

THE BEARAPIST
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Illustration by [SolidBone](#)

If there was a purgatory, Ridley thought it was like this.

The building was a two story structure with cream-colored walls and kaleidoscopic, sound-swallowing carpets making it as quiet as a library. Signs with arrows pointing up the stairs or down the hall filled the need for a receptionist, and despite the windows showing the snow falling outside, it was too warm inside. There were eight offices, half of which were vacant.

Purgatory.

Ridley had learned about purgatory in Catholic school, which hadn't effectively scared him into salvation, much to his family's chagrin. He was quiet and a loner. His new habit of vaping had him constantly wandering off in search of solitude so he could puff without judgment. That was why he'd ditched his dad and begun wandering the silent, beige building. Still more interesting than his dad talking to their accountant, an appointment Ridley got roped into because of the grocery shopping he needed to help with afterward.

A text pinged his phone: "Hey, could use your help tonight. Do you want to work?"

Ridley ignored it. He could use the cash but four hours on his feet didn't feel worth it. Graduating a semester early from high school seemed like a great move; he didn't care about going and it felt good to just get the diploma and move on. But it turned out he didn't like washing dishes at the nursing home. This boring office building held no allure either - he couldn't imagine spending every day in a place this generic.

Not to mention, he didn't like to work. But he also got bored sitting around...

Ridley shoved his phone in his pocket and cleared his thoughts. Worrying was pointless. Things would work out. Somehow. Or he'd just be bored his whole life. That was a fun prospect. At least he was used to it by now. Bored at home, bored at work, bored at school. And now, bored here.

He raised his vape to his mouth and opened the front door of the building, momentarily forgetting that it was snowing outside. One look was all he needed to close the door and retreat back to the warmth. He was always getting weird looks for vaping, so he wanted somewhere with no people around.

To kill time, he clomped back up to the second floor and looked out the large windows onto the snow that was a month late for Christmas.

On the left of the windows was a vacant office. There was a gold plate mounted on the door, blank as if waiting for a name to be engraved on it. Ridley rapped his knuckles on it, then cautiously opened the door when there was no response.

Inside was a small waiting area, he assumed, because there was a little desk like where receptionists sat at doctor's offices with all the files behind them. But the desk and shelves were empty. There was one chair against the wall, and then a second room past the reception desk that was fully empty.

"Perfect," Ridley whispered, shutting the door behind him. He sat down in the one chair, took a drag off his vape, and started reading tweets on his phone. Ten minutes passed, and he sank in, hidden from his dad and anyone else, just him and his vape and his-

"Hey there, young fella."

Ridley leapt, nearly dropping his phone.

"Whoa, didn't mean to startle you." An old man raised his hands in peace. He was wrinkled and hunched, with a soothing voice and dapper appearance. It had been a while since Ridley saw anyone wearing a bow tie.

"Sorry, I'll leave," Ridley mumbled, standing up.

"Why?"

"I didn't know this was your office, sorry," Ridley said again.

The old man chuckled. "MY office! I'm retired. No need to worry about that. This is your office!"

Ridley was already over the conversation. "I don't work here," he said, gesturing to the clearly vacant space. "I was just hiding out."

"Ah, but you could!" The old man smiled. "It will be a lovely office once you put your mark on it, of that I'm sure, ah..."

"Ridley."

"Ridley, you say? An unusual name. My name is Ernest." He extended his hand and Ridley shook it, hoping that would be the end of their interaction and he could break away without being too rude. He didn't want to talk to this guy at all. "Why don't we sit back down and get to know each other?"

"Oh, I..." Ridley looked back to where he'd been sitting. There were two upholstered chairs against the wall. Hadn't there only been one...Ridley was debating this as he went and sat in it, staring up at Ernest, whose kind blue eyes stared right back. "I should probably go," Ridley muttered.

"Why? Do you have somewhere to be?"

“No, I’m just waiting around, but I don’t...don’t want to...take up your time...” Ridley said sleepily, tripping over his words.

“That’s very polite of you, Ridley, but you don’t have to worry about that. I have all the time in the world. Besides, I’m here for you.”

Ridley blinked. The surprise of the statement shook him from his stupor. What was up with him... “For me?”

“Yes, to help you get your office set up.”

