

## Giovanni's Broom

### Part I

Things were finally coming together for Giovanni Reef Nugent. He was headed into his final year of magical training at the Erato Academy for Magic & Mystic Arts and would soon be able to move out of his parents' house. Not that he had that much to complain about, he had strong magic, great grades, good looks, and one of the best wardrobes at Erato. Giovanni was 18-years-old, 5'8" and 147 pounds with sharp facial features, an expertly trimmed goatee, and shoulder-length locks. He was the color of warm honey. His skin was unblemished and as smooth as silk with the exception of a tattoo on the lower left side of his neck that spelled out 'MAGIC TRICK', and the five piercings through his ears, nipples and navel. The tattoo had been a constant source of angst for his father, who thought such markings would limit his progression in the magical political system.

Unlike most magicals his age, Giovanni was anxious to go back to living at the academy after the mandatory summer break at home. Young witches and warlocks of a certain age attended one of the nine major private schools across the country. There was the Erato Academy in Atlanta; the Clio Academy in Salt Lake City, Utah; the Euterpe Academy in Orlando, Florida; the Thalia Academy in New York, New York; the Melpomene Academy in Fort Lauderdale, Florida; the Terpsichore Academy in Seattle, Washington; the Polymnia Academy in Anne Arbor, Michigan; the Ourania Academy in St. Paul, Minneapolis; and the Calliope Academy in

Knoxville, Tennessee. Giovanni was convinced that Erato was the best of them, but every warlock and witch felt the same way about his or her academy.

It was the first day of class and Giovanni's parents and younger sister, Gaia, were preparing to take him campus, where he would live with several other young warlocks and witches under the cover of numerous magic spells and charms designed to keep noseey humans from poking around too much. Isolated on several acres of land just south of Atlanta, humans were confounded into believing that the campus was the home of a school for special needs children.

There was a lot at stake for Giovanni this year. The valedictorian of the senior class for each of the nine academies across the nation would be recognized within the magical community, gifted with a substantial stipend, a place to stay, and an entry level job of his or her choice within the magical political system.

Like all young male warlocks coming into heat around their eighteenth year, his natural body odor was a unique, yet subtle, earthy scent. Giovanni's was a mild sandalwood and lavender. The phenomena was called the ripening and at a school full of young warlocks ripening was no less unusual than a young man's voice changing or a young woman developing breasts. Sure it made for a quite a few distractions since the scents caused sexual arousal, but school officials counteracted it with numerous spells and potions.

Giovanni jumped up from the bed completely naked and looked at himself in his full-length mirror.

“Yasssss, werk, bitch!” Giovanni said, slapping his fat, round bottom and admiring his 29-inch waist.

His hooded eight-inch dick was still at attention and his pierced nipples were as hard as diamonds. Ripening warlocks were horny most of the time, and Giovanni was certainly no exception. He ran off the bathroom where he shaved and shit before he showered and masturbated to fantasies of the one boy in Erato Academy who he just couldn't get off of his mind. His name was Corris Brooks and he was six feet tall with a milky white skin complexion, a perfectly rounded Afro, and steel blue eyes. Corris had grown pubic hair and ripened a whole year before any of the other warlocks in Erato Academy, and he didn't mind sharing that fact. His girlfriend was a young witch named Bissey Nubia. Bissey was a beautiful shade of dark brown, but the fact that she never seemed to apply her make-up properly, wore ill-fitting clothes, and always kept her hair in a ponytail had convinced Giovanni that she just wasn't good enough for Corris.

Giovanni's relationship with Corris was an interesting one. They had known each other all of their lives, but had settled into different cliques as they had gotten older. Corris hung out with the athletic warlocks and Giovanni floated from group to group depending on how he was feeling on that particular day. The popular witches

seemed to want to use him as an accessory or just someone to share the “tea”; the popular straight warlocks seemed obsessed with pussy; and the few gay warlocks in the school were so closeted that they avoided Giovanni like the plague. Giovanni had had one class with Corris last year. It was an independent study course called, Potions, Nutrition & Magic, where Corris and Giovanni had been paired up in a small room with their own set of ingredients , a cauldron, and a long list of potions to prepare and study for the semester. The room was a small, dark and dank space on the ninth floor of one of the older, less frequented buildings on campus. Corris never seemed to quite understand the instructions, but Giovanni didn’t mind. He liked spending time with Corris, inhaling his lingering patchouli-laced ripening scent, listening to his problems, and looking into his steel-blue eyes. Occasionally, Corris’ dick would brush up against Giovanni’s ass as he slipped past him to go get one of the ingredients from a nearby shelf, but mostly they just talked.

Giovanni hadn’t had the courage to make any advances until one day toward the end of the semester when they had finished all of their potions and were writing up their final paper. Corris had only worn a loose-fitting t-shirt and sweat pants to school that day, and his cock print was showing through. Giovanni was at the table rereading their report aloud for the third time while Corris paced anxiously back and forth around the small room for him to finish. Giovanni was almost done reading when Corris stopped at the corner of the desk placing his hardening dick right at Giovanni’s eye level – or better yet, mouth level. Corris grabbed his cock and shifted it in his pants. When Giovanni looked up into Corris’ wanting blue eyes, they

both knew what was next. Corris motioned toward the door and in one swift magic gesture, it locked. He took his other hand and released his anxious creamy cock from his pants, nearly slapping Giovanni in the face in the process. Giovanni took Corris into his mouth and sucked his dick like it was the last a bomb pop on the hottest day of summer. Corris moaned and declared that it was the best blowjob that he had ever had as he gently caressed Giovanni's face and played in his locks. It had been a perfect moment – until they heard Corris' girlfriend, Bissey, bounding up the hallway in her sensible shoes screaming Corris' name. Corris shot his large load across Giovanni's face, on the desk, and all over their final paper. Fortunately, they managed to clean up the mess and unlock the door before Bissey arrived.

