

CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR



ELIZABETH COLDWELL

“IT’S just a bit of harmless fun,” Aaron said, reaching for the scissors. “Nothing’s going to go wrong. I promise, Josh.”

I still wasn’t convinced. I was sitting in the drafty attic of the house I shared with Aaron, wearing nothing but my shorts, watching him as he set out everything he needed to perform the love spell. What exactly had persuaded me to put myself in this position? Then I took another sip of the fruity Californian Shiraz we’d been drinking all night and everything became clear.

It was Midsummer’s Night, the most magical night of the year—or so they said. For me, it was just another Friday night in, dozing in front of the television, half-eaten Chinese takeout on the low table in front of me. This time last year, I would have been out hitting the bars, dressed up in my favorite olive green shirt to complement my eyes and tight-fitting black slacks to show off my butt. But that was when I still believed Mr. Right was somewhere in the city, waiting for me to discover him. Months of crushing disappointment had told me that was not the case.

I was surprised when Aaron walked through the door. I’d thought he was spending the weekend with his boyfriend. He threw himself down heavily on the couch, glanced at the bottle of wine I’d opened, and said, “Mind if I join you in some of that, buddy?”

“Aren’t you supposed to be seeing Eric?” I asked, pouring him a generous glassful.

“I was, but they’ve had to call him in to cover a couple of shifts.” He snaffled an egg roll from my leftovers. “It’s kind of an emergency. There’s some bug going ’round the fire department, and the guys have been dropping like flies. Eric’s one of the only ones who’s not sick. But then, he’s got the constitution of a horse.”

I watched him as he took a long swallow of wine. *Another glass of that and you’ll be reminding me he’s hung like one, too*, I thought sourly. My roommate and I might have been the best of friends, happy to tell each other everything, but there were times when I didn’t want to hear the details of Aaron’s very spicy sex life. Like tonight, when I was feeling lonely and horny and more than a little sorry for myself.

It didn’t help that I had been carrying a torch for Aaron since the day I had moved into the house. He was just the type I always fell for: broad-shouldered and slim-hipped with black bangs that fell into dark blue eyes, the depths of which I could have drowned in. Add to that his whip-smart sense of humor, his kind heart, and his fabulous ass, and I was helplessly smitten. But Aaron had been with Eric as long as I had known him, and he had never given any indication of being anything but a one-man guy.

Aaron licked his fingers clean. Just watching him stick his pinkie between his plush lips sent a pang of lust shooting to my groin. “So how come you’re home?” he asked. “It’s happy hour all night at the Leopard Lounge. Okay, so it might be the shortest night of the year, but still....”

I wasn't intending to pour my heart out to him, but as soon as I opened my mouth, I couldn't stop the whole sorry story from tumbling out. "I just can't do it anymore. I know they say there's someone for everyone, but I really don't think there's anyone for me. I'm tired of putting my heart out there only for it to get trampled on every single time."

I reached for the bottle to fill my glass once more, but Aaron grabbed my wrist. "Whoa, buddy, do you really think that's a good idea?"

"Yeah, you're probably right," I replied. "It isn't going to solve anything. But then neither is hanging 'round in a bar all night, hoping it'll be the night my special someone walks through the door."

Aaron's eyes brightened. "What would you say if I told you I could guarantee your special someone would walk through this door tonight?"

"I'd say the wine's gone to your head already," I quipped, but my curiosity was piqued.

"Mock all you want, but I know a spell that will summon your ideal lover."

"Really?" I did my best not to sound too skeptical. "And is that how you found Eric?"

Aaron shook his head. "No, I did that by setting a pan on fire in my folks' kitchen." He'd told me this story before, how he made a 911 call and wound up falling instantly in lust with the handsome fireman who answered it. "But my granny came from Ireland, and she always said she had the second sight. She had a whole book of spells, and she taught some of them to me and my sister. I've used the one for

finding something you've lost enough times to know it works, so I'm more than willing to bet the others do too. So—are you game?”

I could have shaken my head and dismissed the whole ridiculous idea, downed the rest of my wine, and gone to bed alone again, but part of me so desperately wanted what Aaron and Eric had that I was willing to give his crazy idea a shot.

