



# LOVE POTION

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REED  
MANNING

Love Potion  
*by Reed Manning*

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Dave Smeds

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"Here's that letter you wanted, Mr. Turner."

Miss Keyes stopped in front of Sidney's desk and extended the piece of paper, dangling it just in front of her saucy, perfectly proportioned breasts. She was wearing one of those white blouses that, while modest enough for the office, left Sidney unable to tell whether or not she had on a bra. Were those nipples he saw, or just crinkles in the fabric?

He took the letter. She immediately headed back to the secretarial office. It was now or never, he thought, and spoke before he had time to chicken out.

"Miss Keyes?"

She stopped, turned, raised a pretty eyebrow.

"Would you ... would you like to go to dinner some time?" The back of Sidney's throat dried to the texture of straw as he spoke.

"No," she said, and vanished into the hallway.

Sidney tapped his fingernails on the desk top. Again. This time Miss Keyes, last time his best friend's sister. He hadn't been laid in ten months. What was wrong? Sure, he was short. Sure, he wore glasses. Sure, he still let his mother select his wardrobe. But he was the best accountant the company had ever had. He scoured a booger out of his nose and wiped it on the underside of an open drawer. Why wouldn't women give him a chance?

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Later that day he came across an advertisement buried in the back of a newspaper:

\* \* \* \*

I can make you irresistible to women.

MADAME SOPHIA

\* \* \* \*

He forgot the ad during the course of the day, but it so happened that Madame Sophia's lay along his route home. He saw the little neon sign offering palmistry, fortune telling, astrological consultation, and half a dozen other things, and on a whim, he got off at the next bus stop and walked back to the tiny establishment.

The waiting room smelled strongly of incense. A doorway, curtained with maroon gauze, led deeper inside. Sidney rang the little bell at the front counter.

"Come in," said a sultry voice from behind the curtain. Sidney proceeded tentatively into a small, dark parlor. Most of the chamber was taken up by a round card table covered with a floor-length white tablecloth. Behind it a thin gypsy woman, her night-black hair tied with a scarf, motioned Sidney toward an empty folding chair.

"Sit down. I have been waiting for you," she said soothingly, and Sidney obeyed. "Tell me your problem."

Sidney tried not to stammer. "Uh ... it's ... personal."  
"You can't get laid."

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Sidney's jaw dropped. "How ... how...?"

"I've seen your kind before," she answered, smiling.

"What's important is, I can help you. All you need is this."

She set a tiny bottle on the table. "Drink it and any woman within smelling distance will want to fuck your brains out."

"A love potion?" Sidney ran his fingers along the contours of the bottle. It was shaped like a nude woman, and contained at most one swallow.

"Not exactly. A genuine 'love' potion would be much more expensive. But this should cure your immediate difficulties."

"How much is it?"

"Five dollars. Money back if it doesn't work."

"Why so cheap?"

Madame Sophia smiled once more. "My customers always come back."

\* \* \* \*

Sidney held the little bottle tightly in his palm as he leaned through the doorway of the secretarial office. Of the four secretaries that served Sidney's department, three had just gone to lunch, leaving Miss Keyes tapping away at her word processor all alone. Sidney stared at the slender ankles just visible underneath the frame of her desk, licked his lips, and tossed down the potion.

It rolled down his throat like cough syrup, leaving a faint medicinal aftertaste. He felt no effect. Miss Keyes did not take her eyes off the rows of green phosphor letters. *Have faith*, he thought. He sashayed over to her station.

And bumped into her waste basket.

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"Oh, I'm sorry," he said, heat rising to his cheeks. He straightened up the can and picked up the scattered paper and Kleenex. Miss Keyes gave him an "Oh, God" look.

He stood there, feeling more foolish all the time. He had forgotten his rehearsed lines. After a few moments of the secretary's disinterested gaze, he turned to go.

"Something I can do for you, Mr. Turner?"

Sidney stopped. Her tone had almost sounded warm. When he met her eyes, they stared directly back. He inched a little closer.

"Well, actually, Miss Keyes..."

"Ruth," she insisted. She was actually leaning toward him now. Her fingers absently typed in a "save" command.

"Well, Ruth," Sidney said, suddenly confident. "How'd you like to step into the lavatory with me for a second?"

At first he couldn't believe he'd actually said it. For an instant, he was sure that he'd get a rapid slap in the face. Then Ruth grabbed him by the arm and pulled him down the hall.

They didn't even check to make sure the men's room was unoccupied. They had scarcely entered a stall and closed the door before she was zipping down his pants. His cock popped out into her eager palm.

"Oh, Mr. Turner, you should've *told* me." Her hands, now wrapped side by side around the shaft, barely covered half of its length.

"Approximately eight and a half inches flaccid," he said proudly, "and almost ten and five-sixteenths erect." And as

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the head settled onto the tip of Ruth's tongue, it swelled toward the upper limit.

