thought..." Tim says cutting himself off.

The pain in my head is reaching fever pitch, and now this.

This morning, the pain went away once I had sex.

For so long, I have wanted him to want me; now he does, and I haven't even put that desire out into the world.

Deciding to take a risk, I pull him by the hips to me and kiss him back.

God, he's a great kisser. Our hands explore each other's bodies.

"Can I?" I ask him.

Nodding in agreement, I unfasten his costume, and it falls to the ground, revealing his hard cock. It's average in length, but I take it into my hand and begin to move my hand in an up-and-down motion. I drop to my knees and take it in my mouth entirely.

"Fuckkk! Kassius, I forgot how good you were at this!" Tim moans.

I continue to make him feel good until I notice him swelling in my mouth. I stop and stand up, and pull him close so that his load shoots between us. Then, he does

something I didn't expect, wiping some of his semen onto his fingers before licking it off.

"You know, I used to want to taste yours and would pretend mine was yours," he says breathlessly.

"You could try it now," I say, expecting nothing.

Suddenly, he's down on his knees, and I feel the release of my throbbing member. He takes me in his mouth, and finally, Tim is giving me a blow job. Something I wanted since we were teens. Now, the desire is taking over, and I feel the silky flow of my needs escape accidentally.

"I need more!" I growl.

Telling me yes, he leans into his drawer and gets out some lube.

"Be gentle," he tells me.

Getting myself ready, he lies on the bed, and I position myself between his legs, and I slowly enter him. The pressure of me entering him sent ripples of ecstasy through us both, and I don't move as I savour his expression.

"Kass, just fuck me already!" Tim exclaims.

Taking his instruction, I begin to move with slow, deep thrusts before I pick up the pace.

Watching him squirm with lust as he shouts my name just makes me move faster.

My cock begins to swell, and I know what's about to happen, so I pull out and move

to his mouth as I reach orgasm and shoot the biggest load over his face and into his mouth.

“You have no idea how long I wanted that,” I say, panting breathlessly next to him.

He turns to me. A look on his face I can't read, and then we both just stare at the ceiling for a while. That's when Talia walks into the room.

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When Talia entered the room, I expected their fight to start up all over again. She just stands there smiling. Not a smile of an emotion I can place. We both sit up and scramble to find our costumes and dress ourselves.

“Finally! Get it out of your system, then, hun?” Talia says with a slight twitch in her mouth.

“Sure did, babe,” Tim responds, walking over to her and kissing her.

What the fuck is going on here?

My mind begins to whirl with the events from earlier. The moment I had hoped for many years happened, and yet, I feel used. It felt so genuine. I don't understand. Why am I just thinking this? Why am I not saying it out loud?

“What the fuck, Tim?” I shout.

“Look, don't be mad. You got what you wanted, and I got what I wanted. Don't act like you haven't wanted to get lucky all night,” Tim drawls out.

“That is not remotely the same thing! What about the fight?”

“We did fight, but it was over whether I could sleep with you before anyone else tonight,” he chuckles.

“I just want my man to be happy, and this is what will make him happy,” Talia adds.

Consumed by rage, I walk over to him and punch him in the face so hard he falls to the floor.

Talia kneels next to him and caresses his face.

Walking out of the bedroom, I slam the door behind me.

Seeing red, I barge through the crowds of people and find myself taking several shots of vodka to try to calm down.

It isn't helping, and all the people surrounding me are beginning to get on my nerves.

I decide it's time to go check out the mystic who was hired for the event. Deep down, I find mysticism to be largely ridiculous and not real. I especially don't trust the ones you book appointments for, as they can easily search on the internet to find everything they need to 'read you' as it were.

Letting out a large sigh, I pass through the threshold into the room that is dimly lit by candles.

There's an overpowering scent of burning sage and incense, so much so that I begin to cough.

In the centre of the room is a circular table with a crystal ball confined by drapes of cerise coloured sheer fabric.

Already shaking my head as this is exactly what I had expected to find here, another cliché.

What a letdown. Old habits die hard, as I find myself looking down out of nervousness or anxiety, and there, I spot intricate salt lines that connect around the

table.

Tim's mum is going to be furious if that isn't cleaned up.

Hesitantly, I step over the salt lines and instantly feel like a truck has hit me.

My head is screaming in pain. Uncontrollable shakes seize my being, my breath becomes shaky, as my eyes begin to flutter open and close remarkably fast. Barreling towards the seat in front, I collapse and fall to my hands and knees.

Choking on a dark, slick fluid that is forcing its way out of my body, feet appear within my vision, scraping away the salt line near me.

Once the line was broken, I instantly felt better, no longer coughing up liquid, and all the other effects seemed to have vanished as well.

“My dear child. What have you gotten yourself into?” An old croaky voice says as I lift myself off the ground.

Weakly standing, I find myself staring at a short, frail-looking old woman.

She pulls me toward the seat I tried to make it to.

Watching her slowly shuffle towards her side of the table, she sits silently.

I notice she has a hood made from the same fabric that drapes around us.

She takes it off, revealing her unkempt grey hair that looks so brittle that touching it would turn it into dust. Her eyes look dead, grey irises that are burning holes into my soul.

Well, if you believe that sort of thing.

“Thank you fo...”

Her demeanour changes when she sits; it’s like she can see something about me is different. “Child! You dare bring your unearthly abomination into my presence!” She spits with venom.

“I didn’t mean to,” I respond a little meekly.

“What you meant to do is irrelevant. Tell me, who are you?” She asks.

Rubbing my hands on my thighs from nerves, I look down to gather my strength to face this woman.

“I’m Kassius.”

“Hmmm. And what are you, Kassius?” She quizzes.