Things with Corris hadn't been quite the same since their sexual encounter. He seemed to be avoiding Giovanni. And once before the final day of classes, Giovanni had heard Corris call him a "switch" while sitting with his friends in the cafeteria. A switch was a term used for gay warlocks and certainly was never intended as a compliment. None of that, however, had stopped Giovanni from fantasizing about Corris over the summer. Instead, he told himself that Corris was trying to through people off their trail to protect what they had.

Giovanni lathered up in the shower and slid an index finger into his tight hole while he stroked his dick with the other hand and imagined the pleasure of Corris' cock in his mouth. It wasn't long before Giovanni shot a massive load all over the shower wall and filled the entire bathroom with the scent of sandalwood and lavender. The

orgasm was so intense that Giovanni's knees buckled and he flopped down in the shower floor smiling, giggling and shivering in a brief moment of ecstasy. Several seconds later, he managed to rinse off and get dressed.

He slipped on a beige, long-sleeved, button-up t-shirt underneath a studded, sleeveless denim jacket with the tightest pair of designer jeans that he could find and his favorite pair of boots. It was a new ensemble that he thought Corris might notice and appreciate. Both of his wrists were covered with multi-colored bracelets and all but four of his fingers were adorned in matching rings. When he was all dressed and had thrown all but the last few items for school into his backpack, he pulled out his computer and logged onto a site for down-low magicals called warlock4warlock under the screen name MAGIC\_TRICK. Most of the warlocks on the site didn't have pictures posted or had them locked, but not Giovanni. He wanted Corris to be able to find him. Giovanni was convinced that a closeted warlock like Corris would use a site like warlock4warlock and he had spent all summer hoping for a "chance encounter". Unfortunately, he had only run into trolls and a few other bottoms that claimed they just wanted to be friends. He checked his mailbox, hoping for a message from someone fitting Corris' description. The only message he had, however, was from someone with the screen name ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG. He opened it and saw that the message read, "I thought your profile was interesting and maybe we could be friends." Giovanni rolled his eyes, responded by typing, "Bye, girl, bye!" and slammed his computer shut and threw it into his bag. When he finally got downstairs, his family was already waiting.

“What took you so damn long?” Giovanni’s father looked like an older, chubbier, balder version of him. His mother, however, had retained her youthful beauty and softer demeanor.

“I had to get dressed,” Giovanni said.

“And what in the fuck do you have on? If I didn’t know any better, I would say that you are one of those queer “switches” that I am hearing so much about these days. I think you should go change into something more presentable,” Gavin said.

“Not now, Gavin. It is too late and the boy needs to be free to express himself,” his mother said. Giovanni and his family never discussed his sexuality. Instead, he suffered the disrespectful comments from his father and responded by dressing more and more flamboyantly.

“This is exciting. I can’t wait to see your room. I can’t wait until next year when I can start at the academy,” Gaia said.

“I don’t know why you all are making such a big deal out of this. I can get to school by myself,” Giovanni whined.

“All of the best families escort their children to campus on the first day of their final year. It is tradition. Besides, we need to make a good impression. You have a very good chance of becoming the valedictorian and we don’t want to mess it up. This is about your future,” Gavin Nugent said.

“Is this about my future or your ego?” Giovanni asked.

“What did you say to me?” Gavin asked puffing up his chest.

“You heard me,” Giovanni repeated with a little more bass in his voice.

“Why do you two always have to fight?” his mother whined.

“Can’t we just leave now?” Gaia asked.

“I won’t let you fuck this up for you or this family,” Gavin said, grabbing Giovanni up in the collar and ripping his new shirt. Giovanni responded by pushing his father off and waving his arms around in a magical gesture that sent everything and everyone flying around the room like fall leaves in a brisk wind.

Before any of them could regain their composure, Giovanni yelled, “You never let me live my life. I wish you were dead. Now leave me the fuck alone. You can send my shit to the school. I’ll get there own my own!”



## Part II

Giovanni made it to the outskirts of Erato Academy by public transit with nothing but his backpack. He was then forced to walk the remaining two miles, passing through magical charms designed to disorient and misdirect snooping humans. He arrived at campus just in time for the general assembly in the gymnasium. Giovanni found a seat on one of the bottom bleachers at the door near a group of underclassman, who all seemed excited that he was sitting near them. He waved and they waved back before sharing whispers about how he was probably going to be this year's valedictorian. Headmistress Higgins, a short buxom woman with a ruddy complexion and bright red hair, was going over the plans for the year. When she was done with the general announcement, she stopped and took a serious tone that drew everyone's immediate attention.

"I've been reading the tea leaves and casting bones all summer. A great change is coming to the magical community and we have to get ready. It behooves us to study our craft, so that when the time comes we are prepared. There is nothing more important right now than your magical educations. Let us not get caught unawares. Blessed be."

They had heard the headmistress' prophecies before and assumed that she was just trying to scare them into behaving. Giovanni passed a few of his other friends and classmates on the way out of the assembly and greeted them with his normal smile and wave. Giovanni was a friend to all, but best friend to no one, and he wondered

what it would be like to have someone with whom he could share all of his secrets and innermost thoughts.

He headed to the lobby to pick up his class schedule and dorm assignment, and got into the line for the warlocks and witches whose last names started with the letter "N".

"Blessed be. Haven't you changed?" a voice said from behind. It was Bissey Nubia.

"Hello, Bissey," he said dryly.

"I see you finally started ripening. Is that sandalwood I smell?" she asked.

"No, that is envy and jealousy you smell," Giovanni said. Giovanni and Bissey had known each other for several years, and had carried on a healthy academic rivalry since arriving at the academy. Their relationship was normally on again off again, but ever since the situation last year with Corris it had been more off than on.

"I see you didn't lose your wit over the summer," she replied.

"And I see that you didn't lose your second chin," Giovanni said.