"I never dreamed," she said, the rest of her sentence garbled as she rolled his meat around the inside of her mouth with her tongue.

"I tried to tell you," he said. Her and others. Now they would all know, he thought happily, and began to concentrate on the pleasure rising up from his crotch. He watched in amazement as Ruth's lips puckered out like a fish, swallowing his cock inch by inch, right up to the root. Her tongue peeked out and licked his pubic hair. The back of her throat was hot, the palate firm against the end of his organ. She kept him there for a solid ten seconds, then backed all the way off, leaving his cock glistening. Then she deep-throated him again, sliding him and the way in and almost all the way out without pausing, over and over, until he thought he would surely come.

"I've got to have you," Ruth said suddenly, and sat him down on the toilet. She pulled off her panties, lifted her skirt, straddled him, and impaled herself. Slick, snug vaginal walls enveloped his rod. He sighed in ecstasy.

Ruth slid smoothly up and down, her strong young legs rippling with the exercise. Gradually she picked up the pace. Sidney felt little trickles of her juices flowing between the hair on his balls. She moved faster, faster still, until her pelvis blurred.

He came and came and came, the muscles on either side of her delicate brown pubic triangle expertly milking each

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spurt out of him. He shuddered one last time, tears streaming out of his eyes.

She kissed the drops off his cheeks, lifted away, squeezed the last drop of semen from his cock, and licked it off her finger. She picked up her panties from the floor and stuffed them into his pants pocket.

"A souvenir," she said, her face still flushed, her hair disheveled and sweaty. She'd never looked more beautiful, Sidney thought.

"We'll have to do this again soon," he said.

"Oh, yes!" She nodded avidly. "Tonight!"

"See you at my place?" he said, breathless.

"I'll be there."

\* \* \* \*

Sidney could hardly keep from dancing on his desk top for the rest of the afternoon. He let his work slide and leaned back in his chair, reliving the depth of Ruth's throat, anticipating the evening's activities. So distracting was the thought, he decided to leave the office early.

He whistled a song as stepped into the elevator, hardly glancing at the prune-faced little old lady already aboard. The doors closed. The car lurched gently and began to descend.

They jolted to a halt. Sidney looked up in alarm, and found that the little old lady had pushed the emergency stop.

"Hey, what are you..."

She was down on her bony knees in a flash, and Sidney's pants were down around his ankles. His cock slid into her waiting mouth.

"What? Hey, stop that!"



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But she wouldn't stop. She wouldn't let him near the control panel, either, her strength astonishing for an old lady. She kept giving him head, pounding his prick against the back of her throat. Inevitably he got erect. Once she pulled out her dentures, it wasn't that bad.

I don't believe this, he thought. The potion! It must still be working.

Somehow he managed to come, and only then would she permit him to escape. He dived out of the elevator as she was popping her teeth back in. Two men waiting in the lobby to ascend stared after him quizzically.

Outside Sidney passed near a couple of women on the sidewalk, saw them smile at him, and he hurried past. To his relief, they didn't follow. With a start he realized there was no way he could take the bus home. He had to snake his way down the street, avoiding the female pedestrians, to the Regency, where he was able to find a cab. Finally he made it to his apartment and safety.

That lust potion was powerful, Sidney realized. Well, good. All the better for his date with Ruth. He would just have to be careful in public until the effects wore off.

\* \* \* \*

At seven he couldn't bear the anticipation any longer. He called Ruth.

"Hi, there," he said jovially. "What time'll you be over?"

"Listen," she said in a frosty tone. "I don't know *what* came over me today, but I've recovered now. If you think I'd do it again, you're crazy." Click.

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Sidney ground his teeth back and forth. Shit! Obviously he needed to stay within smelling range to keep her interest; the phone didn't cut it. Well, then, he'd just have to visit her—pronto.

He ordered a taxi, and waited on the sidewalk for it to arrive, pacing back and forth in irritation. Soon the cab pulled up just past the street light, the driver a big glob of shadow in the front seat. Sidney climbed in, barked the address, and sulked.

After a few blocks they turned into an alley. The cabbie turned off the engine.

“What the hell—” Sidney began to say. But by then, the driver had opened the rear door and was crawling in next to Sidney. It was a woman—a huge, ugly woman, who ripped off her shirt, yanked off his pants, got him hard with her mouth, and wrapped her mongo tits around his cock.

This is insane, Sidney thought, as his organ popped in and out of view within the canyon of her cleavage. He was locked in place by her massiveness. It was all he could do to talk her out of mounting him. She settled for making him shoot off all over her upper chest and neck, and agreed to take him to his destination only if he sat in the front and let her squeeze his limp cock.