“It’s not my office. I don’t have an office.”

“But clearly it is, because you found your way to it, just as it did to you. You’re meant to be together. Didn’t you notice, as soon as you came in, how comfortable you felt?”

“Yes...” Ridley looked around. “But I don’t want to work in an office.”

“Of course you do!” Ernest chuckled. “You’re a professional, Ridley, of course you want an office. You’ll grow to enjoy it. You’re meant to be here. This is your office.”

“My office...” Ridley sized up the empty surroundings. “I know my family would be surprised I had any office at all.”

“Now why do you say that?” Ernest leaned forward, resting his elbow on his leg. His gentle demeanor made Ridley so at ease, like he could answer any question Ernest posed.

“I’m just not a work guy. Never liked school or any of that. I dunno what they expect of me...it probably isn’t much.”

“You need to prove them wrong then! Whatever motivates you to excel in your field, surround yourself with it. You’ll excel in many areas, I see it, both professionally and personally. People will aspire to be like you.”

Ridley grinned. “That sounds nice.”

“Yes, you will be a successful, respected man.”

“Will I be rich?”

Ernest smiled and cocked his head. “Do you want to be?”

"I...well, I want to be comfortable. I don't want to worry about money. But I really just want to be happy."

"That's a very healthy approach, Ridley. And it's wonderful that you're here too, because this office will make you very happy. It is an accomplishment in itself, a culmination of a lot of hard work for you."

Ridley leaned back in his chair and shut his eyes. The warmth of the building and comfort of his surroundings was getting to him, as was Ernest's soothing demeanor. He sat in silence for a few moments, breathing, clearing his thoughts. He almost expected the old man to be gone when he opened his eyes, but Ernest was still there, staring at him with a kind smile. "Sorry. I feel kind of funny."

"That's natural, when a young man begins to change."

"Change?"

"Yes, Ridley, you are starting to change. It commenced as soon as you entered this office, in fact. But it's a wonderful process, I assure you. You will enjoy it."

"That's weird," Ridley chortled. "I don't know what you mean - like, about changing."

"Many things about you will change. Nearly everything about you, inside and out. We can start with little things, so you feel more comfortable before we progress."

Ridley wanted to run. He felt so strange now, like he was floating peacefully in a blue ocean the same shade as Ernest's eyes. But he couldn't make himself stand up. More accurately, he couldn't make himself try to stand up, even. He sat still in his chair, the place where he wanted to be, and reflected on the old man's words. He attempted to dismiss them as the ramblings of a senile old fool, but Ernest seemed sharp, not at all kooky. Ridley couldn't put his finger on why, but he did respect the man.

"What would you change about yourself?"

"A lot," Ridley blurted out. "I dunno. Most of it. I don't think I'm really interesting or good at anything. What would you change about me?"

"Well, you're very small. I'd make you more...imposing."

Ridley snorted. "Right, me. Imposing."

"You'd be wonderful as an imposing man. A large, strong man who people trust. It would enhance how calm you are. I can tell you're a good listener, Ridley. People would come to you

with their problems because they know they'd be heard, respected, and taken care of. A man as big as you is a born protector."

"I don't know what you mean, I'm not some giant," Ridley said, continuing to be befuddled by this conversation while also willing to continue it. "I've always been pretty small."

"Not a giant, but an impressive man. Imagine being so tall and broad that people notice you the moment you walk in a room - or even when you're approaching, because your footsteps are so heavy. And then, when they see this incredible physical specimen, they expect him to be loud and boisterous, but instead you're gentle and kind."

Ridley's mouth twitched up and down as he suppressed the smile his lips wanted to make. "I like that more than being called 'quiet.'"

"It's not a bad thing to be quiet, Ridley, but perhaps to you, that means people think you don't have much to say. But of course, you and I both know you have a lot to say. You just think it through carefully, and when you speak, it is effective. One, because of your physical size, but two, because the listener knows you always speak with intent."

Ridley let himself smile this time. "Yeah...I do."

"And of course, I don't have to tell you, but to be quiet is not the same as being shy. You won't be a shy man, Ridley. You enjoy being around people. But because people have already noticed your height and build, you don't feel the need to talk pointlessly. Your muscles alone win admiration on your behalf, and then you follow that up with your insight and intellect."

