

Loophole

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Magic]

Synopsis: Me and Jimbo fall under Old Man McAllister's voodoo spell, which he thinks is ironclad.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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This photo? Okay, you little punks, before we get started, I'm gonna tell you the story behind this here photo.

Once upon a time, me and my buddy Jimbo was a couple'a kids like you two idiots, and this photo was took on the afternoon of that very first time. That's me on the right and Jimbo on the left. 'Course, we didn't know it was the first time at the time--but I guess you never do. We both just turned eighteen in the last couple'a weeks, hardly more'n kids--though we'd've punched your lights out if you called us "kids," since we thought we was full-growed men already. 'Least, that's what we kept telling ourselves.

We lived in a little nowhere speck of a town surrounded by farms and flat horizons in every direction. We didn't have much, growing up, so mostly we had to make our own fun. This was a Saturday early in May, when the days was still kind of chilly in the morning but real hot in the afternoon. We'd be graduating high school in a month, and then on to summer jobs and real adulthood, but right then we had our weekends to ourselves.

So here's the story ...

Today I met up with Jimbo and we rode our bicycles all over the dirt trails on that undeveloped piece of land northwest of our poor-as-shit little town. We was laughing and shirtless, wearing just jeans and sneakers, and we was sweaty and dusty as all heck, 'cause it was dry and the network of dirt trails under the open sky gave up clouds of dust as we sped and jumped and skidded along them. We didn't talk much at all, just whooping and hollering and laughing our asses off and yelling encouragements at each other to go faster or take some even bigger risk.

I stopped my bike on top of this sort-of hill, really just a lump of bare dirt and some rocks the trail went up and over, and I surveyed the dirt tracks we kind-of thought of as our own little kingdom. Jimbo pulled up beside me and we just watched the dust clouds we'd raised blow off in the breeze for a minute.

The afternoon was just about at its hottest point, and Jimbo said he wanted to go swimming but we didn't have our suits with us or money for the public pool. That's when he came up with a genius idea: Old Man McAllister's big fancy house was a few blocks over from where Jimbo lived, and the McAllister place had its own swimming pool, and the Old Man was never home during the day. We knowed he'd be gone, so we thought, *heck, yeah*, we'd sneak in his back yard and take advantage of his pool while he was gone. His place had a tall fence around the yard, for privacy and keeping trespassers out, but we scaled it pretty easy. I figured we'd swim in our underwear, but Jimbo decided to go skinny-dipping and dared me, so of course I had to do it too.

The pool felt great! We was playing grab-ass under the still-cold water, which is real different from playing it in the locker room after gym class with all the guys in their underwear, 'cause it was just me and Jimbo goosing the other's ass under the water and we was bare-butt naked. The water made things hard to see, but I was pretty sure Jimbo had hisself a boner. I knew I loved Jimbo--he was a little on the skinny side but cute as a bug with a natural-born goofy look I liked, and we was close as brothers--though I'd've never admitted I loved him like more'n a brother. What I felt for him made me want to take all kinds of crazy risks. Just thinking about him getting a boner was kind-of giving me the start of one too. I was fixing to grab for his--ready to laugh it off as just a joke if he got mad, you know?--when suddenly the back door opened and Old Man McAllister stepped outside on the patio. *Jeepers!--Me and Jimbo was sure scared shitless!--pardon my French--thinking: We're caught! We're naked! He'll call the cops! They'll arrest us and tell our folks!* I was sure panicking!

Jimbo hollered, "Run!" Me and him rocketed out of that pool and grabbed up our clothes and ran for the gate like the devil hisself was nipping at our heels! We got to the gate, Jimbo in the lead, and he had some trouble with the gate latch 'cause, like me, he was trying to clutch his wadded-together clothes over his nekkid crotch. I hissed, "Just go over it," and he threw his clothes over, and so did I, then he climbed over the fence bare-assed and cock-swinging, and so did I.

On the other side, we real quick pulled on enough clothes to be legal--shirt, britches--and grabbed up the rest, hopped on our bikes barefoot, and high-tailed ourselves back to Jimbo's house.

When we got to his house, laughing like hyenas 'cause we'd gotten away scott-free from Old Man McAllister, there's his cousin Martha out front, showing off her new Instamatic camera to his sister, and she just had to take our picture with it, so we stood and grinned real big while she did it, and she never once asked why we was barefoot and giggling like heck and carrying our shoes and the rest of our clothes. Maybe she thought we was drunk or stoned on the wacky-t'baccy, and me and Jimbo was always doing some kind of crazy stuff, but she didn't say nothing about it and just took our picture. So's we'd always remember today, she said.