Bissey leaned in close to whisper in Giovanni's ear, "Don't think I am not on to you. I know you were feeling Corris last year. He told me all about how you used to try to make advances toward him in your Potions, Nutrition & Magic class last semester. Don't even think about it. Corris isn't a switch like you and our parents arranged our marriage a long time ago. He is mine - all mine. And do you know what else is mine, the title of valedictorian. I'll have it one way or the other."

"And to think we used to be friends," Giovanni smirked.

"I never thought that," Bissey said.

"Next!" the desk attendant yelled. Giovanni stepped forward and gave the administrator his name and received his schedule and room assignment on a small scroll. He unrolled the scroll and saw that his first class of the day was Vampire Basics, and his second class was Charms & Curses. Bissey looked over his shoulder, read his schedule and screeched.

"It looks like we are going to have at least one class together this year. I'll see you in Charms & Curses," Bissey said.

"Oh goody," Giovanni said and stomped off to class. He thoroughly enjoyed his first class on vampires and found himself intrigued and even slightly aroused by their sexual prowess and physical perfection. After his first class, he ran to his dorm and

left a note for the dorm advisor that his family would be sending his things later that day and that he could have them placed in his room. With only a few minutes to spare, he rushed over to his Charms & Curses class, which was in the Hexal Harm building. When he walked in, he saw only seven seats and six were already filled. And the only available seat was right there in the front next to Bissey and Corris.

“Great!”

As Giovanni approached the open chair, Corris kicked it over. Everyone else in the class laughed, especially Bissey.

“What in the fuck is wrong with you?” Giovanni asked.

“What is wrong with me? Maybe I don’t want to sit next to a “switch”,” Corris mocked. Giovanni looked into Corris’ deep blue eyes for an explanation, but found none.

“I am not sure what is going on in here, but I don’t tolerate foolishness in my classroom. Let us take our seats!” a rich, baritone voice said from behind. Giovanni turned and bumped into a man who was just a few inches taller than him with beautiful locks hanging down his back. Their hands brushed as Giovanni reached for his desk. The man smelled like summer rain and his voice sent tremors up and down Giovanni’s spine.

“My name is Professor Prentice and I am your Charms & Curses instructor.” All three of the females in the room swooned.

Comfortably seated, Giovanni took a complete inventory of the professor, who was wearing a thin white linen shirt, white linen pants, and leather sandals. Giovanni’s eyes immediately traveled to the man’s crotch and the prominent bulge that bobbed as he walked back and forth across the front of the classroom. Giovanni had been crotch-watching long enough to recognize a man in boxers with a big dick. Suddenly, neither Bissey nor Corris seemed to matter as much. And if the heft in the professor’s trousers weren’t enough to keep Giovanni’s attention, he was an excellent Charms & Curses professor. It wasn’t long before he had them each up in front of the class casting basic charms and curses. Much to Bissey’s dismay, Giovanni picked up the charms and curses quicker than anyone else in the class.

At the end of the first class, Professor Prentice pulled out a large wooden maze with a glass top that was about the size of a small dining room table. It was filled with several traps and contraptions. Once everyone had been given an opportunity to study the maze, he gave everyone a diagram of the maze with explicit details on its make-up. When that was done, he left the classroom and returned with seven small cardboard containers that looked like they might be used for Chinese food. Giovanni peeked into the box and saw a cute, small gray mouse.

“This is no ordinary maze. It is filled with traps designed to confound, confuse and even kill your mice. I’d like for each of you go home tonight, study the diagram of the maze, and then cover your mouse with the charms necessary to make it through the maze in less than three minutes,” Professor Prentice said.

“And what if our mice don’t get through in less than three minutes?” Corris asked.

“Then you will receive a failing grade for this assignment,” Professor Prentice said flatly. Several other students raised their hands to ask questions, but the instructor dismissed them all. Giovanni smiled. It was the great ending to what had started off as a very shitty morning. He loved his Charms & Curses class and he was pretty sure that he was developing a crush on his instructor. Who needed an insecure blue-eyed boy like Corris, when there was a real man like Professor Prentice?

### Part III

Giovanni headed straight to his dorm room after his final class for the day. He was pleasantly surprised to find that his parents had shipped his things and the dorm advisor had managed to get them into his room. There was also a note from his sister Gaia. He read it, smiled, and promised himself that he would be a better big brother. Like all of the seniors in the top ten percent of their class at Erato, Giovanni had a single room. He stripped off his clothes until he had nothing on but a pair of striped boxer briefs and polka dot socks.

He took the small carrier out of his backpack and released the small gray mouse onto the desk. The mouse stood up on its hind legs, sniffed at Giovanni, waved its small left paw, and then brushed its tail across the table.

“I like you,” Giovanni said. The small mouse turned around three times on its hind legs and then waved at Giovanni again.

“I think I am going to call you Broom because of the way you sweep your tail,” Giovanni laughed. He reached into his backpack and found an apple that he bit and shared with Broom. With Broom occupied and nibbling on a piece of apple, Giovanni lay across the bed and began reviewing the diagram on the maze, noticing that there was a traditional mouse trap, compression wall, and fire trap.

“This is going to be tough, Broom,” Giovanni said. The mouse looked over at the map as if he knew what Giovanni meant, nibbled the last bit of apple before jumping up on Giovanni’s arm and scurrying up to his shoulder. They studied the schematic as Giovanni made notes on which charms he would use to cover Broom. By the time they were done, it was well past dinner and Giovanni decided that he wasn’t in the mood to see anyone so he ate a couple of pieces of fruit and logged onto his computer while Broom sat on his shoulder and played with his locks.

Giovanni signed onto warlock4warlock and noticed that he had another email from ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG, but before he could open the email he got an instant message.

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: “I am not a witch?”

MAGIC\_TRICK: “Huh?”

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: “You called me a girl, but I am not a witch. I am a warlock.”

MAGIC\_TRICK: “That was just an expression. You must not get out much.”

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: “As a matter of fact, I don’t. I go to a mortal high school.”