“What do we do?” I asked.

“Well, if you go outside and find me two red roses, I'll go up to the attic and start setting everything else up.” As I heaved myself off of the couch he added, “And trust me, Josh. I'm doing this because you deserve it.”

It was dark out, the full moon half-hidden behind low, scudding clouds, but I knew exactly where to find what I needed. There was a gap in the fence through which I often caught a glimpse of the neighbors' rose bushes. I made my way to it, reached through, and plucked two blood-red blooms, knowing the neighbors would never miss them.

Back in the house, I took the stairs two at a time in my eagerness to discover what Aaron was doing. We never used the attic for anything except storing old boxes and stuff we would one day, if we ever got around to it, dispose of in a yard sale, and the low space smelled of dust and neglect. Not the ideal setting for a piece of magic, as far as I could tell, but I had to let Aaron work in his own way.

I noticed he'd lit a couple of tea lights rather than relying on the bare bulb overhead, which had probably blown anyway. He had drawn a three-foot circle in white

chalk on the floorboards. He'd also brought up another bottle of wine and had refilled both our glasses.

He smiled when he saw the roses I was holding. "Great, those are perfect. Now, lay them in the center of the circle in the shape of a cross." I did as I was told. "Okay, now we're going to need a lock of your hair."

"Are you sure about this?" I asked, thinking back to stories I'd read about zombie curses and voodoo dolls. Didn't you need the hair of the victim for making something like that? Suddenly everything was getting a little too serious for my liking.

"It's just a bit of harmless fun. Nothing's going to go wrong. I promise, Josh."

He'd told me to trust him, and I knew I had to if we were going to have any success at all. Aaron handed me the scissors, and I snipped off a little of my dirty-blond hair, taking it from a spot close to the nape of my neck where it wouldn't be noticed. Aaron produced a length of red ribbon and tied it round the lock of hair, then placed it in the circle next to the roses.

"Is that it?" I said.

He shook his head. "One last thing before we start. You have to undress." I looked at him doubtfully, still unable to shake the feeling that he was somehow yanking my chain. "It's in the book. Granny Pearl was really insistent on that point."

Feeling incredibly foolish, I dutifully removed my white T-shirt and faded blue jeans. I left my striped boxer shorts on, as well as my thick white sports socks, because I didn't

much fancy getting a splinter in my bare feet or ass from the rough floorboards.

“Right,” he said. “Now I want you to sit in the circle, concentrate on your ideal man, and repeat this while you do.” He closed his eyes and chanted,

*A perfect man I summon here
Bringing love to hold so dear
Make our brother see the light
Bring to him his Mr. Right.*

It sounded dreadfully like something from a cheap greeting card, but I downed the remaining wine in my glass and did as he asked. As I spoke the words, I formed an image in my head, mentally ticking off all the requirements for my perfect man. Black hair, blue eyes, kind, funny, great ass. Yeah, that was pretty much what I wanted.

I repeated the chant a couple of times more, just to make sure, then opened my eyes. I didn’t want to give it any longer, in case I looked up to see Aaron laughing at me for having fallen for such a stupid prank. Instead, his expression was deathly serious as if he was expecting something to have changed, but everything still looked just as it had before. “I don’t think anything’s happening,” I said.

“That’s because I don’t think you’re doing it quite right,” he replied. “In Granny Pearl’s book it said you have to perform the spell skylad.”

“Skylad? What the hell does that mean?”

Aaron paused a beat before replying, “Naked. Sorry, but if this is really going to work, then you’re going to have to lose the shorts.”

When I hesitated, he added, “Not going all shy on me, are you, Joshy-boy?”

I was sure I was blushing. Although we didn’t make a habit of walking ’round bare-assed in front of each other, it wasn’t unusual for one of us to catch a glimpse of the other in little more than a towel as we dashed to get ready in the morning. Modesty wasn’t the reason I was suddenly so concerned about the prospect of Aaron seeing me naked, though. I knew that if I took off my underwear in front of my gorgeous and still fully clad roommate, I would get hard. And I really didn’t know how he would react if that happened.

