



*by Aardvark*  
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The 2014 Nissan Altima did not seem like it was on a mission. It came to a complete stop at every sign and navigated the city streets without going above a respectful 35 miles per hour. The horn sat untouched.

The Nissan's driver, a young man named Luke Lancaster, looked calm, too. He'd always been good at keeping his wits about him, and the last few years of advanced academic tests had sharpened this skill even further. Unlike a quiet classroom, his car at least provided alternative rock wafting from the stereo to cover up the sound of his own heartbeat. But Radiohead was doing nothing to distract from his frantic thoughts.

Luke kept jerking his head down into his passenger seat, where his phone sat displaying a screenshot he'd taken of his buddy Colton's story. "TOOLSLED TONITE," the ad said, "IF U WANNA SEE ALL OF IT." The 'it' in question was evidently Colton's genitals, which were basically on view already; the picture he'd posted depicted him entirely nude save for some strategically placed chains.

Luke wasn't gay, but he had to admit Colton looked incredible, if you were into the extremely muscular look. When they'd met two years prior at the start of their Masters program, Colton was slender and rode his bike everywhere. Luke saw him countless times staying late into the evening in the graduate student lounge working on an assignment or paper, but never once lifting heavy weights at the university gym. Even at the start of the current semester, Luke didn't remember Colton looking any different than he had before. And he certainly didn't seem like the kind of guy who was going to put on 75 pounds of muscle, drop out of school, and become a stripper who insisted that everyone call him Colt.

But as far as he knew, Colton hadn't stripped publicly yet. It'd been all private events and bachelorette parties. Luke knew this because he'd had lunch with Colton a week before at Pepperjacks, their go-to sandwich spot. Colton walked in wearing a neon green tank top, his skin the color of overripe mango. He'd prattled on about how he stifling he thought academia was, how excited he was to finally embrace his hotness and "become Colt," and how he was ready for the world to see him as a bodybuilding exotic dancer who loved to party and fuck, rather than the studious, skinny cyclist he once was.

And that was why Luke was worriedly zipping across town to make it to The Toolshed, the region's only male strip club. Colton seemed to believe that performing for an audience was what would lock him into his new life of hedonism, and he appeared to be excited for that to happen. So when Luke saw the ad go up on social media, he decided he'd go intercept his friend and try to talk him out of making a mistake that he'd regret for the rest of his life.

What Colton was doing made no sense to Luke. For as long as they'd been in a cohort together, Colton had always come across as thoughtful, well-spoken and, as he had often confided to him in the past over coffee or a lunch in Erlick Dining Hall, passionate about his goal to attain his MBA. He'd always been quite open about his desire to use his Master's to gain solid footing in the business world, perhaps command a six-figure salary, and set himself up to make a positive

contribution to society that his family could be proud of. And he was so close to his goals now, wrapping up the writing of this final thesis about management information systems under Professor Jordan Edelstein. It both disheartened and puzzled Luke: why would someone give all that up to turn themselves into an oversexed muscle freak eager to waste all the hard work that was already done?

And now that Luke thought about it, Colton didn't even look like himself anymore. His face had morphed into a square-jawed gay fantasy. Maybe it was plastic surgery, and maybe the muscles were put on quickly thanks to steroids. The steroids could also be why his voice was deeper. But Luke couldn't explain why Colton was taller. Maybe he added lifts in his shoes...?

Incubus was on the old rock station. "Hold the wheel and drive," Brandon Boyd sang. Luke took his advice and focused on the road.

That focus was disrupted by a chime on his phone, indicating that he was coming up to the address listed in the ad for The Toolshed. But at a first glance, he was puzzled by the building in front of him. It was bigger and nicer than Luke expected, with the exterior made of chrome and looking new - a far cry from the burnt-out gentlemen's clubs Luke would sometimes see neon signs for when driving down the highway. And aside from the logo of a muscular man and a stray pride flag fluttering on the side of the building, there was little indication that the place was even a strip club at all.

It was early in the evening, so there were plenty of parking spots. And even better, there was no doorman yet to block him from walking in. As he passed the entrance, Luke wondered if male strip clubs even had doormen. After all, if the dancers were all as buff as Colton was, they could just double as doormen, let the crowd in, and then take their clothes off for them. Luke chortled at the thought, as well as the idea of Colton being a tough guy, despite his big steroid muscles. With the way New Colton acted, even if someone in the crowd was brandishing a knife, he would probably still fist-bump them and call them his bro. Then again, if he'd had plastic surgery, maybe he'd be the first to run because he wouldn't want to risk ruining the work done on his pretty face. Why was Colton's face suddenly so pretty anyway...?

Shaking his head, Luke stuffed the questions down and tried to saunter in casually. He'd never been good at sauntering. He wasn't cool, and he'd stopped trying to be in undergrad. He was too in his own head to be cool anyway - an overthinker, everyone always said. But he didn't overthink everything. At this stage of his degree, he often had to dress to make a good impression - whether it was at his accounting internship or attending another job fair. So when left to his own devices, he didn't put much thought into his appearance, and truth be told did not really want to. But despite himself, he was now starting to wish he had.

