

## **Respect Is Deserved (Not Earned)**

By Soul-Controller

Despite loving nothing more than interacting with children every day, Julian couldn't help but loathe his job as a teacher. The 28 year old man had been part of an ongoing feud with the school's gym teacher and football coach Rich for just over a year now. The bulky mid-40s man had an intimidating presence, but Julian was undeterred by it despite his weaker stature that lacked muscle or his polished style (his favorite outfits often consisted of expensive polos and dress pants).

Regardless of the clear size difference between them though, Julian refused to allow himself to be walked all over by the gruff gym teacher who loved to taunt the man over his smaller size and nerdy demeanor. While this would be seen as admirable by others, Rich didn't view Julian's behavior that way. Instead, he viewed it as something incredibly disrespectful, so much so that it was the catalyst for the feud. Eager to get Julian to submit and respect his elder, Rich then began to devote most of his time on pranking the young teacher in hopes of breaking his determined mentality.



It started off fairly simple in terms of pranks, with Rich initiating the feud by giving a tissue box with a note that joked about the History teacher being "stuffy". But while most people would just move along and try to be the bigger person, Julian had an innate desire to bring the man down to Earth and realize that respect is earned and not just deserved due to his older age. So, within the next day, the man had quickly returned the favor by dropping off a weight loss booklet on the

man's desk with a cocky note. Of course, this infuriated the bulky ex-jock coach and left him desperate to outdo every single one of Julian's pranks until the weaker man admitted defeat and allowed Rich to assert his dominance.

But over a year later, no man had gotten any closer to making the other surrender. In fact, the pranks only got more and more elaborate. But not only that, given the fact that both men are headstrong and unwilling to let the cycle end, these pranks also began to transpire beyond school grounds and into each other's personal lives. Anything from confetti explosions hidden in post-marked boxes at their residences to pranks set in each other's cars soon became fair game.

While Julian was relentless in his goal to teach the older man a lesson about respect, he couldn't deny that the evolution of their pranks was getting out of hand. Although he would have not thrown a fit if they only interacted in school, Julian and Rich were constantly running into each other during their everyday lives. Having to see Rich at his favorite restaurants or even as a new member to Julian's gym had really started to cause him to loathe both his job **and** his life.

After waking up early on Monday morning, Julian quickly got dressed and drove off to his school. Putting the car into park, the man quickly got out of the vehicle and began to walk further down the street towards the nearby gym he had a membership for. While it seemed like his body would be constantly stuck in a weaker form, the man was still wanting to give the beginners' workout regime he saw online a shot. He couldn't tell whether this was due to his own personal interests or his desire to outperform Rich in any way possible, but Julian dared not to question it. If this competitive streak with Rich was enough to encourage him to finally invest in a gym membership, he supposed that there were worse outcomes possible from this feud.

One of those possible outcomes was perfectly encapsulated by the behavior of Rich, who was seemingly forming some sort of obsession with the younger man. There had been multiple occasions where Julian had discovered Rich in a parked car observing him while he was out having a good time with some of his old college friends and it was growing increasingly worrisome. Was it possible that he was just doing recon for a prank, or was the barrel-chested man planning something more sinister given Julian's unwillingness to submit to Rich?

However, despite taking some understandable precautions such as having pepper spray on his keychain, Julian was focused on not letting these worries invade every aspect of his life. As he walked into the gym that reeked of sweat and was soundtracked by a series of grunts and clanging metal, Julian couldn't help but smile with excitement

upon swiping his card and moving towards the locker room. But just as he was about to grab upon the handle, the door swung out and Julian was brought face-to-face with his bitter rival.

“Well, well, well, looks like Pipsqueak wants to try and gain some muscle onto that bony frame huh?” the older man snickered while with a face caked in sweat. Giving a cocky grin, Rich uttered a deep hearty laugh, which bounced through the cramped hallway as the two men had a standoff (not only because of the feud but due to the fact that Rich’s bulky figure completely blocked Julian from passing).

“Leave me alone Rich, I’m just trying to go about my day. So, can you move so I can pass by?” Julian coldly responded, his curtness trying to indicate his continued feelings of not being intimidated by a man who could easily snap him in half. Upon finishing his sentence, the man was relieved to see that Rich gave into the pleas and turned to the side to allow him to pass by. Despite having the ability to pass by, Julian was still disgusted by the man’s behavior and body. Because of Rich’s bulky size, Julian was forced to brush against his bulging and sweaty pot belly as he walked past and towards the locker room.