“I’m just a man,” I answer.

“DO NOT LIE TO ME!” She screams, standing up and placing her hands on the table.

All around me, the ground begins to quake.

Objects start falling over, and a large gust of wind blows all the candles out.

Terror builds, and the hairs on my body stand to attention.

The woman before was small and frail, now, she looks tall and strong with her

imposing will.

Pressure eases around me as she sits back down, replacing the crystal ball with a tall, thick black candle.

She mutters something barely audible to my ears, and suddenly the candle lights with a tall green flame.

“There. That’s better, now I see the real you.” She says, smiling.

Pulling out my phone, using it like a mirror, I see that I have returned to the overweight, balding version of myself.

“What have you done!?” I yell back.

“A spell of revelation, I will only speak to the real you, and once you leave this room, everything will return to how you expect to see yourself.” She explains. “Now, tell me what happened to you.”

Reluctantly, I tell the tale of the night in the woods with my friends.

Hearing the voices, being chased by an unnaturally big wolf, and meeting Catherine the Sea Witch.

Her face crinkles to keep her composure, but I can tell she wants to cut me off.

Rage flickers across her eyes when I get to the part about the ritual.

She cuts me off, “Tell me you didn’t!”

I simply do not answer her.

“You stupid child! You have no idea what you have done. Please tell me you have not acted with your newfound gifts.” She emphasises the word gift, implying it to be negative.

“Well...”

“You have no idea what you have done. Catherine, as you call her, is a deceptive bitch. She made you a siren, yes, but she linked her life to yours. That pain you feel is her feeding on your life force, which you take back by sleeping with others. You linked their life to yours, and when you...” She trails off, and I instinctively realise something is wrong.

“What’s wrong? Why did you stop?” I ask frantically.

The mystic gets up and starts looking for something and talking to herself in the process. Something about her movements has me concerned. A realisation hit her as she was talking, but I cannot figure out what. I need her to tell me.

“What’s going on?” I ask, a little more agitated now.

“TELL ME WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING!” I’m out of my mind, trying to piece together things from context.

Snapping her head back toward me, there’s a look of anguish upon her face.

All I can gather is just how serious this is.

I watch as she finds a vial and scoops up some of the liquid I coughed up earlier.

Seeing this take place, I find the pain in my head that normally leads to me seeking someone comes back in.

Gripping my head from the pain, I vaguely spot her blowing out the candle she used for the spell that made me see my old self.

“Kassius, focus. The pain isn’t real. It’s to remind you of what you are now, look in the mirror.” She says, pulling my hands away.

Seeing my reflection show the devilishly handsome face I woke with today helps calm me down. I sense the haze of power within me and pull on it, forcing the pain to stop. Deep breaths fall from my body, lifting the weight of the pain previously felt.

“I need you to listen carefully. The Sea Witch has cursed you, boy. Cursed with the Call. I can’t help you, but I know someone who can. Seek Clay in the Necropolis in Scotland. He will know how to break the curse.” She explains, handing me the vial firmly.

Still feeling a little confused, I take the vial and decide to return to the party.

When I exit the barrier on the floor, even though it was broken earlier, I can tell I’m no longer within its magical spell.

Free from the power it contained, I pull on that link to desire to feel and strengthen myself after the initial shock earlier.

When I stop pulling on the invisible thread, an ear-piercing scream rings through the house. .

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:15 pm

Terrified shrieks cut through the music of the party, causing it to halt almost instantly.

Flashing lights no longer match the eerily silent estate.

Loud and heavy crying comes from the direction of the stairwell.

Making my way quickly to the sound of distress, I see Talia on her knees, wailing and shaking a body.

Inching closer, my stomach almost falls out of my body.

Tim.

Tim's body.

She's shaking Tim's body.

This can't really be happening; it's just a prank he's playing like every Halloween. Right? Rushing to Talia's side, she jumps into my arms, crying more than I've ever seen from her. Her makeup is normally more precious to her than showing any emotions.

"Talia, what happened?" I ask carefully.

"He... he..." She stutters, trying to catch her breath.

Trying to help calm her down, I rub my hand in circles between her shoulder blades.

I read once that this was a calming technique.

More people start to notice, and gasps of horror escape their mouths.

Some screams came from the more intoxicated women present.

Bentley and Callie make their way over. I shake my head to Bentley subtly to let him know that he's gone.

I spot him taking out his phone and assume he's calling for assistance.

Trying once more to get Talia to open up when I feel like she has calmed down enough.

“He was fine after you left. We chatted and he told me that it was cruel what we did to you and that he wanted to apologise. I told him that he was being ridiculous...” Talia says in a low voice that only I could hear.

Ridiculous. How was he being ridiculous for actually caring about my feelings? If she hadn't just witnessed her boyfriend die, I'd rip into her. Realising I'm missing all the information, I snap back to her rambling.

“I tried to catch up and apologise, but the next thing I knew, he was clutching his chest, making strange noises, and fell down the stairs.” Telling me this part set her off all over again.

There's a pull on my shoulder, turning, I see the mystic.

She's mouthing something to me, but amidst all the chaos, I find myself unable to

move.

Or perhaps, a refusal to move. Callie peels Talia from me and takes her away from Tim's body and the gawking faces; I wish I were no longer being stared at.

Again, the mystic pulls my shoulder, and this time, doesn't stay still.

Her grip is now tight on my bicep, as she drags me back to where we came from.

"Loosen up. You're hurting me," I say, wincing from the nails digging into my skin.

"Hush, boy! Not here," she admonishes me.

Something about her tone told me not to argue back.

I kept quiet until we made it back to the room she was holed up in for the party.