MAGIC\_TRICK: “Quit fucking lying.”



ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "It is true. My parents don't care much for magical politics."

MAGIC\_TRICK: "That is kind of weird."

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "Tell me about it. Maybe we can be friends."

MAGIC\_TRICK: "Thanks, but I think I have enough friends. I have to go study. I have a Charms & Curses exam tomorrow. I have to cover my mouse in the enough charms to make it through a maze in three minutes without getting hurt or killed."

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "I don't know a lot about magic or if it is allowed, but wouldn't it be just as good if you made the mouse smart enough to avoid the traps in the maze instead of covering him in charms."

MAGIC\_TRICK: "I hadn't thought of that, but it might work. Anyway, I have to go."

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "Maybe we can talk again later."

MAGIC\_TRICK: "Maybe, maybe not."

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "I hope so."

MAGIC\_TRICK: "Whatever"

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "Bye, girl, bye"

"No she didn't," Giovanni laughed and shut down his computer. With only a few minutes before midnight, Giovanni began covering Broom in charms against fire, knives and moving blocks of wood. And as an extra measure of security he cast a spell over Broom to make him smart enough to completely avoid the traps in the maze.

"Head to head, heart to heart. Give him insight, make him smart. Blinded eyes, come to light. Remove the darkness, make him bright," Giovanni chanted and waved his hands over Broom. The mouse's fur bristled and shimmered while the magic took hold.

"Can you understand me now?" Giovanni asked. Broom nodded and pointed back to the diagram of the maze, which lay on Giovanni's desk. Giovanni took the mouse and sat him on the diagram. Broom walked through every inch of the drawing, stopping at each of the traps and studying it intently.

"I'll be damned. Maybe ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG isn't so stupid at all," Giovanni laughed.

## Part IV

Giovanni was excited to get back to his Charms & Curses class, where he could show off Broom and show up Bissey. Professor Prentice had asked each of them to draw a number, and as fate would have it Giovanni was last and Bissey was next to last. Not that either of them had to worry about the competition. Corris was first and his mouse hadn't made it through the first trap before he was sliced in half by a knife. The next student didn't do much better. His mouse made it to the second trap but was crushed quickly between two wooden blocks. The other two witches in the class were successful in covering their mice in enough charms so that they could make it through the maze, but neither did it in less than three minutes.

"I guess I need to show you all how it is done," Bissey said proudly as she removed her small white mouse from its cardboard carrier and set it into the maze. The mouse scampered through the maze in record time, covered in all of the charms required to keep it from hurt, harm or danger. When Bissey's mouse finished the maze, Professor Prentice proudly announced the time at two minutes and thirty-seven seconds. The class cheered.

"Bissey, You did a very good job, but it isn't over yet. It is Giovanni's turn," Professory Prentice said.

Giovanni gave Broom a small pat on the head and gently sat him at the entrance to the maze. When Professor Prentice said, "go", Broom gave Giovanni a quick nod and

took off through the maze. Not only did he avoid all of the traps, but he also beat Bissey's mouse's time by twenty seconds. Before Giovanni could snatch Broom up from the exit of the maze or celebrate, Corris bumped the maze and tipped it over. The wooden fixture flipped over, fell on top of Broom, and crushed him to death.

"Oops," Corris said, but it was obvious that he didn't mean it. Giovanni couldn't believe it. Just like that, his pet was dead and Corris had done it with little to no regard for his feelings or the mouse's life.

"Corris!" Professor Prentice yelled.

"It was an accident," Corris snickered. Giovanni burst into tears and rushed to recover Broom's limp broken body from under the maze.

"Class is dismissed. Everyone leave!" Professor Prentice yelled. Everyone gathered their things and quickly exited the class amidst whispers and giggles, while Professor Prentice sat down in the floor with Giovanni and held him in arms while he cried.

Giovanni avoided all social activities and threw himself into his studies. Between the pressure from his father and bullshit from his classmates, he was in a near state of depression. Charms & Curses class was particularly hard for Giovanni even though Professor Prentice insisted that Corris and Bissey sit on the opposite side of

the room from Giovanni. Days passed and as Giovanni's depression grew so did his desire for revenge.

They were in Professor Prentice's class studying truth charms when Giovanni decided that enough was enough.

"Today we are going to study the truth charm. Like most things it isn't completely foolproof. The truth charm works best when the target is in close proximity of an item that has been enchanted to make him or her to tell the truth." Professor Prentice pulled a small stone from his pocket and held it up.

"What is that?" Corris asked nervously.

"This is a small stone that has been turned into a truth charm. You can do all kinds of things with stones. Gemstones and rocks are powerful sources of magic because they are from the earth. If you are good, I might even show you how to make a ruby looking stone one day. I want to show you how this works. Anyone who is close to this stone will be compelled to tell the truth when asked a question. The closer the stone charm is to the person, the more likely it is to work. As a matter of fact, I challenge you each to hold the stone and try to tell a lie." Professor Prentice walked across the room and handed the stone to Bissey, who was wearing a bright red blouse.

“What color is your blouse?” he asked her.

“O-O-Orr...red!” she said.

“What is your last name?” he continued.

“Jo-Jo-Jone...Nubia!” she blurted. The entire class laughed, everyone but Giovanni. Giovanni jumped up from his chair, ran across the room, snatched the small stone from Bissey’s hand. When Corris ran over to help her Giovanni spun around and jammed the small stone into Corris’ mouth, down his throat and forced him to swallow it.

“Did you kill Broom on purpose?” Giovanni yelled at Corris with tears in his eyes.

“What are you doing?” Professor Prentice yelled. Giovanni waved his hands and sent the professor flying out of the room and into the hallway. After that, he magically locked and barred the door before turning back to Corris.

“Did you kill my mouse on purpose?” Giovanni yelled at Corris. Corris tried to lie. He even held his hands over his mouth, but it was no use. He struggled and struggled until he finally blurted out a firm, “yes!”

