

The Curse
Chapter 03
"The Money Shot"
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What was life, exactly, when everything that made you yourself could be carved out in a moment's notice? It was a dangerous question for Edward Davis to ask himself. If he didn't focus on everything he'd lost, like his job or his identity or his dignity, it did present an opportunity for Edward to define just what his life was between what he'd started considering his 'episodes'. He'd been cursed to become someone else, to live their life, to change his mind, body and soul and to inflict that lifestyle on another before reverting - but just like a rubberband, he always seemed to snap back again. Those were the moments Edward had to figure out.

Trial and error had produced some results; no one at his job remembered him or had any record of him, but his landlord hadn't asked for rent in almost three months. No one recognized him at the grocery store or doctor's office, but his debit card just seemed to work... and most interesting of all, no one seemed to scrutinize him too closely. He had put that particular detail to the test by returning to his old gym.

It had almost been too easy. He hadn't even been that quiet when he'd moved past the front desk. Even when he'd been a member and gone in three times a week, they always tried to check his membership card each time. Edward had done a few laps in the pool, jogged two miles on the elevated track, even done some weights. In a strange way it was a huge relief. He'd done something to improve his own body, his own physique, his own life... even if no one could fully see him. After a week of freaking out, unwinding with some time to himself as himself had been just what he needed.

Edward moved into the locker room, running his fingers through his sweat soaked hair. After reaching his mid-thirties, and especially after spending a few days as a bald biker, it was good to still have hair. The shower shuddered, sputtered and erupted with its hot spray, easily breaking through Edward's accumulated musk and getting down to the skin. Edward could feel himself relaxing even more as his hands slipped up and down his body, getting to all the hard to reach places before he eventually, reluctantly, had to turn the water off.

Padding across the periwinkle grey cement floor, Edward started to realize his anonymity was wearing a little thin. He'd gone without a towel at the shower because it always got damp and no one had been looking at him anyway, but the walk back was drawing more than a few pair of eyes. One young man in his early twenties turned, running his fingers down the tuft of rusty red hair hanging down from the point of his chin. He leaned back, a grin crossing his lips as he spread his legs a bit.

"Oh my god, I can't believe it... Eddo the Otter goes to my gym? It's... it's an honor, and if I may say, a privilege." he murmured, looking right at Edward's groin. The comment should have been a compliment, but Edward's name sunk like a stone. People were paying attention, and worse, he had a new nickname. The curse was sinking in, another one of his episodes was starting. He said nothing, making it to his locker. He opened it up to grab his clothes, but the contents of the locker had changed. His respectable polo and slacks were gone, replaced by a

skimpy tank top and skinny jeans. Edward debated what his options were, but he didn't have a lot of choice. It was either wear the clothes the curse provided or leave the gym nude.

"You're kidding..." Another one of the other locker room occupants murmured.

"I'm serious, look, he's even got the tattoo!" the red head said. Edward looked down to see a sand dollar tattooed on his hip. The red head stood up and moved over, looking oddly bashful despite being so assertive. "If it isn't too much of a bother, could I get your autograph sir?" he asked hopefully, holding out a notepad. Edward wanted to point out the fact that he wasn't dressed, that they were in a locker room, that this was the last time he wanted to interact with anyone... but there was something about that notepad and pen, hanging in the air, it seemed to force him to click into muscle memory.

Eddo took the pad and pen and started to scribble. The letters were colorful, energetic, and he dotted the O with two tildes bisecting either side. A practiced smile crossed his lips as he handed it back.

"It's never a bother to meet a big fan of my big fan..." Eddo grinned, a hand tracing down to graze his shaft. It plumped and fattened at the attention, growing down longer, thicker and heavier, wobbling side to side as he stood there. It felt like it was getting hard despite the act that it hadn't started to lift from its dormant position. Edward wasn't sure what that meant regarding being a grower or a shower.

The redhead seemed to be thrilled with the autograph, practically over the moon. He nodded eagerly before scurrying back to his locker, bouncing with excitement. Edward exhaled slowly and reached into the locker, grabbing his towel. He ran it through his hair first, back and forth, trying to sop up the extra water. It seemed to have an unusual amount of traction as he dried himself off. When Edward removed the towel, his hair was shaggier, thicker and fuller. The brown was fading to black and curls were forming in the normally wavy hair. It was hard to see in the tiny three inch square mirror glued to the inside of the locker, but it was enough.

Eddo returned the towel to his bag before grabbing the tank top next. He pulled it on over his head, letting it slink down across his body. The thin straps caressed his shoulders - shoulders that seemed far more slender than they had moments before. The low cut collar sunk down across his chest, reaching almost all the way to his navel. With such a low cut, his nipples popped free for everyone to see. They swelled and tightened in the cool air, but the pecs behind them seemed to grow and swell as well.

