

Whistling Away The Blues

By Soul-Controller

After a long day at work with his engineering job, Adam arrived at his apartment complex with a heavy sigh of relief. Although the sun hadn't even begun to set yet, the hardworking man had seemingly already planned the remainder of his evening: sitting on the couch and eating some leftovers while watching a football game.

But as he trekked up the stairs of his building and arrived at his doorstep, those plans seemed to be quickly derailed as a large extravagantly wrapped box rested on his welcome mat. His birthday had been over a month prior and all of his friends and family had given their gifts to him already, so the box he was looking at was quite the head-scratching enigma.

Upon unlocking his door and carrying the box inside, Adam tossed his keys aside and locked the door before setting the gift on his kitchen countertop. A quick inspection revealed no label or postage, which only caused him to wonder who had stopped by his place to hand deliver the present. With his curiosity piqued, the man then quickly unwrapped the box in hopes of discovering whatever was inside along with hopefully a note of some kind. As he pulled back the flaps of the box, his wish was seemingly granted as he found a typed out note resting atop a smaller gift-wrapped box.

Dear Adam,

I hope this gift will give you the much needed change of pace that you desire. If I know you as well as I think you do, this will absolutely transform your life for the better!

To his annoyance, the note refused to identify the person responsible for giving Adam this present. Even after flipping the note back and forth a few times to make sure, no answers ever came. Shrugging his shoulders, the man took one more glance at the note before wondering what type of gift was concealed within the box. The sentiment of the note seemed to be quite genuine, so as he envisioned what could be inside, his amused mind couldn't help but imagine the box containing several bundles of cash for him. Not only would that help him out of the sticky situation that was bills and rent, but there was honestly nothing that sounded better right now than the ability to take a vacation and try to explore the world beyond his small town.

But as he pulled out the wrapping paper encased present and began to pull each sheet off one-by-one, it quickly became clear that there wasn't a good 10k waiting for him. Instead, Adam could only raise his eyebrows in confusion as each sheet of wrapping

paper removed only made the watermelon sized gift dwindle smaller and smaller. Before long, the man couldn't help but grow annoyed as the once large gift ended up shrinking to the point where it was now resting softly in the palm of his hand. His search for answers only caused him to keep unwrapping the paper, which ultimately finished up and revealed his present - a platinum whistle similar to the ones that he had seen his gym teachers blow throughout his schooling years.

Thinking back to the contents of the note, Adam immediately scoffed as he compared the hyperbolic phrasing to the measly end result. To refer to a metal whistle he could get at a sporting goods store for \$5 as something that would transform and change his life was a cruel prank to play in his opinion. Whoever gave this to him was a total asshole!

Despite his anger towards the measly gift, the mid-30s man couldn't help but grab onto the whistle and pull it away from the wrapping paper. Upon doing so, he watched as a long necklace string hung limply in the air to show how he was seemingly meant to wear it. Shrugging his shoulders, the man could only utter "eh, what the hell" before lifting it up and allowing the whistle to rest on his pudgy shoulders and dangle in between his somewhat flabby pecs.

Out of nowhere though, placing the whistle onto his body caused a slew of intrusive thoughts to begin permeating through his mind. Although the phrasing varied, the general gist was all the same - there was something deep down telling him to blow on the whistle. Although he was initially thrown off by these random yet prominent thoughts, Adam was ultimately a slave to his desires as he grabbed onto the metal whistle. He then began to pull it up towards his lips, the whistle brightly shimmering in the light as if it was beckoning him like he was a sailor to the whistle's siren.

With the cool metal resting along his lips, the man couldn't wait any longer and began to violently blow into the whistle. In response, Adam's eyes widened as a loud and shrill noise erupted out of the metal piece and began to violently reverberate throughout the entire apartment. Despite stopping and allowing the whistle to fall back with a thump against his chest, the ringing sound persisted. But rather than just maintaining its same pitch, each second only caused the noise to get higher and more grating.

In response, the man grunted in pain as he closed his eyes and rapidly brought his hands up to his ears. For a moment, time seemed to stand still and Adam had no idea he was stuck clenching his entire body and waiting for the noise to finish reaching its egregious crescendo. But after what could have been minutes later, the shrill noise suddenly dissipated and everything in the room was now quiet (besides the echoed ringing permeating through his ears still).

With his mind eager to discard the faulty whistle and try to salvage the night with TV and relaxation, Adam finally peeled open his eyelids and began to make his way over towards the trash can. But as soon as his eyes adjusted and he was able to take in his surroundings, a puzzling realization popped up in the man's mind. This wasn't his apartment!

Instead, looking around revealed that Adam had somehow ended up in a sleek-looking office of some kind. As he scanned the room in hopes of figuring out not only where he was but how he was there, the man's eyebrows raised as he picked up on the slew of football-themed decor that decorated the room. Footballs in glass cases along with various other plaques and degrees were set up around the room, which only added further confusion when a quick glance revealed that his name was listed on all of the items.