He climbed out of the car and stood on quivering legs. The cabbie gave him a wink and drove on. He wondered if, assuming he made it up to Ruth's, whether he'd be in any kind of condition to appreciate her attentions. But then, only another spectacular fuck could make up for these last two incidents.

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He pounded on Ruth's door. "Who is it?" he heard her say.  
"Sidney."

"Go away."

"Just let me talk to you for a second."

"Go away or I'll call the cops."

Sidney gave the doorknob a vicious squeeze. Dammit, if she'd just open it a crack and smell him, she'd be all his.

"I hear that!" she yelled. "I'm heading for the phone!"

Maybe the potion had worn off. He chewed his lip. It wasn't worth a big scene. If it still worked, he could have her at the office in the morning. He stepped back.

A cleaning lady had been coming down the hallway during his conversation with Ruth. He turned, caught the look on her face, and groaned out loud.

He started to run, but she tackled him three doors down. She grabbed hold of his collar and before he knew it, he was locked in a janitor's supply room, watching his tool slide in and out of a tight brown ass, while she squatted over him jabbering happily in some language he didn't recognize.

\* \* \* \*

He had the misfortune of running into his boss as he arrived at the offices. The stout old man peered at Sidney through wire-framed glasses and frowned.

"You're not looking too good, Turner."

"Bad night," he mumbled, and slunk into the sanctuary of his office, where he collapsed in his desk chair. His shoes smelled like cleanser, his hair hung in front of his glasses, and he knew without checking that his eyes were bloodshot. Was

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he alive? He must have been—he could feel his bruised cock rub painfully against the fabric of his shorts.

After he'd escaped the cleaning lady and made it out of the building, he'd gone to a phone booth to call a taxi, too disoriented to notice the three prostitutes hanging out nearby. They'd gotten a whiff of him and hauled him off to a motel room. By the time he got away from them—and miraculously managed to get home—he'd bumped into his mousy little neighbor on the very threshold of his own apartment. She'd pulled him into her place. Just as she'd had enough, her dog of a roommate had arrived home and instantly wanted her own action. Once done with her, the original neighbor was ready for more. He'd managed to reach the office unmolested, but while climbing the stairs for fear of using the elevator, he'd run into the same old lady from the day before.

Surely his prick had suffered permanent damage. God knew what kind of diseases the whores might have given him. Worst of all, he hadn't the slightest interest in fucking Ruth.

He swallowed three cups of coffee, placed a pencil in his fingers, a pad in front of him, and forced himself to think. He always felt better at work. He could get a handle on things.

The first thing he did, after telling the receptionist—over the intercom—that he wasn't accepting visitors, was to phone Madame Sophia.

"The potion—how long does it last?" he blurted.

"Ah, this must be the gentleman who visited me day before yesterday," she said cheerfully. "Don't worry. It's permanent."

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"It's *what?!?*"

"I'm afraid that one dose changes your metabolism forever. The aphrodisiac is now part of your sweat."

"That's terrible. I can't go on like this. My cock's going to fall off!"

"Hmmm. Well, there's one thing I might be able to do," she said seriously. "Come and see me after work today."

Sidney doubted he could brave out the day. He wanted to leave that instant. However, he was just as likely to run into women early in the day as later, so he convinced himself to stay until quitting time.

But he wasn't taking chances. By noon his full bladder required him to leave his desk, but he made sure to scoot quickly down the hall. Once he'd forced his abused equipment to do its stuff, he crept back to his office.

There he found his boss's wife, who had just stepped in for a moment to borrow a pencil.

He watched miserably as her polyester pant suit slid to the carpet. He sighed, closed the door, and unfastened his trousers. Her panties dropped to reveal a hysterectomy scar, shaved pubes, and a gold earring threaded through the top of her clitoris. She bent over and spread her cheeks.

\* \* \* \*

Sidney fell into Madame Sophia's guest chair. He didn't have enough energy left to speak. She calmly set a vial on the table. It twinkled in the lamp light.

"What is it?" he mumbled.

"The antidote."

"I thought you said the effects were permanent."

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"They are. This will neutralize them for about a week. I use it, too. Otherwise, I might be tearing your clothes off myself."

Sidney reached out, hand trembling, and took the vial. He caught a potent aroma as he uncorked it.

"That will be a hundred dollars," added Madame Sophia.

He stared at her, dumbfounded.

"I might add that I'm the only one with the formula. No lab will be able to duplicate it, and it's not written down anywhere."

Sidney realized for the first time that the gem-studded rings on her fingers were not costume jewelry. A hundred a week. Ouch.

"The offer is good for the next sixty seconds," she added.

His cock throbbed painfully. He thought of the little old lady and her gums, the cab driver and her udders, and the cleaning woman and her Pinesol. He could handle a hundred a week. And, come to think of it, if he timed things so that the antidote wore off in just the right times and places...

He got out his checkbook.

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