The crowd at The Toolshed was far more put together than he expected, wearing an eclectic combination of trendy tees, clear skin, and hip haircuts in varying hues. It was in sharp contrast to Luke's baggy gray henley, well-worn jeans and untamed mop of brown curls. Catching sight of himself in the mirror behind the bar, he grimaced at his patchy whiskers that hadn't gotten the

memo that he was now in his twenties. And as an abdominally-gifted twink swished up to the bar in a half-tee and short shorts combo, Luke recalled all the junk food binges he'd relied on for managing his late-night studies. Maybe before he tried breaking whatever spell Colton was under, he could get some tips from his friend on how to get rid of his stomach flab.

Trying to blend in while feeling so out of place was difficult, but Luke did his best. He got some water from the hydration station at the end of the bar and walked around to familiarize himself with his surroundings.

In an instant, Luke realized that the subtlety of The Toolshed's exterior was nowhere to be found on the inside. The door handles and lighting fixtures were unmistakably phallic in shape. TVs hung along the walls constantly played footage from 1980s bodybuilding contests and workout videos, featuring no shortage of sweaty men in neon-colored thongs thrusting their pelvises straight at the camera. And above each of the VIP booths - furnished with black leather seating, of course - hung giant framed prints of impossibly buff, well-endowed men in flagrante: sailors, cops, bikers, and lumberjacks flirting, fucking, and loving every second of it.

Curious, Luke walked closer to one of the larger prints, which depicted two leather clad beefcakes standing face-to-face and bulge-to-bulge. In the bottom right corner, he was able to discern a simple signature in capital letters: *TOM*. "If he wants to get famous, he'll need a more distinctive name than that," Luke huffed. But he had to admit all the drawings were impeccably done. And they were certainly...detailed.

Luke looked away from them, embarrassed. They weren't what he was here for anyway. He anxiously chugged water and continued his sweep of the place, hunting for doors that looked like they might lead backstage. He spotted the bathrooms first, then a swinging door by the bar that looked like it led to the kitchen.

And then, he saw it. Or at least he was pretty sure he did. A black door, unmarked, set off to the left of the seating area, next to a DJ booth. It had to lead to at least a green room, if not the dressing rooms.

But he couldn't go through it, at least not yet. Ironically, there weren't *enough* people around. He needed more of a crowd milling about to block the view of the staff, then he'd slip in. If someone asked what he was doing, he could feign drunkenness and say he was looking for the toilet.

If pretending to be drunk was a possibility, then he'd need to drink something other than water to sell the act. He didn't much care for drinking, and only did it in social settings where he'd feel conspicuous *without* a cocktail in his hand. At least here he was presumably in a place where he wouldn't be judged for not drinking beer. The bartender behind the counter - a leanly muscled stud in a black t-shirt so tight his veins showed through it - certainly hadn't been consuming many IPAs.

“Sup,” was all the bartender said, his biceps bulging as he popped the caps off of two Bud Lights.

“Hi, can I have a whiskey ginger?” Luke said, ordering his go-to.

“Sure thing.” The bartender turned and reached for a bottle of Jack Daniels, his lats unfolding like the wings of a dragon. Luke wondered if he doubled as a dancer, but decided not to ask. He didn’t want the guy to get too good of a look at him.

“Got a tab open?” the man asked as he set the drink on the bar in front of Luke.

Luke shook his head and slid over a \$20 bill that he’d intended to use for laundry. He hadn’t budgeted for a drink. He made a mental note to update his spreadsheet once he got home.

The bartender left Luke and walked to the other end of the bar, where a tall Asian man in head-to-toe Adidas flagged him down. “Some liquid courage, bro?” the man asked, and the bartender poured two shots of vodka, which they took together. Based on the guy’s look - overly muscled with a tiny waist, spray-tanned skin, and bleached teeth, just like Colton - Luke guessed he was a stripper. His big pecs hovered over the bar, barely covered by a track jacket that was unzipped far enough to show that he was shirtless under it. The men milling around him regarded him with awe, their lusty glances overt enough for Luke to see from ten feet away.

The hunk high-fived the bartender and slung his gym bag over his shoulder, then strutted straight toward Luke. As he passed, he looked Luke in the eye and smirked. “Hey.”

“Hi,” Luke said, surprised he’d been noticed. But that was probably a stripper thing. Make the customers feel special, and they’ll tip you more.

The guy kept walking and went through the unmarked black door on the left of the stage. “Just as I thought,” Luke muttered into his drink before he sipped it. He walked away from the bar and positioned himself closer to the door, waiting for just the right moment to slip through. When he noticed he could be seen in the series of mirrors at the back of the stage, he moved further into the shadows. Then he killed time by sipping his drink, fiddling on his phone, and trying to look as casual as possible.