“See you later Pipsqueak,” the man said while snickering, which caused Julian to feel the outstretched yet taut gut bounce against his back until he finally made it past. Turning around, Julian’s eyes narrowed as he stared into the man’s chocolate brown ones. “I’m eager to see how this next prank plays out on you...” the man ominously said before grinning at the man one last time and seemingly exiting the gym.

Walking into the locker room, Julian was both unnerved and confused by the encounter. The mention of a new prank had caused the history teacher to grow incredibly tense as he tried his best to prepare for whatever Rich had planned. The man hadn’t shied away from jump scare pranks before, so as Julian opened his gym locker, he ducked out of the way just in case something popped out at him. However upon seeing that nothing happened, the man took a deep breath and looked up at the clock on a nearby wall. With only an hour and a half before classes started, he knew that he was going to have to do a shorter routine than usual, but he wasn’t too worried. He had been working hard for the past few weeks and he felt like he deserved a lax workout every once in a while. Plus, this worked out great since he didn’t want to get too sweaty before class anyway given the fact that he didn’t have a free first period.

After quickly throwing on a tank top and a pair of athletic shorts, Julian threw his bag in his locker and made his way out to the bustling gym floor. For the next 45 minutes, the man had done some light cardio work on a treadmill and a stair climber along with some

bicep curls with some of the lightest weights available at the gym. Despite their light weight, it was still a struggle for the scrappy teacher to do several reps.

Just as he was making his way to the final machine he was going to use (a pulldown machine), Julian gasped in shock as he found himself suddenly getting his face coated in a cold protein shake. As he opened his eyes and looked down at himself, he cringed as he saw his entire torso coated with chocolate flavored protein shake that was still dripping onto his shorts and onto the floor beneath him. "What the fuck!" Julian cried out, looking at the college-aged jock whose face was in a surprised expression. Despite the man's frantic apologies, Julian ignored them all as he rushed into the locker room to change. As someone who was a bit of a germaphobe and clean freak, he hated the notion of being coated in someone else's drink along with having it stain all of his clothes.

But as he pulled open his gym locker, he was shocked to see that not only had gym bag been stolen, but in its place he had been left with a simple white tank top and a pair of black athletic shorts! Leaning into them, he gasped and held his nose as his nostrils were flooded with the reeking scent of intense sweat. As he grabbed the stained shirt and pulled it out, he quickly realized who was responsible for this switchup. Looking at the 2XL size on the tag, it was clear that Rich had somehow come back into the locker room, stolen his gym bag, and replaced it with a used pair of his workout clothes. While Julian knew that this wasn't the first time that Rich had gone a bit too far with his pranks, this newest prank was on a whole new level!

Despite his general disgust at the raggedy and used pieces of clothing, the fact that his clothing was still soaked with wet protein shake afforded him no real alternatives. At least for a few blocks, he would have to wear Rich's sweaty clothes until he was able to find the coach and demand for his work clothes back. Given the fact that he now had less than 45 minutes to change, make his way back to the school, confront the coach, and get changed before first period started, it was safe to say that he was strapped for time.

Unable to think about the options any further, Julian peeled off the protein shake covered clothing and threw them into his locker. Looking down at his pale body, he grimaced as he saw a chest that lacked any indication of pectoral muscle (or even a healthy amount of chest hair) and a stomach that, despite his best attempts at detailing with some abdominals, was just simple and taut.

Grabbing the shirt that Rich left in his locker, Julian groaned and shivered as he pulled the tank top on and over his thin and frail body. While usually this piece of clothing was

struggling to contain Rich's bulky body, it was now incredibly loose and practically hanging off of the younger man. Although he was happy to not have the slightly damp shirt stuck onto his skin, the bagginess of the shirt produced an unintended side effect. With air being able to freely pass through the fabric, Julian found his nose constantly assaulted by the gross smell of Rich's sweat and musk. "Ugh, this is so fucking disgusting!" the man cried out as he quickly dropped the rest of his clothing and pulled on the pair of loose-fitting shorts. While he was happy with the fact that these shorts were barely able to stay around his waist, he also knew that he wasn't wanting to have them fall down on the way back to the school. So, after tying the waistband until they were slightly looser and slathering an insane amount of deodorant to help mask the scent, Julian awkwardly exited the gym and began to walk the few blocks towards his school.