Edward felt almost a bit sick as his stomach churned and growled, trying to reconfigure itself. Fat melted away like it had been washed clean in the shower. What muscle was there either shrank or reconfigured, making the most of limited real estate. The tanktop never would have fit Edward, but on Eddo it almost seemed too roomy, too big. Edward reached to feel the changes, his hand lifting up his tank top. He nearly jumped when the flesh he saw below was dark - not with pigment, but with a fine, fair coating of hair. He let out a moan, his ample cock starting to lift itself up from his groin.

The cursed man looked around to see if anyone had noticed the noise, let alone his changes, but it seemed everyone was trying to mind their own business. Whether it was a show or some fluke, Edward didn't know and he didn't much care. He looked back down again, transfixed as always by just what the change could do. The hair on his stomach had started as a simple black line, fanning up from his bush to reach his navel. As he watched, hundreds of

additional hairs started to blossom outward, crossing his flat, firm stomach. It felt like ants on parade, tingling and tickling.

The gym had hosted more than anyone's fair share of hairy men before. Edward had seen quite a few of them, but he'd never seen anyone quite so slight have that much hair. It was like he was some experienced lumberjack or farmer, some man of the land packed into a body too tight and trim. It only made the hair seem that much thicker and darker. Even the hand that lifted the tank top was affected. Tiny black wisps sprouted from his knuckles, growing out centimeter by centimeter, taking on a slight curve. Edward thought about how he'd used to shave the backs of his hands in his old life, trying to live neat and tidy. Now it seemed almost taboo to enjoy being hairy, and enjoying it was just fuel for his growing erection. Trying not to get too off course, Edward grabbed his underwear, pausing as he saw the brand listed on the waistband.

"Nasty Pig?" he muttered. The redhead grinned down by his locker, giving himself a bit of a grope.

"Damn straight. I'm so glad you started advertising for them, I've never felt better." he grinned. Edward gave a slight smile and nod before turning back. Something in him still yearned to fight the curse, to resist, to pull back from the brink... but what choice did he have? He was in a strange place with strange people and his only clothing was what was provided to him. He pulled the underwear up his bare legs, watching them grow thinner and lankier, longer and hairier in fluid movements. Having the change follow the underwear up, goosebumps rose on Eddo's skin and he nearly fell over, grabbing onto the locker for support. He moaned louder as the changes accelerated.

More black wisps grew, this time from the knuckles on his toes and the corner of the back of his hands. Hair sprouted from his legs, starting at his ankles before climbing up like invasive ivy. The strands were coarse and they were thick, nearly coming in one on top of the next. His legs darkened like the setting sun, especially as the hair reached his thighs. It grew in thicker and darker that close to the groin. The waistband of the underwear snapped tight, collecting his hardening cock in an almost obscene pouch.

Edward tried to focus his breathing, to hold off. There was too much attention here, too many eyes. He grabbed his skinny jeans and attempted to pull them on. They went as far as his ankles without resistance before they got stuck. It wasn't a promising beginning, but he pressed on - almost literally. He tugged and pulled, feeling the denim brush against his thickening forest of black leg hair. It squeezed his legs like toothpaste. He yanked and tugged, pulled and cursed, grabbing onto both hips before he gave one last tug. The jeans popped on, cupping his firm ass cheeks and pulling them together almost like some kind of bra for the butt. Mercifully they seemed custom tailored to afford him a much needed pouch in the groin.

The cursed young man skipped the socks by tossing them into his gym bag, squeezing on a pair of nikes that hugged his manly feet. He hastily gathered everything up before he turned to leave. It only took a few steps to realize his gait was different. He wasn't walking like a businessman or even someone off the street. There was a hint of swagger to his walk, a bit of peacocking. He was showing off his bulge, his ass, his body. The tank top barely hung on to his bare shoulders even as black hair began sprouting across his chest. The fine, peachy fuzz on his arms was darkening, his pale skin starting to tan up without sun or bronzer.

"I can't believe I got the Otter's autograph..." The red head whispered as Eddo made it to the door, "His ottergraph!" the red head exclaimed once he had thought of it. Eddo had made it out of the locker room and almost all of the way to the street before he saw the glint of a golden plaque on the wall bearing his name. The sun was too bright to make out the picture, but apparently he was becoming someone important enough to plaster his name on buildings... Whatever was coming, it seemed a lot more lucrative than transforming into a barista.