I would just have to brazen it out, I decided, getting to my feet and stripping off my socks. I made sure to throw them in Aaron’s direction. One of them hit him full in the face, lightening what had suddenly become an almost unbearably tense atmosphere. *Here goes nothing*, I thought, hooking my fingers in the waistband of my shorts and slowly lowering them. Once I had tossed them aside, I found myself instinctively trying to cover my cock and balls with my hand, which isn’t easy when you’re as big as I am. Sheepishly, I let my hands fall to my sides. Aaron’s eyes had gone wide, and as he tried not to stare at me, I suspected I might actually be ahead of his lover in the cock stakes.

I didn’t dwell on the thought for long. I got as comfortable as I could in the circle, sitting cross-legged and adopting a yogic pose, palms upward on my thighs, which seemed suited to the mood of concentration required. The fact it let Aaron get a good look at what was hanging, thick and tempting, between my thighs was purely coincidental.

“Okay, let’s give it another go,” I said. Over and over I repeated the chant Aaron had taught me, eyes screwed up tight and every fiber in my body willing my perfect man to

appear. For a moment, I thought I smelled roses, the scent almost overpowering in the small room. *Come to me*, I thought. *Whoever you are, come to me.*

As if from a long way away, I heard Aaron's awed whisper. "Josh. I think—I think something's happening."

I stopped chanting and opened my eyes. Maybe it was some kind of wine-fueled hallucination, but in the candlelight it seemed as though all the motes of dust in the room were engaged in some crazy dance, swirling and swooping and ever so gradually coming together in an increasingly solid form.

"Fuck, Josh, it's working!" Aaron exclaimed.

Neither of us could really quite believe what we were seeing, but it was happening. As we watched, the dust-thing in front of us was beginning to adopt an unmistakably human appearance. Limbs were emerging, features were being sculpted, and dark hair was sprouting not only from its head but matting on its chest and at its groin too.

For a moment I was gripped with terror. I wanted to turn and run, still unable to shake the fear that we had conjured up something that would do us both harm.

Aaron, though, was calmer and more curious. "It's incredible," he murmured. Then he looked again. "It's—it's me."

"No way," I said, but I knew he was right. The first time we had tried the spell, I had merely listed the physical and mental qualities I would like in my ideal man, like I was writing a personal ad. When we had attempted it again, my horny, overheated imagination had stopped pretending it

wanted anything other than Aaron.

I looked from my roommate to his replica. Apart from the fact one was dressed in baggy camo pants and a black T-shirt and the other was as naked as I was, they appeared to be identical, down to the light dusting of stubble on the replica's chin and the saucy twinkle in its eye.

“Josh?” It was the dust-Aaron who spoke—in exactly the same soft, rich tones as the real thing. “What do you think of me?”

This was getting entirely too freaky, and I could tell Aaron was just as disconcerted by what he was seeing as I was. Despite my unease, I couldn't help shooting a look at the dust-Aaron's crotch. Even in its limp state, his cock was long with a deliciously fat, mushroom-shaped head. My mouth was watering just looking at it.

“You're perfect,” I told him, knowing I was telling Aaron exactly the same thing. The intense crush I'd had on my roommate had literally been laid bare before his eyes. I wouldn't have been surprised if he'd fled the room, but now that he was over his initial shock, he seemed to be enjoying what was happening. After all, between the two of us, we'd created life, albeit of a highly unorthodox sort. I supposed it was something to celebrate.

“So what happens now?” I asked Aaron.

“From what I remember, the spell will last till the candles burn down to nothing, so I guess you just make the most of it till then.”

I glanced over to the tea lights still flickering on the shelf where Aaron had placed them. I reckoned I had an hour at

the most before my dream lover disappeared. It wasn't long, but it was long enough.

The dust-Aaron came close to me, putting his arms around my waist. I wasn't sure what I had been expecting, given that we had conjured him up out of nothing, but his hands on my skin felt soft and warm and surprisingly human.

He leaned his head toward mine and our lips met. The kiss was sweet and sensual as I found myself pouring all the desire I felt for the real Aaron into it. My lover's tongue pushed into my mouth, my lips parting willingly to let him claim me. His hands moved up to tangle in my hair, and he pressed his body a little closer to mine so that I could feel his rapidly swelling cock poking at my stomach.