"Huh, that's uh... odd," Adam said aloud, his voice drenched in a confused tone as he began to move around to closely observe the various items in the room. Although he had been a huge football fan, he was neither too rich to afford extravagant items like this or too athletic to receive these as some sort of recognition.

After moving past the football display case that listed his name, the man grew even more puzzled as the next item had a slightly altered name. Although the plaque kept the name Adam listed, the last name was now different. Instead of his own, the name Campbell was now displayed next to his first name.

In hopes of figuring out if his vision was just that bad, rubbing his eyes and looking at the plaque again revealed the same thing he had last seen. Instead, the puzzling thing that he noticed was that when he looked back at the first glass case that had the football resting inside, his last name was no longer listed and it instead was addressed to Adam Campbell as well.

"Yeah, fuck that, I'm out of here," Adam said exasperatingly, throwing his hands up in surrender before turning to head towards the door. But as his eyes began to move across the room, he stopped dead in his tracks as he found himself staring directly in a mirror. Rather than the work clothes that he had come home in, the man was now dressed in extremely oversized attire (with a baggy shirt and a pair of pants that were bunched up near his ankles due to how oversized they were). To add more confusion to the mix, the black compression shirt and khaki pants he wore were adorned with a logo that Adam found quite confusing - the emblem of the Detroit Lions.

So despite how shocked and confused he was by all of the things he was seeing, Adam quickly realized that he was also feeling something that was quite alarming - an intense radiating heat. Looking towards the mirror, the man scanned his reflection for answers behind any of the things he was currently experiencing. But rather than finding a solution, the man began to loudly verbalize countless questions as he watched his reflection begin to suddenly grow taller.

As he looked down in confusion, he got a front row seat to watch his body slowly lengthen several inches. Starting at 6'1" the man thought he couldn't possibly be much taller, but as he continued to grow and the inches continued to be added to his frame, he was proven otherwise. By the time he finally stopped growing, Adam now found himself standing just shy of 6'6" while his pants now seemed like a perfect fit length-wise.

With his height now finished to give him an incredibly imposing and intimidating stature, the next phase of transformation that Adam witnessed was the sudden changes



occurring to his physique. Like ice under the intense summer heat, any shred of flab melted off of the mid-30s man's frame until he was left looking incredibly average without a hint of muscle. This didn't last for long though as a slew of muscle growth began to affect his body. Although he didn't end up gaining the physique of a bodybuilder, the changes that occurred to his body certainly gifted him with prominent muscles as his glutes and hamstrings thickened significantly just as a six-pack and a decent set of pectorals pushed out from his torso to where they were on full display in his now-tighter t-shirt.

With his physique now fixed to the point where his clothing fit well and he looked incredibly manly, Adam initially thought that he had finished transforming. But as he looked at his reflection and watched as the slight bits of grey hair began to spread over the remainder of his scalp, it was clear that he still had more changes to go. Upon lifting his shirt up to look at his torso, he watched how the formerly black and thick body hair he had grew wiry as it gained the matching grey shade as his hair.

With it becoming clear that he was growing older, the man watched with slight apprehension as a slew of wrinkles began to manifest against his average face.

Although the concept of growing older seemed quite unappealing as he looked at himself, Adam soon found himself coming around to the idea as he watched his face beginning to rearrange itself. The man's eyes, eyebrows, nose, lips, and chin all shifted in their composition, changing until he was looking directly into a rugged looking visage that would certainly cause anyone he ran into to think before they spoke to him.

As he finally reached his final age of 47 years old, there was only final cosmetic change that began to apply itself to Adam's new manly visage - the growth of new facial hair. Prior to ending up in that office, the man had never really been able to grow much due to his patchy and light-colored hair. But before his very eyes, Adam's eyes widened in joy as he watched a well-groomed grey goatee affixed itself around his thin lips and cleft chin.



Despite the shock he still felt over what he had just experienced as the changes finally stopped, Adam found himself equally turned on by it all. As he thought back to the note that he had been given with the whistle, he realized just how true those words had rang true. His life had truly been transformed for the better!

"Fuck, I can't believe this is really happening," he purred as he stared into his reflection, his cock throbbing slightly as he heard his new voice for the first time. It sounded so authoritative and commanding, something that he had never before experienced. But with a body this masculine and muscular, it was the perfect addition to make him feel even more manly.

Although he had no idea what was going on still, the intense lust he felt over his transformation was too much for the man to resist. Luckily the blinds in the office had already been pulled down, which meant that the man had little to worry about in terms of interruptions. As a result, the man unbuttoned his pants and allowed them to fall down to his ankles with his underwear until he was nude with his cock bobbing just slightly below the bottom of his still slightly oversized t-shirt.