Me and Jimbo zipped down into the basement. That was his bedroom, now that he was a full-growed man and needed a room of his own away from his kid brother. We collapsed on the old sofa down there and

laughed and laughed as we talked out how we got away from McAllister. We put our shoes and socks back on too, or tried to--I'd lost one of my socks, and Jimbo'd lost his underwear. They probably got left back at Old Man McAllister's place when we jumped back over the fence or something. I guess we hadn't gotten away one hunnert percent scott-free, but we wasn't worried; even if he called the cops there's no way some old sock and a pair of tighty-whities could prove it was us back at his place. And anyway, the cops never showed so McAllister must'a not called them.

'Course Old Man McAllister wasn't that old--maybe forty?--but he sure seemed old to us, like our parents. His dad had been the *real* Old Man McAllister, and when he died some years back everybody kept on calling that big house Old Man McAllister's Place, and the son inherited the Old Man McAllister name along with it.

Anyhoozies, when night came, after supper and everything else, we just assumed I was gonna sleep over, 'cause I did most Saturday nights, on account of my old man was a mean drunk who liked to fight and I tried to stay out of his way much as I could. I stripped to my underwear and got ready for bed. Jimbo slept in pajama bottoms. We said goodnight, he switched off the light, and we climbed in opposite sides of the bed, still giggling a little and making jokes about our escape that afternoon as we lay there in the dark, waiting to fall asleep.

I heard something faint in the air. Something whispered in the dark, like lots of voices whispering real soft at once. I couldn't tell where they was coming from.

Jimbo shifted on his side of the bed and mumbled a question, sounding all drowsy and annoyed, about who was talking. I roused up a little too and said I didn't know. That late, his family was probably all asleep, so it couldn't be them. Besides, I didn't much care who was whispering. All I cared about was listening, concentrating, listening ... Sounded like they was telling me to do something, get up and come to ... where?

Jimbo pushed back the covers and got out of bed and said we should go see who was talking. That sounded good to me, so I climbed out of bed too; I wanted to reach for my britches, but Jimbo didn't bother with his, so I didn't either. I followed him to the front door. We snuck out 'cause the noise seemed to be coming from outside. By then the night air was cold as H-E-double-toothpicks and I was just in my underwear and Jimbo was in his pajama pants, but we didn't care. We had to find out where all the whispering was coming from, and it seemed to be coming from down the block.

I felt like I was in a trance, miserable as heck from the cold air on my chest and arms and legs and the rough pavement under my bare feet, but I couldn't stop myself. We walked a coupla blocks, not talking, trying to make out what the whispers was saying and where they was coming from. Before I realized, I knew right where we was: standing on the curb smack-dab in front of Old Man McAllister's place.

It looked the same as that afternoon. All the windows was dark. Nobody home? Or just in bed like the whole neighborhood 'cept for us? As we was walking up, we'd seen a light on in the back yard, and that gate in the privacy fence was open, so Jimbo took off talking toward that. I followed.

The whispering stopped once we was in the back yard. A single floodlight lit part of the pool, and the peripheral light meant we could see the yard pretty well, but the patio was dark and the house even darker. Across the patio, the sliding glass back door stood open.

Then somebody was in the doorway; I couldn't really see him, just a faint lighter shadow against the dark. I knew he was a man 'cause a man's voice said real quiet, "Good boys," and "Come inside." I felt weird, like I needed to concentrate, needed to pay close attention to whatever he said next.

The shadow moved aside as me and Jimbo walked in. I heard the glass door slide shut and latch. Warmer inside, thankfully. I heard the man move around in the dark, and then a door opened, a dim light from inside

showed is the way. "Go on downstairs, boys."

I followed Jimbo. The doorway led to stairs heading down--a basement. The light was down in the basement, and just enough hit the stairs that we could see to walk down them. The basement wasn't big. It was unfinished, just a concrete floor. On a table against the wall was four candles, and that was the only light. A spicy smell, thick and cloying. I looked down at the table. It seemed to be some kind of makeshift shrine? A religious altar or something? A couple'a piles of some powder, a little brass dish with incense burning in it, a couple'a objects that might be art or something--I wasn't sure what they was.