“Did you let me suck your dick last year in Potions, Nutrition & Magic class?”

Giovanni continued. Corris’ eyes widened and he immediately looked over at Bissey.

“Did you pull your dick out so that I could suck it last year? Did you brush your dick up against me on purpose? Did you tell me that I gave you the best blowjob you ever had? Did you caress my face and play in my hair while I was sucking your dick?”

Giovanni yelled. Try as he might, Corris couldn’t resist the power of the truth charm.

“Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!” Corris yelled. Everyone in the class was in shock. Corris was known for being one of the most masculine, and therefore, most popular young men on campus. The admission that he was gay not only threatened to diminish his social standing, but destroy his union with Bissey as well. Professor Prentice came bursting back into the classroom.

“What are you doing, Giovanni?” Professor Prentice yelled. Giovanni didn’t answer. He grabbed his things and stormed out of the classroom.

## Part V

Giovanni was sitting on his bed in nothing but boxer briefs thinking about everything that happened in Professor Prentice's class earlier that day, and trying to work on a paper on his laptop when an instant message popped up. It was that ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG again. Without a picture, all Giovanni had to go on was a profile description, which indicated that whoever this person was had a build very similar to his own. Besides that, he didn't have much else to go on. He didn't even have a name. A witch or a warlock never gave a stranger, especially another magical, his or her full name. The name offering given too freely could be used for spell casting. Despite his overall shitty mood, he decided to chat with ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG anyway.

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "How was your day?"

MAGIC\_TRICK: "Fucked up!"

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "Why?"

MAGIC\_TRICK: "Why do you care?"

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "I am a good listener. Tell me about it. I want to hear about life at magic school."

MAGIC\_TRICK: "Are you for real?"



ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "Yes. I haven't heard from you since before your mouse project was due. How did it turn out?"

MAGIC\_TRICK: "Fucked up. Don't you have any other friends?"

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "I have some mortal friends, but it isn't the same as having magical friends."

MAGIC\_TRICK: "Don't you have brothers or sisters or cousins?"

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "I don't have any brothers or sisters and my cousins don't really like me that much. They think I am weird because I don't go to the magic academy."

MAGIC\_TRICK: "They might be right."

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "LOL"

MAGIC\_TRICK: "I was serious."

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "Oh"

There was a knock at the door and none too soon.

MAGIC\_TRICK: "There is someone at my door. I have to go. I'll talk to you later."

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "Promise?"

MAGIC\_TRICK: "Yes. Bye, girl, bye."

Giovanni ran to the door and snatched it open without even checking to see whom it was. He had an idea that Corris and his band of athletic thugs might be coming to his room and he was pissed and ready. When he snatched the door open, he couldn't have been more surprised.

"Professor Prentice?"

"Do you have a minute? I need to speak to you about your behavior in my classroom earlier," Professor Prentice said.

"Come in." Giovanni suddenly realized that he had on nothing but boxer briefs.

"You have to learn to control your anger. A warlock's powers are tied to his emotions. You attacked another student and threw me out of the room. I could have you expelled for that. It could ruin all your chances of becoming valedictorian. Lucky

for you, Corris does not want to press charges. I am not sure what you said to him, but Bissey has called off their marriage arrangement and Corris is leaving the academy. Now you've got to promise me that you'll do better," Professor Prentice said. When Giovanni tried unsuccessfully to cover himself with his arms, the professor seemed to notice that he was standing there in nothing but his underwear.

"I will do better," Giovanni said, trying to sound as composed as possible but the tension was thick enough to cut with a knife.

"I'll let you get back to whatever it is you were.....uhm doing," Professor Prentice said.

"Okay," Giovanni said.

"I'll expect you in my office tomorrow at dusk for your punishment," Professor Prentice turned and walked out toward the door and when he turned to say something else he bumped into Giovanni who was trailing him.

"I am sorry. I'll see you tomorrow at dusk," Giovanni said. Professor Prentice turned and left the room without another word.

Giovanni showed up at Professor Prentice's office the next day at dusk just as instructed. Professor Prentice was sitting behind his large oversized desk grading

papers when Giovanni walked in. Giovanni noticed how clean the professor's large desk was.

"I am here," he said.

Professor Prentice didn't look up. Instead he pointed at the wall of books up on the facing wall and said, "I'd like for you to alphabetize and catalog all of my books."

"That entire wall is nothing but one big bookshelf. I bet there are at least five hundred books up there," Giovanni complained.

"Or I could tell the school administration about your little incident yesterday..." Professor Prentice said.

"Okay, but this'll take me forever," Giovanni said. Professor Prentice didn't respond. Giovanni dropped his backpack, removed his jacket and began pulling the books from the shelves. Between physically and magically moving books, Giovanni had still only cleared half of the first shelf when Professor Prentice got up from his work to go the bathroom adjacent to his office.

"Are you about to leave?" Giovanni asked.

“No. I am just going to change clothes for my nightly run,” Professor Prentice said. Everyone knew that Professor Prentice was an avid jogger and that he ran the perimeter of the campus every night. Giovanni suspected that he also did it to test the magical wards and charms surrounding the campus. Giovanni returned his attention to the volumes and volumes of books until he looked up and noticed the professor’s reflection in the bathroom mirror. He was at the perfect angle to see the professor without the professor seeing him.

“I’ll just be gone for an hour or so. You can work for another thirty minutes and then lock the door behind you. I’ll see you back here tomorrow at dusk,” Professor Prentice screamed from the bathroom.

Giovanni peered across the room into the mirror as the professor peeled off his dashiki, revealing a firm chiseled chest and six pack abs.

“Did you hear me?” Professor Prentice yelled again.

