

Magical Hypnosis

TopLegal <toplegal@yahoo.com>

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1 Magic: 1

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Robber

I reviewed the ancient book closely. The instructions I had translated seemed clear enough. I had tried several of the spells to surprising success in private and now it would be my chance to see how they would work in public.

I heard a rattle at my upstairs window. I remembered the article I had seen in the morning paper about a string of burglaries in the area. I locked the ancient book in my safe and turned off the light.

I tiptoed up from the basement to the ground floor. I looked around the door slowly and saw a dark figure climbing into my kitchen window. I decided to wait until he was fully inside to take further action.

The burglar got all the way in and I noticed he was wielding a weapon in one hand. I decided to try the tickling spell. I pointed my wand and uttered the incantation softly so as not to be heard: "Rictusempra."

The effect was instantaneous. The burglar began giggling uncontrollably and then fell to the floor. I caught better sight of the weapon: a gun. Another incantation, "Expelliarmus", and it was floating in midair over the poor robber.

I was still out of sight and the burglar was in fits of laughter but definitely turning tail and running out the window. I had no idea how long the burglar would be tickled for, but figured it did not much matter.

Bar

I picked the floating gun out of the air and unloaded it and dropped it in the trash. I returned to my basement lair and contemplated my next move.

I decided that it would be nice to go out and contemplate uses for my new found book and skills.

I wandered upstairs and stripped in front of the full length mirror in my bedroom. With a simple incantation, “Lumos”, a small glow came from my wand and I examined my body in the light.

I had never thought of myself as “good looking” by gay standards, but as the feel of power rushed to my head I started thinking differently of myself.

I was about 167 cm (5’ 6“) and extremely skinny, only 58 kg (130 lbs). No real muscles to speak of. Usually in the bars I got hit on by large ”daddy” types. They figured since I was slender and boyish looking that I just wanted to be a fucktoy.

I looked at my teased 2 cm long blonde hair in the mirror and realized that despite being 28 I still looked barely 18.

My deep blue eyes sparkled back at me with a devilish glimmer.

I put on a skin tight spandex outfit and then after dousing the light, “Nox,” tucked my wand between my wrist and my elbow of my right arm.

It was already midnight and I wanted to pick up someone looking for a taste of the unusual at one of the bars.

I had barely entered the D.C. Eagle when I was accosted by an older top in leather chaps and a harness. I walked past him without acknowledging his advance. An employee stopped me and carded me. After some convincing that I was well over 21 I made my way to the third floor.

A small demonstration was under way from MaST on how to “take care of masters boots”. I feigned interest and took note of the younger boys in the crowd.

Three different older masters approached me. Each was convinced that I just needed to be “fucked” or “collared”. One even had the nerve to fondle my crotch. He was smoking a vile cigarette and softly, barely audibly, I ignited it with a simple curse “Incendio”. He dropped the cigarette after nearly setting himself on fire and stomped off.

My prey was a young man who I had seen up here twice before. He would show up at the bar, pick up a single beer and then stand in the corner of the third floor the whole night without speaking to anyone.

Timothy

Then I saw him across the room. He was larger and more muscular than me. As before he entered quietly and took up a post in the corner. I watched some of the leather daddies swarm him. But the pattern repeated he simply averted his eyes down and refused to make eye contact with them.

I had studied this man carefully along with my charm book. I took up a post across the room and began slowly, but methodically blinking my baby blue eyes to the mysterious young man.

From across the room he began to subconsciously mirror my blinking. Then I unplanted him from the corner gradually. Slight eye movements I was making were drawing him closer. One step at a time. By the time he reached me he was well under what ordinary people would call a “hypnotic” state. But in reality it was a magical trance. A close observer might have noticed that I was making slight motions on a ring on my left hand.

“Timothy,” he said as he reached me. I nodded and he stood facing me, silent for some time as I drank him in. He was quite handsome, easily 200 cm tall (6’ 6”) and built like a brick who worked out every day. I figured he had to weigh in over 100 kg (230 lbs). His hair was dark and close cropped, barely 1 cm long and pressed flat against his head. His eyes were dark green.

“Yes, you will do,” I said as I walked out with Timothy following.

Not that Timothy really had a choice. I mean perhaps someone who had spent as much time reading magic books as I had might have been able to concoct a suitable counter-spell or countercurse, but Timothy was an ordinary gay white male who was completely unspectacular in all respects.

Timothy stayed respectfully about three steps behind me the entire trip back to my house. I let him in and brought him up to the bedroom.

A few gestures of my ring and he stripped naked and lay down, face up, spreadeagled on my bed. I placed some empty leather gloves over his four limbs, removed my wand and encanted each glove: “Immobilibus.”

Timothy would not be going anywhere.

I surveyed the situation and decided one more charm: “Quietus” would be in order for Timothy and then left him alone.

With me out of the room the ring’s charm spell would quickly wear off.

Slavery - Magical Hypnotism Style

I lay down in my guest room. Timothy would be waking up and realizing that my bedroom was all mirrored. When he came too he would see himself, naked and pinned down on my bed.

I jerked off at the thought of how much fun Timothy’s initial trainings would be and shot a massive load onto my smooth chest.

I let the cum dry on my chest as I drifted off to sleep.

When light entered my guest room in the morning I could hear indistinct, muffled sounds from my bedroom. I looked down and saw my dried cum on my hairless chest and remembered that Timothy was waiting for me.

I put back on my outfit from the previous night and entered my bedroom.

Timothy had barely managed to move an inch against the bounds of the magically enchanted gloves that were pinning him spread eaged to my bed. His voice was barely audible as well. I smiled over him.

His musculature was amazing. Spread out as he was you could really appreciate the results of his hard work at the gym.

I picked up a potion from my bedside table and poured it down his throat with little resistance. He quickly became rather receptive to answering my questions.

He whispered his vital details to me without hesitation. In two hours his life was an open book to me. His fears, his loves, his darkest desires. All mine.

He was not as unencumbered as I might have hoped though, he held down a steady 9-to-5 job at a department store and had roommates.

However, as I explained to him, his life was going to be changing.

I attached a metal slave collar of the type commonly sold by Mr. S. in San Francisco, <http://www.mr-s-leather-fetters.com/>. The particular model I chose was manufactured in my home country, Germany. I attached the collar to Timothy who was struggling foolishly. I slid on a small O-ring and then used the pin key to seal the lock.

The struggling stopped quickly. A closer inspection of the collar would have uncovered magical incantations written on the collar. Incantations permanently binding Timothy to my service.

I undid the incantation of the gloves and allowed Timothy freedom to move. He was calm and I unbound his voice. But he did not call out. Gradually he stretched his body and stood up. He then clasped his arms behind his back, bowed his head down at a slight angle and looked at the floor.

My excitement at the success of the whole affair was intoxicating and I quickly found myself erect at the sight of my young slave.

I walked downstairs and noticed that Timothy was nowhere in sight. "Come boy," I beckoned and saw him come down to the ground floor of my apartment at a steady pace.

Training

There were things to attend to, my job at the University would command a certain level of attention. I had an archeological dig in Egypt coming up as well.

Perhaps I could rent Timothy out I thought smirking.

I asked Timothy politely to make me breakfast and he quickly went to the refrigerator and took out eggs and began cooking. There was a part of me that was disappointed. I had always wanted a hypnoslave and Timothy had confessed his innermost dream was to be made into a piece of property an object.

Timothy served my breakfast and I had him fetch my laptop. I logged onto the IRC network and got on the #gayhypnosis and within a few minutes one of my chat buddies showed up. I shared that I had created a completely malleable hypnoslave in just a few minutes using a “chemical” I had found in Germany.

I gave the guy my phone number and he called. He was full of questions. My German accent at least bought me a measure of credibility. I handed the phone to Timothy and instructed him to answer Master Hypno’s questions truthfully.

I heard only Timothy’s side of the call and after about ten minutes he handed me the phone back. “Impressive,” the voice on the other end said, “he exhibits at least level 60+ hypnosis.”

I thought about encanting another of Mr. S’s collars for the gentleman on the other end, but decided that I needed to see how well my hold on Timothy worked over time.

I needed the changes in Timothy’s life to be gradual. Also if the collar prevented Timothy from interacting with people normally then it would make matters even more difficult.

“Timothy,” I said addressing the boy, “come sit down with me and let’s discuss your future.” Timothy sat down across from me at the table and I closed the cover of my PowerBook. “How are you feeling?”

“Great,” he said with a huge smile.

“What you want to do today?”

He shrugged.

“Go to the gym,” I offered.

He nodded and smiled broadly.

“There are some housekeeping things you’ll need to take care of all by yourself if you want to stay here more often,” I said.

He nodded and seemed to be lost in thought. Now the real test, “You will know where to find me when you are ready to stay here all of the time.”

He stood up, went upstairs, took a shower, got dressed and headed out without even saying goodbye.

Class

Trying to teach class the next week was utter agony. But I had to agree with my fellow hypno-master from IRC. If Timothy was going to be any good as a slave he needed to have a certain level of initiative to bring himself into the conditions that would make his slavery complete and uninterrupted.

My course on “Magical Myths” was always well attended. My stories of archeological expeditions throughout the world were always guaranteed to draw a crowd. Sort of a type of Indiana Jones sort of thing.

I had been teaching the course in Washington for almost two years. I had mostly been self-schooled by my parents traveling from archeological expedition to archeological expedition. When I went off to a University back in Germany at 14 I finished in the top of my class by age 17 and then went back on the circuit with my parents.

I had found the magical books on a dig near Stonehenge in 1992. I had concealed the find of the books from my parents and started studying them full time.

By 1998, my find of a valuable trove of ancient Egyptian tablets at a desert site long thought abandoned had brought me into the “spotlight” of archeological circles. My parents, encouraged me to take up teaching in their place for their posts back in Frankfurt. After two years, I had found my interest in the magical arts growing and ended up winning my own appointment in the United States.

The discussion of the day was on the origins of hex signs. I was explaining their Germanic roots when I noticed a young man standing in the corner of the classroom—Timothy.

My heart leaped and I found it quite hard to focus my attention on helping the class differentiate between different types of hexes.

Class ended and a throng of students wanting me to basically read their tea leaves approached. It took another half-hour to clear the room.

The lone remainder was my young hunk. He was wearing khakis and a muscle-T. His silver collar was quite visible around his neck. The metal of the collar seemed to accentuate his musculature. I commented that he looked well and asked him to walk by my side to my office.

At my office, I shut the door and had him sit down.

“Aren’t you supposed to be at work?”

Timothy laughed slightly, “nah, I got fired for my attitude Tuesday.”

I nodded approvingly, “roommate?”

“We had a huge fight when I lost my job and agreed that I would move out at month end.”

I smiled and then leaned forward and kissed him. Timothy leaned into the kiss and warmly reciprocated.

“I’m gonna dump most of my stuff,” he said, “and I found a gym closer to your apartment where I can work out daily.”

“Very good,” I commented.

Timothy followed me home and quickly stripped inside the door. He was living out his lifelong fantasy of being a slaveboy.

Housebreaking

Timothy quickly checked out the refrigerator and offered up that he perhaps should get some groceries to make dinner. I nodded approvingly and pulled out some cash from my wallet.

Timothy got dressed again and headed out. I was impressed by his level of initiative but also with the level of subservience he was showing.

Twenty minutes later he returned with several bags of groceries and stored them away. When he finished he announced that he would need to start cooking dinner one hour before I wanted to eat. I nodded and indicated that he should sit down.

Timothy kneeled on the floor in front of me and asked if he might massage my feet. I nodded and he removed my shoes and socks and then began massaging my feet, first with his hands and then with his tongue.

I cooed appreciatively and the massage continued for quite some time.

Over the next few days we quickly fell into a schedule. Rising together at 0500, Timothy would head to his gym for an intensive three hour work out. I would meanwhile head to the basement to study my magical books.

By 0900, I could inevitably be found at my campus office. Timothy would take care of the groceries and then wait for my return.

When I returned each night a sumptuous homemade dinner would be served by him. Timothy was devoting himself to learning to pleasure me. He was taking a massage course and a cooking course as well.

Three weeks into our relationship, Timothy's subservience to me was complete and yet we still had not had any sex with each other.

DC Eagle II

Back at the DC Eagle exactly thirty days from the first time I had picked him up, Timothy was standing naked save for boots, his collar, and a blindfold. I had checked his raincoat at the door and attached a thin cord to the collar to lead him around.

For the first time in my many trips to the Eagle I found the burly tops giving me a subtle respect. I approached one upstairs on the third floor and asked him if he would be interested in making use of Timothy's gorgeous, supple body.

Unsurprisingly, he was, but I explained that I was interested in seeing Timothy learn about pain. I needed to know that the master himself could tolerate what "I could dish out."

I would have to be careful if I did not want to attract undue attention. The master showed me his slave, a handsome middle-aged black boy on whose backside the remnants of several whip marks were still visible. His boy was not hypno or magically trained. I beckoned his boy to me and reached my wand hand against the boy's crotch and softly spoke "Quietus-

Cruciatus”. The boy’s agony was quiet and to most in the bar probably seemed like role play. But the young slave boy was experiencing an unbelievable searing agony in his crotch. I stopped the pain and restored the boy’s speech.