But most important: On the table was two little makeshift dolls, made of what looked like pine straw and mud. One of them had Jimbo's underpants tied to its back, and the other my lost sock. And each of the little figures had a pert little upturned bit of mud between its legs, like a hard pee-pee sticking out and up, like the dolls had cocks and they was hard! I reached down and touched my finger to the dick on the doll that had my sock to it, and I swear I felt like something really ran along my dick in my underwear too!

Jimbo looked down at the table too and said something about voodoo. Somehow I knew it wasn't voodoo, not exactly, but close enough. Some kind of spell had been put on us.

McAllister must have seen what we was staring at. "Two spells, really. One makes you obey; you'll come when I summon you and do everything I tell you. The other makes you so incredibly horny you won't even try to resist."

I understood what he was saying. As long as those dolls had our personal possessions attached to them, we'd be like zombies in that movie I saw once; we'd have to do whatever we was told. We'd have to!--We won't be able to say no.

I looked at Jimbo, and he looked back at me, and we just stood there, near-naked, looking at each other like two deer caught in car headlights as we waited to be told what to do.

"Come here," said Old Man McAllister. Like I said, he wasn't really *old*-old, but he was older'n us.

Okay, sure--why not? I couldn't think of a reason not to *come here*. So I walked the few steps over to toward where he was, with Jimbo right beside me. Being a zombie slave felt different from what I'd imagined. In that movie, the zombies stumbled around all clumsy, going *uuuh*, with their arms out in front of them like they was trying to grab someone. But I felt like *me*, only with this odd thick-feeling between me and the world. McAllister told us it was like we was dreaming, right?--right--and just like when we're dreaming, we can do whatever and it's all right--we just had to do whatever he said.

"Strip down. Put your clothes over there. Don't be ashamed. No need to be shy. In fact, you like showing off a little."

All of a sudden I wasn't feeling modest or shamed at all. Like stripping down at school for gym class or something. Jimbo'd seen me without clothes lots of times, and now I didn't care if Old Man McAllister saw my naked body or my swinging dick. I was proud of what I was packing down there. And my dick was getting harder and harder, just like that little mud figure on the table. I knew I should have cared, but somehow I didn't mind letting them see my most private parts all aroused like that. Heck, I was good-looking so why shouldn't I be showing off what I had? Besides, McAllister was a guy and so was Jimbo, and I didn't have nothing they didn't have too.

So off my underwear came. I dropped my underpants where McAllister said, and Jimbo's pajama bottoms landed on them a second later. My bone was swinging in the air, and I didn't mind when McAllister put a ruler alongside it and measured how long and how wide. He was the first man other than me or the doctor to touch my pee-pee and I should have felt ashamed, but he'd said not to, so I didn't.

I looked over and sure enough there was Jimbo's hard bone, and McAllister was measuring Jimbo's with that ruler the way he'd just done mine. I'd been so focused on staring at Jimbo's dick, even after the ruler was taken away, that I plumb forgot about McAllister. I jumped in surprise a little when, from behind, McAllister put his hands on my waist and leaned in to kiss my neck. Speaking so soft I could barely hear him, he said, "Just relax and do as you're told. You're going to enjoy this." Another gentle kiss, on my bare shoulder. "Your friend there needs to be seduced, and you want to seduce him."

I hesitated. Yeah, I wanted to do it--really, really wanted to do it. Only problem was, I didn't have a clue how to seduce nobody, much less my best bud Jimbo. I wanted to make him feel real good. I walked over to Jimbo, both of us naked and hard-cocked, and I put my hands on his waist and leaned in to plant a real chaste kiss on his cheek.

"Amateurs!" McAllister growled. "Not like that. Like this." He pulled Jimbo over to him and kissed him full on the mouth, and Jimbo took a shocked half-step back before ... before he came back for more. I stood behind Jimbo and slid my hands up and down his back, 'cause I'd been told to seduce him and I needed to do my part. Jimbo shivered when I kissed between his shoulder blades.

I stood back and watched them, watched McAllister doing that incredible kiss to Jimbo and watched Jimbo returning it. I didn't have a clue what to do, 'cause all I knew about seduction was dates with girls that never got past first base, and all I knew about sex was jerking off by myself.

McAllister gripped my arm, pulled me toward him. My turn to get kissed. I was super-duper aware of what his mouth and tongue was doing against mine, the way his body pressed against mine. It all felt great, better than I could have imagined. McAllister leaned in and right-near drove me to my knees with that incredible kiss.

When McAllister's mouth finally parted from mine, he said, "Don't worry. I'll teach you amateurs everything you need to know. By the time we're finished, you'll be better at kissing, sucking cock, and all the rest than anyone else in town." Part of me wasn't sure how to feel about that, but the other parts was too horned-up to care.