The street noises flooded in as Edward pushed out, looking one way and then the other. The cool air felt nice on his skin, skin that was unusually soft. His hand traced up again absentmindedly, running through the thickening pelt of black fur on his chest. It was thick enough to make a scratching noise when his fingers moved through it. Maybe he was too tired to fight it this time. Maybe his self indulgence had been precisely what brought it on. Either way, he hardly wanted to change in the street. He turned to start heading back for his apartment, although there was a rather distinct clearing of the throat from a man in a suit and sunglasses standing outside of a limousine parked on the side of the street. His thick, black eyebrows were arched, his eyes completely hidden.

"Mister Davis?" he asked. Edward hesitated, realizing that whoever this person was, he'd been waiting for him. Stalking off in broad daylight clearly was not what any valet or driver would have anticipated.

"I was debating taking a walk..." Edward tried.

"Should I inform the studio that you will be late?" the driver asked. Edward's eyebrow shot up a little at that.

"No, you're right... Can't bite the hand that feeds you, right?" he asked. The driver smiled a bit from behind his glasses.

"Even if your catchphrase is that you bite?" he asked. Edward chuckled a bit despite himself but said nothing. As he moved over to the car, the driver opened the door for him, allowing him to swing in and drop down to the seat. It felt like a lot further to drop when he wasn't quite as big. Edward shifted side to side, testing the seat, jumping a little as the limo door was shut. A few moments later he saw the driver slide into the driver's seat, turn on the engine and carefully pull out.

If the first few moments of merging into traffic hadn't been evidence enough at how nice the limo was, it was abundantly clear as they got up to speed. Edward had never been in a car with shocks that worked that well. It was as if he was floating along on a cloud. Curious, Edward started to fiddle around with the limo's fixtures and features. He found an incredibly stocked mini-fridge and his mouth started to water a bit as he looked at the exotic glass bottles full of unusual colored liquids. Apparently his new self had a taste of liquor... His fingers traced across controls, turning a stereo on and off, spritzing the air with citrus fragrance, and then revealing a rotating panel that was a rather large mirror. As Eddo got a look at himself, he couldn't help but fall in love...

There was beauty in contradictions, he'd learned that much back in art school. Edward paused, trying to remember when he'd been to art school... But his focus drifted back to his reflection, finding it as hypnotic as a siren on the sea. His baby fat, in fact almost any trace of fat, had melted away from his body and left only lean muscle behind. A dusting of freckles and very well tanned skin crossed his exposed shoulders, complimented by the veritable coat of

black hair that covered his pectorals, his stomach, his arms and his legs... As he shifted side to side, he felt the hair on his back graze the smooth seat.

Here he was, being treated like royalty when he looked like a beast. He was the hairiest little fucker he'd ever seen... although the throbbing coming from his half-hard cock reminded him that he was hardly a little fucker. Eddo indulged himself, reaching down. He rested a palm on the bulge in his jeans, his fingers anchoring down around the edges. He began to roll his hand around in clockwise circles before squeezing and kneading it. He threw his head back, his mop of styled curls spilling across the back seat.

While Edward had never owned a fancy car, he'd driven stick shift enough to know what it felt like to change gears. Grabbing his goods had only accelerated the changes. The heat spread out from his loins, electrifying the hair on his legs, his abdomen and his arms. Each strand felt alive and receptive, wired up with nerves, making him feel warm and loved all over. He was an animal, a beast, equipped with his own blanket and his own hide. He wasn't just an otter, he was king of the otters!

A grin crossed the changing man's lips. The voice inside him trying to fight the curse was so small and so weak, barely a whisper in a hurricane of change. The pleasure was so much louder. A burst of light erupted in Eddo's mind, feeling like a raindrop piercing through an ice covered lake. It had broken free from his upper lip. Another came, then another. Each one rocked his mind, body and soul. At first Eddo couldn't figure out what it was, but as more and more of the flashes came, he realized each one coincided with a newly sprouted, newly growing hair emerging from his upper lip.

Each solitary hair broke through with a surge of adrenaline, a flood of serotonin, and the flash of a miniature orgasm in its own right. Eddo's back arched, his toes dug into the seats of the limo, his toes curled and uncurled. It was so good, so amazing, so perfect. He panted, he cooed, he grunted and he made noises he had never heard a grown man make before. He trembled under the force of his blossoming facial foliage. Every strand made him proud, every strand proved how much of a man he was.

Eddo grabbed onto the seat for dear life, but he looked up at the mirror, watching his upper lip darken. At first there seemed to be no rhyme or reason. Why there and no somewhere else? What was prompting them to burst forth like sea turtles emerging from buried eggs? But in time that didn't matter. In time, the random became the infinite. His lip darkened with two separate, distinct shapes. His mustache was split, taking on an almost teardrop like shape... but the energy was not gone. It simmered, it sizzled, it was like grease in a pan waiting to ignite. Eddo reached up with a trembling, expectant hand. His thumb and his forefinger pressed down on either side of the gulf that divided the two halves of his mustache. His fingers parted, spreading out, sweeping across the bushy, resilient tufts.