"My...muscles? I don't have muscles."

"Everyone has muscles, Ridley!" Ernest chuckled.

Ridley blushed. This old man was so strange...and it was so warm in here...but he felt so safe and comfortable. "I meant, you can't see my muscles."

"Yes, for now. But you will grow very large, very large indeed. You will have spectacular muscles that all men will envy."

"I don't even know what that would look like."

"Who is the most muscular man you know?"

"Uh...that's a good question," Ridley said, pondering. "Huh. I'm not sure. Oh, no...actually, probably this guy I went to high school with, Scott Hoisington. He does weightlifting, stuff like that."

"I don't know Scott, of course, but just imagine him double the size or close to it."

"Wow, that's...that's big."

"Too big?" Ernest chuckled. "Work your way up to it, perhaps. You see these chocolates?"

Ridley looked down at a small table in between their chairs. The only item on it was a ceramic bowl filled with individually wrapped chocolate balls. "Where'd that come from?" he asked.

Ernest ignored the question. "When you eat a chocolate, you'll gain ten pounds."

"No way. But I do like chocolate." Ridley reached for a candy and unwrapped it, then popped it in his mouth. It tasted delicious - milky and sweet - and though he didn't feel anything change, his forearms broke out in goosebumps, and an erection popped up in his jeans. "Mmm. It is..." He swallowed. "It is a little different."

"Have another," Ernest smiled.

Ridley took a nibble and let out a moan. Despite tasting only like milk chocolate, he could tell there was something special about the treat. Like a fruit gusher full of testosterone. He felt his cheeks flush. "What's in these, they're so good..."

"Power."

With a trembling hand, Ridley popped another chocolate ball in his mouth, an electric current shooting from his tongue to his throat and through his limbs. This time, he noticed his clothes did feel tighter - there was no way he'd really gained thirty pounds, right? - and he was so aroused there was no hiding it. His boner made a tent in his lap, his forehead sported beads of sweat.

"It's a beautiful thing, becoming a man," Ernest said softly. "Since it usually happens slowly, sometimes we don't realize what a dramatic change it is. I can see your shoulders are already more square - your hands are larger, too. That will be good for handshakes, for a professional man like you. Not to mention all the weight you lift."

"They're just so good, ahhh..." Ridley took another chocolate and arched his back with a big grin, sweat dripping down his face as he writhed in his seat. His nipples protruded lewdly through his sweatshirt. His chest felt tight and cramped. "Wh-what's happening to me."

"You're growing muscles. You're transforming into a man."

"I thought I already was one!"

“Maybe in some ways. But you’ll know you are now. You’ll feel like one. Don’t you want that, Ridley? To feel like a man?”

“Yes. So badly.” Ridley unwrapped two chocolates and ate them simultaneously, groaning louder than his chair now that its occupant suddenly was two hundred pounds. Though he didn’t quite realize the extent of his physical changes already - how much wider his back was, how thick his arms were becoming - he felt flooded with strength and dominance, two things unfamiliar to him, and the small, happy chuckle he let out sounded confident. Almost cocky, in fact, which he’d never sounded like before. “I dunno what kind of therapist you are, man, but you’re a miracle worker,” he grunted, massaging his bulge.

“Not a therapist. Just a friend. But it’s a wonderful field, therapy. And it’s perfect for you. You’re an educated, learned man; highly intelligent, a skilled listener. You’re caring and attentive. You’ll be a wonderful psychiatrist.”

“Yeah, right, people coming to me with their problems,” Ridley laughed as he took another chocolate. There wasn’t a single wrinkle in his clothes now - they were like compression gear over his growing frame, his muscles pumping up like he was working out with the football players from high school.

“Well, as you change, that will become more believable,” Ernest said. “When you dress and act like a professional man.”

“I’m not changing,” Ridley said, but as soon as his teeth bit into his two latest chocolate balls, his clothes seemed to explode, like a kernel of corn popping. His sweatshirt, pants, and shoes all tore apart at once, unequipped to hold a 230-pound body. But in his hormone-fueled haze, Ridley didn’t even realize what had happened. He stretched forward for more chocolate, and his arm lengthened, stretching his spine, then his legs, allowing the new weight to distribute over a taller frame.