She pushes me through the door, slamming it behind us.

I didn't get a chance to react before she slapped me hard on my right cheek.

A throbbing pulse builds into my surely reddening cheek.

"What the hell was that for?"

"You killed that boy!" She snaps.

"No, I fucking didn't!" I spit back with venom.

"Your unnatural aura was all over him. You slept with him. Linked him to you..."

“How does that lead to his death?” I cut her off.

“The moment you crossed my barrier, boy, when you felt like you were dying. You pulled on his life force to keep this facade you wear.”

This revelation hits me like a ton of bricks.

I can recall the moment when I pulled on my desire to sustain me.

Feeling the terrible ringing in my head, the blurry vision, all for it to ebb as I pulled on the allure of desire.

It was like pulling on smoke, not physically able to grasp it, but could be guided.

Remembering all this, I begin to stagger about.

“No, no, no, no. This can’t be happening. He wasn’t always nice, but he didn’t deserve this,” I mutter to myself as the swelling sensation of tears builds behind my eyes.

Another set of memories from today unveils itself to me. Lexie. The girl in my apartment.

“I slept with two others today. That I know of. What about them?” I ask, knowing the answer.

“Dead too, most likely. You haven’t grasped how not to pull all the energy,” she responds mournfully.

Running my hands through my long locks, I pull on them with frustration.

Catherine warned of dire consequences, but she failed to adhere to the call; she didn't mention anything about this.

There was no mention of pulling on people's life force!

Fuck. I'm a murderer. All because I needed to be desired.

To be wanted. Pacing about, I realize that I need to fix this, to do something. I can't have this happen again.

"Stop spiraling, Kassius. All curses can be broken. Now, you need to leave and find Clay. Tell him Jacinta sent you, and he'll help," the woman I know now to be called Jacinta tells me.

"Tim's funeral. I have to be here for it," I argue.

"And you can be. He died under strange circumstances. There will be an autopsy before any funeral can take place," she continues.

Jacinta might be old in appearance, but her command of the room is unlike anything I've seen before.

Once again, she's pulling me by the arm, through the building, and away from the mass gathering near Tim.

She keeps reminding me to find Clay, whoever that is, as we navigate the hallways and out through the back door.

Pushing me toward a car that's almost as old as she is, she says, "Get in."

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:15 pm

It's uncharacteristically cold here for early November, and standing on an open-air train platform just isn't a vibe.

I still can't believe that old hag Jacinta has me on a train up to Scotland after she gave me a lift home from the disaster that was the party last night.

The fact that I'm a killer fleeing the scene of the crime doesn't sit well with my stomach.

All attempts to eat this morning have led to retching and almost vomiting.

Won't be doing that for some time now. Guilt is eating my insides, leaving my friends to deal with the death of Tim.

Oh, and because I **KILLED HIM**. Light-headedness takes over as I stumble backward on the platform.

"You okay there?" A feminine voice asks, holding me upright.

"Yeah. Just a bad few days, I guess," I respond, slowly steadying myself.

Fighting my urges to find sexual partners to abate the pain in my skull from the call of the curse has led to all the bad things now happening.

My vision clears, and I find myself looking at a petite woman.

Her shoulder-length blonde hair is waving in the wind, making her seem magical.

That's when I see them. Her piercing blue eyes are like the ocean personified.

I gaze into them, forgetting everything that seems to be troubling me.

Wisps of sound circle within my head like the sound of rolling waves towards the beach.

Hearing this sedates everything in my mind that has been a wreck thanks to Jacinta.

"Sorry, I'm staring, but you are so beautiful," I say quietly.

All my insides stop churning, the pain in my head begins to dissipate as the sound of the water takes over, calming my inner self down. It's like seeing this person before me has solved all my problems at once. Her cheeks redden with the softest of smiles.

"Why... er... thanks," her voice is full of embarrassment.

"Sorry. I didn't think! I just sort of lost control of my brain and the next thing I knew..." I begin to word vomit a way out of this awkwardness.

"It's okay! It actually made my week. It's been pretty awful," she cuts in.

We both just stand there giggling like a bunch of school children over something trivial. Personally, it's something I needed. With everything that's happening right now, a little light distraction is a good thing. Right? She helps me over to some empty seats.

"I'm Kassius, by the way," offering her a smile with my introduction.

"Nice to meet you, Kassius. I'm Morgan," she replies, tucking a loose strand of hair behind her right ear.

Morgan asks if I would be okay now, as she's going to grab some last-minute snacks from one of the stores at the station, claiming a long journey ahead. How sweet of her to check if I'd be fine before leaving. Her trip can't be as bad as five hours to Glasgow.

Screeching to a halt, the train finally arrives and looks relatively empty.

Thank God for an early service because I don't think I could have dealt with a busy train.

Seems pointless to have booked a seat now.

Finding my way to carriage B, I board the train, and the blast of heat is the most amazing feeling after standing out in the cold.

Navigating through the aisle, I look for seat thirty-four.

Jackpot! It's a window and table seat! It's no exaggeration that having a table and a window seat for a long train ride is exactly what is needed.

Somewhere to lean up against to sleep and something to put my laptop on for films or TV shows to speed the journey along.

Pulling out my tablet computer, I placed it on the table and decided to browse social media.

It's full of tributes to Tim, as to be expected.

I'm a terrible person. Leaving them behind to deal with an autopsy of our close friend, followed by the planning of the soon-to-follow funeral.

Christ, I really am a terrible person. I know this because right now, I'm glad to not be involved.

The thought of death and dying terrifies me, so being away from those conversations comforts me greatly.

A soft judder of motion happens as the train begins to depart the station.