I broke the kiss for a moment and looked around to see what Aaron was doing. He was leaning against a tea chest full of ski equipment he'd bought for some vacation in Aspen with Eric and never used again. His expression was one of pure fascination. I couldn't imagine how it felt for him, watching me kiss and caress his exact double. I tried to get a look at his crotch to see whether there was a hard-on bulging out the front of his pants, but the dust-Aaron caught hold of my chin and resumed kissing me, more forcefully now. His teeth nipped at my lower lip, and I sighed into his mouth.

His hand snaked down, taking hold of my cock. Slowly, deliberately, he began to stroke up and down its length. Somehow, he seemed to know the right amount of pressure to apply and how I liked it when he tugged gently at the sensitive spot just below the head. *Just as the ideal man should*, I thought.

Too much of this exquisite treatment, though, and he was going to have me spilling my come over his fist. I didn't want that, not when I hadn't yet discovered what it felt like to be engulfed in his hot mouth.

As if reading my mind, the dust-Aaron sank to his knees. Unlike me, he didn't seem to have any qualms about shuffling around on the bare boards. He gazed up at me, eyes gleaming with love and lust, and then bobbed his head down on my straining shaft.

Feeling those full lips close around my length was sheer bliss. The soft, wet suction was driving me half-crazy with pleasure, and when he opened his throat and took me even deeper in, I knew I was lost.

Somewhere to the side of me, I heard rustling noises, but I paid them no attention. All that mattered was the long, lazy blowjob my spellbound lover was giving me.

And then I felt arms wrap around me from behind and a warm body pressing tight against my back. A naked body, I couldn't help but realize. A head came to rest on my shoulder, and I got a whiff of the spicy cologne Aaron always wore. I relaxed into the caress, then a rigid cock slipped into the groove between my ass cheeks.

I started to say something, sensing that a line was about to be crossed. "Shhh," Aaron whispered. "Just relax and enjoy, Josh."

Aaron's hands gently smoothed over the flat planes of my chest and stomach, slipping down lower toward where his double was still sucking at my cock.

This couldn't be happening. It was so damn good it just

had to be a dream, brought on by months of abstinence and too much booze. Any minute now I would wake and find myself on the couch, some late-night movie playing on the TV and the empty wine bottle lying on the floor, mocking me.

But the image didn't dissolve. I didn't look around to see the walls of my living room and the remnants of my lonely night in. Instead, the dust-Aaron let my dick slip from his lips so he could take each of my balls in his mouth in turn before turning his attention to the seam that ran between them.

"Are you sure we should be doing this?" I asked Aaron as he licked and nuzzled at the soft skin of my neck, close to where I'd snipped the hair that had helped me summon the gorgeous apparition at my feet.

"Don't worry, Josh. I want this as much as you do," Aaron said. "Just watching you being pleased like that made me realize how much I need to fuck you."

The dust-Aaron rose to his feet, and my two lovers led me over to a trunk that contained old clothes and other junk. Knowing what was about to happen, I didn't need any encouragement to bend over it. The next thing I felt was my ass cheeks being parted and a wet tongue licking at my hole. I didn't know which of the Aarons was rimming me, but I suspected it was the facsimile. When I raised my head, I saw the real Aaron languidly fisting his cock, watching his double get me nice and wet and loose. I could tell it was him by the claddagh ring he always wore on his left hand, another heirloom from his grandmother.

Then the dust-Aaron's tongue slipped past the tight ring of muscle to burrow into my ass, and I stopped thinking about too much else. My cock was trapped between my body

and the trunk, rubbing against the worn wood. One of the tea lights guttered briefly, but it didn't go out. It was a stark reminder that I didn't have much longer before the three of us in the attic became two once more.

The probing tongue slithered out of my ass. Briefly, I felt cool air on my spit-slick ring, then the head of my dream lover's dick replacing it. Slow, steady shoves got him all the way inside me; then he started to fuck me in earnest.