McAllister said, "Have a seat. Sit back. Get comfortable."

A pair of cheap sunlounger chairs--aluminum frames, plastic strips for upholstery--from his pool had been moved down here to the basement and set side by side against the other wall. I sat down on one and laid back, stretching out along it. Jimbo did the same on the other.

"Just lie back. Relax. You're real horny, so just let me do what I want. I'll make you both feel good."

I felt my cock plumping up even harder--yeah, definitely all horned-up.

"I got," Jimbo mumbled happily, "a 'rection," and then he giggled like a naughty kid. I looked over and sure enough he *did* have hisself an erection, just like I did. He had his thumb and index finger circled around the base of his hard cock, making it waggle in the air, standing up tall and proud. His was about five inches long?--I wasn't sure if that was big or small or just average--a little shorter'n mine, which filled me with an odd pride.

"So you do," McAllister murmured with a chuckle. He knelt in between the two sunloungers. Then he bent forward over Jimbo's groin and--and--*double-heck-fire!*--he was putting his mouth on my buddy's hard-on! I'd heard the word *cock-sucking* but I never thought people really *did* that! And now I was seeing Old Man McAllister do it to Jimbo--and Jimbo was *letting* him! Jimbo just laid back like nothing was happening and closed his eyes and moaned happily, like it felt good or something.

I watched the guy's head go up and down on Jimbo's meat a few times, and I couldn't stop watching. After that mouth made maybe a dozen trips up and down his erection, Jimbo moaned and gave a little gasp, and I knowed from the way his body twitched he was sperming--shooting off right in McAllister's mouth, and the man didn't seem to mind. After a long minute that had his hips bowed upward like he was trying to drive his boner all the way through McAllister's head, Jimbo just relaxed and sank down onto the sunlounger and moaned real content-like.

The guy eased his mouth off Jimbo's dick, which was spit-shiny and spent now, softening. He gave it one last lollipop-lick and then his face pivoted my way. I had a woody too, and I didn't mind if the man saw. Mine was a little longer than Jimbo's, and maybe a little thicker too? Definitely mine was harder now, 'cause Jimbo's was empty and down to half-stiffness, like it was taking a nap over his balls.

I felt McAllister take hold of my cock with his thumb and two fingers, and his mouth opened and descended toward the head and--and--

Holy heck-fire!--The moment his tongue touched my dick, just under the shaft, and gave it a lick, this swell of pleasure rose up in me; it just kind of started in my cock and flowed through me like an ocean wave, buoying me up. When the mouth slid over my glans--I remembered that name for the head of the penis from Biology class--and started swallowing the shaft, I felt like I was floating in the ocean or a lake, lifting up, drifting, riding on a profound rising feeling, like I was already slow-orgasming and everything else was details. I was getting blown by a guy, and me and Jimbo was both watching it happen to me, and I didn't mind.

"Feels real good, don't it," Jimbo murmured groggy-like.

"Heck, yeah," I hissed back.

Each mouth-stroke tugged at me and made more and more pleasure run through me, and I didn't care about anything except how great I felt. A few minutes ago I'd only heard of blow-jobs, and now I was getting one, and it was better than anything my cock had ever felt before.

My first blow-job, my first time having sex, my first time with a guy, first time feeling something this good, this intense--I couldn't hold out for long. What I was experiencing was too strong, too much, too demanding. My cock in that warm, wet mouth was overheating, and my balls was on fire and my fingers and toes tingled, and everything in between just felt so super-good. Tried to warn him, "I'm gonna--"

My balls started pumping, and McAllister was drinking my cum, throat muscles gripping, and the impossible pleasure got even stronger and everything else got wiped out, swept away, and I came and came and came ...

'Til I began to sink back along that fading wave, dragged back to my body, and I was so tired, so drowsy, sinking, and all I wanted to do was sleep. But beside me, Jimbo was getting his nut a second time in McAllister's mouth, shuddering and hip-pumping and moaning as he shot and shot and came and came. "Ahhh," he said as his satisfaction was complete and he grinned his goofy grin real big at me.

"Don't you boys pass out on me now," McAllister said. "We're just getting started."