Timothy had blocked the master’s view of exactly what I was doing but had undoubtedly learned the intended lesson that was directed at him: disobedience had consequences.

“Your boy does not seem to be up to snuff,” I remarked dismissively lifting my hand away from the sobbing boy’s groin.

I lead Timothy away leaving the other master to comfort his sorely abused slave. Several other masters had started to pay attention to me. I nodded politely to them. Finally I was the center of attention.

We exited the club and took a cab back to my apartment.

Timothy was bathing himself as I stretched out on my bed. He wanted to have sex so badly and yet I really did not care and after all the one nice thing about a completely non-consensual relationship is that his desires really ultimately did not amount to squat.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail’ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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2 Magic: 2

By TopLegal

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Study

Timothy's balls seemed to be noticeably heavier from weeks without sexual release. I guess one might have thought me odd for enslaving a gay Adonis and leaving him—and myself—sexually unfulfilled. But my object in Timothy had never really been sex but control.

After studying my magical texts for several hours, I decided to risk removing the enslavement charm for a few moments to better assess its role in Timothy's enslavement.

I found Timothy at the top of the stairs and I locked the door behind me. He was waiting patiently and I invited him up to the bedroom. I sized up the situation in one of the many mirrors that lined all the walls—and the ceiling—of my bedroom: Timothy was three times as strong as me and could easily beat the living daylights out of me.

In the mirror, my frailer frame seemed dwarfed by his thick, strong arms and chiseled chest. I decided to risk the situation nonetheless and told him that I wanted to examine his necklace for a few moments.

Timothy kneeled down, his eyes at my crotch level and I inserted the special pin key into the necklace and unlocked it with relative ease. I was not sure what to expect, but I had my wand hand at ready.

“How do you feel Timothy,” I asked politely.

He seemed to shake his head as if he was coming out of a hypnotic trance and looked up at me slightly disoriented. “What am I doing here,” he asked.

“Relax,” I said, “this is your house and I just was inspecting your necklace for a minute. Can you stay kneeling for me for a few more minutes?”

“Uh, sure,” he said.

I inspected the inside of the collar closely. The engraving I had made had come off and the collar was smooth as when Mr. S had shipped it to me. Although a certain fog was lifting off the slave's mind, he was bound to me. I firmly took his head and tilted it up and examined his neck more closely. The runic markings previously engraved on the collar were

now emblazoned on his neck.

Release for Me

I decided to leave the collar off for a while and see whether the enslavement charm had worked its way fully into Timothy.

I asked Timothy to stand up and asked him to massage my feet. He waited patiently for me to lay down on the bed and then began to rub my feet. First with his hands and then with his tongue.

The sensations overwhelmed me and I found myself stroking my cock. I told Timothy to stand and watch but not to touch his own cock which was standing at full mast. My perfect Adonis was my complete slave now even without a collar. There was no going back for him. Yes, perhaps a powerful wizard or witch could release him from the enslavement charm, but such a wizard, well would one even exist?

At the thought of my complete power over Timothy, my body exploded in orgasm. My cock rocketed cum across my smooth chest and Timothy just had to stand and watch. I was certain that what little willpower he had left was struggling to come out and express itself. His cock seemed to be straining in the air for release.

“Take an icy cold shower Timothy,” I said politely to which he immediately responded by leaving for the bathroom.

I lay in bed and massaged my cum into my smooth, scrawny chest. By the time Timothy came out of the shower his cock was flaccid but he seemed unbowed from the cold shower. My cum was dry on my chest and I stood up and handed him his collar and the key and told him to leave the collar on except when necessary to remove—e.g. airport security.

That afternoon I sat with Timothy and began destroying all but a few remains of his prior identity. Bank accounts closed. Fake identity created in Belgium through some less than reputable friends. With that the last shreds of Timothy’s old life faded away. We got him a new driver’s license in his fake name and I locked up his driver’s license and birth certificate in my study and that was that.

Timothy Baldwin was dead and Gareth Pfrommer was born.

Egypt

Gareth’s new identity did not raise any eyebrows as we arrived in Cairo for a trip to my dig. My parents enjoyed meeting Gareth and remarked that he was “handsome”. Outside of town we were staying in tents and the two of us would have to share with my parents.

Gareth took a few moments of privacy between our arrival and dinner to reattach the collar. My parents eagerly showed me some small tablets that they had found in the past few weeks in the hopes that I could translate them. The tablets did not appear to be hieroglyphic.

Gareth joined us and asked if there was any way he could help in the cooking. My parents pointed towards a tent further away from where the three of us were gathered and then went on discussing the tablet.

Gareth wandered off at which point my parents started asking about how long we had been dating. I smiled and said “we were not dating and that Gareth was here as my personal assistant.”

The conversation ended there and I returned to examining the tablets.

By the time Gareth and one of the local researchers returned with dinner the conversation was completely focused on the tablets and their origin.

The local researcher’s theory was that the tablets were modern, perhaps dating from the mid-to-late 1800 hundreds and were “Western” in origin. I tended to concur since the runes seemed Celtic in origin. The fact was that the tablets were simple personal wards, but I was at a loss to explain their presence in Egypt.

In our tent for the night Gareth stripped naked without inhibition in front of my parents and then lay down on top of his sleeping bag to go to sleep.

My mom laughed a bit and asked if she could talk to me privately.

We walked away from the tent with my mom towards the pyramids. “Wendell, enslavement charms are a bit over top don’t you think?”

I was taken aback.

“Lumos,” my mother incanted and lighted the darkness in front of us.

“I gave you that magic book to pass on the magical traditions not so you could make some boy toy,” she continued somewhat dismissively.

I nodded sheepishly.

Then a strange smile crossed her face, “I should perhaps reverse it but he does seem quite happy to have lost his identity.”

“So you gave me the magic books?”

“Of course,” she said laughing heartily.

“Is dad?”

She nodded.

“Are there others?”

“Most of the friends you knew growing up.”

“So the whole thing with Gareth would be over the top?”

“No,” she said and then paused before continuing, “just in incredibly crass. But nobody will much mind. Most of our parents had personal slaves.”

“Fallen out of fashion in the twentieth century?”

“Exactly,” she said, “slavery is seen as cruel, but as you see that boy you brought is happier than a magpie to be owned and loved by you.”

“Lumos,” I incanted lighting my wand as we got further from the encampment.

“Have you started studying the teleportation spells,” my mom said switching the subject.

“I have been reading about apparation but haven’t managed to get the hang of it,” I answered.

“Well if you do it will make some of the oddities of your travel less visible to ordinary people.”

I nodded.

“So are you going to tell me what the tablets mean since I know full well that you are more familiar with the Celtic runes than either dad or I.”

“They are simple personal wards, the thing I don’t understand is why they are here. My studies of the magical arts to date would suggest that those wards would have been commonly used only among a small group of magic users in England during the late sixteen hundreds.”

My mom nodded and added, “Dad and I are concerned that they are more recent than the locals suspect and that a local religious group opposed to some of our work has been hexing them in an effort to stop the excavation.”

My mind turned the words on the tablet over in my mind, “Exactly!”

“What,” my mother asked.

“Nox,” I incanted, extinguishing my light as a darted back to the campsite.

My mom followed at my heels and when we reached the campsite I picked up the tablet and incanted “Aparecium.” A second layer of writing appeared on the tablet, this one in Coptic runes of more modern usage.

Curses

The curse was simple enough and would explain some of the odd mishaps and clumsiness around the site. But as my mom quickly realized, without serious magical intervention, the site would become a major catastrophe. She was also a touch dumbfounded by her failure to recognize the hidden curse within the tablet.

We decided to go to sleep and I found myself feeling some guilt for my decision to enslave Timothy–nay, Gareth.

I lay down and fell into a deep sleep.

In my dreams I saw Timothy performing oral sex on me.

My mom found excuses to get all of the locals away from the site the next day and she, my

dad and I removed the curses and set up our own wards against future mishaps.

Gareth was clearly bored without a gym to go to daily and without my regular needs to attend to. I decided to send him back to the states with instructions to work out, lay a hardwood floor in my bedroom, and get his ass whipped by a different top each weekend without cumming.

Gareth headed back and I dug my way into the past. My parents showed me how to use apparation and so I was able to visit Gareth frequently during the rest of the summer.

On each visit his buttocks and backside were shockingly red from his encounters with different tops. I would periodically “freeze” him to confirm that he was not particularly enjoying getting his ass whipped and not being permitted to achieve orgasm.

Somehow that made me feel better and less inadequate as if it made up for all of the stuck up guys who put me down for being scrawny.

Gareth no longer had birthdays as such but his six month anniversary as my slave was quick approaching.

I apparated back to the states for the occasion. I picked up a cake and had it waiting for Gareth when he got back from the gym.

He had managed to get the floor about 80% finished already and we enjoyed the cake together. For the first time since I had placed the slave collar on him six months ago he spoke without prompting, “Sir, do I displease you in some way that you do not have sex with me?”

I brought him close to me and hugged him. “No, but I am not interested in pleasing you either.”

He nodded, seeming to understand his own predicament. He started, “Can I?” but stopped himself in mid sentence.

“Is there something you need?”

“No,” he said shaking his head, “how did you hurt that master’s boy back in the club the other night?”

I smiled, “as long as you behave you have no need to fear such a punishment.”

He looked down bashfully.

I kissed him on the forehead. “Go ahead.”

“I was in the shower at the gym yesterday and one of the guys grabbed my dick in the shower and I just shot my load.” He looked as though he wanted to sink into the floorboards.

I hugged him tightly and guided him up to the guest bedroom. He was waiting for punishment and I gave him a small amount of the truth serum he had received his first night. He had told me the truth and had been dreading the moment of my return for that moment of indiscretion at the hands of a grubby complete stranger.

I explained that I wanted him to invite the stranger over so that punishment could be

administered to the appropriate guilty party. If Gareth could bring the true offender to the house next Sunday then he would be spared the rod.

Gareth snuggled against me and kissed my cheek.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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3 Magic: 3

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Pain

Gareth headed to the gym early the next morning intent to bring the guilty party to justice at my hands. He returned with a handsome and huge body builder at his side.

“Mike, this is my roommate Wendell,” Gareth said pointing from the body builder to me. I smiled, I could tell the body builder was looking down at my smaller frame with disdain. The bastard had just taken my property and fondled it without permission. A lesson had to be taught.

I waited for Gareth to close the door before paralyzing Mike: “Petrificus Totalus” and reducing his voice to a whisper “Quietus”. Mike’s gigantic muscles struggled in complete vein against the spell’s immobilizing effects. Unable to scream loudly, Mike was whispering to be let go. Gareth and I ignored his plight and I instructed Gareth to strip naked.

I wandered behind the muscle boy outside his sight and picked up a bull whip and cracked it in the air. “Move him up to the bedroom,” I said to Gareth who quickly carried the immobilized body builder up to the bedroom. Mike was laid face down on the bed and I climbed on top of him. I whispered in his ear and asked him if he knew why he was about to be raped.

He was begging me to stop and I rotated his head to face my slave. “That boy is my property, you raped him, now I’ll rape you,” I said calmly.

Gareth handed me a condom and I forced my way into Mike’s ass without any lubricant. Mike gasped in pain and started crying. I knew that this was really a double punishment. Gareth was seeing a complete stranger degraded by being raped by my cock, a cock we would never enjoy as my slave.

I heaved a mighty orgasm into Mike’s ass and pulled out. The body builder was sobbing intensely and I handed the condom to Gareth to dispose of. Gareth took the condom and flushed it down the toilet. I debated casting a pain spell on Mike, but decided to simply take Mike back to his house and make him forget the past few hours.

I apparated with him to his house and left him on his bed, asleep and with a post-hypnotic

suggestion that any attempt to remember the preceding three hours would result in intense pain.

I apparated back to my apartment and found Gareth kneeling politely at the foot of the bed. I could detect a note of fear in how he held himself. “Come,” said. He moved quickly to the bed and lay down next to me.

“So to it that a similar mistake does *not* reoccur,” I said firmly.

He lay his head against my chest and fell asleep quickly.

In the morning, I gave him a kiss and headed back to Egypt.

Egypt

I arrived in the tent and a commotion was going on outside. I peaked my head through the opening and saw my parents arguing with several people in robes. From what I could make out the strangers were shouting in Arabic that my parents and their dig were disturbing a holy site.

I saw one pick up a knife and decided to risk an incantation: “Expelliarmus”. The knife flew out of the strangers hand and chaos erupted.

The strangers fled as workers from the camp swarmed in. My parents turned and winked at me.

I stepped out of the tent and inquired what had happened. The ring leader of the group was a reputable politician who my parents suspected wanted to give the dig site over to “Egyptian” hands. I questioned why a Muslim politician would be involved in placing Coptic rituals and hexes on our dig site.

My parents agreed that I should investigate the matter more thoroughly and I took one of the camp jeeps back towards Cairo. I located the politicians house with relative ease and introduced myself at the front door.