“You are, Ridley. It’s wonderful to watch. You’re becoming tall and broad, on your way to being a truly formidable man.”

“Mmm! Oh...” Ridley bucked at the words and dropped his latest chocolate, as his erection stretched longer inside his tearing jeans. The tsunami of hormones pouring through him were not only growing his muscles, but defining and hardening them. In between the rips of fabric were flashes of a very impressive physique.

Ernest bent down slowly and picked up the candy from the floor. “Five second rule,” he said, offering it to Ridley, who instead of taking it with his hand, leaned forward and ate it straight from Ernest’s hand. He gently rested against Ernest’s fingers as his body swelled with another ten pounds of mass, snapping off his belt and broadening his chest. “Do you want to grow more, Ridley?”

“Yes,” Ridley whispered, playing with his nipples through his sweatshirt. Ernest noticed this.

“Do you enjoy your nipples?”

“I...yeah...”

“They’re to be one of your hallmarks, then. They’re getting bigger right now as you touch them. And they’re so sensitive. Always hard and prominent. Your nipples will show through all your shirts, even multiple layers.”

“I I-love playing with them,” Ridley grunted, discovering a pleasure center he never knew he’d had. He’d never so much as pinched his nipples before, but now he could feel the sensations radiating out from them like radio signals, boning him up as they grew wider and bigger, covering more of his growing chest. “I want everyone to see them.”

“They will.” Ernest picked up a chocolate and held it out to Ridley. “And now, a lot of your weight is going to go to your chest.” He smiled as Ridley gobbled up the ball and swallowed it down. “Imagine ten pounds of muscle adding itself to your pectorals alone. Imagine what that would look like. Meaty slabs of muscle pushing out against your shirt, or in some cases, through it.”

Ridley had never given much thought to men's chests. He’d silently judged jocks as they bragged about their bench presses, but now he understood the power of a chest. And since he was quiet, it was nice to have his body do some talking for him. To have a chest that entered the room before the rest of him, broad and powerful and straining against his clothes, popping buttons open and rippling as he moved...to radiate strength...he wanted a huge chest...he couldn’t wait for it to grow onto him. He imagined lying on his back in the morning, his giant pecs blocking the view of the rest of his body, greeting him as he woke up. Perhaps there’d be a lover next to him, someone who would worship his chest, suck on his nipples, make him cum...

“What are you thinking about, Ridley?”

“My chest,” Ridley grunted. “My chest makes me wanna cum.”

“Well, we can’t be doing that yet, young man,” Ernest laughed. “You have further to go. But I understand. A man’s chest is one of his signatures, and yours is becoming quite spectacular. Feel how broad it is, how solid it is to the touch. The shape of your muscles is beautiful. And they’re getting so large, Ridley! You must be very proud of them. They’re growing as I look at them.”

“They’re so big. They’re bigger than my hands...” Ridley thrust his big pecs out, his back arching delicately to emphasize the boulders he was growing. The muscle within his chest was soft as it developed, but within seconds it became hard as granite, stuffing Ridley’s pecs with mass as they built out in front of him inch by inch. They bulked rounder and bigger as his fingers prodded their breadth, marveling at how much space he took up - his chest alone was wider than his

chair. His pecs were as wide as a doorframe, sporting extra-large and extra-sensitive nipples. His physicality revolved around their enormity, dictating how he moved and where he looked, even how he dressed.

And then he ate another chocolate and they grew even bigger, stretch marks etching themselves with pride around his underarms. The overhang of his pecs cast a shadow over his lower torso, which itself had undergone quite an expansion, from the waspish waist of a boy to the sturdy, thick trunk of a 260-pound man. He didn't have a belly, but he didn't have abs either; his midsection was steadily widening to keep his front flat, which required pushing his waist past forty inches. But with a chest and shoulders as broad as Ridley's, the proportions remained enviable.

"Now, I'm sure you know this, Ridley," Ernest said, "but in puberty, testosterone lengthens and thickens your vocal cords, which is what deepens your voice. The more testosterone, the deeper your voice as an adult. A man of your size and strength clearly produced a metric ton of testosterone. Your parents must have had to fight to keep you clothed!"