What came next was more than I ever imagined two guys could do together. I had Jimbo's cock in my mouth, and then McAllister's, and Jimbo sucked me and McAllister at the same time. I licked Jimbo's ass--McAllister's too. Jimbo fucked me; I fucked him; and McAllister fucked both of us. I liked what we did together sexually a whole-whole lot. By the end of the night, from the top of my head to the soles of my feet, every part in between had been devirginized. And I loved the H-E-double-toothpicks out of all of it. I loved how good this sex-stuff felt, especially when Jimbo was the one doing it to me; I loved that I was doing this with my best buddy, all of it! And Jimbo?--He sure seemed to like it all too, especially my boner up his butt. The way his naked body got all horny-hot and responsive whenever I touched him or moved my boner inside

him, with his back bowing up, squirming, and moaning, his own prick never going soft--that beat all I ever saw and got me more and more excited! I sure enjoyed doing that stuff to him, and I think maybe he liked my dick up his butt even more'n I liked his up mine. McAllister said the spells would help keep us hot-rodded and horny, and that was sure true; no sooner did I cum than I wanted to keep going and do more stuff and cum all over again, and Jimbo surely was feeling the same way.

Wasn't 'til near-about dawn that McAllister picked up the little homunculus doll of Jimbo and bent its li'l clay hard-on down, like a cock going limp, then did the same to mine. Man, my exhausted dick immediately deflated, once the spell that kept me horned-up went quiet. McAllister took us back upstairs and told me to put my underwear back on and Jimbo his pajama pants. The sky was getting the first bit of light at the horizon, and he was sending us home. We only had a couple of blocks to go, and the neighborhood was still dark enough nobody'd see us. We ran the whole way back to Jimbo's house, laughing quiet-like so's we wouldn't wake up none of the neighbors, and play-arguing about who fucked who the best and who shot the most times, 'cause there ain't no sense in having a bad attitude with your buddy after you had your cocks inside each other and got off together every which way and both liked it, liked it a whole lot. Both of us was running kind of funny while we teased each other 'cause our asses was sore from getting fucked so much. We snuck into his house and then we had to be real quiet and stop talking and laughing to not wake up his family. We climbed in his bed, and we was asleep right away.

So apparently there's a loophole in the spell. See, McAllister told us to we'd forget as soon as we got home. Loophole is, *I ain't been home yet*, not my real home anyway.

Me and Jimbo, we'd gone back to *Jimbo's* home. That morning, Sunday morning, when we woke up, while he was putting on his good church clothes, sure enough, Jimbo didn't remember nothing after we'd gone to bed the first time. I tried asking if he remembered going back to Old Man McAllister's place, he said, "Naw, man. You must'a dreamed that," and when I kept asking he stared at me like he genuine thought I'd gone crazy. So I didn't push no further. He didn't remember, like it never happened.

So right now Jimbo and his family are at church. His folks don't make me go to Sunday meetings with them, and they don't mind if I wait for Jimbo in their basement, 'cause they know we'll be spending pretty much all afternoon together after church, like always. I'm writing this all down so even when I forget, and I know I will, I'll have a record of it.

See, I know two things.

First thing I know for sure is: I won't be able to fight the spell that's gonna make me forget. It happened to Jimbo, so I know it'll happen to me. Jimbo's parents are gonna insist I go home tonight 'cause tomorrow's a school day, and the moment I go home, the spell's gonna wipe my memories of what happened at Old Man McAllister's place, just like it wiped Jimbo's. This stuff I'm writting down will be all I'll have to prove it happened, other than a sore ass. I just hope I believe it, 'stead of thinking it's all the ramblings of a crazy person in my handwriting.

Second thing I know is: Old Man McAllister still has my sock and Jimbo's underpants. Only now, they was soaked with our jizz, 'cause he made us jack off on them right before he let us go, and our body fluids on them will make the spell even more potent and irresistible the next time he uses it to put us in a trance and calls us to him. Part of me is already looking forward to it.

I hope he don't wait too long.

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So that's the story behind that photograph, punks. That was taken a real long time ago. Now me and Jimbo,

we're really and truly grown-assed men and out on our own. When Old Man McAllister cut us loose a few months later 'cause me and Jimbo was going off to college, he thought we didn't remember nothing. We never told him I stayed at Jimbo's place on the weekends, so he never caught on to the loophole. Magic's weird like that, I guess. You have to be specific to make the spell work the way you want, but sometimes you can be too specific.

But the biggest thing McAllister didn't catch on to was how I was learning to do the spells too. He demonstrated the *how to* parts a couple of times, when he was showing off or thought we needed a second dose to keep the spell effective. He thought I'd forget when I went home, and I did, but first I'd go back to Jimbo's place, and when Jimbo and his family went to church I'd write everything down in as much detail as I could. Sure, I forgot about the actual stuff, but the stuff I'd written made a good guide.