"God, you're so nice and tight," he murmured. I could only groan in response. It was so long since I'd had anything inside me apart from my favorite dildo, and even the most realistic-feeling silicone just couldn't compare to the hot, thick length reaming me out. I clung to the handles of the trunk as he stepped up the pace, really slamming me against the wood. I always found it hard to admit how rough I really wanted it sometimes, but my dream lover knew all my little secrets.

With one last, almost brutal thrust, he reached his peak. He groaned, spewing his come deep into my ass. Barely had I recovered from having his cock inside me when it was replaced by Aaron's.

"Oh yes." My sigh was heartfelt as I welcomed this new intrusion. If this was to be the only time he ever fucked me, I was determined to enjoy it to the full.

Aaron reached beneath me, taking firm hold of my cock. Having watched his double take me already, he knew just what I liked, and his strokes were fast and forceful. Much as I had enjoyed being fucked by the lover Aaron had helped me conjure up, having the real thing buried so deep inside me was even better. I felt a connection to him I'd so rarely experienced with any guy, something that went far deeper

than just the sex. As he tugged me in time to his thrusts, I found myself wishing this would never end. But not every wish comes true, and all too soon I felt his cock jerking in orgasm. As it did, my hole clenched tight around his thickness. Rainbow colors burst behind my closed eyelids, and my seed fountained out, spattering the surface of the trunk.

The strength of my climax left me weak. I slumped forward against the trunk, feeling Aaron's weight on me as he hugged me. When I opened my eyes, it was to see the tea lights had burned themselves out and the attic was illuminated only by the moonlight filtering in through the skylight. The spell was broken. Aaron and I were alone.

"He's gone," I said, stretching out a hand as though there might be something of his essence remaining in the air. Suddenly, I felt unaccountably bereft. "Well, it was great while it lasted."

"Who says it has to end?" Aaron asked.

I paused in the act of reaching for my shorts. "What do you mean?"

"What just happened," he replied. "It was incredible. And I don't mean conjuring up a lover for you, though you have to admit it was pretty cool that it actually worked." He took my hand and gave it a squeeze. "You and me, Josh. You can't deny that's where the real magic was."

Was he suggesting this was going to be more than a one-time thing? "But what about Eric?"

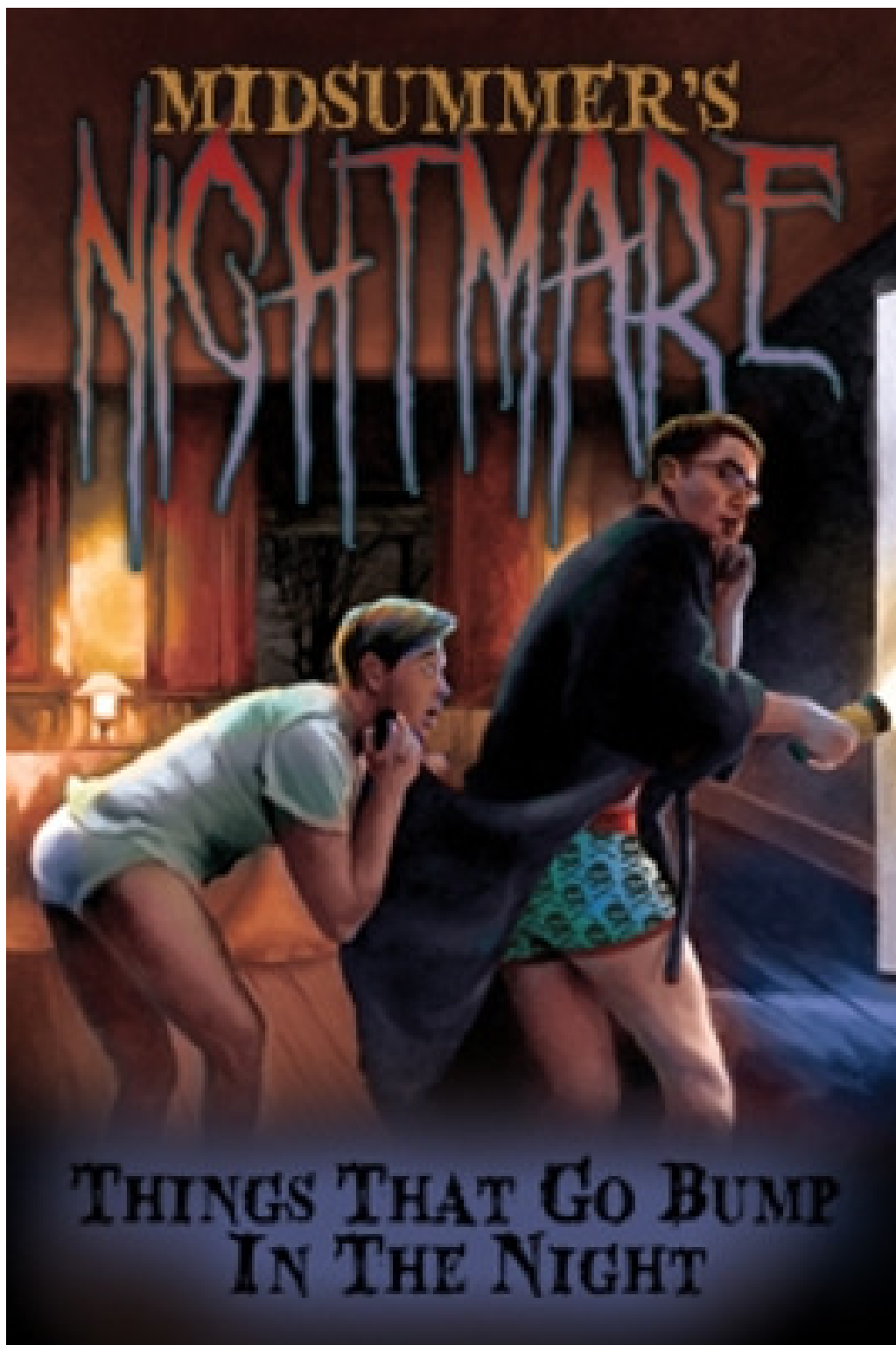
"If you want the truth, I was kind of glad he couldn't see me this weekend," Aaron replied. "I was starting to think