The coarse, strong hairs responded as if they had been waiting for that moment. The affection and attention Eddo gave them caused them to surge outward again, following the guiding comfort of his fingers. His mustache spilled outward from center to side. The teardrop shape exaggerated itself, growing more intense. As the hairs worked towards the edges of his mouth, they seemed to gain a sort of glossy, waxy sheen. The hairs fell into line, or rather a curved line. They dipped down, mirroring the supple curve of his upper lip before bouncing back, curling up in a rebellious point.

As Eddo's fingers followed his mustache to its inescapable conclusion, his body let out one last shudder. His cock tightened, his balls seized and a glob of cum escaped his manhood, soaking into his underwear. Eddo panted softly, chest rising and falling. Even desperate for breath, he seemed to have such smaller lungs compared to his old body... but they would do the trick in the end.

To the otter's surprise, he could feel his pulse rate slowing, his breathing return to normal and the sweat that had started to bead up was evaporating off his skin again. He'd almost been expecting something more after his last two transformations, but as Eddo looked up into the mirror, he knew he was perfect... The milk-toast, generic, run of the mill thirty-something year old with conservative brown hair was gone. He was young, he was hot. He was as hairy as a gay leather daddy packed into the himbo body of a newly graduated college student. His curly black hair was perfectly quaffed into a crest and his mustache was unique, distinct, and very masculine. He ran his hand up across his cheeks. They were perfectly shaved, and yet he sported a mustache worthy of a forgotten king.

It was in that moment that Eddo hesitated. Wasn't this supposed to be a curse? Wasn't this supposed to be a punishment? He'd bumped into a stranger on the street and blown them off, only to be afflicted with a life altering curse just like something in those fairy tales... Aside from having his own life stripped away from him and expunged, this newer form was hot... No doubt hot enough to land any man he wanted. Edward winced a bit at that, a part of his old self trying to surface. That was an example! He wasn't gay, or at least he hadn't been... But the men he'd slept with since being cursed, even the men he'd cursed and changed in turn, they'd all been more wonderful and more intimate lovers than any he'd had when he was straight...

Eddo leaned over, opening the mini-fridge. He grabbed one of the bottles of expensive alcohol. If he was going to battle with his personal demons, he at least should have an ally. While his entire sexual escapade hadn't drawn any attention from his driver, the alcohol bottle earned a suspicious, arching eyebrow. Eddo felt the weight of it and only took a quick swig before returning the bottle to the fridge. This wasn't his first rodeo. He'd been through it twice already... The easiest way was to give in and not fight it. He'd step into the shoes of his new life, spend a few days as this new person, maybe pass on his sexual gifts to someone new... and move on. The only question is what kind of job could Eddo possibly do to afford a personal valet in such a nice limo?

The cheap white door shuddered as a fist knocked on it, eliciting the attention of those inside. One of the tenants moved over, his sun-bleached blond hair was still wet from the shower he'd just gotten out of, his t-shirt showing spots of moisture. His adonis like face seemed confused and distant, uncertain even as his large, shapely and squeezed the door knob and turned it, opening the door. On the other side, Eddo stood dressed in the backwards red baseball hat and red leather jacket of Big D's Pizzeria.

"You ordered a sausage pizza, double meat?" Eddo asked, looking up with deep, shining blue eyes. He drank in the man on the other side of the door. He was so tall, so trim, so smooth. He'd practically be a waterslide to someone like the Otter. Even with his delivery boy outfit, it was impossible to ignore just how manly Eddo was. Curls of black hair peeked out from the

collar of his tight, form fitting black t-shirt. His pants hung low, showing the crest of his bush, and even his hands were a bit hairy where they stretched out of the sleeves.

"You showed up just in time. I'm starving..." The blond himbo said, licking his lips, "I tried to go Vegan for my girlfriend, but now I'm going to go crazy if I don't get some thick meat and sticky, gooey cheese..." the blond murmured. Eddo licked his lip, his mustache flexing a bit as he grinned.

"Well, what your girlfriend doesn't know won't hurt her..." Eddo whispered, edging the pizza forward to rub the flat of the box against the man's groin. He shuddered, his breathing getting deeper.

"Want to come inside for your tip?" The blond asked.

"I hope I can get a lot more than just a tip." Eddo said, stepping in like he owned the place before he kicked the door shut behind him. He reached up, wrapping his arms around the Adonis's neck. He stood up on his tip toes, brought their lips together and kissed him with a fiery hunger. The college student's hand fumbled and the pizza box flopped unceremoniously to the floor before he grabbed onto the delivery boy, squeezing and groping and kneading his shoulders.