As he walked down the street, Julian attempted to keep his head down from the confused stares that he was most likely receiving from any nearby pedestrian. He knew that he looked like an absolute crazy person to be in an oversized tank top and a pair of wide shorts that were somehow too small against his taller frame and legs. But as he continued to take each step towards the school, he was unaware of the changes that had begun reforming his body and mind.

At first, it started simple, with the man's torso beginning to slowly possess more body hair. Although he usually liked to keep his chest (the only place beside his armpits and crotch that could grow body hair) fairly trimmed due to its sporadic growth, these changes were quickly fixing that. Within a few strides, his chest hair had blossomed into a thick pelt that would surely resemble some sort of fur-like bra. But, just as a few people began to notice the confusing sight, their worries melted away as further changes began to rock Julian's body. The hair quickly spread to his lower torso as he gained a treasure trail that then widened until his entire stomach became covered in the same dense fur. Standing still as he waited for a crossing light to allow him to traverse across a busy street, the man absentmindedly scratched his chest and his left armpit. While most individuals would surely notice the thick pelt of hair that had grown on his chest and the bushier set of hair under his arms, Julian was somehow completely unaware of what was occurring to nearly every inch of his body. By the time the light flashed and he began to walk again, his arms were now entirely coated in dark hair from his upper arms to his knuckles, his crotch had gained a thick bush, and his legs had exploded with the thick and coarse hair.

Continuing down the street, the next change began to progress as his frame began to undergo multiple transformations. While his height gradually decreased from a solid 6'1" down to a short 5'6", his body also began to gain the muscle that Julian had

been so desperately craving. With each passing step, his body inflated with more and more muscle until his body resembled something similar to an aspiring bodybuilder. His biceps and forearms had bulged to the point where Julian was forced to push his arms out to prevent the constant friction of the muscles rubbing against his beefy sides. Although he hadn't really wanted the shirt to touch his body, Julian strangely felt a bit calmer as an impressive set of pectorals pushed forth from his chest and began to fill out the once-oversized tank top.

One by one, Julian's abdominals prominently popped into place until he had the ultimate eight-pack that even the buffest jocks that he taught would be jealous of. Further down, his legs exploded in muscle that caused him to also alter his stance to avoid his thick thighs from rubbing against each other. His calves tensed up and grew until they were strong enough to help the man run a marathon if he ever desired.

But as his body was forced to stay in place again at a crosswalk, mental changes began to invade Julian's mind to inform him that he had in fact used them in a marathon before. Despite knowing deep down that he was a perpetual nerd who spent his whole life inside reading books, he was eager to believe that he had always been this big. This eagerness that had been artificially pushed into his mind via the sweaty clothes caused him to instantly disregard those older memories and accept these alternate memories that were flooding his mind at a rapid pace. By the time he had begun to walk once more, he had fully accepted the fact that he had been an athletic kid from a young age and had also played varsity football during high school.

Continuing his now wide stance as he swaggered down the street, Julian's body once again began to undergo further transformation. While these first few changes had helped him become a young hunk, these next few minutes were immediately ruining that physique. Immediately, a slight softness began to permeate against every inch of the man's body as he began to fatten up. Those wide biceps lost their muscular edge until they became a thick and round pair of arms that still had strength but were now completely concealed in fat. Further down his arms, his forearms remained a similar size but his fingers and hands both began to fatten up as his fingers grew less narrow until they resembled something closer to mini-sausages.

Starting at the top of the man's torso, the changes soon began to focus in on and reform Julian's pectorals. Originally in a more rectangular shape, the new flab that flooded the muscle shifted the shape to become more spherical as the shape rounded and his nipples both widened and grew a more dome-like appearance. With this sudden appearance of adipose tissue, his pecs began to droop slightly as his nipples began to face downward rather than proudly jutting outward.