Looking out the window, I wonder where Morgan was heading.

The train is speeding up as things begin to blur with the motion.

My only thoughts now are of the attractive woman I just met, something about her was entirely different than everyone else.

Is this that feeling, you know, when in films people have the 'meet-cute' and are destined to end up together?

This feels that way. Well, it's going to be impossible, seeing as all I know is her name and what she looks like.

Then again, I also didn't think witches were real, and now I'm seeking to break their curse on me.

The train ride was long and exhausting. Stepping onto the platform and finally able to stretch more, I release a huge sigh of relief. Out of the corner of my eyes, I see a flash of gold, like when the sun hits blonde hair. It couldn't be. Could it?

Dashing toward where I saw it, my stomach sinks when I realise it must have been a trick of the light.

What's wrong with me? I don't know this woman, but all my instincts want me to find her again.

But that can't happen. Not yet, at least. I can't risk killing another, especially someone as kind as her.

All that matters is finding this Clay and learning how to break my curse.

If it's actually possible. After all, I'm trusting the words of that old hag.

She must have known I was thinking badly of her.

My phone rings.

"What do you want?" I say, skipping pleasantries.

"Did your mother not teach you manners, young man?"

"Again, what do you want, Jacinta?"

She huffs down the phone, "I want to know you made it to Glasgow?"

"I'm here," I say abruptly.

There's an awkward silence between us as I walk out of the station.

"Clay is waiting."

I didn't get a chance to reply as someone rudely walks through me, knocking my phone out of my hand.

“Hey! Watch it dickhead!”

The man turns around and I freeze to the spot.

He has shaggy, bright white hair. But that’s not the most notable thing.

His eyes. Brilliantly green. Closer to emeralds.

Flashes in my memory, and I return to that night and that wolf.

It’s like time has stopped as we stare into each other’s eyes.

No, each other’s souls. Only this time, I’m not afraid but intrigued.

Walking toward him, knowing I have the power to protect myself if needed, this time.

He’s dressed so normally for his striking features, a grey sweatshirt and matching bottoms. My eyes wander lower.

I gulp. Then, he does something completely unexpected.

He steps into my personal space and leans to the side of my head, and takes a long sniff.

I’ve watched and read enough to know this is someone scenting me.

I’m not going to lie; it turned me on. Watching him step back, he picks up my phone before handing it to me, and then he offers a devilish smile.

I’m shook. Unable to process the interaction, I lose the mystery man in the crowd of people I had forgotten about.

There's a strange pull on my heart, telling me to find him as well. What the fuck! Two mystery people, causing my heart to want like never before. Snapping back to reality, I use my phone to request an Uber to take me to the catacombs. It's time to meet this, Clay.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:15 pm

A riving outside the location of the Scottish Necropolis and catacombs, I can't help but admire the grandeur of the outside in comparison to the way you enter the ones in Paris. Entering the Necropolis, I walk along the cobble-stoned road to head to where I believe Clay will be.

Why do we have a morbid fascination with the dead?

It would be so easy to get lost here, especially as darkness has taken over from the day.

The pathways twist and turn until I find the place I'm looking for, a curved outer entrance with blacked-out window panes on two large doors, and windows on either side.

Time has been kind to the entrance, and it only seems to have gone from a white brick to a yellowed colour.

As I approach, I feel a strange sensation emanating from the building.

Similar to the power in the room, Jacinta once used.

Jesus Christ, please, not another witch.

Someone exits the doorway and startles at my presence.

"You scared me!" The woman says.

“Apologies, I got lost...” I trail off. “I missed opening hours, didn’t I?”

“You sure did, sweetie.”

“Well, I was actually here to see someone called Clay,”

“Another one. He’ll be out shortly; he can deal with you. I never saw you,” she prattles.

Someone needs to get laid, I think to myself.

Then my mind begins to dwell on what she says, ‘another one’ .

Clay has seen other people today. I shouldn’t be surprised by the fact that I was sent up here to get him to sort me out.

Why is it that when you are waiting for someone, time hits a complete standstill?

Regretting all my choices that have led to this moment, I fail to hear the exasperated sigh from the person behind me.

“Who sent you?” The voice says.

“Jacinta,” I reply plainly.

“Follow me.”

Turning, I see a man in a jumpsuit and a baseball cap. If this is Clay, he’s far younger than I expected to see. There’s no way he’s older than eighteen. Suspiciously, I follow the young man out of the grand cemetery to a building nearby. He scans a fob, and we enter.

“Sorry, we have to climb three flights of stairs.”

Oh, for fuck’s sake. What building doesn’t have elevators with more than two floors? I exaggerate my annoyance when walking up the stairs. Stopping outside apartment 333, he roots around in a small bag. It should not be this difficult to enter your own home.

“Dammit. I left my keys inside again.”

“So, how are we getting in?” I ask, getting more annoyed.

“Like this.” He turns to face me and smirks. A moment later, he clicks his fingers.

“Push the door,” he tells me.

Wanting to get this whole meeting over with, I push past him and apply pressure to the door.

To my surprise, it swings open. Probably a cheap parlour trick.

Deciding not to wait for an invitation, I make my way inside this person’s home.

I expect to find clothes and used dishes everywhere.

Instead, I find what looks to be a home apothecary with jars of strange ingredients.

That strange humming noise in my brain gets louder the further I enter this home.

“I wouldn’t go any further if I were you,” he says commandingly.

The last time I was in a place like this, I crossed a barrier that tried to kill me and led

to the death of my friend.

Well, I know there's no one currently attached to my life as they all died.

It has been on the news all day, popping up in my news feed too.

So, I listen to the warning within his voice.