"Cut." a voice called from nearby, hesitating as the two kept kissing, "Cut! CUT!" He shouted. Somewhere in the studio a bell chimed and the crew started moving around. One of the staffers took a snapshot of where the pizza fell for continuity sake. The director hopped off of his bench, striding across the studio floor, moving over to where Eddo and his co-star were still making out.

"Don't make me get a spray bottle." the man glowered. The director was in his early forties, his brown hair shaggy except for the bald spot at the crown of his head and his receding hairline. His bushy beard was well groomed, though it seemed like he might have been trying to grow it out. The gold earrings in his ears seemed almost out of place, as if he was trying to make up for his lack of a teenage social life in his mid-life period. The director shook his head, "Eddo, what am I going to do with you?" he asked. Eddo finally broke the kiss from the blond, though he let out a little meow as he felt just how hard he had gotten.

"It's called chemistry, connection. Most directors crave that sort of thing." Eddo grinned.

"Most directors are aiming for awards and interviews. The porn industry isn't exactly known to hold that kind of party." the director said, "We've got a few pickups and closeups of the last scene, then we'll wrap for lunch and come back for the bedroom scenes. That sound good, stud?" the director asked. Eddo grinned.

"Why is it that it's stud when you want me to do something, and a spray bottle when you want me to stop?" Eddo asked mischievously.

"Because I know a wild stallion when I see one. Not many things can keep you in line... and I don't want you doing anything that's going to jeopardize the money shot. You're good, you're able to refuel faster than anyone else in the business, but time is still money." The director said before he wandered over to where the lighting crew was adjusting some units. Eddo shook his head, glancing over his shoulder at his co-star.

"A shame. But I guess we can share it all on the screen, huh?" he grinned. The blond nodded eagerly, wanting to do whatever it took to make Eddo happy. With luck, he'd be invited back for other movies. Eddo just reached up, running his fingers across his mustache. Even without it transforming or growing, touching it brought him some kind of relief. It relaxed him and

made him feel at peace, and that peace opened him up for another thought; if the transformation was complete, then the only other missing piece was who he might inflict this new life on. Somehow it didn't feel like his blond co-star. There was still one last piece of the puzzle missing.

Eddo had to give RipTide studios credit. Despite making porn movies, they seemed committed to the craft. The kitchen set he looked in seemed like it had been taken right out of the late nineties. The red and black tile floor was tasteful and there was even a filled out calendar stuck to the fridge, full of easter eggs and innuendo. Eddo stood there in thick boots, green coveralls zipped down to the waist and a green hat. His mustache had been given extra attention, waxed and styled, bulked out to its maximum.

"I don't know what happened, it just... started pouring everywhere. It was just so much and so wet..." The eighteen year old latino twink said, leaning against the counter with his hands spread out at his sides and his groin jutting just a bit forward. He was dressed in a red letterman's jacket and jeans, his sneakers top of the line.

"What you need is someone that knows how to handle hard pipes." Eddo said, moving forward. His hand slipped out, cupping the teenager's groin, giving it a good squeeze.

"I don't know how I'll be able to pay, I don't have a lot of money..." The twink said. Something in the back of Eddo's mind tingled, even pulsed with an unspoken energy.

"Maybe I'll take you on as my apprentice..." he murmured, "Show you the ropes, make a man out of you." he said, running a hand up and down the twink's groin until he opened the fly to his pants. The costume department had already unzipped them to make it easier. Some of the crew were a little surprised by Eddo going off script, but the director waved them off, not wanting to interrupt a legend at work.

Eddo removed the twink's jeans with a flourish, making short work of his boxers as well. The twink's long, throbbing, veined cock flung itself upright to attention, complimenting his russet skin and physical perfection. While he was dressed like a high school jock, the sleeves barely contained muscled arms and his sculpted legs betrayed a lot more workouts than most students committed to. Eddo licked his lips, getting a good feel for the teen before he crouched down and leaned in, giving the twink's balls a quick lick before he grabbed onto him and turned him around.

"What's your name, stud?" Eddo asked.

"Carlos..." The twink moaned, his hands bracing against the counter, huffing with breath. Eddo felt like an animal, watching his prey pant. His perfect bubble butt rose and fell with each heartbeat. The crew looked fit to be tied behind the cameras. Their characters weren't supposed to have names, it made it harder for the viewers to insert themselves into the fantasy. Still, the director didn't seem to want to stop. It was always easy to go back and get dialogue, but the heat of the moment was priceless.