Ridley laughed. His poor parents...every day he woke up taller and heavier. His buttons would burst off, his seams would split, his pants wouldn't reach his feet, and his shoes wouldn't fit. He outgrew his mom, then his dad, then his muscles began to bloom, his body becoming manlier with each passing day. "Yeah," he murmured dreamily as he chewed on his chocolate.

"So, with all that growth, and all those hormones...your voice must have changed quite dramatically."

"Yeah," Ridley nodded.

"Did you enjoy suddenly having a man's voice? Did you lord it over your friends?"

"Sometimes," Ridley chuckled, his pitch already lower than before.

"How could you not? You were young, and you already had a deeper voice than most men. And it just kept deepening, didn't it?"

"Yeah," Ridley rumbled, his voice plummeting a full octave, reverberating out of him with the weighty force of thunder. "It did."

"Yes, your voice is exceptionally deep. But it's also smooth - pleasant to listen to, even. It's powerful, but it's comforting because of the strength it holds."

"Yes," Ridley agreed in his new profound bass. "People seem to like it."

"It certainly fits you. You're so tall now, Ridley. Do you enjoy being a tall man?"

"Of course," Ridley smiled, stretching his long limbs. "Every man wants to be tall."

"But you want to gain some more weight, don't you? Because being tall, it's harder to put on mass." Ernest reached for a chocolate and stood up to offer it to Ridley. "Here, if you'd like."

"Yeah, I want to be bigger," Ridley said, even though he was already too large for his chair, and his clothes were in tatters at his feet. His huge tits sagged with weight as he leaned forward and sucked the chocolate right off of Ernest's fingers.

"Grow then," Ernest whispered, and Ridley's limbs swelled bigger, flexing and rippling. "Have another." So Ridley did, and his torso widened, ribs flaring, waist thickening. He was a hulk of a man - a colossus.

"I think I..." Ridley trailed off as he played with his pecs, before coming back to the sentence. "...I think that's enough for now."

"A wise choice, Ridley. You're over 300 pounds now, if my math is correct."

Ridley gave his cock a hard tug at the sound of the number. "Fuck, that's awesome - I'm so big." He flexed one arm and stared lovingly at the skull-sized bicep pushing out of it. "Fuuuckk..." He giggled. "Where am I gonna find clothes?"

"S.F. Goddard downtown, certainly. He's a large man like you and does excellent custom work with thick fabrics and reinforced seams that won't tear."

"Oh, right, Saul...I know Saul," Ridley said, missing the white fabric starting hover around him. "But he dresses so nice."

"Yes, as do you."

"Nah, I'm a t-shirt and jeans type of guy," Ridley said, as panels of crisp white poplin pressed up against his chest and shoved his pecs upward.

"Not anymore, Ridley. Your chest doesn't fit in t-shirts, remember? You're a professional man, so you dress professionally."

"I...I do?"

"Yes, you wear a custom dress shirt every day, pressed and starched. You tuck it into your trousers. You wear polished, formal shoes and either a blazer or cardigan over your shirt."

"That doesn't sound like me," Ridley mumbled, the shiny white buttons of his new shirt growing into existence over his stomach. He reached up to fix his collar right as one sprouted up around his neck, wide white points handsomely framing his face. "I'm not stuffy like that."

“Stuffy! No, you are professional. But you don’t wear a tie - that’s why you’re thinking you’re casual. You leave some buttons on your shirts undone.”

“Oh, right. It’s more casual because I don’t wear ties. My neck’s too big anyway.” Ridley’s neck barely existed on its own regardless. It was part of his shoulders at this point, so if he tried to button his collars, they ran into his chin. Wearing a dress shirt every day wasn’t stuffy, it was professional, and he loved wearing them regardless. They showed off his chest, accentuated his shoulders, and felt great against his skin. He only wore dress shirts that Saul made for him, even on the weekends.

The formation of his outfit accelerated with this acceptance, his shirt’s long tails tucking themselves into his new tan trousers, which had to stretch across the entire seat of the chair to contain his boulder butt. The brown leather belt holding up his pants was working overtime against the strain of his bulky waistline, nearly as hard as his crisp white sleeves threatening to explode off his herculean arms. The final arrival was quick, with Ridley feeling warmer now that he was sporting a rich blue cardigan. The stretchy weave of the sweater was ideal for when he worked out to start the day, since he didn’t fit in his blazers when he was pumped up. And the comfortable fabric softened his appearance, made his bulging muscles and formal clothes look less rigid. As did the buttons over his chest popping open to create a window for his pecs to hoist out through the pristine white shirt.