Ten minutes went by, then twenty. The seating area was starting to fill up. Luke finished his drink and set it on a nearby table, then realized there were no waiters around, the bartender was out of sight, and no one was looking at him. A surge of adrenaline shot him through the unmarked door before he had time to weigh the pros and cons.

He found himself in a small brick-lined hallway, and after ten seconds passed without anyone barging in after him demanding to know what the fuck he was doing, he was pretty sure he hadn’t been noticed. Feeling very much like a secret agent, he skulked down the hallway,

passing an empty dressing room with a pull-up bar mounted in the doorframe. That was where he stopped once he heard voices.

They were nearby - around the corner - but not coming closer. Hesitantly, Luke stuck his head out to see if the coast was clear. It was, barely: some men were standing backstage waiting to start the show, but a black curtain shielded everything but their feet from view. A nearby table was overflowing with bottles of hairspray and - Luke squinted his eyes to read the labels - body oil.

Luke frowned and looked away, adjusting his glasses as he inched a bit closer to the black curtain. This place smelled like a locker room. It wasn't unpleasant, but it brought back memories that were. Gym class was never the highlight of his school years.

The nearer he drew to the curtain, the clearer the voices from beyond became.

"...just don't seem to get it, Kai," a voice as deep as the Grand Canyon rumbled.

"Not everyone does. But that's 'cause they're not hot," came the reply, followed by dumb laughter. Luke was pretty sure he recognized that voice: the huge Asian man who noticed him at the bar.

"Like, I grabbed lunch with a buddy of mine and he seemed really, like, put off by me? Is that the right word?" the first man explained.

"Colt, my dude, I bet he was just jealous," Kai hypothesized.

Luke's heart skipped a beat. Thoughts piled into his head so quickly that they almost jumbled together. They were talking about *him*. When had Colton's voice dropped so low?

"I mean, no shit, but like...it sorta kinda bothered me 'cause I like this dude."

"Like, 'like' or like, '*like* like'?" Kai asked. Luke rolled his eyes at the juvenile phrasing.

"I'unno," Colton muttered. Luke wanted to tell Colton to enunciate the words properly, but he held his tongue. "I still want him to be my bro 'n shit, but I felt like he was judgin' me. It hurt my feelings."

Luke blinked in surprise. Was he really being that bad? It couldn't be so wrong to want his friend to not throw his future away...

Kai chortled. "If he's a good bro, he'll like you for who you are, y'know?" He blew out a breath, then paused - presumably in thought, though Luke didn't really get the impression there was much going on up in Kai's brain. Colt was- er, *Colton* was asking a lot of this beefcake.

Luke was so focused on waiting for the next part of the conversation that the sneeze snuck up on him. It was so forceful that the young academic fell back and ended up tangled in the black curtain. The bovine noises of shock from the strippers filled the air as Luke thrashed in the smothering fabric, trying to free himself. Finally, a strong grip from somewhere tore the curtain right off him. Luke spun forward, tripping over his own feet, and his glasses flopped free. He only took one step as he tried to balance himself - one step that was punctuated by a crunch.

Well, that was a \$200 prescription he now needed to replace. Dazed and embarrassed, Luke stared up at the man who'd freed him from the curtain.

"Luke?" Colton asked, his voice divided between confusion and elation. "What're you doin' here, bro?"

"I, uh..." Luke stammered, trying to collect his thoughts. He couldn't just blurt out his thoughts about strippers with Kai standing right there. "I wanted to talk to you," he finally said.

Colton's chiseled face brightened with a dazzling smile. "That's awesome, bro! I'm so glad you're here." He threw his arm around Luke's shoulders, and Luke hunched from the sheer weight of it. All that power. Colton's massive bicep mashed into Luke's neck like a vice. "This is the guy I was talkin' about!" Colton said, turning to Kai.

"The one you like?" Kai asked, looking back and forth between Colton and Luke.

"BRO!" Colton's body flushed with embarrassment. It was at that moment that Luke realized Colton was half naked. He'd been so distracted by his surroundings and the curtain incident that he hadn't noticed Colton's attire, or lack thereof: just black leather pants so tight they had to be cutting off circulation, slung low enough to show off his waxed pubic area - and thin black strings that were cresting out of the top.

He was wearing a fucking thong.

The pants were matched by black leather cuffs hugging his wrists and making his arm veins bulge, and a thin leather strap running diagonally over his torso, its entire purpose being to sink between his pecs and show their depth.

"How do you take those off?" Luke asked, looking at the pants. He could see the cuts of Colton's quads rippling through them.

"It takes work, man!" Colton guffawed. "I don't get outta these onstage. For the stripping numbers, I have other stuff that's tearaway, it's fuckin' dope."

"Why are you *talking* like that?"

"Like whuh?"

“Like you’re-” Luke caught himself before he said ‘dumb.’ “-a surfer or something. And your voice is so deep.”