Although this had done quite a bit towards making the shirt much more form-fitting, the next change to the man's stomach was the final straw to make the shirt a perfect fit. Just as fast as those abdominal muscles had manifested on Julian's body, they quickly faded away as the man's gut began to expand and bulge forth from his body. Feeling the tightness growing, Julian looked down and was unalarmed by the growing gut that was now firmly pressing against the now-straining fabric. New memories began to infiltrate the man's mind as he remembered an injury that had completely derailed his football journey and left him becoming an ex-jock soon afterwards.



As his thighs and calves widened out and lost any semblance of musculature, the transforming man's body was soon racked with a new set of changes. While his body still retained its youthfulness despite the weight gain, the next changes remedied that disparity. His youthful complexion faded away quite fast as his body soon began to grow more and more wrinkly. To further showcase his age, the man's body hair soon evolved to have a few stray grey hairs manifesting in the thick pelt to match his new age of 45 years old. However, nothing better displayed this older age than the sudden back pain that manifested in Julian's back due to having to haul around such a bulky body.

Just as he was a block away from the school, Julian was caught off-guard by a sudden breeze that pushed against his bulky body. Still oblivious to what was happening to him, the breeze initiated the final physical aspects of the transformation. As the wind passed through each strand of hair, Julian's luscious head of brown hair was quickly balding away. As each individual follicle was ripped from his scalp, the image could be likened to the pappi of dandelions fluttering away. By the time the sudden bursts of wind had finished up, the now-older man was completely bald.

As if on cue, the features of his face began to contort and shift just as he reached the school and entered it. With each turn down various hallways as he paced towards the coach's office, each aspect of Julian's face shifted to better match the body of an older 45 year old. His once-angular and rather attractive face began to grow more rugged and lose that nerdy edge, especially as his nose underwent its own shift. While usually

having an angular nose, the body part began to snap and contort as it widened to become a crooked and bulbous nose. His light blue eyes began to shift just as the corners grew more weathered and the eyes took on a more beady appearance. Next, his eyebrows thickened to a more unkempt bushy appearance from the once well-trimmed ones he had. With each passing blink, his eye color had also shifted into a murky brown that was the exact shade that his sworn enemy had.

Just like with the rest of his body, his face was not sheltered from the signs of aging and weight gain. Upon each inhale and exhale, his cheeks bulged with fat like a chipmunk stuffing nuts into his mouth. His cleft chin was annihilated with ease as every aspect of his face rounded out until he grew an intense double chin and jowls to finalize his physical change into an older man. To finalize the transformation, facial hair began to push forth from his face. As the hair continued to grow out into a bushier appearance, the man absentmindedly ran his meaty hands through the thick grey beard before finally grabbing onto Rich's office door and ripping it open.

By the time Julian reached Rich's office, the man had sweated up a storm due to so much physical exertion. It wasn't a shock to the older ex-jock, but there was certainly some aspect of Julian's original personality deep down in his psyche that was grossed out by the amount of sweat he was excreting. But the new version of Julian absolutely adored the concept of his natural odor, raising his arm above his head and taking a whiff of the pungent odor. No more did he have the embarrassment of smelling like a foot, the new Julian absolutely adored the sweet smell of sweat as it indicated an innate level of masculinity that he hadn't been able to fully replicate since his injury.

Pulling open the door and rushing inside, Julian wasted no time cussing out Rich, who was standing in front of him in the same exact workout clothes. Julian verbally attacked Rich for having the nerve to fuck with his clothes and leave him stuck with a sweaty pair of workout clothes to wear. But as Rich began to perfectly mimic the words that Julian was uttering, the man quickly began to grow confused by what was happening. Taking a second to look directly in front of him, he immediately realized that the sweaty version of the man was contained within the rectangular shape of a mirror. If that wasn't Rich, then that meant...

*Oh fuck, no this can't be happening,* Julian thought as the real personality of Julian suddenly broke out of his mental daze as the realization of what was going on began to finally dawn on him. Looking down to see whether the image reflected in the mirror was reality, the man soon got his answer as his eyes met the sight of bulging man-tits and a thick gut that pressed against the fabric of the sweaty white tank top. "Holy shit!" Julian gasped, moving his now thicker and weathered hands to the huge weight around his





midsection and lifting the shirt up to expose the doughy flesh. In pure disbelief, all that Julian could do was give it a slight wobble and watch in disgust as the entire dome of flab shook. Watching as the fat rippled and jiggled beyond just his gut, the man cringed and screamed in anger without a care in the world whether someone heard him.