“Excellent work, Ridley. You look very professional, yet still approachable.”

“These clothes barely fit,” Ridley said, shifting in his seat. “But I like them like that.”

“Yes, a constant reminder of what a powerful man you are. And don’t they make you feel more experienced, too? A man who dresses like this knows what he’s talking about.” Ernest went and sat down in his seat, looking at Ridley’s hulking frame with a smile.

“A little bit. But I don’t know who’d come to me for advice and stuff...I mean, I’m just a dumb kid. Just cause I have an office doesn’t change that.”

“But it does, doesn’t it, Dr. Ridley? You shouldn’t talk about yourself like that, you’re an intelligent and esteemed man with many degrees and certifications.”

Dr. Ridley frowned. “I guess...it just doesn’t feel like it. But if I get a couple people who I help, and they tell their friends, and they tell THEIR friends...then maybe I’d be somewhere.” He leaned back in his seat, lats hanging over the armrests. “I just really want to help people,” he said quietly.

“Of course. And you have an established and loyal clientele, with a full wait list of people eager to meet with you. Is there any particular clientele you’d like to focus on, in your work?”

Dr. Ridley thought. "Well...I guess guys. Like, younger guys. Because sometimes we have a lot of anger and confusion and we don't know what to do with it, we bottle it up. I think society's better than it used to be about allowing young men to express their emotions, but there are countless ones out there who still need support and a non-judgmental ear. And I could do that. I've been through it, after all."

"That's so wonderful, Dr. Ridley," Ernest said, clapping his hands together. "That's exactly who you should be talking to. Young men dealing with their development, their hormones, their emotions, sexuality even. Giving them the tools to develop into well-adjusted members of society."

"Yes, yes, sexuality is a big part of it," Dr. Ridley nodded.

"Did you ever struggle with yours?"

Dr. Ridley pondered. "Not really, no. I always liked girls."

"Did you explore at all?"

"Once or twice. Clearly, I enjoy the male body. I don't think you grow to my size without an appreciation of the male form," Dr. Ridley chuckled.

"Ha! Certainly not, and you're wise to say so. What's your favorite part of a man's body?"

"Oh, where to begin," Dr. Ridley laughed. "Chest, of course. And a pair of arms inside a beautiful shirt. And there's nothing like a man's neck, is there? Especially when paired with a strong jaw, with a beard or some stubble."

"Does it scratch, to kiss someone with whiskers?"

"Of course it does, but I like it."

"You enjoy kissing men?" Ernest prodded.

"Yes, very much. I love to kiss men." Dr. Ridley was off in another world, a feast of flesh opening up in his memories.

"And what else?"

"I love everything about men. Their muscles, their aggression. Sometimes I wonder if I'm gay!" Dr. Ridley laughed boisterously, his rich bass booming through the office. "But I don't think I am. I just enjoy having sex with men."

"Have you ever had a boyfriend?"

“Yes, many.”

“It sounds to me like you may be a homosexual, Dr. Ridley,” Ernest said.

“Well of course I am,” Dr. Ridley chortled. “Look at me! What else would I be? I love being gay. It’s one of my favorite parts of myself.”

“That’s wonderful. And you can help your clients navigate that, when appropriate.”

“Yes, a lot of men don’t realize how much of our lives and decisions are impacted by our attitudes toward sexuality. As a proud gay man, I’m able to guide them through the questions they may be asking themselves.” The buttons over Dr. Ridley’s stomach gapped as he took in a deep breath. “I want any young man to realize, it’s not only fine to be gay, it’s wonderful. If you’re straight, that’s wonderful too. But men are exquisite, beautiful creatures, and to love them is an honor. I love everything about men. I don’t want to be heterosexual.” He spread his legs further apart, bulge swelling in his dress pants. The imprint of his balls was unmistakable.