“Uhm, yes.” Giovanni watched intently as the professor slipped out of his drawstring pants and boxers, and marveled as the man’s dick flopped out and bounced against his left thigh. The professor’s large circumcised dick was fat and thick in the middle with a slight curve to the left. His balls hung evenly and were in perfect proportion to his meaty cock. Giovanni wondered if he could fit both of them in his mouth without gagging. He continued to watch intently as the professor slipped on a

jockstrap, boxer briefs, running shorts, a tank top, and running shoes. Giovanni turned his attention back to the books just before the professor stepped back out of the bathroom and into the office.

“Did you hear me? Take a few more minutes to move those books back out of the way so I have a path to walk and then you can go home for the evening. And I hope this teaches you a lesson,” Professor Prentice said.

“Yessir,” Giovanni replied.

“And, Giovanni, your ripening scent is kind of strong in this enclosed space. You might want to take a masking potion before you come back tomorrow. You know how...distracting it can be,” Professor Prentice said.

“Uhm, yes,” Giovanni said. Professor Prentice stepped over the mounds of books and walked out of the office for his nightly jog.

Giovanni was still piling books when he heard someone behind him. He turned expecting to find the professor.

“I came to talk to the professor about your little incident. What are you doing here?”  
It was Bissey.

“Organizing the professor’s books as punishment for what happened,” Giovanni said.

“Is that all he’s got you doing? You ruin my life and all you have to do is organize books? That is bullshit,” Bissey spat.

“Look, Evillene, I didn’t ruin your life. That blue-eyed, dusty-ass boyfriend of yours did that for you.” Giovanni stood to face Bissey.

“I don’t know what kind of spell you used on Corris to make him say those things, but wasn’t like you before. I’ll get you back Giovanni Nugent. I’ll get you back.” Bissey raised her hand to cast a spell at Giovanni, but thought better of it.

“You only wish it was a spell. Don’t do anything stupid. You and I both know that my magic is stronger than yours. Now lower your hand before you find yourself stuffed in that little window over the office door,” Giovanni warned.

“You had better be glad that I convinced the other students in the class not to say anything about what happened today,” Bissey said.

“Oh no, bitch. Don’t think for one minute that you swore them to secrecy for me. You did that so that no one would know that your boyfriend likes boys. I could care less what you or anyone else on this campus thinks of me. And isn’t it mighty funny that

your boyfriend decided to go home for the semester?" Giovanni asked. Bissey huffed and stormed out of the office.

Giovanni showed up in Professor Prentice's office every evening at dusk to work on organizing his books, and every night was better than the last as the professor opened up by showing Giovanni all of the magic contained in his vast library.

Giovanni loved learning about magic, and he loved the professor's attention. They were sitting in the floor of Professor Prentice's office surrounded by a fort of books one night when the professor pulled one of his favorite books.

"Palm reading is a lost art," Professor Prentice said pointing to a section in one of the large tomes.

"Tell me more," Giovanni begged.

"There are twelve lines in everyone's palm. A real warlock can identify and read them all. There is the life line, head line, heart line, health line, fate line, fame line, marriage line, money line, sex line, spirit line, travel line, and luck line." Professor Prentice said.

"Do me. Do me. Read my palm," Giovanni pleaded. Professor took Giovanni's hand in his, opened his palm, and studied it for a very long time.



“This is very, very interesting,” Professor Prentice said.

“What?” Giovanni asked.

“Your life and health lines fade out and then return. I’ve never seen anything like it. And your sex and luck lines are very prominent. I think I might have to go to one of my other books to see what this means.” When Professor Prentice leaned forward he tipped over a pile of books, and when Giovanni moved out of the way he landed in the professor lap. Their faces were just inches apart and what happened next was just pure physical and magical attraction. Professor Prentice leaned in and kissed Giovanni. It was quick, but passionate and they both knew that they had crossed the line.

“I am sorry. That shouldn’t have happened. You should leave.” Professor Prentice jumped up from the floor, rushed into the bathroom, and slammed the door. Instead of leaving the professor’s office, Giovanni turned down the light and made himself a place to rest between the books. Professor Prentice would have to come out of the bathroom soon and Giovanni planned to be waiting there for him. It was another twenty minutes before Professor Prentice finally came out of the bathroom in his running clothes.

“What are you doing?”

“Waiting for you,” Giovanni said.

“You should go home,”

“Is that what you really want?” Giovanni started removing his clothes right there in the middle of the Professor’s office.

“What are you doing?”

“Something I’ve wanted to do since I met you.” Giovanni, completely naked, walked over to Professor Prentice and gave him a passionate kiss. Professor Prentice smelled like fresh rain and his breath tasted of mint.

“We both know this isn’t a good idea,” Professor Prentice said. Giovanni walked over to the professor’s desk, retrieved a small truth charm, held it up to the professor’s chest and asked one question.

“Do you want me?” Giovanni asked. The professor fought the urge, but eventually stuttered, “y-y-yes.” Giovanni’s scent rose and filled the room.

Professor Prentice’s dick hardened in his jogging shorts. He kissed Giovanni’s lips, his neck, and then his left nipple. Giovanni sighed. It felt great. Giovanni was about to say something when Professor Prentice quieted him. The professor took the

index finger of his left hand and put it at the base of Giovanni's neck and the index finger of his right hand and placed it on the small of Giovanni's back. He chanted a small spell and Giovanni's body tilted and floated in the air perfectly horizontal with the floor.

"Relax and trust me," Professor Prentice said. Giovanni exhaled.

Professor Prentice ran his hands above and below Giovanni's naked body just inches from his skin. Parts of Giovanni's body started to glow a bright orange. Giovanni inhaled as his neck and inner thighs began warm up. Professor Prentice cast a spell to highlight Giovanni's erogenous zones. With Giovanni floating right at eye level, Professor Prentice began kissing his neck. Giovanni's dick shot straight up into a full erection.

Professor Prentice waved his hand, and Giovanni's body floated gently over onto the desk. Professor Prentice slowly removed his clothes while Giovanni watched in amazement. The professor's body was chiseled and firm. His pecks were well defined and he was sporting an eight pack. Giovanni was pleased to see that the professor's body was clean-shaven and as smooth as silk. His dick hung low and looked heavy and meaty with a large vein running across the top. Professor Prentice was circumcised, which made it easy for Giovanni to see the large pink head of his dick.