“Well, well, well, looks like we’re going to need to give you a new nickname Pipsqueak!” Julian heard from behind him, causing him to spin around and groan as he felt a twinge of pain rock through his back from the sudden movement. Upon turning completely, he was met face-to-face with Rich, who was still appearing as himself. Looking the man up and down, Julian’s face went into a look of

surprise as he realized that he looked just like the coach now besides the gym teacher outfit he was wearing. “I don’t know about you, but I think this is the best prank yet,” Rich chuckled, grinning to showcase just how extreme he was willing to take his pranks.

“Why the fuck would you do this to me? Why would you turn me into a complete clone of you?” Julian spat back, clenching his fists as he was so consumed with rage. This man had the nerve to destroy Julian’s frail but attractive body solely for the purpose of one-upping him in a prank war? That was absolutely ridiculous!

“Why the fuck *wouldn’t* I do this to you?” Rich immediately responded, laughing at his perfect doppelganger. “You were refusing to respect my authority as your elder, so I thought letting you become one of them would be the perfect lesson. Although since you were so critical towards my demand for respect, by the time I’m done with you, you’ll be wishing for a sliver of approval. But unfortunately for you, you’ll never get it in the way I do. You’re always going to wish to have respect from all of these students but get none of it from them...” the crazed coach said, his face displaying a devilish grin. “As for why you turned into a duplicate of me, I think you’re fully aware of the fact that I’m a fairly narcissistic asshole. I think the world needs more men like me, so it only made sense for me to build you in my image,” he continued, his voice stating the situation as if it was a common occurrence when both of them knew it was nothing of the sort. But upon his fifth cycle around his duplicate, Rich finally stopped in front of Julian and looked him squarely in the eyes.

“Dude, you are absolutely fucked in the head!” Julian firmly stated, crossing his now-beefier arms across his flabby chest. “How are you suddenly going to explain why there’s suddenly two of you walking around? You clearly didn’t think this through you idio-” the man continued, only being stopped by Rich suddenly pulling the man in for a kiss on the lips. While he knew that Rich believed that he was the sexiest man in the world, it was absolutely bonkers to Julian to think that Rich was so turned on that he had to kiss his doppelganger. Unfortunately for him, he was unaware that there was a reason for this kiss - to initiate the final stage of the transformation.

“You talk way too much,” Rich said after he pulled his lips away from Julian’s now older lips. Chuckling, he stood there and stared at the man in front of him. By this point, Julian’s entire body had become locked in what could only be described as a head-to-toe brain freeze. Not only had his thoughts been completely halted, but his body had become firmly rooted in place as each and every muscle spasmed in a rhythmic-like pattern.

Moving away from the man, Rich made his way to his desk before slumping into his chair. Looking up to the clock, he made a note of the time before going back to his lesson plans for the week. When he first purchased a spell to turn his rival into a doppelganger of himself, Rich had been informed that the process of rewriting reality and Julian’s mind would take anywhere between 5-10 minutes. The former history teacher had been correct in how two versions of Rich in this current reality would be unexplainable, but his spell had an aspect to fix that.

Looking at his desk and the various picture frames on it, the first clue to the spell altering reality was immediately shown to Rich. A simple photo of him and his family from a few years ago had suddenly gained a new addition in the form of a twin version of Rich being shoved into the photo. Seeing how many of the photos followed suit to create a reality where Rich had a twin, the man snickered at the concept of the real Julian being completely taken out of their reality. Julian had thought he could beat the older man, but as the spell proved, he had clearly underestimated the lengths in which Rich would go to win.

While Rich leaned back and continued to work on his lesson plans and indulge on some snack food after his gut began to rumble, Julian’s mind was being tormented in the worst possible ways. One-by-one, the former history teacher could feel his memories being ripped away from him and replaced with imposter memories. At first it started out simple, with his life of being raised in upstate New York being shifted to rural Indiana. But as soon as memories of his schooling began to get replaced, it was clear that there

were stark differences between the current life he had and the new one he was being assigned.