maybe things had run their course, and tonight has proved I was right.” He looked around at everything we had used to cast our spell. “Come on, let’s clear this up and go to bed.”

He didn’t need to add the word “together.” I knew exactly what he had in mind. I could hardly wipe the smile off my face as I picked up the roses. Crazy as it seemed, Aaron’s spell had worked. My dream lover might have been by my side all the time, but a spot of midsummer madness had brought us together, and I was so happy it had.

I followed Aaron out of the attic, feeling the magic beginning all over again.

GET MORE STORIES FROM



The Dreamspinner Press 2010 Daily Dose package of thirty stories is available at <http://www.dreamspinnerpress.com>.

Originally from South Yorkshire, ELIZABETH COLDWELL has been making up stories for as long as she can remember, only now she gets to people them with hot men. When she's not got her nose in a book, she's reviewing or trying to stop one or both of her cats from walking over her keyboard. She spends her time following her home town football team and baking the best brownies in East London.

Visit her blog at <http://elizabethcoldwell.wordpress.com>.



*Dreamspinner
Press*



For more of the
best M/M romance,
visit
Dreamspinner Press
www.dreamspinnerpress.com

Careful What You Wish For ©Copyright Elizabeth Coldwell, 2010

Published by
Dreamspinner Press
4760 Preston Road
Suite 244-149
Frisco, TX 75034
<http://www.dreamspinnerpress.com/>

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents either are the product of the authors' imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

Cover Art by Paul Richmond <http://www.paulrichmondstudio.com>
Cover Design by Mara McKennen

This book is licensed to the original purchaser only. Duplication or distribution via any means is illegal and a violation of International Copyright Law, subject to criminal prosecution and upon conviction, fines and/or imprisonment. This eBook cannot be legally loaned or given to others. No part of this eBook can be shared or reproduced without the express permission of the publisher. To request permission and all other inquiries, contact Dreamspinner Press at: 4760 Preston Road, Suite 244-149, Frisco, TX 75034 <http://www.dreamspinnerpress.com/>

Released in the United States of America
June 2010

eBook Edition
eBook ISBN: 978-1-61581-483-1