"You are Clay, right?" I ask, a little late to find out, really.

"The one and only," he replies with a mocking curtsy.

I hate him already.

"No offense, you look a little young to be helpful."

"You of all people should know. Looks can be deceiving." His voice is now in a low growl, and his eyes flicker from shades of gold, black, and grey.

This is definitely the man I'm looking for.

Standing there frozen, I watch as an aura builds around him.

He stretches his arms out, spreading his fingers wide to form a claw-like grip.

It's like he is pulling power from the room.

When his hands turn slowly, I can feel the power building, causing my body to tremble in fear.

And rightfully so, moments later, he pushes his arms away, and now we're in

complete darkness except for a purple candle.

The light it produces is a low orange glow.

I look around and all I can see is darkness except for the glow of that candle. Clay steps forward, and I gasp. Clay runs a single finger down the centre of his face, as he does this, one side of his face melts away, revealing just a skull.

“I told you looks are deceiving, Kassius.” His voice is a mixture of the young man and ethereal darkness combined.

Fuckkk. He knows who I am.

“Who are you?” I ask shakily.

“I’m sure you know that already. But that is not what you’re here for.”

Nodding in agreement with his statement, I build up the courage to ask for the help I seek.

“Is it possible to break my curse?”

“Humans. So naive. You knew the consequences would be dire and proceeded anyway. Catherine is one of the world’s greatest witches.

But with every spell, there are always ways out of them; you just have to know what to do.

And to know this, I need to know the nature of your intentions for accepting the curse.

” His eyes burn with flames of blue as he speaks.

Desire. Sex. To be wanted.

“I wanted to be desired, needed by both men and women. I have spent far too long being neglected, and this allowed me to be wanted.”

It felt so good to get it off my chest.

Silence fills the... wherever we are.

The flames in his eyes shift from blue to green.

Blue eyes. Green eyes. A pull on my heart reminds me of the two people I met today.

Morgan. And the white-haired man. Air escapes my lungs, and I struggle to breathe, forcing me to hunch over, gasping for oxygen.

All the pressure releases in an instant, and I find myself staring up at him. A demon-like grin forms on his face.

“I see you have realised one way to be free. There are two other cursed people you have crossed paths with. Being with them both will allow your desires to happen without the consequences. The easier option, however, is simple. Find Catherine and get her to unlink the part of the curse she needs from you,” he says boldly before breaking into a laughter that rivals all the evil villains you see on film.

Before I could confirm anything with him, he claps so forcefully that the candle goes out, and my eyes close. Slowly, I open them as the sounds of a busy street fill my ears.

How did I end up outside?

Did I just meet death?

Looking at my watch, I see the time is almost 10 PM.

How has so much time passed in what felt like a small conversation?

There's no way I can make it back home today.

I pull out my phone to find the closest place to stay.

It's a five-minute walk away. Pushing the encounter down within my mind, I head toward the hotel.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:15 pm

I knew it was too good to be true; my time in Scotland has been dry until now.

The heavens opened, and I found myself in a torrent of water.

Typical. Not to mention, I hate the feeling of wet clothing on my skin.

Deciding to run to the hotel was the best option, so I take another look at my directions and set off running.

Slipping and sliding along the way, I spend my run dodging the people who are just walking like it's nothing.

They live here, so they must be used to it, I guess.

There's the pull on my heart again.

Run.

Follow it.

My pace quickens now, one of them is nearby.

I have to find them, but I also need to get out of this rain.

Against my heart's desire, I make my way toward the hotel instead.

I arrive in no time. Placing my hand on the handle to enter the foyer, another hand

lands on top of mine. Soft, supple, and delicate.

“Sorry,” the quiet voice says. “I just need to get inside.”

Turning, I look to the stranger to find it is, in fact, Morgan.

“Why hello there. Fancy seeing you here,” I flirt.

Her cheeks flush with a bright shade of red, how adorable.

I should be concerned about how we’ve been pulled together again.

Whatever is at work here is freaking me out yet seeing her again masks the growing feeling of dread.

Opening the door, I gesture for her to enter first. I walk behind her toward the check-in desk and admire her.

The rain has stuck her dress to her body in all the right places.

My eyes draw to her perfectly plump ass and if I’m not mistaken, she’s wearing a black thong.

Look, I try to be a decent person, but Morgan is hot as fuck, and I can’t help the condition of her clothing.

“Hello. How may I help you both?” The receptionist asks.

“Oh... err... we aren’t...”

I step in as she fumbles over her words, clearly nervous from the insinuation.

“We would like two separate rooms, please,” I offer politely.

“I’m afraid, there’s only one room available. The king suite.” She offers a look of disappointment.

“She can have it; I’ll find somewhere else.” My heart pangs with pain, knowing I’d be leaving her again.

As I turn to leave, there’s a grip on my arm.

Morgan has reached out and stopped me. Pulling me to the side, she explains that the weather is awful out there and she can’t afford the room alone.

Surely, this can’t be happening, right? But it is happening, I help pay for the room, and we head up to the top floor in the most awkward elevator ride that probably exists.

When we reach our room, I use the keycard to gain entry to the room, once again letting her in first. The lights turn on as we enter the room, and we both gasp.

It’s a large room with a sofa, TV, and the biggest bed I’ve ever seen.

As she enters further, I can’t help but enjoy watching the astonishment on her face as she explores the place.

“Will you turn around while I undress? You shouldn’t have to see this.” Her voice is so sad, and it stabs me in the heart. I know that feeling well.

Slowly, I walk up behind her and place my hands on her upper arm and rub them reassuringly. This beautiful woman has captured my heart from the moment I saw her this morning. She deserves to know just how wonderful that is.