Professor Prentice crawled up on the desk and began licking Giovanni's hot spots. He started with the neck, which nearly drove Giovanni mad. Giovanni had kissed guys his own age, but Professor Prentice was a grown ass man with skills, who knew how to take his time. Before Giovanni knew it, he was playing with himself. Professor Prentice left Giovanni's neck and kissed a trail past his nipples, navel, dick, and then all the way down to his inner thighs. Giovanni sighed and moaned.

Professor Prentice began massaging and kissing Giovanni's thighs with a rhythm that revealed that he was no novice in the sex department. By the time Professor Prentice was finishing up with Giovanni's right thigh and moving over to his left, Giovanni's legs were wide open. Professor Prentice took his large index finger and pressed it against Giovanni's hole.

"You are so tight and wet," Professor Prentice said.

"You are my first," Giovanni said. Professor Prentice smiled. This was his lucky, lucky day. Professor Prentice dove tongue first into Giovanni's wet hole. Giovanni grabbed at the corners of the desk and arched his back in ecstasy. Professor Prentice's tongue felt too good for words. When he had gotten Giovanni wet enough, he took his index finger and pushed against Giovanni's hole again. This time, Giovanni opened up and let him in.

"Oh!" Giovanni moaned.

“Trust me,” Professor Prentice said. Professor Prentice crawled on top of Giovanni and slowly parted his legs. Giovanni reached down and grabbed Professor Prentice’s dick, which was much thicker and longer than his own.

“This is too big. It feels like I am grabbing a pipe or a water bottle,” Giovanni said.

“Trust me,” Professor Prentice said again and kissed Giovanni’s neck. Giovanni tilted his hips, as Professor Prentice positioned the head of his dick against Giovanni’s wet, young hole.

Professor Prentice’s dick leaked enough precum to lubricate Giovanni’s virgin hole. The professor worked his hips and pushed his dick against Giovanni with enough force to get half of his large dick head inside of him. Giovanni’s eyes widened and he held his breath.

“Relax,” Professor Prentice said. When Giovanni exhaled, Professor Prentice pushed the entire head of his dick inside his young lover.

“Okay,” Giovanni breathed.

“You are so tight and wet,” Professor Prentice said again.

"I am sorry," Giovanni said.

"Don't be sorry. You feel great," Professor Prentice said.

"Am I too tight?" Giovanni asked.

"I have never, ever felt this good," Professor Prentice said. Giovanni smiled, opened his legs even wider, and pushed his hips into Professor Prentice's dick. The pressure he felt as the professor tried to enter him was starting to turn to pain. He dug his nails into Professor Prentice's back and felt every part of the professor travel up inside him.

Giovanni felt the professor's large balls brush against his butt cheeks and then he felt the professor gently kiss his neck. As Giovanni's hole moistened, he allowed his body to relax and he whispered to the professor, "I want all of you."

When Professor Prentice pushed the first half of his dick inside Giovanni, shivers went up his spine. Giovanni wrapped his arms and legs around Professor Prentice, buried his head in the professor's neck beneath the fall of his locks, and held on for dear life. Professor Prentice was rotating his hips furiously and creating circles of pleasure inside Giovanni's body. Just when Giovanni thought he couldn't take it anymore, the muscles in his body loosened and his hole began to moisten even more. Giovanni felt the professor's sperm shoot up in him and he came in response.

The smell of their sex hung in the air like a sweet perfume.

Professor Prentice must have known how electrifying virgin warlock ass could be because he held onto the desk and began chanting. Giovanni's first orgasm during sex rocked his entire body and he squeezed the professor so hard that he almost crushed his ribs. The lights in the room blinked on and off and the desk rose up off the floor and fell back down again.

Professor Prentice had busted Giovanni's cherry and now Giovanni was ready to thank him for it. His ass was wet, and his nervousness was gone. Giovanni kissed Professor Prentice until his dick hardened inside him again and they were both ready for a second round. Their rhythm was perfect and effortless. Giovanni loved everything about Professor Prentice from the way he moved to the way he smelled to the way he felt holding him.

Giovanni's wetness combined with Professor Prentice's cum made a slushy sound when their bodies smacked together. They couldn't get enough of each other.

Professor Prentice pulled out of Giovanni and Giovanni begged him to enter him again. Professor Prentice grabbed Giovanni's legs and flipped him over. When Giovanni arched his back and poked his ass out for the professor, the professor gave a moan of satisfaction, grabbed his dick by the base and slid it back inside his new lover.

Giovanni wasn't prepared for how the professor's dick would feel in a different position. He had only taken the dick in the missionary position. In the doggy style position, Professor Prentice's thick dick tapped different nerves and gave Giovanni entirely new sensations. Giovanni was intent on making sure that Professor Prentice didn't forget their first time together either, so he began whipping his ass around in smooth even motions that increased the friction on Professor Prentice's dick. He knew that he had succeeded when he heard the professor start to stutter, shake and call his name. Giovanni was young, but he was ready. Professor Prentice's second orgasm lasted twice as long as the first and Giovanni loved every minute of it because he was in complete control. When Professor Prentice finished, he slowly pulled out of Giovanni and flopped down on the desk. Giovanni fell into his arms and kissed him on the cheek.

Giovanni and Professor Prentice fell into a steady routine of meeting every day at dusk in the professor's office under the guise of Giovanni organizing the professor's library. Instead, however, their nightly session involved passionate sex followed by the professor teaching Giovanni new magic followed by more passionate sex. Suddenly, it seemed like Giovanni was going to have a great senior year.