The politician greeted me warmly and seemed to converse as easily in English as in Arabic. I slipped a small amount of truth serum into his drink and quickly got the information I was seeking.

I debated what to do with the politician and ultimately decided to blank his memory of my visit, “Obliviate” and headed out.

I took the jeep towards an ancient Coptic church in Old Cairo. The church itself seemed decrepit and although I knew to expect our adversary inside he was unassuming and nearly snuck up on me inside the church.

I withdrew my wand and we bowed to duel.

His rituals were longer and more complex than the ones I was familiar with and my quicker modern incantations quickly outstripped him. Defeated I bound him magically and carried

him back to the camp.

My parents apparated off with him to a “Wizards Council” of some sort and left me alone in the tent. I headed over to the dig site and using only the light of my wand began sifting through the next grid section.

In an hour I had brushed the dirt away from the ritual mask that the Coptics had been trying to protect. I lifted the mask from the ground and took it back to the tent. The mask would require careful study, I placed it in a box. That would have to return to the States during an apparation since customs would undoubtedly confiscate it as a religious relic.

I locked the box and decided to call it a night.

My parents were still gone in the morning and I found the camp was quiet. I met one of the young male guides who could not have been more than a day over eighteen about half a kilometer into a morning run I decided to take to relieve stress.

The guide invited me in Arabic to see a “special location”. I found that the two of us were in a secluded area of the dig and he was reaching into my shorts to suck my cock. I grabbed his head firmly and forced my engorged cock into his eager mouth.

He gave himself freely to me I thought idly as I unloaded an orgasm into his ass without a condom.

A few weeks late I returned to the States to resume my teaching duties. In my home study I had the strange mask to decode and my pretty slave boy: Gareth.

Teaching Resumes

The following semester two handsome twins Nick and Drew were freshman in the First Year Writing course I got drafted into teaching as part of a new “interdisciplinary” approach to the 21st century.

Whatever.

The twins captivated my attention. As far as I could tell they were straight as arrows. Both were extremely handsome and had managed to get spots on the basketball team. Of course the fact that they were both about 230 cm (7’ 6”) tall helped with that.

I decided that the first paper topic would be about people’s families and growing up: 10 pages minimum. Also the students were expected to read “The Man Who Fell in Love with the Moon” by Tom Spanbauer by next week.

I guess I had decided I could have some fun if I had to teach English.

During the second class the twins tried to turn in a single essay for the two of them. I nodded politely and asked them to see me after class.

The discussion of the Spanbauer book revealed deep seated discomfort among many in the class about gender identities and sexual orientation. One of the twins–Nick I think–got into

an argument with one of the women in the class about the portrayal of incest. Sharon was arguing that the incest taboo is mostly a modern invention but Nick—and Drew—got offended at the suggestion.

After class the twins hung out and I walked with them to the gym for basketball practice. I decided to let them off easy on the essay this once but cautioned that another incident would not be taken as kindly.

The twins towered over me by half a meter and were not threatened by me. That was a mistake on their part. I was beginning to weave a gentle hypnotic thread into their lives and left each of them with a “good luck” charm.

I decided to be gentler with the twins than I had with Timothy, neigh Gareth. Besides with their eighteenth birthdays still over a month away.

Also it was going to be important to me to test whether I could *make* them gay and not just be gay but also *make* them have sex with each other: incest.

The Charm

The charm I had given each of the boys was a talking charm. It was keyed to them by some pieces of hair I had snatched off their desks after the first class. The charm was like a walkie talkie and would function to whisper my instructions said from afar into their ears. There were some magical aspects to it since the charm was self-attracting, e.g. the keyed owner was drawn to keep the charm, and also the charm helped exaggerate the hypnotic state, e.g. make it easier to bring someone under.

The first thing was to obsess the boys with the charms. Each charm was a small wooden block barely 1 cm wide by 2 cm long and had a small eyelet.

By the next class I saw that both twins had taken to wearing the good luck charms on their necks. A very subtle change in their attitudes was also apparent. They seemed to hang on my every word.

After class I called them up to ask how their papers were going and to make sure that there was not going to be another incident of a single paper for the two of them. Nick pulled an iBook out of his backpack and showed me the outline of his paper. I nodded approvingly and suggested spending a bit more time on the *incest* themes. Drew had pulled an identical iBook out of his identical backpack and showed me a quite different outline. I suggested that Drew focus more on how the townspeople viewed homosexuality versus heterosexuality.

I decided to try the boys’ keyword: “Magical Twins”. The boys fell into a relaxed state. I explained to them about their new research assistant job that would position them for easy A’s that would keep them on the basketball team. When I finished the instruction I re-keyed them, “Magical Twins”.

The boys closed up their bags and walked towards practice calling back, “see you in your office Friday to get started.”

Friday

I had a hard time containing my excitement as Friday approached. Each night I spent about an hour with the boys under hypnosis using the charm. But to have them in private, under my control was going to be delightful.

The boys entered my office precisely on time. They wore big smiles and I showed them a box of stone fragments I had unearthed in Chile a few years back. "Basically, these fragments should go together. I have just not had the time to arrange them properly. If you can get started on that today and then next week we can dig into some meatier assignments.

"Sure," the boys responded enthusiastically.

I casually added, "but you guys are into this magic stuff right?" They nodded. "But you know it isn't real right?" Another nod of agreement. "Great."

As they were wrapping up to head off for practice I asked, "Isn't tomorrow your eighteenth birthday?"

They smiled back at me mischievously and nodded. "Anything special planned?"

Drew answered, "Nah, just hanging with the team after the big game."

"Anybody going to take you out for dinner or anything special?"

Nick this time said, "No, our parents are traveling in Africa this year so they probably won't get us anything either."

I handed them a sandalwood scented piece of paper with my address and said, "Come on over, I'll get my roommate to make you a proper birthday dinner."

They agreed to come over on Saturday around five.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>

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4 Magic: 4

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Birthday Party

I had prepared the twins carefully overnight so that by the time Saturday rolled around they were primed. I left Gareth cooking a special birthday meal and headed to the basketball game the twins were playing in.

The twins did a fantastic job on offense for our team scoring a combined total of fifty points during the game. I was watching from center court. I took no small pride in noticing that the twins were wearing their charms even as they played.

After the game, I took a leisurely walk back across P street to the Dupont Circle area where I lived, picked up a few German porn magazines at Lambda Rising and then headed back to my house.

I looked in on Gareth, he was naked in the kitchen and preparing the dinner menu I had meticulously constructed. I decided to read my porn magazine and jack off.

Around 1630, I took a quick shower and put on a tight, outfit consisting of spandex pants and a muscle T-shirt that barely made it over my midriff. I hid my wand in a small pocket I had sewn into inside of the leg of my pants.

Gareth was dressed more conservatively by this point in jeans and a long sleeve T-shirt. The T-shirt was plain and covered him completely.

The doorbell rang *exactly* at 1700.

Gareth answered the door and invited the twins in. They were dressed identically in loose fitting Abercrombie and Fitch shorts and shirts. Their charms were dangling around their necks as well.

They were happy from the team's victory and were impressed that "a professor" could afford such a nice place in the Dupont Circle area. I smiled and Gareth offered them some iced teas.

"Eighteen today," I said tapping my finger gently on the coffee table in a rhythmic pattern. The boys were quiet and focused on my finger.

“Yeah,” one of them, I think Drew, mumbled absent mindedly.

I stopped, they were quite primed, I decided to do some simple tests to see how far under they were and key worded them and had them lay stiff as boards, each between two of wooden kitchen chairs for thirty minutes.

Satisfied that the charms had made them extremely susceptible hypnosis subjects. I suggested that during dinner they should jerk one another off under the table to orgasm and place the gism into their iced tea.

They sat down at the dinner table and Gareth served a beautiful citrus salad. No sooner had all of us sat down then I saw Nick’s hand reach under the table to begin stroking Drew. Gareth did not react and I smiled approvingly. After about five minutes, Drew picked his ice tea glass from the table and slid it between his legs. Gareth stood up to get the main course as Drew let out loud moans and shot a load into his ice tea.

Drew placed the ice tea glass back on the table and then reached back under and began jacking Nick off.

Gareth returned with a large charger with a freshly cooked turkey. He cut the turkey expertly and served me first, then the twins, and finally himself. Nick was much louder about getting jacked off than Drew, and took only about two minutes before he filled his ice tea glass with his own gism.

After they finished the boys seemed unaware of how odd their behavior was. They ate the turkey up heartily and took seconds and thirds from Gareth before crying uncle. I suggested we give Gareth a chance to clean up before they had their birthday cake. They agreed and we sat at the table talking. I kept the discussion focused on the themes of incest and homosexuality. Both boys were exhibiting significantly more moderate positions towards both subjects and under firm questioning even yielded up that they had a new “ritual” before games.

Nick would lay down on the bed and Drew would get on top of him so that they would suck the other’s cock. I commented that I thought that was extremely sensible and was a great way to be at the top of their games. I could tell they were relieved that I approved.

I reminded them that most people would not be as understanding of their ritual as I was and Drew quickly volunteered that it was their “family secret” but they only told me since they knew I would understand. Of course I would, family secret was one of the code words I had trained them with.

I smiled broadly.

Gareth brought out their birthday cake and I let Nick cut it and Drew serve it. It was a dense-flourless chocolate cake that Gareth had just learned to make at one of his advanced cooking seminars.

When we finished I suggested a tour of my house to the boys.

We started at the bottom in my magic lair which to the ordinary observer looks like a home office. I showed them the ground floor and then the middle floor with guest rooms. I gently

caressed the twins' buttocks as I commented that sometimes housing is tough to find for sophomores. The boys did not seem to mind my hand on their ass cheeks and Drew looked at Nick and said, "Yeah, and I don't want to have to join a frat."

Nick responded, "well I'm sure we'll find something in our budget."

"You could always stay here," I said as I patted their butts firmly and gently oriented their bodies towards the empty bedroom.

"Really," Drew asked.

"Sure, Gareth has the room down the hall and that still leaves two bedrooms on this floor open," I said, "I do want to leave one on this floor for guests."

"We would share," Nick said, "we've always shared rooms forever."

I nodded and patted their buttocks again, "Great, it is settled then, you can move in here at the end of the school year."

I showed the boys Gareth's room next. Nick commented that it was spartan and I commented that Gareth was "that sort of guy" very concerned about his "body, not possessions". The twins were being guided by my hand on their buttocks which was one of the triggers I had set up. They were also aroused by it as I could see from their erect cocks in their shorts.

I explained that most of the time Gareth was naked but would put on clothing if asked, e.g. if someone who would not understand family secrets was visiting. Nick nodded and Drew added, "so we could just tell him that someone who wouldn't understand family secrets was visiting?"

"Exactly," I said. I made a mental note to tell that to Gareth under penalty of punishment.

I guided the boys up another set of stairs to the top level. My mirrored master bedroom was here. I had taken this attached house and redone the top floor into a single large suite. The readily apparent part was my mirrored bedroom. Mirrors covered every surface except the floor which was a thin industrial carpet with a silvery-grey color.

Attached was a large bathroom that I had modernized and inside the bathroom area, in the closet, was a hidden entrance to a small, sound proof, bdsm dungeon.

Gareth had never seen the dungeon. Actually nobody had, I had built it based on my fantasies from magazines, but my diminutive size had made it hard for me to attract guys let alone guys who would permit to top them. I thought idly, with my more refined magical skills and hypnosis skills the dungeon was really unnecessary.

Sex

My bedroom was fairly empty as well. A California king bed on a basic frame was covered with silver sheets made of silk. Next to the bed was the single other piece of furniture in the room, a small metallic nightstand with a mirrored top.

The only thing on the night stand were condoms and lubricant.

Anyone who examined the room more closely which was hard to do because the number of mirrors tended to confuse more people would have noticed that there were no, or at least no apparent, light sources. In fact there were no windows either. The room was tightly climate controlled to a perfect 19 degrees Celsius (66 degrees Fahrenheit) constantly. The illumination was from halogen lights recessed in hidden tracks that were covered with semi-transparent mirrors. The illumination level could be controlled from a small dial, but I generally left it constant all the time.

The room had some other purposes too, magical ones, but from a twenty-first century architectural perspective the room was odd and disorienting.

I allowed Nick and Drew some time to get accustomed to the room as I stripped naked and lay down on the bed.

Nick was the first to start stripping and jump on to the bed. Drew followed but grabbed the condoms and lubricant first.

I rolled towards Nick and heard Drew sliding the condom over his erect penis. That was followed by his finger lubricating my fuckhole. Drew was gentle as he fucked me until he orgasmed as Nick kissed me and tongued me deeply. Seconds after he finished He rotated me around and started kissing me as Nick followed up by fucking me as well. Nick achieved his second orgasm of the evening in my ass.

Gareth came up to check on us. He was naked and the boys did not bat an eyelash. I asked Gareth to suck me off since the boys had not yet earned privileges with my cock.

Gareth eagerly sucked me off for the first time in the year or more that I had owned him as my complete slave.