The trickiest part is making the little homunculi. Those are the little straw-and-mud things that bind the spell to the guys it's cast on, and vice versa. Those little things ain't easy, 'cause do it wrong and the straw and mud falls apart. Took me weeks to figure out how to do that part right on account of my notes was vague. Good thing me and Jimbo was roommates in college, 'cause that gave me access to plenty of his dirty clothes and personal stuff so I could experiment and learn to make the li'l dolls just right. Looks like I learned pretty good, yeah?

That one on the right? That's my doll of Jimbo. We're the same age now as Old Man McAllister was back then, around forty, and Jimbo knows all about the magic now, but having me put the spells on him and lock him in a horned-up trance is still his favorite way for us to get frisky together.

All those back there? Those are dolls for other guys we've played with over the years. Some of them we don't see anymore, but a lot of them are still around. You never know when you might want to summon one of them to come over and--

Well, don't you worry about all that. The only little homunculus dolls that matter right now are these two right here, but I bet you two smarty-pants punks already figured that out, right? You know who these represent, don't you? See, I heard you two talking out there when you was taking a break. You was under the kitchen window, and I was right over you. You thought you had some privacy, but I heard you, punks. You remember saying to your buddy how the plan was to be real smooth, taking off your shirts while you mowed the homosexual guys' lawn?--Maybe show off some skin and muscles for them?--And show off those butt-buns and the bulge in your tight shorts too?--Give the homos an eye-full, maybe get a bigger tip outta them? And if we didn't tip big enough, well, maybe you two'd come back and rip us off sometime when we wasn't home? Sound familiar?

Well, I might've grown up in a nowhere town, but I'm no fool. You'll both get the special tip you deserve, all right, just not the kind you was expecting.

Yes, those're your sweaty T-shirts wadded up and tied to these two dolls. You should've kept an eye on your shirts after you took them off. I always have a few blank homunculi made up, so binding these two to you was quick and easy once I had your shirts. I laid the spells on you right about the time you finished the lawn. That's what's got you feeling kind of fuzzy-headed and so horny you can't think straight. But thinking's not neither of you's strong suit, is it? You're both gonna be a good little puppets and do everything I say, 'cause that's the way the spells work--no loopholes there--and after you walk outta my house, you won't remember a thing. All you'll remember was how you both liked mowing with your shirts off and putting on your little show, and how much you want to do it again next time you come back to mow. I'm gonna make sure your forgetting happens the moment you walk out the door, so there's no loophole for you there either.

Get the rest of your clothes off, punks. I want to see you two bare-butt naked. Show me what you're working with.

Yes, all the way naked. Bare-butt means even your underwear. Asking questions don't stop you from obeying, does it? Can't stall your way out of complying. Don't try hiding your boners, neither--take your hands away from in front of them. No need for modesty. We're about to get real friendly and *real* familiar with each other.

Hand me your underwear. You're gonna be leaving those here. I'll swap your T-shirts for them, 'cause I don't want to raise any questions about you two walking around bare-chested 'cause your shirts went missing. But guys go commando all the time; you won't miss your underwear when you leave without them.

Yeah, nice cocks you two got there, nice and stiff too. I knew you'd have good ones. See these little erections on the homunculi? Long as those are there, you're both gonna be horny as H-E-double-toothpicks, and your boners are gonna stay hard nearly the whole time. So, you: You suck cock? Take it up the ass? And what about you? Well, you're both about to learn. We got plenty of time, and the spells don't wear off 'til I say.

Jimbo won't be back for a couple'a hours yet. Got plenty to time to teach you punks the basics before he gets here, and you're gonna learn it all real good. Hell, you might even like it--almost all the guys do. Maybe the spell wakes up something deep inside them. It's always better once they learn to like it--enthusiasm or something--but, whatever, you'll do it regardless, 'cause you can't fight the spell.

Time for your first lesson. On your knees, both of you. There--see how easy you obey? Gonna get a lot easier over time, too, when the spells get ingrained in you. In time you're really gonna come to like it, even love it. Trust me on that--I know from experience. Open your mouths, punks. You're both gonna learn to suck on this here cock of mine. And you're gonna do a good job. You want me to feel good, so no teeth and no biting.

What's the disappointed look for? Was you planning on biting my cock? Well, tough shit; now you can't 'cause I said not to. Like I told you, no loopholes for you.