Giovanni was on top of the world. Not only had he had sex, but he had had great sex; and not only had he had great sex, but he had had great sex with a grown man. It seemed as if there was nothing in the world that ruin his mood – not his father, not Bissey, not anything. At least not until Giovanni walked into Professor Prentice's



Charms & Curses class and found Bissey stretched out and wailing on the floor with the professor doing his best to comfort her.

“What is wrong?” Giovanni asked another of his classmates.

“She just found out that Corris killed himself,” the classmate answered. It was as if someone had punched Giovanni in the gut. He couldn’t speak and he couldn’t breathe. His whole world started to spin and he passed out right there in the middle of the room.

## Part VI

There was a pall over the campus for several days at the news of Corris' death. Despite Bissey's best efforts to keep everything under wraps, there were rumors that the suicide had something to do with Giovanni. And like most gossip, it got exaggerated. The speculations ranged from stories that Corris found Giovanni sleeping with Bissey to tales about how Giovanni wouldn't return Corris' advances. Either way, Giovanni was involved.

On the day that the campus held a vigil for Corris, Giovanni couldn't even bare to get out of bed. Instead, he sat in his dorm room in the dark in nothing but boxer briefs with his hair tied up in an elaborate bun chatting on the computer.

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "Hey, girl, hey."

MAGIC\_TRICK: "You really are doing too much right now."

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "IKR. How are you doing today?"

MAGIC\_TRICK: "Not good."

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "Do you want to talk on the phone? Maybe it'll help you to talk about it."

MAGIC\_TRICK: "No thanks."

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "Well do you want to hear about my day?"

MAGIC\_TRICK: "Why not? Go ahead."

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "I found out that my older cousin, Waverly, and his family are coming to visit next weekend, so I am trying to learn some new magic before he gets here. He always makes fun of me. The last time he was here he..."

There was a knock at the door. Giovanni slammed his computer shut without even responding to his on-line chat buddy. When Giovanni snatched the door open, he saw Professor Prentice dressed in a black robe. The professor rushed into the room, closed the door behind him, and enveloped Giovanni in his arms. Giovanni burst into tears.

"It is okay. It is okay," The professor said, rubbing Giovanni's back.

"I feel terrible," Giovanni sobbed.

"It isn't your fault. Corris was a troubled young man," Professor Prentice said.

When Giovanni looked up from the embrace, his lips met the professors for a soft, sweet kiss.

“I feel terrible,” Giovanni said.

“Stay here. I’ll go to the memorial service and when it is over I’ll come back here and spend some time with you. I’ll even bring you something to eat. How about pomegranates and persimmons? I know they are your favorite.” Professor Prentice held Giovanni’s chin up and gave him another quick kiss.

“I would like that,” he responded. When the professor left, Giovanni crawled back into bed to wait for the man that he was falling in love with to return.

Giovanni woke up several hours later and began searching frantically for his watch. It had been three hours since the professor left and he was starting to get worried. He pulled out his phone and gave Professor Prentice a call, but there was no answer. He looked over at his laptop and saw that he had several instant messages from the anxious and all too annoying ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG. He would have to talk to him later. He had a feeling in his gut that something just wasn’t right and he needed to investigate.

Giovanni had just put on a pair of jeans, t-shirt, and shoes when he heard a knock at the door. He immediately starting smiling, thinking that Professor Prentice had

finally come back to him. He thought about removing all of his clothes and greeting the professor completely naked, but when the knocking turned into banging he decided not to. When Giovanni opened the door, he was surprised to find Headmistress Higgins, several members of the administration, and Bissey standing at his door and all dressed in black.

“Headmaster Higgins?” Giovanni said.

“Giovanni Nugent, I am very disappointed in you,” she replied.

“What do you mean?” Giovanni asked.

“Like you don’t know. You’ve been sleeping with Professor Prentice,” Bissey barked.

“What?” Giovanni asked.

“Don’t try to deny it. I have pictures!” Bissey yelled. She pulled out her phone and flipped through a series of photographs and videos that she must have taken through the small window atop Professor Prentice’s office door. Giovanni felt himself getting sick as they watched him view the video. There was no denying it.

“Where is he? Where is Professor Prentice?” Giovanni asked.

“You don’t need to worry about that, but he is no longer at the academy. What you should be worried about is what you are going to tell your parents,” Headmistress Higgins said. And right on cue, Giovanni’s father came running up the hallway with his mother in tow.

“What is the meaning of this? Is it true?” Gavin Nugent barked. The headmaster snatched the phone from Giovanni and gave it his parents. The look of disgust on his father’s face was almost more than he could bear.

“I can’t believe you would do something like this to us,” Gavin Nugent said.

“And to think he might have been our valedictorian,” Headmaster Higgins remarked.

“What are you saying?” Giovanni said with tears starting to fill his eyes.

“You are officially and permanently expelled from the university,” Headmaster Higgins said.

“And don’t even think about coming back home to live,” his father added.

“No!” Giovanni’s mother cried.

“Not now!” his father yelled.

“You have one hour to be out of your dorm room and off campus,” Headmaster Higgins said. All Giovanni could hear besides the ringing in his ears was Bissey’s incessant laughter. Giovanni slammed and locked the door and then reinforced it with a magic spell that would hold long enough for him to pack his few prized possessions in his backpack and crawl out of the window.

The first place that Giovanni went was Professor Prentice’s office, but he took a quick detour when he saw university officials carting the Professor’s things out. The next place he tried was Professor Prentice’s house, but he didn’t find him there either. With nowhere else to go, Giovanni went into a small coffee shop in the city and sat in a dark corner and cried until he couldn’t cry anymore. With nowhere else to turn, he pulled his laptop from his bag, signed on to warlock4warlock and sent ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG a message.

MAGIC\_TRICK: “Are you up?”

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: “Yes!”

MAGIC\_TRICK: “Can you talk on the phone?”

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: “Yes. I would like that. Are you okay?”

MAGIC\_TRICK: “No. Not at all.”

ALL\_KNIGHT\_LONG: "Give me your number. I'll call you now. My real name is Zander Borealis Knight."