“You, Morgan, are beautiful and perfect,” I whisper in her ear; she shivers in response.

“You don’t even know me.”

“I know enough.”

I turn her around as tears stream down her face. My heart breaks as I wipe them away. My lust for her takes over, and I place my lips to her. She tenses at first, but then she kisses me back. To my surprise, she forces her tongue into my mouth. This woman will be my undoing.

“I’m not normally this bold,” she says, smiling.

“All I need to know is, do you want more?”

“Yes,” she pants out breathlessly as I kiss her neck.

Not wasting any time, I reposition myself behind her and I undo her dress and let it fall to the ground. I was right. Black thong indeed. It makes her ass cheeks more perky. I give her a small slap as I move to her front, taking her all in.

“You’re so fucking hot,” I growl as I pull her in for another kiss.

She pushes me back a little to help me get my top layers off.

Her eyes glisten as she traces my torso, gently running her finger down the middle.

When she reaches my waistline, I can hear her breathing heavier now as she undoes my trousers, and I help get them off.

It doesn't take long to be fully hard looking at her as she looks at my body.

I hoist her up, so she has to hook her legs around my body.

Placing her down on the bed, I undo her bra, revealing her breasts.

With one hand, I gently squeeze one as I bite on the other nipple.

Morgan lets out a moan of pleasure as I do this.

Dragging my tongue down her body, I reach the last remaining item of clothing.

I drag them down in a slow agonising motion with my teeth.

When she feels me against her, she lets out the cutest moan.

She's leaking juices already, and we haven't even gotten to the good part.

Not wanting to waste any of it, I begin to lick all of it up.

Pushing my tongue inside, one hand plays with her clit and the other steadies me.

.. She tastes incredible. I stop, and she whimpers from lack of contact.

Offering a wicked smile, I kiss her as I slide two fingers inside her warmth.

Her breath hitches as I move them in and out, as my thumb rubs that delicate spot most men forget.

“Kass...Kassius...” She struggles to get out.

I love how my name sounds from her lips. Not stopping what I'm doing, I just want to hear her in ecstasy. My boxers are acting as a prison for my hard cock, it's just waiting to be used.

"Fuck me," she says with a fire I've not seen before.

"Are you sure?"

"Kassius, please just fuck me!"

"Seeing as you asked nicely," I tease.

Removing my underwear and unleashing my throbbing cock, I hover at her entrance.

Gently, I rub the head of my shaft over her, she moans louder now.

Pushing all of my cock in with one fast motion, she arches her back and screams in ecstasy.

Teasing her now, I stay motionless inside her, feeling her tight pussy wanting more from me.

When she digs her nails into my shoulders, I know I have teased her enough.

Starting with long, slow thrusts, her face reddens, and it just turns me on more.

I pick up the pace. Rotating my pelvis against her when I stop to tease.

I feel her release when she moans my name in the sexiest sound I've ever heard.

I'm not ready for my orgasm yet. There's also the niggling feeling of what happens if

I do. She seizes control and is now on top. Watching her bounce up and down on my cock as my hands grip her breasts is almost enough for me to reach that ecstasy.

Knock knock.

“Fuck off!” I shout.

Knock knock.

Rage consumes me for the interruption. Morgan stops and gets off me as I stride to the door sporting my erection.

“What do you fucking wan...” I cut myself off when I see who is standing in the doorway.

A pair of emerald green eyes stares at me.

“I found you.” His low tone sends shivers down my body.

There’s no time to react as he pushes himself against me and starts to kiss me. I hear the door shut, but my focus is on the man who I can feel against my body. His hand wanders down and grips my length, and slowly begins to stroke it.

Who is this guy? Who does this? And why am I letting it happen?

Oh yeah. He’s also fucking hot.

When he parts from my lips, I find myself panting like Morgan earlier. Shit. What is she thinking right now? My mind is pulled away again as my male stranger has fallen to his knees and has started to take my cock in his mouth. His tongue teases the head of my cock when he stops for air.

The sound of a throat being cleared stops us both.

“Well, that is fucking hot to see. But am I being left out now?” Morgan teases.

She saunters over to help undress the new man in the room.

His body puts mine to shame, and mine was magically made.

He is fully erect, too, and it’s impressive.

Grabbing both our cocks she leads us toward the bed.

I push her onto it, spreading her legs and begin to use one hand on her pussy as I kneel before my green-eyed man and take him into my mouth.

“Kassius! I want the new guy to fuck me now!” She moans so loudly.

“Cai,” he says.

“Well, Cai, you heard her. Fuck her.”

He hesitates but leans forward and enters her. Cai pounds her at a rough and fast rhythm. I wank myself listening to them both moaning. Morgan has come for the second time tonight, but Cai pauses inside her.

“What’s wrong? Why did you stop?” I ask.

“I want you inside me, Kassius.”

Hearing him say my name nearly melts me to the spot. I wasn’t prepared to sleep with a man tonight, so I don’t have any lube. He instantly knows why I am hesitating.

“Check my trouser pockets,” he pants.

Inside I find some small sachets of lube, ripping the first packet, dropping it around his hole and teasing my finger into him.

He gasps from feeling my finger move around to relax him.

He demands for me to fuck him already. Lubing up my cock with one of the other packets, I slowly push the tip of my cock into him.

Hearing the initial grunt of pain before pleasure has me ready to give him everything he wants.

“Now, fuck me hard!” He yells.

I don't wait for him to ask again and I fuck him fast and hard.

As I do this to him, it forces him inside Morgan, who is also losing her mind.

He moans in more ecstasy than either of us has had all night from this one interaction.

Unsure of how long we have been having sex at this point, I feel the building pressure within myself.