Colton shrugged and gave Luke’s chest a pat. “This is just how I talk. Chill out bro! You’re, like, *tense*, man. This is gonna be fun.”

“What is?”

“Tonight!”

“That’s what I wanted to talk to you about, actually,” Luke said, pulling Colton away from Kai, who was now taking selfies. “All of this-”

“Isn’t it fuckin’ awesome, bro?” Colton said, his smile blinding in its intensity. “Look at my fuckin’ muscles.” He raised his arms upward and posed, shoving a volleyball-sized bicep toward Luke. “Gets me so horny. FUCK, I love being a man!” Colton’s body went flush again, this time from exertion as he flexed. His torso undulated as he ran his hands over his pecs and abs. “Do you love being a man, bro?”

“I mean, yeah, I guess so.”

“Nah, you’d *know* if you did.” Colton draped his arm across Luke’s narrow shoulders again and pulled him in tight. “C’mere, lemme show you something.”

Luke sighed and shuffled along, knowing resistance was futile. Colton was as big as a house. Looking at him was daunting enough, but being held by him made Luke feel like a little kid. Not only could he feel Colton’s bicep squeezing against his neck like a snake, but Colton’s pecs were so big they wedged against Luke’s side. The muscles weren’t just for show - Colton was strong down to his fingertips.

“I’m so happy you came, bro,” Colton rumbled as they walked up three stairs into a dimly lit area. “I really wanted a buddy here.”

“What about that guy back there?”

“Kai? Great bro but it’s not the same.”

“The same was wha-” Luke started to ask, but suddenly there was a blinding spotlight on him, and beyond it, hushed voices - lots of them. “Is this...am I on stage?!”

“Yeah, bro, I want you to know what it’s like-”

Luke tried to jerk away but Colton was too strong. “Let me go! I don’t want people to see me-”



"It's chill, man, just relax!"

"No! I shouldn't be up here!" Luke finally wriggled free by crouching and spinning away. "This is embarrassing," he said angrily, turning to leave.

"Stop, bro!" Colton lunged and grabbed Luke's arm. "Just for a second-"

Luke turned back and tried to wrench away. "Let go, you big-"

It happened so fast that Luke didn't realize what 'it' was at first. He felt something soft on his mouth, and the noise around him fell away, replaced by a low ringing in his ears. A kiss? He was being kissed...he hadn't kissed anyone in years, not since high school, when he and Kaitlin Longworth had tried at a party but felt too awkward to really go for it. But this was a nice kiss...the plump lips interlocked with his tasted like honey and lavender.

...wait, was *Colton* kissing him...what the FUCK-

Luke stumbled back, sputtering. "What the hell was that?!"

"I had to kiss you before you get too popular!" Colton beamed.

Luke shook his head. "Too popular? What do you...what is this-" He pushed his bangs out of his eyes, annoyed. Why did he have bangs anyway? His hair was curly, meaning it grew OUT, not down. "What's going on...look, I'm not gay, I didn't know you were but it's cool, I just need to-"

Luke turned to leave but tripped over his feet. He caught himself before he fell, placing one hand on the ground and pushing himself back up. That was how he noticed his henley sleeves were too short on his arms. And his jeans...didn't cover his ankles...

He spun and looked at Colton. "Wh-what is all this-"

"It's fine, bro. C'mere." Colton pulled him in and kissed him again before Luke had time to think. Luke went limp in the big man's arms, allowing Colton to maul his mouth with tender precision. When Colton broke free for air, he kept their mouths tantalizingly close, smiling gently at Luke as he held him close.

"You're...what are you...are we..." Luke stammered, unable to piece together his thoughts, let alone a sentence. Everyone was staring, and something strange was happening - he couldn't think straight - he needed to leave, but he didn't want to. And his clothes didn't fit. He was tall. He wasn't supposed to be tall.

"Fuck, your face is already hotter. Gets me so boned up." Colton pressed his crotch against Luke's leg to prove his point.

Luke moaned at the feeling of his friend's erection. "What's happening?"

Colton turned Luke toward the row of mirrors lining the back of the stage. It took Luke a moment to realize his reflection was him. He didn't look right. He was stretched out, nearly as tall as Colton. His face was his, yet different somehow. Like a more handsome twin brother. He couldn't pinpoint what was different, but he just looked *better*. And his hair - what the fuck - his curls looked flatironed out, sticking out in tufts around his head.

Luke blinked sleepily, his expression the same as if he'd consumed ten beers. "What the fuck..." He looked at Colton through bleary eyes. "It's like...a trick with the mirror...gotta be..."

Colton held Luke's face in his big hands. "Fuck, bro," was all he said before they kissed again. Harder. Deeper. Colton's tongue explored Luke's mouth while his hands stroked his hair, which felt so long and lustrous now. When the kiss broke, Luke's soft moaning continued, his eyes shut as he swayed back and forth. "That's it, bro, rock your hips like that," Colton coached, moving his hands down to Luke's waist. "Fuck, that's so sexy. You're so sexy."