“Yes, your sexuality is a major part of you,” Ernest said with a nod. “And I don’t just mean your preferences. Even at rest, your sexual characteristics are on display. Your nipples always show through your shirt. Your crotch distends. You have a large, powerful rear end, and very broad shoulders. You have a deep, commanding voice. Eventually, you’ll grow a beard. All these things combine to give you a quietly confident sexuality. People fantasize about you. They wonder what it’s like to have such a large man on top of them.”

“I’ve knocked the wind out of a couple guys,” Dr. Ridley said with a smile. “I’m usually on my back for a lot of it so I don’t crush them.”

“Do you like being worshiped?”

“Yes. And reciprocating it.” A buffet of carnal memories stretched out in Dr. Ridley’s mind; hard muscles and harder cocks ready and waiting. His mouth watered. “I have a preference for muscular men. Very muscular men. I love getting naked with them, posing...” He trailed off with a soft moan.

“Any body hair preferences?”

“No, I like it all. Smooth or furry, I don’t care, it’s all fun for me.” That prompted a thought. “Did you say I’ll grow a beard someday?”

“Not someday, today. You’ll have one in a few minutes.”

“But how’s that...I mean, why is that a sexual thing?”

“You’re the psychiatrist, Dr. Ridley!” Ernest laughed. “But having a beard shows that you are a full grown man. That’s a big reason why people like them, is it not? Beards quite literally separate the men from the boys.”

“That’s true,” Dr. Ridley mused. “But I’m too young to grow a beard.”

“Well then, you’ll age.”

“Age?”

“Yes, Dr. Ridley, it’s time for you to get older. After all, you went through twelve years of medical school, didn’t you? And with a body like that - muscles that size - you can’t be some teenager. Plus, in your line of work, people come to you because you are a man with life experience. Everything that has happened to you did so with the intention of making you older. The growth of your body, the deepening of your voice, and the change in your mannerisms and clothing choices. You already carry yourself as a mature man, so it’s time for you to be one.”

“But I don’t want to be old.”

“You’re not going to be *old*, goodness me!” Ernest laughed. “Just fully grown. It’s already happening, and it looks wonderful on you. Your jaw is beginning to grow, as men’s do - really, us men are in a state of neverending transformation, aren’t we? If we play our cards right we just constantly grow larger and manlier with each passing year, and you are playing your cards right, Dr. Ridley. Your face is starting to look quite manly.”

Dr. Ridley prodded his own face and had a sharp intake of breath. “My skin feels different. How do I look manlier?”

“Your bone structure is defined now. Your nose has changed shape. You’ve become handsome.”

Dr. Ridley tapped his fingers against his cheekbones and jaw. “I...I’m becoming the man I want to be.”

“The man most men want to be.”

The psychiatrist’s brow pushed forward, his face widening to match the proportions of his broad, strong body. He moaned with excitement, rubbing his crotch against his chair as pre-cum moistened his underwear. “Unh! Oh, FUCK...I...”

“A bearded, muscular man with high testosterone such as yourself will also have some body hair. You’ll feel that growing now.”

Dr. Ridley's back arched, his guttural groans growing more pleased as he felt short, bristly hairs emerge across his body - up his legs, his balls, his back - and culminate their journey across his chest, where his beautiful pecs grew their new pelt that made him beam with pride.

"Ah, that's why you prefer a plunging neckline," Ernest chuckled. "To show off your chest hair."

But Dr. Ridley didn't answer. He could feel the hair making its upward march toward his face, his body hair now complete and his beard next to grow. He stretched his neck and grinned as dashes of golden brown poked out around his collarbone, then leapt up to his Adam's apple, the neckline of his new beard materializing. For several moments, there was a contrast between the man's smooth face and the whiskers caressing his neck, and then he felt the whiskers emerge one at a time at the bottom of his chin. "It's...it's really growing!"

"Don't sound so surprised! Of course a man like you wears a beard, and you wear it well."

The whiskers raced over the curve of his big jaw, sprouting and lengthening as they spread across the base of Dr. Ridley's face and bestowed a shiny, thick beard upon him. Dr. Ridley stuck his fingers into it, reveling in the hairiness of his cheeks, and he guided the growth of his mustache into a broad handlebar, with the tips curling perfectly around his pinkies.

"That's the perfect way to complete you, sir," Ernest complimented. "Your beard is your trophy. It's an emblem of your manliness. You're a grown man now. Can you tell me how old you are?"