Eddo gave Carlos' perfect ass a kiss and a love-bite before he slithered his way up behind him. All it took was one flick of his thumb to release his toolbelt and a slight shrug of his shoulders. The weight of his plumbing equipment tugged the coveralls straight to the floor with a

dull thud, showing that the plumber had not been wearing anything beneath. He pulled his feet through the coveralls, wearing only his boots and his green plumber's hat.

As three other cameramen slipped in from the edges of the set, Eddo grabbed a tube from the counter, the prop disguised as some plumbing supply or another despite the fact that it was lube. He squeezed some of the clear, slick substance out and applied it to his shaft. He gave it a few good strokes until it was glistening and shiny before he slid his cock up and down between Carlos' perfect ass cheeks. The twink moaned where he was bent over the kitchen sink, his face tightening and twisting into looks of ecstasy before his partner had done more than used his ass as a hot dog bun.

With a practiced movement, Eddo tilted and thrust. His shaft speared into Carlos, nearly lifting the twink off his feet as his eyes widened and he let out a moan of surprise. Carlos had starred in a few of RipTide's movies, but this was his first with their breakout star. Eddo began to thrust in and out, back and forth, picking up speed. He leaned in, his chest pressing to Carlos' spine, his lips - and mustache - tracing up the nape of his neck before he started to kiss and suck the back of it.

Carlos let out a moan, a real one this time. He hadn't meant to, hadn't even thought about it. He was an actor, he was a professional, but he'd never felt like this before. Eddo grinned and shifted gears again. In a strange way, seeing his lubed up cock move effortlessly in and out of the twink's ass reminded him of a well oiled machine like a car engine piston. In and out, in and out, over and over, doing its work... except he doubted any other work felt quite that good. One hand remained on Carlos' hip, guiding the twink, but the other slipped around, ensnaring the jock's own meat.

The cameramen were working overtime, trying to get close up shots without capturing each other in frame. They were aided by a few innovations of technology. Cameras had been hidden in flower planters, even a bottle of dish detergent strategically placed on the counter. Each one digitally recorded expressions and angles to give RipTide's viewers maximum pleasure and enjoyment. Still, a lot of it came back to good old fashioned camera work.

Eddo felt the power flowing through him. He was a professional at the peak of his craft. His body was perfectly built and maintained. He had the skills, he had the prowess, he had the tool... It was almost like some sort of musical performance. Eddo didn't just know all the notes, he knew how to riff. With the slightest tilt of his hips, the tiniest of squeezes from his hand, he played Carlos like an instrument.

"Fuck!" he shouted out, his cock erupting with a copious amount of clear pre in a pseud-orgasm. His eyes watered, his mouth drooled. Eddo moved with grace and ease, but there was something more at work, something... familiar. Carlos would be one of his easiest conquests. He was almost all of the way there, but it'd take just a bit more before Carlos could be considered his apprentice.

Each of Eddo's thrusts were giving more than just pleasure, they were giving experience. A strange, corrupt glee filled Eddo as he felt his supernatural essence beginning to spill into Carlos, pouring in well more than just a good helping of lube. It was a heady, euphoric feel. He could feel his temporary, cursed life tainting Carlos' and it felt amazing. He fucked that bubble butt for all it was worth. Eddo's eyes slipped shut, a look of rapture crossing his lips. He drank in the power, jerking Carlos' cock like mad, feeling it start to grow fatter and longer in his hand.

Eddo worked the twink's cock like a sculptor, guiding and shaping it. He coaxed it longer each time his hand slid toward the head, then he made it fatter and wider each time the hand returned to the base. Pump, pump, pump, pump. In moments Carlos surpassed any average man. In a few more moments he surpassed most porn stars. The shaft wobbled and throbbed and pulsed, growing steadily and quickly. It was as if he was getting hard all over again despite already being fully erect.

The changes to his anatomy began to feed back into his body, pooling and mixing with his own personal history. Carlos' memories of the way people looked at him changed. Everyone always thought he was a stud, a star, someone to lust for and long for. Memories of being the boy next door faded away as his life reworked itself, making him the popular kid. A weight lifted off of Carlos's shoulders as the confidence Eddo poured into him rewrote years of hiding his sexuality. He'd come out in high school, even gone to prom with another man...

"Fuck me Eddo! Fuck me harder!" Carlos begged. Even his character was changing, the letters of the script reworking and shifting, glowing golden as they changed on the page. The first half of the script was largely untouched, but as Eddo poured the curse into Carlos, the plumber was corrupting the twink. While Eddo gave Carlos more masculinity, the plumber gave his apprentice experience. The letterman's jacket groaned and strained as Carlos gained more muscles. His pecs filled out fuller, his arms ballooned outwards. It was a miracle his pants had already been dropped or they would have been too tight as his thighs and calves thickened outward.