"Me? No, I'm not...I'm not," Luke insisted even as he gyrated against Colton. "We've been up here for like two minutes, this isn't real...it can't be..."

"Yeah, but all those sandwiches at Pepperjacks were gettin' you ready for this!"

"Pepperjacks?" Luke blinked, suddenly realizing he and Colton were the same height.

"Remember Murph, the owner? He owns this place too! Something in the stuff there gets, like, action...automatic...no, what's that word? When you turn something on?"

"Activated?" Luke was staring at Colton's face. He was so fucking beautiful. Luke didn't know men could be beautiful, but there was no other word for Colton.

Colton snapped his fingers. "Activated! That's it. Thanks, bro! Something you eat there gets activated if you get onstage here. That's how he gets such hot guys to dance here. Isn't that fuckin' awesome?"

Luke shook his head. His long blond hair shook with it.

Why was his hair blond...

He was about to say he didn't think it was awesome, when Colton leaned in and kissed him. Luke felt his body stretch. His chin throbbed. His clothes felt so tight. Something was happening to him, and he couldn't explain it, which was frustrating. He could normally explain everything. But this was...magic. He couldn't explain magic. Especially not with a foggy brain and a raging boner.

“He’s TALL!” someone in the audience shouted as Luke wobbled free of the kiss, unaccustomed to his long limbs. He’d forgotten they were being watched. The stage lights backlit the audience and made the room feel like a big black box.

And he was tall. He was taller than Colton. He looked like a scarecrow wearing a little kid’s clothes. His stomach was so flat - not because he’d lost any weight, but just because all the extra height pulled it tight. “M-m-my body,” he stuttered, patting his bare stomach.

“It’s getting so hot, bro,” Colton purred.

Luke knew Colton didn’t mean the temperature, but that wasn’t wrong either. He was sweating. The lights were hot, and anxiety was spiking his body temperature. It’d be better if he took his clothes off...

He couldn’t take off his fucking clothes! He was in public!

...but he wanted to take them off so badly. Fuck, it was so hot...

His body temperature spiked further when he felt Colton’s muscles press against his back, and his big buddy’s arms wrap around him. One hand slid up under Luke’s shirt, the other went down over his jeans and massaged his crotch.

Luke made a noise he’d never heard himself make before; a high-pitched sigh that descended into an airy moan. His head rolled back as he felt Colton’s lips on his neck, and then he grunted and bucked his hips as Colton pinched his nipple. “Fuck!”

“You like that? Yeah, you like that,” Colton said between nibbles on Luke’s neck. “You’re so hard, bro.”

“What’s...can’t...” Luke was trying to say, but his mouth was dry and he couldn’t breathe. Words wouldn’t form. He was so confused, so aroused, every nerve on edge. Energy was coursing through him as he humped Colton’s hand, groaning like a bitch in heat. And everyone was watching - he didn’t know why that was turning him on even more, but it was. He’d always been on the shy side, content to stay in the shadows, but now he was front and center and he loved it. He turned to say something - anything - to Colton, but Colton just took Luke’s mouth in his own, his teeth and tongue consuming all Luke’s doubts.

“Shh, look,” Colton said, moving his hand out from beneath Luke’s shirt. Luke dipped his head and saw how tight his henley’s buttons were over his chest. His whole shirt seemed to strain, the seams tugging.

He took a breath.

*POP!*

“UNNNH!” Luke’s moan got a few men in the audience making the same noise. He stared in awe at his chest and its new shape pushing out against his thin shirt.

“C’mon, bro, they gotta be huge, please,” Colton whispered into Luke’s ear. “You gotta get giant fuckin’ pecs like mine.”

“No, I-” Luke started to say, but another button burst off his shirt, and his words devolved into horny groans.

Colton’s voice was deep and excited. “Fuck yeah. Huge fuckin’ muscle tits.”

Luke shuddered with confused ecstasy. His chest widened and expanded, filling with air that pushed out his ribcage and reshaped his torso. Bigger...broader...

This couldn’t be fuckin’ real...

The last of his buttons exploded off.

“UNNNNGGHHHH...”

His shirt was straining, struggling, tearing under the arms and across the shoulders as more projection and breadth piled onto his chest. Luke could feel sweat trailing down the valley between his new pecs.

“I gotta...gotta see-” Luke gulped, forcing his and Colton’s weight around so he could look in one of the stage mirrors.

What he saw made him moan even louder and sent pre-cum gushing into his boxers. The handsome twin brother look was gone. At best, he could pass for his own distant cousin. The same testosterone-laden magic that was warping his body was doing a number on his face, too; his brow ridge was now greatly pronounced, with new angles erupting out of his cheeks and jaw. And his hair - holy shit, his *hair* - blond as fuck and sticking straight up in the air like he’d stuck his finger in an electrical socket. It was swirling and shaking like it was alive. Maybe it was. Luke stared at it in awe.