Grading

Grading the twins was difficult. Their course grade was adequate but not 4.0 worthy. On the other hand their conversion to homosexuality and free-wheeling incestuous sex with one another was clearly a 4.0 performance.

In the end, I decided their sexual performance was really all I cared about and gave them both 4.0's.

They had taken to visiting all of the weekends that they were free and their pre-game ritual had expanded to include butt-fucking each other as well as sixty-nining.

They had still not been permitted to suck my dick, nor had I fucked them with my cock yet. They knew that even touching my dick would result in punishment since they had not earned their right to touch my dick. That would *only* come after they were living with me full time and had fulfilled certain other conditions.

The night they got their first semester transcripts they were at my-our-house. On seeing

their 4.0's in First Year English they kissed me profusely with tongue. Later Drew put his hand on my cock to stroke it. I grabbed his hand and had Nick administer the punishment immediately: 50 of the best with a wooden paddle.

Drew apologized to me and thanked both Nick and me for reddening his bottom for stepping out of line. I smiled and let him fuck me gently.

The boys convinced their parents to let them stay "on campus" for the winter break and then promptly moved into their room. It was fun going shopping with them for beds and furniture for their room. They did not even find it odd that I was buying everything or not charging them rent.

We settled on two twin extra long beds to help keep the family secret and matched those with masculine cotton sheets, matching nightstands, two small desks and lamps for the desk.

Gareth helped the twins set up the room as I worked in my office researching Coptic rituals for my next trip to Egypt.

When the boys finished they stormed down the stairs to my office, but with a single stern look they realized they had broken a house rule.

I took my belt off my pants and handed it to Nick to administer twenty licks to Drew. After he finished beating Drew, Nick handed his twin brother the belt and the same punishment was promptly administered. Drew handed me my belt back and the two boys kept their pants at their ankles and waddled back up to the main floor with red swollen butts.

I stayed downstairs another three hours studying a particular Coptic curse that was difficult before I emerged.

The twins were standing at attention with their hands laced behind their heads and their red swollen butts facing the stairwell.

I walked in front of them and said that I knew they were excited but house rules were house rules. The boys nodded and apologized. Drew thanked me profusely for the spanking and asked permission to lick my boot. Nick did the same and then I granted them permission.

I was wearing well polished-by Gareth-black leather biker boots and the twins each took their tongues to a separate boot.

I had to fight the urge to jack off as they licked me and after five minutes asked them to stand, put their pants on, kissed them and told them they were forgiven.

The rest of the winter break was uneventful for punishments but was extremely sexually active. The boys had learned more about Gareth's enslavement and that he was not permitted to orgasm as well.

They had taken to brushing against his naked body intentionally to taunt him. Gareth did not complain, but I could tell it frustrated him. I liked that. Gareth after all was not really a "person" anymore, but rather my personal slave.

Spring Semester

The boy's growing desire to suck my cock and be fucked by it was tremendous. Each weekend they would beg to be permitted to stay so that the first of their two conditions for getting to suck my cock and get fucked by it could be met.

But I steadfastly refused. I did however create additional homework assignments for them. Each weekend they would leave with a carefully handwritten page that Gareth would take down from my dictation listing specific activities they had to perform.

For weeks with away games, the list would span two weeks. I also was regularly visiting them in their sleep using the charm to provide hypnotic reinforcements to their new behaviors.

It was close to spring break when I added piss to their list for the first time. Up until that point they had steadfastly increased their incestuous homosexual activities with one another. All they had to do was in the shower piss and allow some to land on the other's body.

On Friday when they showed up after their last class I was still out. But when I did come home they were standing naked in the living room, their asses bent over the chair. Gareth was standing with a British style cane at their side. I noticed a distinct smile on his face.

I addressed Gareth, "What seems to be the problem?"

"They did not do their homework," he said.

I nodded and asked Nick to stand up for a minute and explain himself.

"Sorry Wendell," he said using my first name for the first time in a long time, "it was all me, Drew pissed on my leg and then I freaked out that someone would see and couldn't go through with it."

I walked over and hugged him gently, "I understand, protecting our family secrets is very important but if Drew thought it was safe to do, there must be another reason."

Nick started sobbing in my arms and it took me some time to get the story from him. Drew stayed bent over the couch without comment. It turned out that Nick had a bed wetting problem as a child and their father had beaten Nick for bed wetting. I hugged Nick and explained that I understood and asked them to both go to their room so I could consider what to do more closely.

This was a revealing insight for me into the limits of hypnosis. Gareth would have pissed in public on command even if he had to go to jail for it. His internal "censors" were gone. The twins on the other hand were still hypnotized more or less normally. Everything I was doing was simply pushing levers that were already there.

Piss play was not a lever that could be pressed with Nick.

I went upstairs and apologized that their homework had been so inappropriate and explained that sometimes teachers make mistakes.

I handed Nick a paddle and asked him to spank me with it fifty times. I took my clothing off and lay over his lap. His arms were strong and he landed several vicious blows on my ass

that stung like mad. When he finished he hugged me and accepted my apology.

We ended up sleeping in their room that night. Drew pushed his bed against Nick's and we all just cuddled. Nick kept his semi-erect cock pressed against my reddened ass all night. None of us ate dinner.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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5 Magic: 5

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Spring Break

The twin's parents Mr. and Mrs. Lachey were right out of middle America. I met them just before Spring Break when they showed up at the end of my English class to greet their twin sons. The Lacheys were tall but their sons still dwarfed them by a good twenty-plus centimeters.

Nick and Drew introduced me as Professor Lutz and Mr. Lachey immediately thanked me for getting them interested in something academic: archeology. I commented that Nick and Drew showed genuine promise and found myself being taken out for dinner.

Over dinner I learned more about the family. They were from Wichita, Kanas and Mr. Lachey worked for the Sedgwick County Zoo and Mrs. Lachey worked as a hygienist in a dental office. They were truly of modest means. I started to realize the sacrifices they had made to get their twins accepted at our prestigious university. Even with their athletic scholarships the Lacheys were probably tapped out paying for housing.

When Mr. Lachey heard that I was going to have them board at my house for their sophomore year and that I was only asking for a small amount to cover food and utilities—since they were serving as my research assistants—I could tell he was relieved.

Before the check came, I excused myself for a minute and paid the waiter on my way to the bathroom. Back at the table, Nick was explaining that I had asked them to accompany me to Egypt over the summer.

Mrs. Lachey was concerned that it was going to be too expensive. I approached just as she mentioned that and explained that my research grant was going to cover the travel costs.

Mr. Lachey was full of fascinating facts about zoo animals and when I expressed my interest in primates he launched into a half-hour long discussion of how easy they were to train to do complex activities.

I had to chuckle on the inside since his sons were quite similar. We had sat at the table so long that nobody noticed when the bill did not come and I convinced the Lacheys to stay in my guest room while they were in town.

I called Gareth and told him we would have company and they found a quite normal guest room when they arrived. My bedroom door stayed locked and Gareth was introduced as another roommate.

The Lacheys loved my house and convinced me to be their tour guide to Washington. The twins appreciate this since it freed their days to hang out with teammates and practice basketball.

We toured the museums of the Smithsonian by day and enjoyed Gareth's gourmet cooking for dinner each night.

Mrs. Lachey was quite taken by the Hirshhorn and I saw the Postal Museum for the first time. I was not idle with my time with them. I used mild hypnosis skills to train the twins' parents during my time with them. This would remove obstacles later on. The Lacheys would respect me, not ask too many detailed questions of the twins, but just be proud of the twins and know that I was helping them.

These simple little suggestions mostly were reinforcing of what seemed like their basic behaviors but knowing that I had reinforced them hypnotically made me feel more at ease.

For example, I wanted Nick and Drew tattooed on their faces. It was a mark of my own hubris I supposed but also a concession to their twinness. Their tendency to wear identical clothing made them hard to tell apart save for their charms. Which they would soon only be wearing when they were apart from me.

Can you imagine the parent's questions about the tattoos? But with this hypnotic suggestions, now when Nick and Drew returned from Egypt tattooed with a single Chinese glyph faintly, but distinctly marked into their right cheeks, their answer of, "It looked cool and 'Wendell' approves" would tip the balance.

The twins did not visit my bed during Spring Break but I knew that they were still visiting each others. I liked that. When the Lacheys finally left a week after they arrived they were convinced that I was a wonderful influence for their sons and at the airport, in front of me they said, "Treat Professor Lutz like a another parent when we are away."

I smiled and nodded politely.

That night I told them they could move in immediately. They agreed.

They were so glad they eagerly fucked my ass and we all fell asleep in my bed.

Egypt

The twins finished the year with relatively good marks for "jocks" and we were headed for Egypt. Gareth was to stay home and I decided against using the airlines to get to Egypt.

My hypnosis had made it impossible for the twins to realize I was performing magic. We apparated into my parents tent. My parents were glad to see me and happy to see that these two boys had no signs of a slave collar.

I took one of the jeeps and some of the equipment and headed South along the Nile for a location I had deciphered.

It took us two hours driving through the desert to find what I was looking for. Several times after we left the road I used my wand as a compass with the “Point Me” enchantment. When we found the dig site the twins muscle was instrumental in unearthing the Coptic spell tablets I had been seeking.

We camped in the desert and I used my wand to mark the twins with their tattoos. I placed a Chinese symbol for compassion on Nick’s right cheek and the Chinese symbol for wisdom on Drew’s right cheek.

Their faces branded painlessly with a permanent magical tattoo that no laser could remove they were mine forever.

Without prompting they took their necklace charms off and placed them in their pockets.

I let them take turns that night sucking me off under the desert moon. Finally after an hour I fucked each of them.

I saved my orgasm though so that they could each enjoy some of my gism for the first time. I shot onto my smooth, white chest and they lapped up my cum like the milk of the gods.

In the morning we drove back to the camp. My parents and I poured over the tablets as the boys wandered the dig site and drove to the pyramids.

End of Summer

Back in the states, my household settled into a regular routine. Also Gareth seemed pleased to see I had marked the twins.

I was also enjoying finding it easier to tell the twins apart: wisdom = Drew, compassion = Nick. The tattoos were unusual in that there was no ink as such, but rather the melatonin in those cells had been altered. If the twins skin was typically white then the skin cells for the tattoo were now permanently one shade darker.

On casual inspection from more than a meter away, the mark would not stand out. In fact a small amount of makeup could cover it up easily. But the twins had no desire to hide it and most of their teammates wanted to visit Egypt to get similarly tattooed. I had to laugh, I mean if only the team knew.

Gareth’s had taken courses at the Culinary Institute of America for six weeks while we were gone and he was clearly as buff as ever, but his cooking was clearly “kicked up a notch.”

Deciphering the Coptic spell tablets was occupying a huge portion of my time. I had hoped to publish a paper comparing rituals in Coptic magical traditions with rituals in Egyptian magical traditions in a forthcoming issue of the American Journal of Archaeology.

The evidence from the Coptic tablets would be a good complement to my earlier work and undoubtedly increase my visibility in the archaeological community.

I found a certain compromise with the twins for their need for attention by working on deciphering the tablets on Nick's iBook in the living room—my basement sanctuary was off limits. Drew and Nick would hang out with me just snuggled close as I typed away translations of the rituals and my analytic comparison with my earlier Egyptian ruin records.

Drew talked me into buying a television—35" Sony Wega, or some such—and a Tivo. Which got me thinking about the differences between the twins and Gareth.

Reflections on Magic versus Hypnosis

Gareth was low maintenance. He was capable of independent thought but he lived to serve and served to live. His entire set of desires had been pushed out of range and replaced with a burning, unending need to cater to my needs. Once the collar had been fastened around his neck there was no turning back.

He would do anything for me.

There was also a clear power imbalance. His needs, for example to achieve sexual climax were consistently unmet. In part because his slavery negated any need for me to meet anything but the most basic of his needs: clothing, shelter and medical care.

The twins were quite different. Although I used some magic for the hypnotic induction, traditional—actually non-magical—hypnotic suggestion techniques were used with them. This difference had been made painfully clear to me a few months earlier when my attempt to interest the twins in water sports had gone quite awry.

The twins were suggestable, I had brought out latent—deeply seated desires in them, but I could not make them do things that fundamentally went against their nature. Also I had double whammied them by loading them up with lots of non-hypnotic materials that were discussing homosexuality and incest. This raised their suggestability.

We were not equals either though: they could not leave me—at least not easily. Further, I directed the flow of events around them rather than them around me. For example, unlike Gareth they might suggest going to a movie or some other activity for us as a “couple”. But I would decide what to do and because they respected and loved me they would abide my decision, usually. When they would not there were corporal punishments of a non-magical nature. If only one twin had transgressed then the other twin administered the punishment.

If both transgressed, I had Gareth administer it. In either case, the punishments were always accepted and forgiveness complete and immediate once through. Also because they had been trained hypnotically to view corporal punishment administered at my direction as a good thing and my punishments were *never* questioned.

It was also different because Gareth had no future—or real identity for that matter. The twins would need to either be further enslaved or be encouraged and allowed training in jobs and what not of the mortal world.