Instead of being the nerdy bookworm he once was, implanted memories informed him of the fact that he was actually super athletic with his brother Rich as they both played football and enjoyed going to their school's gym after school. The realization of Rich being his brother caused Julian's head to twitch and shake as if to reject the concept, but the spell had made the memories so strong to the point where Julian was forced to ultimately give in and accept them as reality no matter how hard he fought.

Moving into middle school and high school, this was where the biggest shift in the man's identity occurred. While he formerly had memories of not being able to have his first kiss until 17 after winning a quiz bowl with his nerdy crush Charlotte, the new version of Julian was quite the womanizer as he suddenly remembered having his first kiss at 11 with a cheerleader on his elementary school's football team. Beyond that one kiss with Charlotte, the nerdy man had been fairly unlucky with love... at least until these memories were replaced with tons of hookups with cheerleaders in the back of his pickup truck. It felt so wrong at first, but within a minute or two, Julian had been forced to accept it to the point where it felt like the ideal life to have.

On the topic of education, the new reality assigned to him had not allowed him to retain the knowledge of a history major. So, instead of remembering acing every possible test and being the top pupil in his entire grade, Julian's new memories informed him as being an almost constant C / C- student that just barely scraped by without having to do summer school. Groaning in shock, Julian's heavy mind was quickly emptied of his college knowledge. Hell, even his high school and elementary knowledge grew smaller as well, as topics such as pre-calculus, world history, and grammar rules became nearly impossible for the man to comprehend.

Just as his mind snapped and drained him of all of his knowledge, it also remembered a similar snap and mentally brought him back to high school football. As a wide receiver, he remembered scoring many touchdowns that caused all of the people in the bleachers to erupt into cheers. The feeling he got from just remembering these artificial memories was enough to make Julian feel warm and happy inside. But just as he was getting up on his high horse of being a full star on the football team, he suddenly gained knowledge of his forced retirement from the sport. In his junior year during the playoffs, he had sprinted across the field and successfully latched onto the ball. But just as he was within a few yards of scoring the game-winning touchdown, a sack from the other team had brought the jock down onto the ground but had also caused him to break his femur.

After such an intensive injury that the doctors said would never let him play another second of football, it was understandable why the new Julian had lost all motivation in his life. Within the next year, the man had completely dropped out of high school and spent the next several years living at home and sulking on his wasted potential. He knew that he had the potential to go pro, but all of that was useless now because of some random player fucking him up.

The worst part of it all was that by the time senior year rolled around, his twin brother Rich had completely replaced him as the star player and everyone had all but forgotten about Julian and his contributions to the team. This anger only continued as Rich got a college scholarship to play ball at a state college and Julian was left hobbling around with a bum leg and having to go directly into the workforce. Despite his parents' pleas to have him get his GED and take community classes, his previous experiences in school had left him uninterested. Luckily, after Rich returned home and got this position at their high school, he was able to pull some strings to get his younger (by just a few minutes) twin a position there as the head janitor.

With his memories now being completely rewritten and his new life as Rich's twin being finalized, Julian's eyes began to open as he fully embraced his new identity. Looking around the room, the bumbling older man moved a hand to his bald head and groaned at the dazed feeling that surrounded him. "Whoa dude, what happened?" he said, his deeper voice now dripping in dull stupidity. As he looked over to his twin, he was unsure why his brother was so giddy with a wide grin on his face.

"Oh, it's nothing pipsqueak!" Rich responded, which reminded Julian of his unfortunate nickname. Despite being close to the same size to his brother, the nickname had been a constant taunt from his twin brother to further inform Rich of his seniority as the slightly older twin. Twisting his face into a sour expression, Julian crossed his arms to fully showcase just how much he hated the nickname.

"Ay, chill out there Julian, you know I'm just fucking with you!" Rich continued, chuckling as he slapped his meaty hand against the equally-meaty back of Julian. "Why did you stop by my office though?" the man inquired, curious to see how the spell gave reason for his appearance in the office.

Sitting there for a second, the words of his brother slowly began to register in Julian's mind as he attempted to formulate a response. Throughout a series of "uhs" and "ums", Julian finally began to speak once again. "I don't know. Just wanted to say hi I guess..." the man offered, struggling to figure out as well why he was in his brother's office.