“Something’s happening to me, dude,” Luke said, as he watched his hair pile higher and higher on his head, before noticing his long, exaggerated lashes framing his blue eyes. Were his eyes bigger...?

“It’s fuckin’ awesome, bro,” Colton said. “We’re gonna have so much fun. Shouldn’t life be fun?”

Luke nodded slowly. “Yeah...”

“Y’know what’s really fun?”

Luke shook his head. “Whuh?”

“Having giant fuckin’ muscles.”

Luke’s plump pecs swelled further outward, busting fully out of his shirt and drawing moans from the crowd. He looked down in shock, his vision filled by the mass of his fantastic chest muscles. They crested out so far that he couldn’t see his nipples. “I bet, dude,” he moaned. “Big fuckin’ muscles...”

“Ripped as shit...”

“Yeah, fuckin’ ripped.” The remaining pudge melted off Luke’s stomach and left an 8-pack cut like diamonds, the pronounced ridges running like a highway down into his straining jeans. He grunted as his fingers explored the new ridges of his abdomen, then he held out his hands and inspected them too: veiny brawn with long, thick fingers. Strong hands. A man’s hands. Luke clenched them and watched giant veins shoot up through his forearms. He felt his biceps press against the weakening fabric of his sleeves. “Please...” he whined.

“Please?” Colton asked.

Luke didn’t know what he was begging for. He was just begging. More. He wanted more. Of everything.

His sleeves were splitting open along his biceps, which were already big as melons and still growing bigger. Colton gripped one with a “fuck yeah” and tore Luke’s sleeve right off, running his fingers across Luke’s growing arm like he was playing a piano. Colton licked the peak of Luke’s bicep and Luke responded with a full-body shudder and an arch of his back.

“This has gotta come off,” Colton said, tugging on Luke’s ruined shirt. Luke nodded and moaned. The shirt was stuck to him because of all the sweat - he pulled and pulled, finally ripping the front further open, his huge left pec flopping out and drawing gasps from the crowd. Colton’s assistance finally freed him, and Luke emerged from the shirt like it was a cocoon, his new bodybuilder’s torso on full display.

As the air drifted over his bare skin, Luke took in a big breath and grew his pecs even bigger, their mountainous size spreading up to his shoulders, which suddenly hurtled outward with remarkable speed. He suddenly had shoulders as broad as an Olympic swimmer’s, but they were getting thicker - rounder - huge rippling delts and elegant traps that held his neck upright like a ballet dancer, emphasizing the beauty of his face. A face that was twisted into an expression of agonized arousal, slack-jawed and breathless. Luke’s teeth grinded as a stab of

pain shot through his most tender region, and he pawed frantically behind himself, but couldn't reach because of the new mass of his arms.

"H-help-" he sputtered to Colton. "My ass-"

"Oh, fuck yeah bro," Colton grunted from behind him. "Look at that."

"Wh-what's happening-" Luke sputtered, pulling on his jeans, twisting to and fro as he tried to relieve the tension.

"Getting big as fuck, that's what," Colton said, swatting Luke's butt.

"Look, he's dancing now!" someone in the crowd shouted from out of the darkness.

A chill went through Luke. In his haste to remove his pants, he'd started to gyrate sensually, rocking his hips back and forth to tease the crowd. Like he was a fucking stripper. He forced himself to stand still as he watched his pant legs swell outward, his thighs pressing together - it took him a moment to realize it wasn't air inside his pants, it was his body growing massive, his thighs distending into bloated tree trunks. With a gulp, he looked at his side view in the stage mirrors.

Holy fuck...

Holy *fuck*...

"M-my ASS-"

It was fucking enormous. Like two watermelons stuffed down the back of his jeans. His pants were so tight that he could see the cut muscles of his hamstrings running up to connect to the jaw-dropping mass of his butt. No wonder his pants hurt so badly...but maybe if he just flexed a little bit...nothing the crowd could see, of course...

One quick tense of his glutes kicked this plan into action, and that was all it took for Luke to realize he'd made a mistake. His jeans exploded off him like a pinata, two huge globes of solid muscle bursting out into the world. The expansive muscles shook up and down, a perfectly formed man ass sticking straight out from the small of his back. It was so round and inflated that it had torn his underwear right off.

And then, Luke saw, no it hadn't. Lost between the two biggest ass cheeks he'd ever seen was a tiny strip of neon yellow peeking out from the top of the mountains.

A thong.

He was wearing a fucking thong. Just like Colton.

For his part, Colton was still helping with Luke's pants, tearing them away like wrapping paper. Every rip revealed more of the legs underneath, densely muscled pistons packed full of brawn - big, powerful thighs and diamond-shaped calves - every nervous twitch sending ripples down through their mass. Shredded denim rained down around his feet, mixing with something green that Luke couldn't quite make out - it wasn't until his vision cleared and improved itself to the 20/20 of his childhood that he realized he had a mound of cash in front of him. Ones, fives, even tens and twenties. And more was being thrown.