The thought frustrated me.

By late August with school only two weeks away I made a breakthrough on my research and finished my article. We decided to celebrate by going to the DC Eagle as a group.

I had obtained high quality–magically–faked IDs for the twins showing them as 21. Further by entering with me attention would be drawn to me. As far over 21 as I am, I generally got carded because I looked too young since I was small and “frail”.

We all got in and Gareth stripped to his collar and I held a small rope leash.

First Bar Visit

This was the twins first visit to a gay bar and I had hypnotically soothed them in the cab over by sliding my hands under their butt cheeks in seats next to me.

Inside the bar they were a bit shocked by all the men in hardcore leather outfits. Gareth and I drew considerable attention. Many of the masters remember Gareth from his prior visits for weekly punishments a week earlier.

I could tell that the four of us were viewed as jailbait by the entire crowd of leather tops but we were having fun. The twins refrained from drinking alcohol–on threat of a thorough caning from Gareth. At the bar Gareth got water, the twins got juice and I had a vodka straight up.

We then wandered to the top floor with drinks in hand.

After about an hour standing watching the crowd, one of the tops I recognized from previous visits came over.

“Hey,” he said sticking out his hand.

I stuck out my hand and shook firmly.

“Nice boys,” he said as he eyed Gareth’s naked body and then the twins still clothed bodies.

“Quite good,” I responded while patting the twins on their buttocks and pulling gently on Gareth’s leash.

“You really their top?”

I was tempted to use a spell to give him warts but decided against it.

Nick responded for me, “of course he is, you don’t have to be fatter, larger and uglier than your bottoms to dominate them.”

I chortled audibly and then positioned myself between the now angry top and Nick. The leather top was snarling but realized Nick had gotten the better of him. The top took it out on his boy who he dragged from the room painfully by his exposed cock and ball.

I reached up towards Nick who bent down towards me and kissed him on the lips and then slipped in my tongue. I suddenly felt much taller than I had in a long time.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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6 Magic: 6

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Whirlwind

A group of handsome late twenty and early thirty something men showed up all of a sudden. It was unusual since the crowd at the Eagle is usually forty something bears, but this was a younger group.

Pleasantly surprised, I approached one of the tops with Gareth in tow and the twins planted in the corner. It turned out that the ten young guys were a small fraternity of young SM guys.

The top took me in, “nice one you’ve got here.”

“Thanks, he works out seven days a week to stay toned and is quite well trained.”

The top reached for my lead and I decided to trust him and handed him the lead. He took a walk around Gareth like he was a piece of cattle and nodded approvingly. The top handed me back the lead and said, “John.”

“Wendell.”

“Nice to meet you Wendell, your other boys look mighty fine too, you got time for all three?”

“Barely,” I said winking.

John surveyed his hand across the group, “we are five tops and their bottoms, but always looking for a good addition.”

I nodded.

“We have a private get together every Sunday afternoon at a different member’s house, next one is at mine. Can I convince you to come?”

I agreed and John took a slip of paper and wrote an address and phone number on it. The conversation switched to a discussion of fetish interests and after about twenty minutes and ended with “see you Sunday at 1.”

The twins had struck up conversations with some of the group’s bottoms and I got introduced

to the remaining four tops. It was quite a group all the members, the tops, were powerful men. One of the Asian tops was barely as big as me and was an expert in “extreme” bondage. He was also a lawyer clerking for the Chief Justice of the DC Court of Appeals.

I later learned from John that the group went “out” to clubs once every few months to scout for suitable tops as additions.

By the time the evening was over I felt like I had been hit by a whirlwind, but I also felt exhilarated: this group seemed like the most promising group of non-magical humans for interesting sex in a long time. Also the tops all had no problem with my relatively diminutive size.

Before Sunday, the twins and I discussed it and they decided to stay home. We all agreed that Gareth was better suited to the unfamiliar situations and for me to keep a handle on all three of them might be too challenging.

Around 1230, Gareth and I took the Metro to the Woodley Park station from Dupont Circle. It was only two blocks from the Metro station to John’s house.

We arrived at 1300 and John’s boy answered the door naked. In the light of day, the slender black boy who answered the door’s muscles stood out. As we stepped inside Gareth stripped naked leaving only his collar.

The others had not arrived but the boy—Amos—fetched me a wonderful Long Island ice tea and then kneeled at his master’s side. Gareth copied and kneeled at my side.

“The others will be arriving over the next half hour or so,” John volunteered, “they were all impressed with you. No crazy leather bear stuff, just a hot top into hardcore S-and-M sex.”

“Thanks,” I said nodding politely, “how long have you guys?”

“About two years now,” John explained, “I started the club with Jing—the Asian attorney—who was having a hard time meeting bottoms because the bar crowd assumed he was a bottom.”

“Anyhow, Jing and I knew each other from college and we found our bottoms on the Internet,” John continued. The doorbell rang and Amos got up to answer it as John continued, “we tried going out to the leather bars but generally didn’t have much fun.”

It was Jing and his slave, Mike, a large body builder who could easily bench press Gareth like a paperweight. The size contrast was impressive. But there was also no question that Jing was in charge either. Mike stripped naked and then Jing put him into a straightjacket. Mike looked extremely uncomfortable in the straightjacket but appeared to accept it as normal. Jing had Mike kneel and lick his boots as John returned to the history of the group.

“Anyhow, Jing and I started having afternoon ‘tea parties’ on Sundays with our slaves and gradually added a member at a time.”

“Impressive group,” I commented.

Jing commented, “I did some research on you on Lexis last night, you have an impressive background yourself.”

I nodded modestly.

The doorbell rang, it was Trent along with his newest boy: Miguel, a twenty-one year old latino. Trent was born to money but had also made a tidy sum for himself in Internet stocks during the boom. He was into dog training and Miguel was in a dog collar and on all fours for the rest of the tea party.

Trent had Amos fetch him a scotch and explained that he could not host the following week.

John looked to me and nodded, I spoke up, “Well if you’ll have me, I think I could see my way to hosting next week?”

Jing responded, “that would be great.” Trent nodded, “I can’t make it but you would be a good addition.

I had not noticed Tom and Gary arriving with their bottoms in the background but they chimed in, “awesome.”

Tea Party

Fuller introductions of a more sexual nature followed. Each top introduced themselves and then their bottoms. Bottom-specific boundaries set by the tops were also described.

Allow me to summarize the introductions:

- John (Top) - White male, age 31, 180 cm, 80 kg, he was into severe corporal punishment scenes that are quite severe and usually take the bottoms several days to recover from. Works for Smithsonian in the grants department. Bottom Amos is a black male, age 23, 168 cm, 71 kg. Per John, Amos is off limits for anal sex.
- Jing (Top) - Asian male, age 30, 160 cm, 55 kg, into extreme bondage including mummification. Works as an attorney clerk for the DC Court of Appeals. Bottom Mike is a white male aged 37, 200 cm, 115 kg. Mike was a professional body builder for years and still works out a lot now. There were no “special” limits for using Mike.
- Trent (Top) - White male, age 36, 185cm, 90 kg, is into a variety of fetishes and has different boys for satisfying each one. Trent is independently wealthy and has five bottoms counting Miguel a young 21 year old Latino boy who is into dog training. Miguel is 160 cm and 55 kg. Miguel was off limits for corporal punishment. Mainly because it was bad for dog training. No limits on other slaves. Also (1) Sanford - White male, age 21, 180 cm, 80 kg, corporal punishment slave, (2) Tristan - White male, age 35, 150 cm, 50 kg, piss/water slave, (3) Jens - White male, age 30, 200 cm, 110 kg, bondage slave, (4) Brian - Black male, age 21, 170 cm, 75 kg, dildo, fisting slave
- Tom (Top) - Black male, age 27, 200 cm, 110 kg, was a beat cop with the DC police and into fisting, bondage and shaving. His bottom was a pretty white boy named Bob,

age 21, 185 cm and 110 kg. Bob was going to college still and had a shaved skin head look to him. He apparently was an anal master as well able to easily take a fist. Bob was off limits for anything that would prevent him from going to class. Tom felt it was important that Bob attend every class.

- Gary (Top) - White male, age 21, 190 cm, 100 kg, worked as John's assistant at the Smithsonian and was into extended chastity work and orgasm denial and control. His boy was Bart and was into orgasm denial. Bart was age 21, and similar in size and build to Bob. Bart had to be kept in chastity at all times.

Finally, we had reached my turn in the introductions:

- Wendell (Top) - White male, age 28, 167 cm, 58 kg, into kinky sex using magic and hypnosis. I am a tenured full professor at [Redacted] University.

I explained, "Gareth is magically bound to me and will do anything I ask. Consent is simply not an issue. The only boundaries are my own and my desire to keep him in good health. That said, I do not allow him orgasm. I feel this leaves him frustrated and unfulfilled sexually. I ask that you respect this in using him and avoid bringing him to orgasm. He has received no special training in orgasm control and his cock is quite hair trigger."

I could tell that the others were a bit confused about what I meant and then said, "I'm sure you'll see as we get to know each other better."

John asked, "so Gareth doesn't get a say in any of what happens?"

"Not since he gave himself to me a bit more than a year ago," I explained.

"Does he have free will," Trent asked.

"Yes, he can make independent decisions, but he just focuses it all pleasing me."

John moved us on, "and those hot twins?"

"Gay, into incest, not much into S-and-M but will happily fuck each other, or you, etc. Will accept corporal punishment for misbehaviors."

John asked, "well we'll all be gentle with them. Will they really fuck each other?"

"Yeah, took a bit of hypnotic suggestion to help them get more comfortable with it, but it is fundamentally part of their basic interests."

Party Sex

John gently suggested that I take it easy the first few times and get a sense of the different tops and bottoms better. I liked the suggestion, and allowed him to play with Gareth as Amos gave me a hand job.

That was a good initial pairing since Gareth was used to getting his body whipped to serve my sexual needs. We went down to a small, but adequately sized dungeon in John's basement. Gareth was strapped to a X-cross for whipping.

Tom was playing fetch and tug of war with Miguel in the living room.

Jing was putting Bob in a sleep sack with just the boy's cock exposed. I had never seen a sleep sack used before and so I stood with Amos giving me a hand job as I watched Jing's intricate preparations and placement of Bob in the sack.

Just to my side, I could see Trent playing with a number of dildo's in Bart's ass. Bart was moaning in pleasure but his Tollyboy chastity belt was going to prevent any orgasm.

Gary was playing with Mike by working Mike into a sexual frenzy and then applying ice to his cock to shrink it and prevent orgasm. I was certain Mike would have killed Gary if he wasn't stuck in a straightjacket. But Mike was and so Gary was able to make the muscle builder crazy.

The typical sessions lasted about an hour to hour and a half. After they were over everyone went back up to the living room to relax. The sleep sack scene was the longest and Gareth's back was scarred, but not bleeding, and he was sobbing deeply in John's hands at the other end of the room.

When the sleep sack scene ended I joined everyone in the living room and we talked for a few hours and then headed out for dinner back in the Dupont Circle area.

Over dinner we sat at a large table alternating master-bottom. The conversation was surprisingly scintillating. The bottoms participated, mostly as equals, and I was surprised to find some Republican-Democratic splits in the couples. Gareth now being a foreigner and I having always been a foreigner managed to stand clear of the political debate.

John and Gary were interested in whether I could use any grants from the Smithsonian to help in my research and Trent became fixated on my comment about magic.

While I could not show them my spells there was no harm in talking about the use of charms as a type of exaggerated hypnosis. The topic of conversation then switched to grilling Gareth to find out his "feelings". It was an interesting conversation for me since I had not bothered to ask Gareth his opinion about anything in well over a year.

After all he was a slave.

Gareth surprised them, and me, by answering in surprising detail. There were a shocking number of things that I did that he really disliked but he loved serving me "so very much that it just did not matter."

"What do you dislike the most," Trent chipped in.

I nodded and Gareth answered, "never having orgasms, he just uses me."

I put my arm on his shoulder and kissed him on the lips, "yes I do."

I asked a different question, "but is your deepest darkest fantasy being fulfilled?"

“Oh yes,” Gareth answered without hesitation, “I always wanted to be another’s possession.”

Then it seemed to click for the other tops. The bottoms asked some more questions of Gareth. The curiosity of the whole thing passed and we were onto the subject of “homeland security.”

Write the Author

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See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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7 Magic: 7

By TopLegal

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Article

Trent walked Gareth and I back from the dinner and I invited him into my house. The twins were sitting on the couch with their iBooks trying to look casual about my return.

Gareth stripped quickly and offered to cook dinner for the twins. They headed off to the kitchen together leaving me alone with Trent and doggie Miguel who was back on all fours.

“Nice place,” Trent said, “Gareth is amazing.” I pet Miguel who was brushing against my leg for attention. “And the twins are quite fine specimens.”

“Thanks, will you be traveling next weekend?”

“Yeah, I’m taking a vacation to Australia with all of the slaves.”

“Sounds wonderful, I’ve always wanted to research some of the aboriginal traditions.”

