

Heart's Desire

by Bill Hart

"What do you mean we're breaking up?" yelled Jack Johnson. "We're NOT breaking up."

"Yes, we are. I've had enough." replied Cindy Mitchell. "You're way too possessive. You treat me like a piece of property, not your girl friend."

"I do not!"

"Yes, you do. And I sick and tired of it. Get out and leave me alone."

"C'mon babe lets talk this over."

"There's nothing to talk over. Get out!"

"Maybe you'd better leave, Jack." said Cindy's brother Martin as he entered the room. "You both need to calm down. Leave Cindy alone for a couple of days. Both of you need to chill out. Then come back and talk things through."

Cindy glared at her brother, but said nothing.

"All right." grumbled Jack.

All three stood around like statues, each waiting for one of the others to break the silence, when Max came into the room.

"Hiya, Max." said Jack as he reached down to rub the golden retriever's neck. "At least it looks like you're happy to see me, fella. Remember when I gave him to you Cindy? He was just a pup."

"I remember." she replied sullenly. "But you still need to leave me alone for a while."

"Okay. But I'll be back in two days."

Jack turned and stormed out of the room. Both Martin and Cindy jumped slightly as they heard the front door slam shut.

"I don't understand what you see in that asshole." said Martin. "He's a complete idiot, and most of the guys in that fraternity he belongs to are just plain weird, and the stories told about their house are even weirder."

"I know. But he always does something really sweet to make up."

"Damn. What can I get her so she'll forget about being angry at me." thought Jack as he entered the mall. "I wonder how well another golden retriever would go over. Let's face it, Max got me brownie points with her for over two months. Shit, it'd be better if she just ignored what she thinks are *my* faults and was madly in love with me."

That was when Jack saw the store over in the corner near the door he just entered. He couldn't remember ever having seen it before, but with a name like "Spells 'R Us," the store had to be some kind of joke.

But joke or not, Jack felt compelled to go into the shop.

Besides, what could it hurt?

As he opened the door, he heard the overhead bell tinkle. The shop was empty. That is, until a little old man in a bathrobe opened the door leading to the back room and came out into the shop.

"Jack Johnson," said the old man. "It's nice to meet you. I believe that I may be able to help you with your problem."

"What are you talking about? How do you know my name?"

"Simple, Jack. I'm a wizard. I know lots of things. For example, I know that your girlfriend Cindy Mitchell wants to dump you. And I know that you want something that will make her be madly in love with you. I can help you."

"Yeah, right."

"But I can help you. With this." The wizard reached into his robe and pulled out a small vial filled with a amber colored fluid. "I thought I had some 'Love Pills' in the back room, but I must have mislaid them somewhere, but this potion should be just as good. Take it. If it works, we'll discuss payment later. And if it doesn't work, its gratis."

The old man handed the vial to Jack. As he took the vial, he read the label.

POTION OF HEART'S DESIRE

He turned to the wizard and asked "How does it work?"

"The instructions, which are self-explanatory, are on the back label."

Turning the vial around Jack read the instructions:

to become one's heart's desire
quaff the potion
gaze into one's eyes

"Very simple." said Jack as he smiled. "I drink this and look into Cindy's eyes and I become her heart's desire. She'll love me forever. Is that it?"

But the old man only smiled in return.

It had been a long two days, but Jack had kept his word, and not tried to see Cindy. But the time was now up and he stood impatiently knocking on her door.

Martin answered. "I should have known you be back. Why don't you just leave my sister alone."

"It was your idea to give Cindy a couple days to cool off. Or don't you remember? And I don't really care what you think about Cindy and me anyway. You're the only one with a problem here. You need to get out and find yourself a woman, Marty boy. One that will let you fuck her silly. One that will turn you into a man."

As he always had in the past, Martin ignored Jack's remarks. It was an old argument between them. And one Martin never won.

"I'll tell Cindy you're here. She'll probably be happy to see you. Why don't you wait in the other room."

"Good. But don't take too long."

As Martin went up the stairs, Jack had entered the den, closing the door behind. He made sure that the den was empty. He didn't want any surprises. Not now.

He took out the vial, uncapped it, and quickly downed the contents. The empty vial was set on the coffee table.

"Now, babe," he thought smugly, "All you have to do is look into my eyes and I become your heart's desire. Hurry on down to papa, honey."

"But I don't want to talk to him, now or ever." declared Cindy. "Just go down there and tell him to leave. Please, Marty. For me."

"Okay. But he'll probably get mad and beat the shit out of me."

Martin walked solemnly, like a condemned man on his last walk, down the stairs. He didn't really want to have a face to face confrontation with Jack, but sometimes you just had to do what you had to do. And this was one of those times.

Martin reached down and grabbed the door knob.

Jack heard the door begin to open. He closed his eyes. He wanted to make sure that Cindy had a long steady gaze into his eyes.

The door began to open.

And Martin started to enter the room.

"Marty." came Cindy's voice from the stairs. "Wait for me. I guess, I'd better talk to him."

Jack had heard Cindy's voice, but not her words. And he could tell that someone was in the room with him. He opened his eyes, and looked into a pair of eyes that did not belong to Cindy.

"What??? Ma..." was all he could say before his body was racked with intense pain. He was shrinking. He felt the bones and muscles in his face re-arrange. And as the pain intensified, he passed out, but not before seeing his hair had turned sandy blond.

When consciousness returned, Jack was very confused. On the coffee table, where he had set the vial, was a couple of sheets of paper. He looked at them blankly before realizing that he couldn't read them.

Without warning, he had a strange sensation in his ass. "Very strange." he thought. "But it feels so good." And conscious thought all but vanished.

When Cindy and Martin finally entered the room, it was difficult to tell what most surprised them. Was it Jack, who was no where to be seen? Or was it Max, who was humping a female golden retriever?

"I guess Jack decided to leave." said Martin, as he picked up the papers on the coffee table. After quickly reading the papers, he added "He's apparently left you this golden retriever. According to the papers, her name is 'Princess of Heart's Desire.'"

"So, we'll call her Princess. But it certainly looks like Max has found *his* heart's desire."

And in the mall, the old man smiled.