A man had made his way to the edge of the stage, the only face in the crowd that Luke could see clearly. Just a normal middle-aged man, someone who could have a son Luke's age. He threw a wad of cash at Luke's feet and said hungrily: "Lemme suck your cock, please, sir, please..."

Luke stumbled back in shock, his new weight nearly toppling him were it not for Colton's support.

"I got you, bro. Fuck, you're so sexy...these muscles...fuuucckkk..." Colton ran his big hands across the acreage of Luke's back. He cupped his palms around Luke's lats and admired their thickness and width. Luke moaned at the touch. Suddenly, everything turned him on. He didn't know what was wrong with him, or with this place. Why wasn't he running...why was he in this Mister Universe body...none of this was him...

"Looking good, stud," Kai said, suddenly appearing next to Luke. "Fuck, look at your pecs, man. Fucking huge." He knelt in front of Luke and looked up at him. "You've got the hottest nipples I've ever seen." He gave one a pinch.

Luke's toes curled. He had to hold back a scream of joy.

"Yeah, you like that. Fuck yeah." Kai shoved his face in between Luke's mountainous pecs, his nose sliding all the way into the cleavage as he motorboated the giant muscles. Then, after a few more kisses, he opened his mouth and took Luke's left nipple into it. It was the first time Luke had ever had his tit sucked, and he knew instantly it would not be the last. Kai's teeth gently grazed on the softest skin on Luke's body, each nibble sending a shockwave of pleasure through his muscles. Luke played gratefully with Kai's beautiful black hair, rocking his head to the side to lean against Colton's, who was back to kissing his neck.

The two most beautiful men he'd ever seen were worshiping him like he was a fuckin' god. That had to mean he was beautiful too. But he had to see.

He gently pulled on Kai's hair and looked into the man's eyes as his nipple popped free. "I gotta see myself."

"Yes," Kai moaned.

Luke turned, his movements labored from the two bodybuilders draped over him. "Oh fuck," he breathed in shock.

He was unrecognizable. A new man. Atop the body of a god was a face to which no sculptor could do justice. Chiseled was an understatement. The masculine elegance of his high cheekbones reshaped his entire face. His thick eyebrows radiated dangerous sex appeal, which was needed to offset the dreaminess of his light blue eyes. Once-thin lips had blown up into a distended pout, their corners upturned in a permanent smirk. His jaw was a masterpiece of manliness, huge and square, like the guys in the...drawings...

Luke's long lashes created a breeze as they fluttered in thought. He looked like the Tom drawings out there in the club...some kind of hyper-masculinized fetish idol, a fuckin' queer wet dream...everything outsized and overstated, like he was more a fantasy than a real human...

He stared dopily at himself, watching in awe as whiskers stretched down the sides of his jaw and reshaped themselves into lightning bolts that hugged his protruding cheekbones to emphasize their sharpness. He turned his head one way and the other, inspecting the new retro sideburns he'd just grown...they looked so fucking sexy, and they matched his hair perfectly.

His HAIR - oh *FUCK* - he had big fucking hair!

His hair seemed to rise higher as he looked at it, completing its transformation into a towering blond pompadour, shellacked with enough product to make it look plastic. It was a statement. It would attract attention. Thick wooly sideburns and a bigass pomp, like a blond Elvis. Or Danny Zuko. Or Johnny fucking Bravo.

Luke fucking loved it. His face spread into a big grin, and his teeth whitened and straightened until they, too, looked too perfect to be real.

"Fuck, bro, your hair...fuck, it's so hot," Colton slurred from over Luke's shoulder. He touched Luke's big stylized sideburn first, and Luke jerked away protectively - or as far away as he could, since he couldn't move much without interrupting Kai sucking on his tits.

"Don't touch my hair, dude!" He hated when people touched his pomp. The only time he was fine with it getting messed up was during sex, and even then, it was straight to the bathroom afterward to get it perfect again.

Sex...

He wanted sex so bad...



He thrust his hips forward and rutted against Kai's buff frame at the same time he felt Colton's clothed crotch shoving between his ass cheeks. The moan he made was coquettish, almost girly; his pillowy lips pursed together like he was Marilyn Monroe.

As Luke ran his hands all over his sweaty body, fingers reading each muscular crevice and divot like Braille, he realized how smooth he was. Smooth pits, smooth chest...smooth everywhere, like a fucking doll. His skin gleamed like freshly buffed glass. He gently pushed Kai away so he could see if his crotch was hairless too. He had to bend over to get a look, his huge back rounding to compensate for the giant pillows hanging off his chest.

"They gotta see it, bro," Kai said, moving to the side so that Luke's crotch could be viewed by the audience.