Trent smiled at me, “Anyhow post September 11th it is harder to bring S-and-M toys on planes, I was wondering if you had a punishment implement that could be more discretely carried?”

“Not off hand, but I could think about developing one,” I commented.

“Ok, well let me know if you come up with something before we leave on Thursday,” Trent said leaving his card on my coffee table and taking Miguel out the door.

I picked up one of the twin’s iBook and checked my mail from the web client. My article had been assigned for peer review to two of the toughest reviewers. I would have to make a point of calling them up and acting humble.

The twins emerged from the kitchen and I could tell that Gareth had talked to them about the “tea”. I explained that the other masters would be respectful of the twins next weekend but that I thought they would enjoy having their sexual limits explored. They nodded and asked permission to suck my cock.

I gave it willingly and let them take turns sucking as Gareth went about cleaning up from their dinner. The boys had become good at bringing me to a slow orgasm so they could

enjoy sucking my cock for longer periods of time.

Gareth came out of the kitchen and asked permission to lay down. I stepped away from the twins and walked him up to his bedroom. I kissed him tenderly and held him in his bed as he sobbed crying: "I love you so much Wendell."

I held him tight against me. His back was bright red. I knew he would go to his gym tomorrow anyhow, even with the whip marks. I suppose to an outsider it would look strange that I was bothering to comfort Gareth, but I really was helping the boy live out his darkest fantasy.

When Gareth fell asleep finally I went up to my room, the twins were 69-ing in my bed and I stood over them for a while. It was fun to watch in the different mirrors. They did not notice me for quite a few minutes and then stopped and begged to be fucked.

I had them grovel on their hands and knees and even lick my feet before I finally plowed their asses. I pulled out before orgasm and shot on my stomach so they could lick each drop off.

They slept with me that night as they had most nights during the summer. They passed out to sleep quickly, but I found myself examining their tattoos closely. They really were masterworks of magic. It was a shame that most humans would mistake them for a subtle henna tattoo.

I got up and headed to my workshop to put together a magical charm for Trent's use. I bound a mild version of the "Crucio" pain incantation to a decorative cowry shell belt buckle. I tested it on myself and I found that it had the desired effect.

I crawled back into bed with the twins.

In the morning I called Trent and said I had a little gift for him that would work for about ten to fifteen days.

He stopped by my office the next day and I showed him out to use the belt. I added some flourishes of taking a hair from the victim and in my office with the door locked applied the hex to his buttock with the desired effects.

"Now, this charm will run its course in about ten to fourteen days," I explained, "I found it in a gypsy book and bound it to the belt buckle."

Trent offered me some cash and I shook my head and suggested a donation to the archaeology department. Trent smiled and agreed.

I was certain that his slave boys would be experiencing quite a bit of the pain charm over their vacation.

When he left I called up one of my reviewers and groveled as about his recent (wrong) paper on the origins of Gypsy curses. We ended up in a heated debate about my views on the Coptic tablets which I had given to John for the Smithsonian. In the end I agreed to change a few passages to include his views and basically with that secured publication since the other reviewer was an easier bet.

The other reviewer was easier since he was less of an aficionado of magic and more focused on ancient languages. He was fascinated that I had been able to translate the Coptic tablets since he had suspected that they were written in a code. We spent an hour talking about ancient writing systems and I knew my paper was a ringer.

I headed to the basketball court to watch the team practice. There were a few other professors there who were big fans of the team and I had managed to blend into that crowd. Nick and Drew introduced me to some of the other players, two of whom would be in my course in the coming semester.

The coach took me aside and walked me through the locker room back to his office. The coach dropped some not very subtle hints on the need for students to maintain good grades. I was careful not to promise anything but emphasized that I was a huge team supporter. That seemed to satisfy him.

Sunday at My Place

School was but two days away, but my household was busy in preparation for the S-and-M tea party that was starting at 1300.

John and Amos arrived together with Jing and Mike at 1305. Gareth took the slaves' clothes and then served drinks and gourmet tea sandwiches to the masters. Amos and Mike kneeled politely at their masters' sides. Mike was then placed by Jing in a very uncomfortable looking poster collar and then his hands were cuffed to a loop at the back of the collar. All-in-all it could not have been very comfortable.

It was not until 1330 that Tom and Gary arrived with Bob and Bart in tow.

The twins stood off to the side—naked—and quiet.

Gary broke into the festivities by whipping out some CB-2000 chastity devices for the twins and after a nod from me led the twins towards their bedroom for a gentle session of arousal with orgasm denial.

I decided that I wanted a lesson in fisting and Tom agreed to show me on Gareth and I took Gary's Bart for my use.

Jing took Mike and Amos to my private dungeon past my bedroom for an extended bondage experience locked together.

Which left John to be gentle enough with Bob that he could attend his classes.

For the fisting lesson we used my bed while Jing and John were through the secret door in the closet to my dungeon.

I found fisting Bart to be quite a power trip and Tom showed me some excellent techniques for making the entry more enjoyable for the bottom. Because Bart had the Tollyboy permanent chastity belt attached it was difficult to gauge his response to my fist in his ass. Tom assured me that he had fisted Bart dozens of times over the past few years and not to worry. Gareth

on the other hand seemed to relish the experience and was having a huge erection.

Tom respected my rules and was careful not to over stimulate Gareth. After I felt I had mastered the basics of fisting, I stopped and thanked Bart and excused him and Gareth to the living room.

Tom and I went into my dungeon area where Tom's Bob was getting a bare over the knee hand spanking from John's strong hands. The effect was quite noticeable and Bob was calling out loudly for the assault on his now reddened ass to stop.

Tom looked at me and commented, "Wish I could do that to some of the people we arrest." I smiled and nodded.

Jing had made great use of hooks in the ceiling and walls and his Mike and John's Amos were woven together into a spider web on the wall and Jing was teasing their cocks and then striking the cocks with a riding crop to prevent orgasm.

The sight of my dungeon in such glorious use caused me to almost unload without physical contact. I grabbed Tom's cock and started stroking him, he reciprocated on my cock and we shot onto the floor at the same time.

We headed back down to the living room then and chatted with the boys. Gary showed up next with the twins still in the CB-2000's. The twins came over and kissed me and said they were really enjoying this. I asked Gary how long they were to stay locked up. "Till school tomorrow," he said.

I nodded, at their tender age of 18 they would probably be berserk with sexual rage by the time morning rolled around.

Bob showed up with his hands rubbing a red hot ass from two hours of non-stop ass slapping at John's hands. Tom inspected John's handiwork and commented, "he'll survive school tomorrow, but sit light in his chair."

Jing's bodybuilder and Amos were the last arrivals around 1800. We went to the same restaurant as the previous week for dinner and had free flowing conversation.

Released

As I had expected the twins were awake quite early the following morning with hardons pressed firmly against the plastic cage of their chastity devices.

Gareth made us a wonderful breakfast and I made the boys stay in the chastity cages until just before they left for school.

As they were ready to leave I used an incantation to pick the locks: "Alohomora". I removed the belts and made the boys run out the door without a chance to jerk off.

In my morning class the team captain was one of my students. He approached me after the class to ask about getting his own tattoo. I smiled and said perhaps if he came to Egypt with me on a dig some day. I walked with the captain, Angel, to the practice court and

waved to the twins. The twins performed a bit worse than usual, perhaps since for the first time in months their cocks had not been drained of cum before a practice.

Back at home the twins were more amorous than usual towards me that night. I guess a little bit of denial could be good for the soul.

Trent called the house fairly late, 2200, and Gareth interrupted the boys taking turns unloading their cum into my ass. I kissed the boys and stepped away and they turned to 69 quickly. I took the call in my office. Trent was back from Australia and was pleased with the results of the charm.

Anyhow he was really enjoying the effects of the charm on his corporal punishment slave, Sanford. Particularly the ability to inflict intense pain without leaving any marks. In fact it turned out that it frustrated Sanford to no end that he had no marks to show for his torment.

“Sorry Trent,” I said, “I would need some expensive materials to make another charm.”

“Money,” he started.

“is no object,” I finished for him, “yes but each charm I would make would be less effective than the next on the boys.” Not entirely true, but I could not become a pain charm factory. I offered, “A pain charm is a type of unusual almost ‘voodoo’ magic. To get the same bang for the buck we would need something more substantial than hair on the next charm.”

Trent went silent.

“I’ll keep my open in some of the shops I visit though,” I said, “some Russian mystics were experts on talismans which could inflict properties on their bearers. If my research leads me in that direction...”

“Great,” Trent interrupted, “meanwhile I decided on a \$2M donation for an endowed chair.”

I thanked Trent profusely and returned to the twins.

Write the Author

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8 Magic: 8

By TopLegal

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Hypnosis Experiment

Before news of my endowed chair was public, my paper was accepted by the peer review committee. That would make me the youngest professor with an endowed chair in the history of the university, but I was also walk on water. My classes were going well but had become boring.

The twins were funny to talk to these days because they were convinced that they had spent their entire lives sucking and fucking each other. After a year of conditioning by me they could not distinctly remember anything other than the past involving the “family secret” I had created.

I had yet to really use hypnosis play in the group but decided after everyone was comfortable with me to give it a try.

The twins were encouraging me to take one of the other basketball team players, but I felt the risk outweighed any possible rewards. At least for now.

I decided instead to stop at a local beer bust and grab a cute guy. The one I picked was quite a piece of chicken and barely 21. The guy came with me willingly and then I introduced him to the gang at John’s house. Not that he would be able to remember any of it later.

I settled on using a classic type hypnotic induction with a subtle twist: my pendulum was actually a magical charm I had been developing to assist in inducing hypnosis.

The subject, let’s just call him Pig. Was under in about two minutes. I did the usual sorts of demonstrations that people expect. Then I started ratcheting it up a notch. Pig let me finger his ass and then eagerly sucked my cock.

John was eager to see if I could get Pig to “forget the pain” during a spanking. So I gave the instructions: “Pig, you will go lay over that man’s lap and let him spank you, each swat will get you more and more aroused and will not hurt you.”

To my own surprise, it worked. John wailed on Pig’s bare ass without relent and Pig simply heaved two mighty orgasms and then just lay over John’s lap as relaxed as a baby in a

stroller as the butt blistering continued.

I think at that moment there was a realization in the room about the powers of hypnosis. Gary even mentioned something like, “now I get how you control the twins.” I nodded politely.

It was time to return Pig to the street. Given the rough handling, I decided to take him aside and give the instructions in private. I used magic to ensure his memories were completely gone: “Obliviate” and then followed it up with a post hypnotic suggestion that he would find nothing odd about his butt being sore. With that I disappeared for a few minutes to Pig’s house and left him asleep in bed.

I returned to the assembled group and said I let Pig out in the back alley to find his own way home. The group was clearly fixing for me to do more demonstrations but I begged off.

I took Gareth and headed home a bit early. The twins were glad to see us back a bit early and eagerly took turns sucking my cock.

Israel

My ennui would soon find an end in an invitation I received in the mail to participate in a prestigious archaeological expedition in Israel.

Unfortunately Israel being as small as it is apparation for transport would be tricky at best. I ended up taking a week off in the middle of the semester to scope out the site.

I decided against taking either the twins or Gareth and endured El Al’s legendary investigatory tactics to board a 747 for Ben Gurion.

I was flying coach and was seated next to a female Rabbi who was traveling to the Wailing Wall to fulfill a promise to a congregant who had passed away recently.

I decided against sharing my thoughts on the wall’s archaeological history and instead decided to query her on her knowledge of Megiddo and its history. She was mostly unfamiliar with the area but commented that in Christian mythology the battle of Armageddon was to occur on the hill there.

My outward archaeological purpose was to investigate taking on a position as dig leader for Megiddo for the summer of 2004, but I had some of my own purposes. I believed that there was, within the water tunnel, access to a secret chamber.

Close inspection I had conducted of letters from King Biridiya to Pharaoh Akhenaten in the archive of el-Amarna in Egypt to me suggested that there might be magical explanations for Megiddo’s long success.

The water tunnel itself is a three thousand year old masterpieces of engineering. It runs some 60+ meters underground at about 30+ meters deep to a spring and supplied water to the city even during times of siege.

After landing at Ben Gurion, I was eventually greeted by a young Israeli youth: “Zohar.”

He was, I quickly realized, quite stunning. I caught myself from drooling and introduced myself “Wendell.”

His English had a distinctly Israeli accent, in contrast my years of travel had caused my German accent in English to become almost unnoticeable. Our first stop was to be the campus at Mount Scopus, Jerusalem. He hailed a taxi and gave instructions in Hebrew to the driver and we were off.

During the ride he quizzed me about my expeditions and digs in Egypt. He had read my most recent journal article and was impressed by my research into magic.

Zohar was quite handsome, his skin had a beautiful olive complexion and his hair and eyes were dark and Mediterranean. He was about 180 cm tall and about 65 kg. I had a hard time not just licking the boy up in the car. During the conversation I also learned that Zohar had just turned 18.

I suppose I should have been surprised that Zohar was not in military service, but decided against asking questions at this stage.