"F-forty...forty-two..." Dr. Ridley panted, rubbing his wet crotch and humping his seat. He wrenched one side of his shirt further open, his right pec popping free, nipple bared. "I'm a man."

"Yes, you are. You're not a teenager."

"No...hnnn...Unnhh...I...I'm gonna- I'm GONNA-"

"Cum for me," Ernest whispered. He stood and walked over to Dr. Ridley's enormous, writhing form. "Look how magnificent you are. The envy of all men." He reached down, thumb gently unzipping the doctor's fly and smoothly releasing his dick, which grew into a long, girthy piston the moment it touched Ernest's hand.

"OHHH...GODDDD-" Dr. Ridley wrenched backward, arms almost tearing his sleeves apart - he released a high-pitched moan, and then he shot right into Ernest's hand, desperately breathing as he ran his huge hands all over his muscles. It felt so good to release...to be a man...he flopped back in his seat with a happy groan and looked up sleepily at Ernest. "Thanks for keeping the office clean," he rumbled.

“Part of my job, sir,” Ernest smiled, dipping his finger into the pool of cum in his hand and licking it clean. “Have a nap before your next appointment, I’ll tidy up the office before then. And maybe myself too.”

Dr. Ridley wondered what that meant, but his post-nut haze was too powerful, the idea of a nap far too appealing. He was a busy man, and he needed to rest, to take care of himself so he could take care of other people. He smiled up at Ernest, who smiled back - and then Ernest’s bow tie burst off, and his exposed shirt buttons started to pop all over the office, and Dr. Ridley wondered if he was dreaming that as his consciousness swirled into sleep.

Garrison’s eyes snapped open and he shot upright, the fear of oversleeping providing the shot of adrenaline he needed to get on his feet. It lasted mere seconds before he saw the clock and a reassuring reminder on his phone that his next client was still minutes away.

He used a small mirror in his office to smooth down his hair, which was mussed from his catnap, and make sure his beard was still neat. He was showing too much chest to be professional, but right as he began to button up, his office door opened and he turned around.

The young man at the door was 22, dark-haired and stubbly, with an exquisitely muscular body packed into a tight V-neck sweater. “Sorry, Dr. Ridley, just checking to make sure you were awake. I was pretty sure I heard you snoring.”

“Was I? How embarrassing,” Garrison Ridley chuckled, patting his stomach. “I used to never snore, but at my size now, I’m told it’s to be expected. Thanks for checking, Ernesto.”

“No problem.”

“Weren’t you wearing a bow tie earlier?”

Ernesto’s dark eyes flashed. He smirked. “I don’t think so.”

“No, that was...that might have been a dream. It was the same colors as your sweater. Never mind. I’ll be ready in a moment so send him back whenever he gets here.”

“Sure thing,” Ernesto said. He uncorked a small bottle of lavender room spray and spritzed some in the air. “Smells kinda like sex in here.”

“Just my natural smell, I can’t help it,” Dr. Ridley joked. He watched Ernesto shut the door, then turned back to the mirror. There he was: pure, raw masculinity. No wonder the room smelled like sex. He WAS sex.

So, before his next client arrived and he had to make himself presentable, he enjoyed the view.

(continues after illustration)



After several moments of preening, Garrison buttoned up his shirt and smoothed his cardigan, though the added professionalism did nothing to diminish the size and shape of his muscles. That much was clear when the door opened and in walked a slender young man who immediately stopped in his tracks when the doctor rose to greet him.

“Hi there.”

“You’re - you’re the shrink?” The patient asked as they shook hands.

“Yes, I’m Dr. Ridley, but please call me Garrison,” Garrison smiled. “And you are?”

“I’m Tobias.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Tobias. What brings you in today?” Garrison put his hands on his armrests before he sank into his chair. He motioned for Tobias to sit on the couch across from him.

“I heard you were really good is all. But my friend didn’t mention that you’re huge!”

Garrison smiled. “Perhaps because when we sit, we’re the same size.” This was a generous assessment since his shoulders were twice Tobias’ width, but with their eyes the same level, things did feel more even. It was the reason Garrison had purchased a lower chair for his office. “Now,” Garrison said, writing Tobias’ name on his notepad, “what would you like to talk about?”