Cai also shares a similar sentiment. We both pull out and lie on either side of Morgan as she finishes us both off, and ropes of cum fly all over us.

Exhaustion finally takes over, and we all pass out in a tangle of limbs.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:15 pm

I wake to the sound of running water in the bathroom. I see that neither Morgan nor Cai is still in bed. Walking to the bathroom, I knock on it gently. Morgan's voice calls out.

"Is it okay if I come in?" I ask.

"Sure," she replies.

Entering the room, steam floats all around, creating a fog-like atmosphere. It doesn't take long to realise that she's alone. I enter the shower and kiss her neck from behind. When she turns, it strikes me once again just how beautiful she is.

"Last night was..."

"Amazing!" She cuts me off with utter joy on her face.

We spend some time in the shower before we dry off.

Morgan explains that when she woke, Cai was gone, and our clothes were on the radiator to dry.

Thank God, that would have ruined everything if we had to wear wet clothes.

Exchanging contact details so we know that we won't lose touch this time, I express to her that I want to see where this can go between us.

She feels the same way, too. We talk about Cai and how we hope to share him once

again.

“Do you think we will see him again?” Morgan asks as we leave the hotel room.

“Something tells me that we will,” I say with confidence.

One day, I’ll tell her the reason for my trip up here.

Just not today. I want to enjoy the moment we had.

Right now, I need to be a decent friend and head home to be there for the ones I left behind.

Telling Morgan I came here to get away from the chaos of dealing with his death came easier than expected.

All of yesterday and this morning have been a great distraction, but that’s all it was, a distraction.

I need to deal with the fact that my friend has died, and so have some others.

Having to justify only being there for Talia and Tim’s family because I actually know them feels incredibly wrong.

Finally, I respond to the millions of texts from the group chat to say when I will arrive back.

This was met with various emotions from my friends.

Disembarking the train, I’m met by Talia.

Surprised that she's the one to meet me.

I open my arms to hug her, but instead, I'm met with searing pain as she slaps me so hard my jaw aches.

I deserve that. People stare at me after this, and I ignore them, pulling Talia into a hug.

Stroking her hair as she breaks down again.

"How could you just disappear?" She sobs.

"I just wasn't ready to deal with the fact... You know."

"Tim's dead. You can say it," she snaps at me.

I don't blame her for snapping. Regardless, we're friends, and I want to be there for her.

In any way that I can, after all, I'm the one who took him away.

Not that she knows that. Thankfully. We arrive back at the family house that Tim lived at, and I'm greeted by his father, who shakes my hand, and his mother, who hugs me and breaks down.

I can't do this.

This is too much.

"I know you and my son had a complicated history, but I'm glad you're here," his father says, holding his wife.

“What can I do to help?” I offer, hoping for a certain answer.

“Actually, there’s currently nothing we can do until the autopsy is over. But…”

Seeing his father trying to hold it together is incredibly difficult to watch.

“Anything. I’ll do anything.” I mean these words. It’s the least I can do.

Talia takes Tim’s mother inside, leaving me outside with just his father now.

He looks off into the distance, almost like he’s waiting for Tim to arrive and say it’s all a joke.

Honestly, it would be something Tim would do, but I know better.

This is the most I have spoken to the man in years, and I have no clue what to do.

Taking a chance, I place my hand on his shoulder.

He tries to stay strong, but tears fall anyway.

“On the day… Will…Will you carry him into the crematorium? I don’t think I will…” He starts to cry now and falls to his knees.

It’s not a weakness to cry, but this man has always been stoic to me. I idolised him once. Now, I see the real man, and I wish he had been more like this for Tim. Emotions were never his strong suit. Walking over, I kneel beside him and wrap my arms around him.

“Of course I’ll carry him.”

This might be the hardest thing I have to do, but I deserve it.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:15 pm

We've all been gathered at the house waiting for the arrival of the limos and the hearse.

As the procession cars make their approach, my stomach feels like it'll drop out of my body at any moment.

Deep down, a part of me hopes it was all a dream and that I will wake back up, fat and ugly. That isn't the case, though.

For the first time, I realise that maybe it was a lack of confidence that held me back. That night with Morgan and Cai, nothing was mentioned about our looks; we just wanted the other. There's a squeeze on my arm, and I look down to my left to see Morgan smiling at me.

"I'm glad you came," I say, placing my hand on hers.

"It's not weird me being here?" She asks, feeling a little uneasy.

"Maybe, but if I'm going to get through the day, I need someone." I want to add my feelings for her, but this isn't the time or the place.

She stands on her tiptoes, kissing my cheek, and whispers in my ear, "I care about you, too. I'm here for you today. Anything you need."

How did I get so lucky?

Granted, we only met a few days ago, but there's a strange connection that brought us

together. I don't respond verbally, instead, I kiss her on the lips as the cars pull up. The lead car comes to a stop, and every bit of sound dies.

A beautiful floral arrangement spells out 'Son' in front of the casket.

Someone needs to make everyone move. It's going to be me to do it, I can feel it.

Making myself feel tall and strong, I take the lead and head to the second limo.

The drive was slow and long. It's awful to think that, but I know that Tim would be annoyed at the speed.

He was a full-on personality; he lived in the moment and always wanted to keep moving forward.

This would piss him off. In a sick sort of way, I get satisfaction knowing this because, although we were close, he wasn't always the best to me.

Then I remember where I am, and the feeling of guilt and sorrow overwhelms me. Was I a terrible friend?

It's a wonderful service they held for him, so many people turned up to honour his memory.

The hardest part is when the coffin goes behind the curtain to commence the cremation.