At the Institute, we finished some formalities and I met Zohar’s professor who was sponsoring me to lead the dig in 2004. The professor was a good friend of my parents, but not familiar with our magical traditions.

I had forgotten to make hotel arrangements. I suggested that Zohar drop me off at a hotel, but he would have none of it and insisted that I stay with his parents.

At dinner, his mother fussed over me and my small size. My own mother had never been bothered by me being “skin and bones”, but all other mothers apparently are.

After dinner Zohar’s mother tried to insist that I take Zohar’s bedroom, but I would have none of it and took the couch.

I debated the risks of paying a visit to Gareth and in the end decided to make use of the bathroom to apparate back to Washington, DC, for a visit.

I turned on the fan in the bathroom for noise distraction and invoked the spell. In moments I was back in my DC residence.

I peeked in on the twins asleep in their pushed together twin beds. I was careful not to wake them but did brush my hand over their tattoos leaving them glowing faintly.

I stepped out of their room and walked into Gareth. I hugged my slave boy and he kissed me warmly. I tucked him into bed and put him to sleep with a spell. I then returned to Zohar’s home.

Upon leaving the bathroom, Zohar was standing at the door. I could not have been gone more than five minutes at most so I doubted he suspected my disappearance.

“Could not sleep,” he said and smiled at me. I led him back to his bedroom and gently guided him into the bed.

“Zohar,” I said, “focus on my eyes.” I saw his pupils focus on my eyes. “Good,” I said,

“your body is getting very heavy. So heavy you feel the need to relax into my hands.”

His body went limp in my hands. I maneuvered his body the rest of the way into the bed and kissed him on the forehead. I debated pushing further and decided against it.

I left his room, shut the door and went to sleep on the couch.

Megiddo

Zohar borrowed his parent’s car and drove us to Megiddo in the morning.

In the car, he kept telling me how much he hoped I would take over the dig in 2004. The drive was relatively quick and when we arrived at Megiddo it was easy for us to park within a decent walking distance of the city.

Several armed military officers searched us thoroughly and then permitted us through a check point up into the ancient city.

I diverted Zohar towards the main dig location and snuck off towards the water tunnel. Once in the tunnel I removed my wand and cast a light spell. I scanned the stairs down to the base of the shaft. I suspected that if the chamber existed it would be close to the bottom.

I descended quickly and searched closely for hidden secrets. But in the five minutes I estimated I had before I needed to make an appearance at the main dig I was unable to locate any chambers or even the hint of a chamber.

I extinguished my wand’s light and ascended back to the city and found Zohar. I eagerly greeted some colleagues from other universities in the States and spent the rest of the morning talking to the current dig lead.

As evening was arriving, I managed to get some more private time in the water tunnel. This time I was more certain that I would not be disturbed since all of the dig participants were cleaning up and Zohar was deeply involved in learning about cataloging a dig.

I case “Aparecium” and “Alohomora” several times without success in unearthing any secret passages. I checked my watch and decided to walk the length of the tunnel to the spring.

To my surprise my incantations revealed some ancient Babylonian glyphs at the spring mouth of the tunnel. I committed the glyphs to memory and hid the invisible writing again.

Zohar was waiting at the top of the landing and looked quite sexy. I asked if we could stay another night. He used his mobile to call his mother and got the necessary permission to keep the car. We found a relatively nearby hotel and I quickly copied down the Babylonian glyphs into a notebook while Zohar was in the shower.

When Zohar exited the bathroom he was glistening wet from a shower and clad only in a towel. I smiled at him and blinked at him rhythmically. His blinks matched back to me and I kept it up as Zohar stood there dripping wet in front of me.

I approached him gradually and pressed my lips against his. Zohar’s eyes stayed locked on

mine as I pushed my tongue into his mouth and he opened his mouth to allow me in.

Holding him tight I led him back to the hotel bed and pulled him on top of me. Zohar had started to initiate tonguing me back eagerly and was now erect. Under my trance he removed the towel and his naked body was now pressed against me. I rolled him over and stripped naked myself.

I pressed close against him and my cock was now hard against his own hard cock. We spent the next few hours kissing passionately and then I let him fall asleep so I could focus on translating the glyphs.

The glyphs were not difficult to translate for someone with my background in magic and ancient texts. By three in the morning I had a working knowledge of the ritual for opening the chamber and decided to make a go for it.

Zohar was not going anywhere and so I used a spell to transport myself back to the bottom of the water tunnel along with a nalgine bottle.

I walked to the end of the tunnel and filled the nalgine bottle with water from the spring. Then I returned halfway down the tunnel and found the slight indentation in the wall noted in the glyph. I pressed the tip of my wand against the indentation and poured the spring water against the rock.

I felt a slight trembling and read the required incantation quickly.

Pay dirt.

A magical portal had opened. My mistake earlier had been one of assuming that the chamber was protected by a standard door, but this was a magical chamber. I took a deep breath and walked into the apparently solid wall. But instead of hitting the walls of the tunnel I passed through into a small chamber.

“Lumos,” I incanted and the light from my wand quickly illuminated the chamber. It was clearly a repository of ancient texts. The room was filled from floor to ceiling with tablets and scrolls. This was a veritable gold mine for my career.

The more I thought about it the location of the secret chamber made sense too, although magical spaces such as this do not line up directly with real spaces if it had been brought into existence too close to the bottom of the tunnel shaft it might be discovered too easily. Here at the middle of the tunnel it could be entered and exited more discretely and would be away from prying eyes.

I resisted the temptation to take all of the scrolls back to my house in Washington and instead took a single tablet and left the room. On the way out I resealed the chamber against accidental entry and then apparated back to the hotel.

Zohar was sound asleep and I poured over the tablet. It was a chronology from the times just after the tunnel was completed and described mundane city affairs. From a magical perspective this was a bust, but archaeologically the detailed entries of the long dead wizards who had logged the mundane were a find of epic proportions.

I hid the tablet amongst my belongings and crawled into bed with Zohar.

Zohar woke first and I pretended to stay asleep as he realized he had slept with me and then without prompting or additional hypnosis started to suck my cock. After a few seconds I had to wake up and he stopped and kissed me broadly, “did we fuck last night?”

“No.”

With that he darted to the bathroom and returned with a condom. I slid the condom on and pushed him onto his back. He watched me fucking him and stroked his cock to orgasm. After he shot his load, I pulled out and shot my load onto his chest. Our cum was mixed together and he rubbed it into his chest.

Then he pulled me close to him so that our chests were rubbing and kissed me.

“Thank you,” he said.

I realized somehow that he had just lost his virginity to me.

It was ten o'clock by the time we got moving. I needed to get the tablet back into the chamber before we left so I had Zohar run an errand while I apparated back to the chamber and dropped off the tablet.

I was back before him and suggested that we head back to the dig for a few hours before returning to Jerusalem.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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9 Magic: 9

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Gareth

I returned from Israel energized by my discovery in the water tunnel at Megiddo. The twins were doing well on the basketball team and the harder they fucked and sucked each other the night before the better they scored. The “family secret” was a recipe for success.

Gareth’s prolonged orgasm denial on the other hand was becoming problematic. He had no choice but to obey me, but a year-plus without an orgasm was clearly driving him to the brink of insanity.

I decided that I would have the twins suck Gareth off. It would be a nice gesture for Gareth to see the twins do something for him and it might open up some new possibilities for when I was away.

At dinner the night of my return, I called a “family meeting” and instructed the twins that I wanted them to take Gareth upstairs to their bed and suck his cock dry taking turns bringing him to orgasm until Gareth could orgasm no more.

Nick started to say something against the plan, but Drew got there first, “Wendell, we would be happy to do this if it will please you.”

I nodded and walked over to the side of the table where the twins were seated and kissed them on their tattoos causing a visible outward glow as well as a warm tingly feeling inside them as the magical energies of the tattoo reached into them and made them feel the intensity of my love.

“But after you are done Drew take Nick up to the dungeon and administer five strokes with my belt,” I said softly.

Drew and Nick nodded and Nick looked down apologetically, knowing that his later punishment was well earned.

I sent them all upstairs saying I would take care of the dishes, which I did using magic. Then I sat down to go through the mail.

I paid all of the bills and then went down to my office.

I found a reference book on transdimensional magical portals and took it upstairs with me. I passed the twins' room on my way up and heard Gareth moaning in pleasure.

In my mirrored bedroom I lay down in the bed and began reading about setting up—and moving—portals. Around midnight the twins came up, I nodded at them approvingly as Drew guided his twin brother to the hidden dungeon playroom behind my closet.

Drew came back into the room for the belt to my pants and then disappeared. I heard five satisfying cracks of the belt and then the twins emerged. Drew turned Nick's butt to face me and I could see distinct marks where the belt had struck.

“Turn around Nick,” I said firmly. I put the book down next to my bed. “When I give instructions I expect them to be obeyed,” I continued in a firm monotone voice.

The boys were both going under as I continued, “Part of this family's secret is not just that we enjoy each other but that you boys respect *my* authority.”

I stopped and let my words sink in and left them stand there for an hour unable to do anything but contemplate the importance of ~obeying my authority~.

At 0100, I released them and called them to snuggle with me in bed. Nick thanked me for disciplining him and both twins said they had enjoyed sucking Gareth off all seven times. We fell asleep together quickly.

In the morning I could see Gareth was feeling better and his ball sacs seem noticeably lighter.

At school I had a plague of female students descend on my office in a panic about midterm exams. For some reason, the women seem to think kissing my ass during office hours will get them a better grade.

Now if they were handsome guys, maybe, but that is another story.

I was tempted to use magic to cause an explosion to get rid of them but I suppose this all part of the “teaching” part of my job.

Megiddo

A few days passed before I apparated to Cairo to meet my parents and then took all of us to Megiddo in the dead of night. I reopened the chamber and the three of us could barely fit inside at once.

My dad showed me a sorting incantation that would separate magical materials from non-magical ones. With a flick of his wand and the incantation “*Magicus Accio Sortius*” the tablets began to move about the tiny chamber into two piles. A small pile on the left was the magical ones, the much larger pile on the right were the non-magical ones.

We stuffed the magical ones into a bag I had brought and my dad showed me the incantations I would use to bring this chamber back into “real space” when I was working here in 2004.

We all apparated back to our homes, me with a sack full of magical tablets.

Lacheys Visit

I was surprised to find Mr. and Mrs. Lachey—the twins parents—in our living room the next afternoon. I scolded the boys politely in public for not informing me of the visit.

The Lacheys were just tickled pink that the twins were living here and doing so well. Mrs. Lachey commented on the tattoos but Nick's answer that "I had approved it," brushed the question off.

I resolved to take time later during their visit to reinforce the my instructions on them so that their control over their own children would slip further and further away to me.

In the meanwhile, I took us all out—Gareth included—to a fancy dinner at Gerard's Place where dinner easily can go for \$60 per person. Gareth could not help but compare some of Chef Pangaud's creations to his own and I suggested that Gareth take a course on French cooking at the CIA. Gareth appreciated even the faintest praise from me and the instruction to take more courses to improve his cooking was extremely well received.

Over dinner Mrs. Lachey was asking about my research plans for the summer of 2003. I explained that the twins were going to help me at a site in Germany. She and Mr. Lachey expressed admiration that they were able to be so helpful, and I assured her that the twins were integral to my research.

After dinner we headed back to the house and I reminded the boys gently that they had to get some homework done. Gareth prepared us a nightcap of tea with leaves and I used a simple fascination technique to focus the Lacheys on the tea leaves.

I reinforced my earlier programming and encouraged them to trust me with their sons. I planted the suggestion that each day their sons were with me the better a future they would have. It was after all natural that grown boys should go out on their own and become successful.

I was impressed by my handiwork and decided to key the two of them to have sex that night. I know from the twins that they were shocked to hear their parents banging the headboard loudly at all hours of the night.

Ah the power of suggestion.

At breakfast in the morning, Mr. and Mrs. Lachey both looked more relaxed. Their grown twin sons said nothing about hearing their parents' extracurricular activities the night before. I walked to school with the twins and left the Lacheys with Gareth.

At school the twins worked in my office all morning pulling together a concordance I had been putting off for ages. I was impressed by their diligence and ended up sucking them off in my office. Bad, but they are such beautiful boys.

After Drew shot a load deep into my mouth I commented, "hey our one year anniversary is coming up along with your nineteenth birthdays."

They smiled and looked at each other mischievously. "What are you twins up to?"

“Nothing,” in unison.

“I’m tempted to spank both of you here.”

Nick looked down and Drew looked at the clock on the wall.

“Did you want to go out for dinner on your birthday or have Gareth cook?”

“Gareth’s cooking is better than going out,” Drew said. Nick nodded in agreement and I had to as well. Gareth in addition to being a walking muscle-stud and gay Adonis from working out constantly was a top notch gourmet chef.

“Ok, we eat in, let Gareth know what you want then,” I said as the boys headed out for their classes.

I caught the time and left the door open for office hours. I really wanted to be studying the magical texts from Megiddo, luckily my stint in Germany this coming summer was a cushy teaching fellowship and the twins “jobs” was to be to suck my cock and take it up their ass a lot. That would leave plenty of time to review the magical tablets.