As handsome as Carlos was becoming, as fulfilled as he was with his new life and new confidence, Eddo was far from satisfied. If this twink was going to be his apprentice, if this hunk was going to be Eddo's mark on the world before the curse ran its course, he had to leave him with his signature mark. He needed something to thrill the young men and stand out in a crowd. Eddo doubled down, pulling his hand off of Carlos' now mammoth cock before latching onto his other hip. With a good grip on both, he began to fuck with all his might.

Carlos gaped as he literally was fucked up off the ground by the cock in his ass. He grabbed onto the counter to steady himself, grunting and panting each time that huge cock seemed to spear all the way to his belly. Eddo thrust in with power and a shadow crossed Carlos' upper lip. Another thrust forced the stubble to break the surface. Carlos' eyes were glazed with so much lust as he could feel Eddo force that pleasure and pressure and manliness into him. He felt it all the way from his quivering, hungry ass hole to his tingling, burning upper lip.

Reality itself seemed to reshape itself as Eddo passed his prowess on to Carlos. As his mustache filled in, its legacy crept backwards in time. The memories of Carlos being the popular kid in school were now tinged with how dark his peach fuzz had been from an early age, how the downy fuzz had gotten thicker ahead of all his classmates. He'd refused to shave starting at fifteen, and started playing around with beard oils and wax at seventeen. Eddo kept fucking the twink, watching him blossom and refine. His body was ripped and tight, tall and strong, lean... but it needed just a bit more.

Without warning, Eddo suddenly turned around. Carlos was ripped away from the counter, held aloft only by a porn star's monolithic cock. He sprawled out, leaning against Eddo's chest, frothing and panting. The cameramen strained to capture everything, their recordings managing to capture the moments as Carlos' mustache grew out longer, thicker and

wider. The hair was coarse and thick, tough and as black as night. It split down the groove that ran from his upper lip to his nose, thickest near the start before tapering to fine points at the corners of his lips. Each half of his mustache was a faintly teardrop shape, just like Eddo's.

Several crew members had started to idly grope themselves, amazed at the unusual special effects being employed. RipTide had been gaining notoriety in recent years, but the director had apparently surprised them with this first foray into supernatural porn. Carlos writhed, howled, and practically frothed at the mouth as his mustache came in thicker and longer and bushier. The edges twisted and turned, coming to points as wax started to appear from nothingness, beading up and coating the hairs, protecting them from the elements.

Somewhere in their passionate lovemaking, the line had been crossed - no, not crossed. It had been blurred. Eddo stared over the shoulder of his conquest, watching the others watch him, seeing how they were getting off on Carlos' corruption... and why wouldn't they? Eddo groaned, his cock sputtering a spurt of cum, then another. They were warning shots, a prelude to what was to come. He could feel that he'd changed Carlos' life, even sense that acting as a porn star had slid from his third job to his first. He'd been born and built for it, and no one had held him back this time.

Eddo felt an odd pride in the changes he'd inflicted on another... and in an odd, strange way, he started to wonder if that was precisely what had happened to the man that had cursed him... Had that bearded, burly, bara beefcake of a man gotten off by reshaping Edward into these other men? Did he get off feeling the changes ripple out to the universe, knowing that he was responsible for him? This was more than just a curse, and more than just a gift. The early stages had felt like heaven, but he felt so good at changing Carlos that he was sure he'd go to hell for it... but even that fear couldn't stop him.

Each thrust and each grind refined the changes to Carlos' life. His mustache pushed out, every centimeter feeling more erotic and pleasurable than a blow job. It complimented his boyish good looks, stretching out across his cheeks, curling into a trademark swish on each side. Carlos threw his head back, his formerly plain black hair now styled up, rising into crests and waves of a quaff that bordered on the edge of a pompadour. The letterman's jacket finally gave out, the stitching popping along the seams to the arms. The black sleeves slunk down, sliding off of his now bare arms, leaving the red leather to hug his chest like a strange athletic vest.

Carlos didn't look like the boy next door or even a hot twink. He looked like the king to a porn star empire. Eddo had turned around, presenting him to the world impaled on a cock, showing the cameras the jock's cock, his balls, his meaty body and his award winning mustache. Eddo took more than just pride in it. He threw his head back and let out an animalistic howl as he came - and came hard.

Spurt after spurt of cum erupted like a geyser inside of Carlos' ass, but even that spread outward. It seared and bubbled and boiled, flashing to flame in the proverbial pan. When the tingling reached the surface, it was accompanied by the roiling, broiling bubble of energy as thousands of tiny black hairs began to blossom from his body. The hunk's pit hair grew longer, chest hair emerged from between his pecs and his bush began to climb up his belly like ivy on a trellis, anchoring and taking root before spreading even further.