After taking a moment to glance at his wrinkled yet manly looking hands, Adam couldn't resist smirking as he shot a glob of saliva onto one hand before beginning to use it to gently stroke his impressive manhood. Staring at his own reflection and watching as his

weathered new visage contorted into a look of pleasure, Adam felt a shiver of lust course through his body as he began to pick up the speed of his stroking.

Turning towards the grand desk resting in the office, Adam's eyes rose in disbelief as a new addition had suddenly manifested in the dead center of it - a name placard. As he watched each word magically manifest onto the blank gold rectangle, the man gasped in disbelief as his new career was finally revealed.

Detroit Lions Head Coach - Dan Campbell

"Holy shit, I'm the fucking coach," he moaned, his body shuttering as the realization of just how much of a boss he now was set in. Not only did he have the entire team relying on him, but all of the Lions' dedicated fans would be cheering for him and praying for his immense success in turning a team often deemed as a joke into fierce competitors. "Yeah, I'm goddamn Dan Campbell... one of the hunkiest DILFs in the league!," Adam continued, further praising and encouraging himself in hopes of a much needed explosion of cum.

But as he continued to furiously stroke into the mirror, Adam's eyes darted to the door of the office as he heard a voice begin speaking outside before he turned the knob and opened it.

"Hey Dan, you ready to get out there? The players are ready and wait-"

Although he gasped, Adam refused to stop jerking off as he watched a man in his mid-30s walk into the room. The new coach had no idea who he was, but the way in which his eyes bulged out before settling into a normal expression was quite hot. Something about his reaction just told Adam that this wasn't the man's first time witnessing this. This was especially evident as he watched the ends of the man's lips curl as he adopted a devious smirk that only encouraged Adam to keep going.



Not willing to stop, the new head coach maintained eye contact as he finally began to buck his hips and ejaculate. With each

thrust of his hips as streams of cum began coating the mirror, Adam's personality and identity were being ejected from his body in tandem. Although he didn't know it, the magic of the whistle was wanting to have the man undergo a physical and mental change, which was causing Adam to be erased so Dan Campbell in all of his hunky DILF glory could replace him.

By the time he finished cumming and a twinge of a migraine attacked the front of his forehead, the Lions' head coach shook his head in confusion before giving a sigh of relief and smiling at the mirror and the mess he made.

"Dammit Dan, I know we've all got our pre-game rituals but how many times do I have to tell you to stop it with the vanity sessions," the other man, who Dan instantly recognized as the Lions' offensive coordinator Ben Johnson. "I mean fuck, if you're going to do it, can you at least lock the door from now on?"

Before the head coach could respond though, Ben continued to move forward until he was right behind the half-nude coach. Once there, the man then flashed a smirk to the head coach via the mirror before lifting a hand and giving a forceful slap along the older man's still-perky ass. "Or you could always just wait for me," the man softly whispered into Dan's ear.

In response, a hearty chuckle escaped from Dan's lips as he turned to face the younger man. After dealing with his still rock-hard yet sensitive cock accidentally slapped against Ben's thigh, the 47-year-old's breath was temporarily stolen for a moment. Once he settled down from the highs and lows of that unintended contact, Dan regained his chipper yet seductive attitude as he began to speak once more.

"Oh, I'll definitely have to keep that in mind for next time," he replied, returning the favor by reaching around the offensive coordinator and using his wide palms to firmly slap the man's smaller yet perky ass. "You know I love nothing more than our little postgame rendezvous..."

Upon hearing that, Ben couldn't help but blush for a moment before he glanced at the clock and forced himself to regain his composure. "Alright, enough chit-chat for now. The players are in the locker room waiting for you and the game is about 10 minutes away from starting," he said, a clear sense of worry manifesting in his tone. "God, we'll need all the luck we can get if we're gonna come out victorious with this game..."

Immediately, Dan scoffed at the man's statement. "Luck? Pfffft, I'm Dan fucking Campbell, I'm the luckiest motherfucker ever" he retorted, flashing a wink at Ben before

beginning to reach down and pull his pants up. After quickly buttoning his pants and looping a belt on, the head coach of the Detroit Lions (who had led the team to countless Super Bowl victories after taking over) turned to look at the mess he made on the mirror. "Don't worry, I'll clean that up later. Let's get going," he said, which instantly caused Ben to give a nod of approval and obey the order, turning on his heels and making his way towards the office door.

Upon pulling it open and exiting, Ben kept going and Dan slowly trailed behind. As he looked back to pull the door shut, a cocky grin manifested onto his face as he took one final glance at the office full of his accomplishments and successes. "God, I'm living the fucking dream," he retorted, smirking cockily before pulling the door shut and heading off to lead his team to yet another victory - with his lucky whistle wrapped around his thick neck.