The midterm was the next day and my office was soon swarmed with students quizzing me on “my opinions” on different things. Like my opinion mattered, I had acquired a reputation for being a tough grader, but in reality I was just looking for facts my exams were monotonously consistent: 50 questions multiple choice (hard) and a single essay question (easier but graded strictly 1 point per fact, max 50 points).

Do the math. The thing that killed was that I did not use a curve. Of course I had the “problem” of course with some of Nick and Drew’s teammates who might not meet the already low standards for athletic scholarships.

I picked up some rings and charmed them with a type of cheating spell that would be difficult to detect. Each of their teammates would get one “for good luck.”

I would pass the cheating rings off to Nick and Drew before practice with instructions to impress the importance of wearing the “Egyptian good luck charms during exams” on their teammates.

One of the more promising young women in the class came at the end of my office hours with a tough question on the archaeological procedures for preventing dig contamination. I found myself caught in a conversation with her right until the start of class that was, as billed, a “review session.”

The class as a whole seemed to have a good grasp of the material, and I ended the class by handing out five questions from last year’s midterm and a sample short essay for practice. These touches were what gave me such a popular reputation despite being a tough grader.

It did not hurt that I would sometimes hypnotize the odd sobbing student into feeling better over receiving a 2.3 or worse. Though these days I had even had my share of whiners around 3.3.

Spanked Twins

I handed off the rings to the twins before practice and as we left the locker room hours later, the whole team was wearing them.

We walked home together and the twins apologized for not mentioning their parents visit. It turns out that they had known before I left for Megiddo but just not wanted to bring it up. Turned out they were just afraid their parents would freak out on seeing the tattoos and just got strange.

I explained that I was going to spank them in front of their parents for being rude. They were shocked but realized I meant it.

When we got home the Lacheys were sitting surrounded by some shopping bags from a trip to a suburban mall with Gareth.

“Mr. and Mrs. Lachey,” I said, “I was hoping I could get your *undivided* attention for a moment.” They focused on me, “Relax, you are very relaxed. You will sit and watch and be impressed that your children are appropriately disciplined.”

I was certain that they would not interfere and would be pleased with the results. One twin after the other came over my lap in front of their parents. Just days away from their nineteenth birthdays they were hand spanked for their rudeness in not announcing their parent’s visit.

They were then both sent to their room until dinner.

I released the Lacheys from the trance after suggesting more sex.

After I released them, Mr. Lachey commented, “That was incredibly rude of the twins not to tell you, I’m so glad to see you believe in taking a problem well in hand.” Mrs. Lachey nodded approvingly.

Gareth prepared a sumptuous dinner which I had him serve to the twins in their room.

After dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Lachey excused themselves and were fucking like bunnies in their bedroom. I stopped in on Drew and Nick who were studying for their midterms. I held them tight against me and forgave them for their rudeness and reminded them that I was in charge or worrying about things.

They cried in my arms and thanked me profusely for spanking them. Drew said getting spanked in front of his mom and dad like that was the most humiliating thing I had ever done but he knew he deserved it.

I infused their tattoos with a warm energy of my love before leaving them studying. I knew that would help them focus to study along with the rings.

Mr. and Mrs. Lachey left the day before the twins birthday since Mr. Lachey had to get back to the zoo. They gave the twins one hundred each as a gift to “buy something they liked.”

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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10 Magic: 10

By TopLegal

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Birthday Party

I had a hard time containing myself Friday as anticipation of the birthday celebration for the twins approached.

They were home from school early and Gareth was naked—as usual—and preparing the lobster dinner that the twins had requested. A gorgeous cake occupied the center of the table reading “Happy Birthday” and “Happy Anniversary”.

Nick got his hand slapped by Gareth for reaching for icing. We sat down to eat early, 1800, and Gareth served a light salad. This was followed by large lobster platters for all of us.

The twins devoured the lobsters while Gareth and I took our time. After we finished the lobsters, Gareth cleaned the table and I took the twins upstairs to my bedroom for the evening.

We fucked like rabbits that night. The orgy was unending and it was the most wonderful celebration of our year together in love that I could have imagined.

Around four in the morning, I apparated all four us to a deserted tropical island. Gareth had packed a supplies for a long weekend of fucking each others brains out. I even included Gareth when he wasn't busy with cooking duties.

Every cock, tongue, and fuckhole went everywhere else. Rimmed, fucked, and sucked, All permutations. Incest. Master sucking slave. Slave sucking master. Boys fucking Master, Master fucking boys. It all happened on that island.

Gareth's island cooking was exquisite and it hardly seemed like we were camping, of course I summoned in supplies as needed from home.

The twins were amazed that I could bring us to an island but they had been hypnotized, like Gareth, to have a hard time sensing my use of magic.

Sunday night before we left the island, I announced the twins birthday presents.

The first of three parts was a car they would share. I did not drive, but Gareth had a car

for running errands but it was nothing special. The twins got—courtesy of my friend Master Trent—a slightly used BMW M5. I gave them the keys while we were still on the island.

The second part of their birthday present were new iPods, one for each of them so they could enjoy their music with their computers and studies more.

The third and final part of their birthday present was that during the coming summer I would be adding another tattoo to their bodies. This one would reach down from their face along their neck to their shoulders. It would be a tasteful design of my choice.

They were most excited of all about the tattoos though since they had learned that their tattoos were magically cued to my touch and aside from glowing externally would infuse their bodies on the inside with an intensely warm sensation from my love.

We watched the sun set on the island before returning to the house. We were all so tired we climbed into bed together upstairs. In the morning three of us stumbled off to class as Gareth headed to the gym.

Midterms

I had the twins grade the multiple choice parts of the midterms while I went through the essays adding points for true statements. Together we got through 200 exams in about 2 hours. The grade distribution was pretty harsh. I was however glad to see that my basketball players had all scored solid B's.

I entered the grades into the school computer system myself and then after reviewing them one last time published them to the web. Since I did not want the twins to work on my concordance that morning I had them suck my cock while I was entering the grades. It was a pleasant distraction to say the least.

In class, I handed back the exams, reviewed the questions that students had and then dismissed the class early with their reading assignments.

After class, the predictable crush of students wanting their grades changed showed up. I lead everyone to my office and went through their requests one at a time. Nobody's grade changed. My grading may be "harsh" but it is fair.

The worst whiner was a slender Asian male who was a senior who was convinced that a 3.7 was going to ruin his chances of getting honors. I suggested a private appointment later in the week.

Cleared of throngs I hailed one of the tablets rescued from Megiddo to my office for study. The first tablet was boring consisting primarily of rudimentary incantations not substantially different from the ones from my own magical tradition, but it did pique my curiosity.

I summarized my notes on the tablet and logged into Magic-Net using the codes and incantations my parents had recently showed me and logged the tablet into the system. I left no notes about the other 40 or about the location where I found this tablet.

The one spell I found that I did like was an illuminator spell that hovered above the user rather than at the wand tip. The spell simply required a slightly altered incantation, instead of “Lumos” the incantation is “Zohar.” Ironic, no?

I went down to the gym and saw the team high-fiving Nick and Drew for the rings. Coach was thrilled too. I winked at the coach and he winked back at me.

The twins had done particularly well and without rings no less. I was quite proud of them, but their rewards would have to wait.

I had a dinner with Trent who was interested in borrowing another pain amulet. I had constructed the amulet of a different design than I had ever used in my office using instructions on Magic-Net. I headed off from the twins and took a cab to Trent’s mansion.

One of Trent’s boys answered the door naked, I think it was Brian, the fisting slave, and I decided to make Brian suck my cock before announcing my visit. The nice thing about a well run slave household like Trent’s is that the slaves know their place.

Trent interrupted my blow job, “Hey Wendell.”

“Hey Trent, I hope you don’t mind?”

“Of course not, Brian is a good cocksucker.”

I pushed Brian away and pulled up my pants and sat down in Trent’s massive living room. Tristan showed up, his jeans soaking wet—from piss no doubt—carrying a tray of drinks.

I took one of the cocktails and toasted with Trent.

“How was Israel?”

“Wonderful,” I said, “I’m going to take that job in 2004.”

“Good.”

“I have a new amulet here that should meet your needs,” I offered holding the small red gem set in a bronze circle aloft. I noticed Tristan shutter visibly and smiled broadly.

Trent stuck out his hand and I handed him the amulet.

“It will last about two weeks,” I commented. Screams from Tristan writhing on the floor drowned out my last word.

“Excellent,” Trent said, “in fact better than excellent, I am visiting a hot to trot master who claims his slaves can take anything, I am counting on slipping this against the slave to win a bit.”

“Petty.”

Trent laughed, “did the twins like the car?”

“Very much so,” I responded.

“Good, you know Wendell I really like you.”

I noticed that Tristan had excused himself and that it was just Trent and I. During our group teas, Master-Master sex was not off limits, but just was not done. But here we were alone. Trent came across and kneeled on the couch in front of me.

Trent

Trent's masculinity and sex appeal were hard to deny. We kissed each other deeply and I found myself sucking his nipples, biting them till he winced in pain. Then he returned the favor.

Our pants were both still on and I could tell his cock was as hard as mine. We took our time though. The kissing alone went on for at least an hour and then nipple play.

It was late before our pants were off and then it was just hands on each other's cocks. We writhed against each other on the floor in passionate love making. We stopped that evening with hand jobs that resulted in lovely orgasms.

As I left, Trent commented, "I'll give you a report on the amulet's effects at your place next week?"

"That would be great," I said.

I left Trent and took a cab home. Gareth had held dinner warm until I got there. All four of us ate together and then I sent the twins to their room alone to study.

I gave Gareth a big kiss and headed for the basement to keep studying the tablets. I was about ten tablets in before I started hitting interesting incantations. Ones that I had not heard of off the top of my head or which struck me as being clearly better than incantations that I generally used. The "Mana" incantation surprised me since it had interesting implications for the bible.

I dutifully entered all of the tablets into Magic-Net and retrieved a few emails about the tablet I had posted earlier inquiring where I had found it. I deleted the emails without answering.

I headed upstairs and found Gareth waiting at the top of the stairs. "Master," he said meekly, "I have to leave for the French cooking class Wednesday."

"Absolutely," I said kissing him on the lips and sliding my tongue into his mouth. "Get whatever you need for your trip."

"Thank you master," he replied and went up to his bedroom.

What a fantastic slave Gareth was.

Twincest

I peeked in on the twins and found they were curled against each other, naked, with books in hand reading about Chemistry. I stepped into the room and they put the book down and asked me to come over. I shook my head and said I wanted to “watch them engage in the family secret.”

They turned to each other and started to perform sixty-nine. The sight was intensely arousing for me. There gorgeous, tall bodies intertwined with one another was a beautiful sight and the fact that they had each other’s hard cocks in their brother’s mouth was all the more spectacular.

Two identical and beautiful men, twins, in love with each other. I wanted so badly to take pictures and post them on the Internet for all to see, but decided against it.

When they orgasmed, simultaneously I went over to them and touched their tattoos and then left the room so they could go back to studying.

In the morning I logged into Magic-Net and found that my last posted tablet with the “Mana” incantation had attracted quite the series of postings, especially since I was being mum about the tablets origins.

I decided to work from home since I did not have a class until 1500 and finished getting through the tablets. The only really true stand out spell was “Mana” and I had not even performed the incantation yet. Sure there were a few other gems hidden in the tablets, but none had the potential to blow apart western culture the way that one tablet did.

I posted the rest of the tablets to Magic-Net along with a comment that they were the only magical tablets I had found at a dig in Megiddo, Israel. This drew even more email on Magic-Net throughout the day, along with questions about where the tablets were found which I did not reveal.

I was however, already regretting not taking the other non-magical tablets for my own research, but most of the other wizards had minimal interest in non-magical tablets.

I would have been late for class if I had not used magic to get to my office. After class the senior who had whined about his 3.7 came back to bug me further. I took him aside, alone this time, to my office for a little reprogramming.

Reprogramming Van

The student’s name was Van and he was counting on getting into a top medical school. I had to wonder why he had taken my course, but decided against asking the questions. He was so serious about everything I knew it would be easy to hypnotize him.

I held up a silver pendant and twirled it idly in my hand as I continued to talk to Van. Van was obsessed with the pendant and I gradually began to induce Van into a relaxed state.

“You are getting more and more relaxed Van, each time the pendulum spins you are getting

more and more relaxed.”

His body relaxed and his eyes closed.

“Van, tap your shoe if you can hear me,” I said.

He tapped his shoe.

“Good,” I continued, “stay relaxed, I want you to sit here without moving for some time, the longer you sit here the more relaxed you will feel and the better you will feel about your current grades. In fact when you leave here you will thank me for giving you such a good grade.”

“Tap your shoe three times if you understand.”

He did.

“Good, now rest.”

I went about my business for the next few hours in my office with Van just sitting there. Around 1800 when I was ready to leave, I snapped Van awake and he got up and thanked me for the great grade.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

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