"That's it... That's it... We're almost there! Give us the money shot! Come on Carlos, do it for daddy!" The director shouted. Carlos let out a triumphant roar, laying back against Eddo as

he howled, yowled and then came. His aching, throbbing, gigantic cock wobbled as it suddenly came, sending rope after rope into high arcs across the studio. Everyone watched the pearly cream fly through the air, raining down in hot thick globs on the red and black tile. Wanting to add one last flourish, Eddo gave one more thrust. Carlos' cock swung upward, directing the last few spurts of his semen up along the jock's letterman's jacket, his face, and his perfect mustache. The face Carlos made was perfect. It was the money shot for sure, and a star hadn't just been born. He had been forged.

Despite having gone off script, they'd reached a perfect ending, or at least so the director thought. He was opening his mouth to call for a cut when Carlos showed a surprising amount of dexterity. One hand moved, latching onto Eddo's hairy shoulder, the other cupping his hairy pectoral. Carlos maneuvered around while still impaled on Eddo's cock, turning to face his creator. The two met eyes, staring into each other's souls. Both grinned, their lips framed by their perfect split mustaches. Carlos took the initiative and leaned in, bringing their lips together.

No amount of beard oil or mustache wax could keep the two in check as they meshed and melded together. Hairs bristled and brushed, smashed and wrangled and tangling as their lips locked. Tongues wrestled frantically and with lust, but both men were moaning as they felt just how messed up their mustaches were getting. In the new reality that had sunk into their minds, that was their signature and their moneymaker. Their mustache was the locus of their sexual identity and it was as if they could feel it as intimately, as sensitively as their own cocks.

Eddo started to feel like he had more fuel in the tank. He started to bounce Eddo on his manhood again. He ground and thrust, pistoning up and down, hard and fast just like before. The director sat at the edge of his director's chair, mouth hanging open in shock. He numbly waived, trying to get the cameramen to keep going, not wanting to miss a thing. Carlos felt a burning heat along his chest, one hairy body rubbing against another and generating more and more friction. It was more than just carnal, it was purely animal.

Moans and grunts were muffled, lips barely parting, the stylish edges of their mustaches obliterated. Eddo had no idea how the curse would pan out... Normally whatever life he lived he imparted on another, but for that moment in time they were the two hairiest otter porn stars in the world, making love on camera, and enjoying every second of it. Carlos rode Eddo's pole like a professional, even to the point that his tight, rubbery ring was stretching out around how big Eddo was. Eddo growled and grunted, feeling the pleasure of having remade this man in more ways than one.

Even as the porn star's huge cock churned his previous load deeper and deeper into Carlos' ass, Eddo threw back his head and began to howl. His once perfect mustache seemed more like a walrus stache after being defiled. He roared as he came, adding another potent and powerful load into Carlos' ass. Carlos rewarded Eddo by erupting like a volcano, his cock unleashing the fury of hot sperm across Eddo's incredibly hairy chest and stomach. The director nearly cried, wishing he'd paid for an extra sound guy to capture all the wet and lewd sounds the two were producing as they fucked and came and fucked again. They were titans of manliness, and it was the pinnacle of his career to be the one lucky enough to capture them together.

A few days had passed and Edward hadn't left his apartment, and it still was his apartment - at least for now. The sun had set and his perfectly matched metal lamps were on, casting a warm, comforting glow on the cherry blossom paintings. The curse had run its course and Edward found himself back in his original body. It was almost a bit of a let down after spending a few days as a world famous porn star. He felt clunky, unrefined, and painfully hairless. Still, any time spent jacking off was better than not, even with an average cock. The downtime had provided him another opportunity, or rather, a discovery.

The television had been paused for the last few minutes, frozen on a specific frame of 'Pipe Dreams: The Apprentice Rises.' There they were, immortalized in 1080p high definition with Dolby sound... Edward had tried looking up his alternate forms before to no success, but it seemed like the curse was getting stronger in some strange way. He hadn't just inflicted the life of a perfect porn star on another, he'd been caught on film doing it. He had to admit, Eddo had been hot, and one mustachioed otter hunk... and the fact that they'd caught him transforming Carlos on film was even hotter. Thousands of gay men would watch him fuck another man hairy and change his body before their very eyes...

"Fuck, damn, shit!" Edward moaned as he came again, spraying down his polo with his sticky, musky seed. He'd already stained it twice that afternoon, what was one more? He leaned back against his chair, panting harder, eyes half lidded. His mind briefly drifted back to his own prom, then to his broken chain of broken promises and dozens of dates that had ended in little more than hookups if anything at all.