After this, we are led to a small tombstone plaque that the parents had made, so there is something there for everyone else.

Is it bad that I can hear Tim enjoying the attention?

As we stand gathered around, I spot someone in the distance.

Bright white hair, I'd recognise that anywhere.

It was Cai. He's keeping his distance. I try my best to get his attention without being disrespectful, but Cai turns and walks away.

Honestly, now I'm pissed off. We spent a night together after he 'found me' and then he vanished without a trace.

Here he is again doing the exact same thing.

Focusing on the words being spoken by various members of Tim's family, the crowd of people is no longer crying but laughing at the stories.

This he would have wanted. To be the light of the party, creating laughter, and to have all the attention on him.

We don't gather here much longer before we leave to celebrate his life at a local pub. I can sense that Morgan is uneasy with all the questions being thrown at her, so we make our leave.

If this day has taught me anything, it's how quickly things can happen.

There's no real way to know what each day can bring, and that time is fickle and fleeting.

Resolved to trust this connection between us, I decide that telling her the truth is the way forward for us.

We head back to my place; it's nothing special, but it'll do for this conversation.

After the kettle boils, I make us both a cup of tea before sitting opposite her.

God, she is so fucking sexy, and I don't want to lose her, but I want to be honest.

"Morgan, I don't know how to start this conversation, but there is something I need to tell you," I say, looking down.

"What's wrong?" She asks, lifting my face to meet hers.

"You won't believe what I have to say..." I trail off.

"Kass, I'm not that kind of woman."

Deciding to trust her and tell her everything, I tell my tale of Halloween hijinks with my friends; trying to find the witch, being fat and unappealing - I show her pictures.

To my surprise, she said I was still cute.

Can't be sure, but it feels sincere. Explaining how I never felt wanted or desired, taking the curse felt worth it.

It was worth it, until that night. Trying to tell her the pain I felt from crossing that barrier, pulling on a life force I didn't understand.

Tears begin to trickle down my face as I let my guilt free.

Now, I sit and watch her facial expressions change as she goes over the details with me again. Morgan hasn't left. She hasn't called me a liar. She's still here, with me, in this room.

Suddenly, she stands up, almost knocking everything over as she paces up and down

the room, muttering to herself quietly.

I get up and walk over to her, grabbing her arms gently and looking her in the eyes. “I know it’s a lot and seems like something a crazy person would say, but...”

“I believe you!”

Who is this amazing woman?

“You do? But why?” I say, trying to hide my smile.

“Because I made a deal with a witch, too! Except she went by Peronne, and I found her in France,” Morgan explains, with shame filling the words.

“What would you possibly need? Look at you! Perfection,” I say earnestly, cupping my hands to her cheeks.

“Power. I sought power to get revenge and not feel so weak. But I thought I was being scammed until now. I was promised power. Ability to inflict the pain I felt. But nothing has happened.”

How do I handle this? What can I even say?

“Did she say anything else?” I press a little further.

“With tragedy comes power.”

Shit. Well, that isn’t ominous at all.

“That night we first spent together. Why did you let me stay?”

“I can’t explain it. It was like...”

“You were being pulled to me.” We both say in unison.

Stepping closer to her, this wonderful woman who’s not judging me, I kiss her with all the passion I can muster. As things continue to get heated, images of Cai keep flickering throughout my mind. It can’t be a coincidence, right? Stopping our encounter, I start to twitch as I think.

“Do you think it’s possible that Cai also made a deal? It would make sense!”

“I think you might be right.” She agrees with me.

I tell her I saw him today and that he has to be nearby. We agree that we should go and find him. And this is exactly what we did, we left my home to find him. Many hours we searched but to no avail. I know somewhere in the future he will appear, and then we will get the answers we seek.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:15 pm

SOMETIME LATER...

In the last few weeks, Morgan has moved in, and our home has become something of a mess. We have books, grimoires, and all sorts of things we have scoured from across the country that relate to the Occult.

I wake up in bed alone, this is a first. Look, the sex between us is incredible, and this might be the first morning neither of us has initiated it.

Putting on some boxers, I leave the bedroom in search of Morgan.

I find her fast asleep at the table with several books open.

She snores softly, and it's incredibly adorable.

Leaning down, I kiss her forehead and decide to cook breakfast for her.

The smell of frying bacon and eggs must have woken her because I feel her hands around my waist.

"Well, good morning, gorgeous. You were missed," I tease.

"I'm sorry, I'll make it up to you later," she whispers seductively in my ear.

God, she knows how to get me worked up.

"Breakfast first."

When she chuckles at my response, I could just melt right there.

Our relationship has grown stronger, but we both feel there is an empty spot within us.

We both know it's not having Cai around.

All our search attempts to find him have ended with nothing.

Not knowing his surname made it all the more difficult.

There are only so many times you can type, Cai, white hair and green eyes.

Note to self, get their full name before fucking them.

You never know if you'll have to find them again.

The rest of the day flew by, and we gave ourselves a break from researching and sat in front of the TV.

Knock knock.

"Expecting anyone?" Morgan asks.

"Nope. They'll go away soon enough," I reply as we snuggle up closer.

The knocking is no longer polite; hammering fists frantically slam against the door.

Someone really needs to get our attention.

Reluctantly, I leave my sweetheart on the sofa under a blanket as I head to the door.

Opening it with anger, I find a body falling into my arms. Hair white and so long that it's the same length as the body.

Turning them round, I see those shockingly green eyes.

“Cai?”

Morgan comes running at the sound of his name.

“What's going on?” she asks frantically.

“No idea!”

The sounds of snapping bones fill the room as Cai lets out a cry of anguish.

“HELP ME!”

The End