Looking the man up and down, Rich was absolutely amused to see the man's former vocabulary that seemed to be entirely composed of hefty standardized testing words sapped away until he was left with stilted and simple speech. It was the ultimate revenge for going against a real man like him, and the best part was that he had no idea who he used to be!

"I see, well I appreciate you stopping by," Rich said, giving a modest smile to his new brother, "As much as I'd love to keep shooting the shit, you need to get your uniform on and I need to get the gym all set up for some basketball drills."

"Oh, uh ok then" Julian said, slowly turning away and stumbling out of the locker room and towards the janitor's closet just a few rooms away. While he was exiting, he couldn't understand why his brother had such a wide grin on his face. They weren't the closest of brothers in all honesty, so something about Rich's behavior today made Julian quite confused. Sure, he knew that he wasn't the sharpest tool in the shed being a dropout and all, but he was intuitive enough to know when his brother was acting sketchy. Finally getting into the cramped closet, Julian huffed and puffed as he pulled down his shorts and removed his shirt. While having his arms up, the transformed man couldn't resist shoving his bearded face directly into his pits to smell his musk. To Julian, there was something so exhilarating about the smell of his sweat! Looking down at his body, he gave his hefty gut a slap and grimaced as he watched the firm yet soft ball of fat wobble from the impact. It was a shame that he wasn't the buff stud he once was, but he couldn't deny that it was a slight relief to see that his brother was nearly similar to him in terms of body type. He was the one who was a big college football player and a gym coach, so Julian felt as though that was even more embarrassing than Julian's situation. At least in Julian's mind, his serious sports injury and piss-poor life gave good reason for his overweight body.

Grabbing onto the dark blue custodial jumpsuit and beginning to pull it on, the man groaned and gasped as twinges of pain coursed through various parts of his body. It was hell being so old! After a few minutes of struggling to get all of the way into the uniform, Julian was able to successfully pull the zipper up and seal him inside the suit he would be wearing for the next eight hours. Checking the wall clock in the small closet, he cursed under his breath as he realized that there was only 10 minutes before the students would be let into the school and he would be forced to clean up all of their mess from eating breakfast.

Trying to get a head start, Julian grabbed his cleaning cart and began to wheel it out into the hallways. For the next several minutes until the bell rang, he groaned as he got onto his knees to pick up the scattered trash that had somehow missed the wide trash

can. Just as he began to finish cleaning it up, the man's mood became aggravated as a flurry of students began to carelessly throw their trash at the man's feet and chuckle. For some reason, these kids loved to mistreat the janitorial staff, but they all seemed to mainly focus their attention on Julian. Despite knowing that he was the twin of their cocky gym teacher and football coach, they were unafraid of the man.

After finishing cleaning the area, Julian perked up as he heard his brother's loud footsteps walk through the hallway towards the staff restroom. It was both amusing and infuriating to watch the crowded hallways part like the Red Sea for Rich's bulky body. This anger only grew as Rich's eyes wandered down to the floor and stared directly into the eyes of his brother. Giving a smile to his twin, Julian was trying his best to be cordial and brotherly to his twin. But while it seemed at first like the man returned the favor with a smile, Julian quickly noted that it looked more like a cocky grin than a smile. *That asshole thinks he's better than me*, Julian thought as he groaned and got back up to his feet.

By the time he was able to finish picking up the scraps and get sturdy on his feet again, the halls had become practically barren as classes began. With no one around anymore, the janitor continued his work as he cleaned the floors of the cafeteria and did some general tidying up. But just as he began to move away from the room, his eyes focused on the wall of team photos of the various sports teams through the years. With morbid curiosity to recollect his old life of when he was on top of the world, the man began to search for his specific year that he played football.

After a few minutes of searching, Julian was both happy and disappointed as he found the team photo and leaned in to take a closer look. The image of his younger self was incredibly upsetting, especially due to the fact that the younger version of himself had no idea what was going to happen just a few weeks later. Not only would he lose the ability to play his favorite sport, but it would be the last time he had ever received the respect he rightfully deserved. Instead, he was only viewed now as an overweight failure by the cocky teenagers and highly-educated teachers and received constant pity from



the staff members that had been around during his prime. It was a struggle to never have the respect he deserved, made even worse when he saw that Rich got it constantly without any resistance. If only his life could have been more like his twin brother's, maybe he'd be happier with his life!