"Yeah...yeah, they gotta see it," Luke said, sensually swaying back and forth as he played with the tiny straps of his thong. "I want everybody to see!"

The tiny yellow pouch that held his manhood swelled with his growing erection, his cock stretching outward like a torpedo. Luke felt the fabric tightening around his genitals, his balls slapping against the silky confines. It felt so fucking good, and so fucking dirty...slutty...he knew nobody expected this huge, hung bodybuilder to love wearing trashy little panties, and that turned him on all the more. The flimsy triangle was no match for his big balls and long, thick cock - his manhood was spilling out in all directions, soaking the shiny thong with precum.

Cash littered the stage, and judging by the moans he was hearing from the darkness, many of the audience members were beating their meat to him already. That made Luke feel powerful, that he could get men creaming their pants just by how he looked.

Finally, the strain was too much, and Luke pushed his thong down so his hard dick could stand proudly on its own. His bull balls flopped over the pouch, but he left the thong on. He liked how the strip of silk felt between his cheeks, pressed up against his hole.

Fuck he was so nasty...and his cock was so long that he could see its big bulbous head poking out past the projection of his glorious tits...he touched his shaft and let out a high-pitched "ooooOOOOHHH" before Kai moved back in front of him.

"Lemme help," Kai said, playing with Luke's cock for a few moments before taking the head in between his lips and sucking on it like a big lollipop.

He'd never gotten head before. He'd never been hot enough to get his dick sucked, and the girls he knew didn't put out like that. But guys were whores. Guys lived to fuck, just like Luke did now. He didn't even care that he was getting sucked off in front of a whole audience. In fact, he found it hot as hell.

“Oh fuck...oh FUCK-” Luke was grunting as he realized his own voice had changed to match the deep, dim bro tone of Colton’s. But his moans were an octave up, closer to his previous pitch, and rising higher as he lost more breath. His fingers gripped Kai’s skull and guided it back and forth on his shaft, and he felt his cock elongating down the man’s throat... “I need *more*,” Luke cooed, as Colton gripped his jaw and roughly kissed the butterfly-shaped traps bulging out beneath his neck.

Colton’s voice was low and sultry. “Want me inside you?”

“Yes...fuck...YES-” Luke nearly blew his load into Kai’s mouth at the very idea.

“You’re the hottest guy I’ve ever seen, bro. Seeing you like this...fuck, bro, I gotta have you.”

“You can have me!” Luke grunted. “Take me right fuckin’ here, dude!”

“Fuck yeah,” Colton breathed into Luke’s ear. “This might hurt a little.”

“Good,” Luke sighed, so horny he could barely think. He bucked forward as he felt Colton’s cock press in between his ass cheeks. Then he felt something cold and wet - Colton’s hand covered in saliva - and he released a joyous moan as Colton’s fingers slid inside him.

Kai came up for air. “Fuck yeah, bro,” he said, looking up at Luke.

“Fuck yeah,” Luke repeated, eyes shut in hysterical ecstasy. His toes curled. He knew what was coming. He wanted it. He wanted it so bad - more than anything - and he didn’t know why, but he—

“AAAUUGHGHNNNNNHGHHHHHHH...” The loud cry of pain and joy got the crowd going nuts. The temperature in the room seemed to spike twenty degrees as Colton thrust inside Luke and began to fuck him. Luke used Kai’s shoulders for stability and squeezed his eyes tighter, getting accustomed to having a man’s cock inside of him. He bent over more, kissing the top of Kai’s head as the Asian man went back to blowing him. Luke watched his own sweat drip down Kai’s back.

“Fuck, bro, fuck...fuuuckkk...” Colton was muttering behind him, gripping onto Luke’s tiny waist then moving up to his lats. Luke pushed back, his thick glutes swallowing up Colton’s dick. The whole room was ablaze with heat and lust, men masturbating between tosses of cash. The only spots past the stage that Luke could see were the big Tom prints on the walls. Those exaggerations of masculinity.

That was when it dawned on him...that was *him*.

“Shit I’m fuckin’ HOT!” Luke grunted, his full lips curving into a wicked smile.

“Fuck yeah you are...” Colton’s rod slammed against Luke’s prostate, and Luke’s dick twitched inside Kai’s mouth, leaking cum like a dripping tap.

“I gotta...show ‘em...” Luke choked out. “I gotta...show ‘em...who I am now...”

Colton got the message and pulled out, beating frantically at his own rock hard dick. Kai also moved to the side, allowing Luke to strut to the front of the stage, flexing and preening as he stroked himself.

Then he began to dance. Rhythmic and sensual, each movement designed to show off his immense muscles and the power they held. He ran his hands over his smooth body and worshiped it, feeling it grow even bigger at his touch. Big fuckin’ horny-ass bodybuilder. The most virile man in existence, so overly manicured he looked like a plastic doll. A face that was all jutting angles and testosterone, pouting and posing like a model.

This was the New Luke.

This was the man he wanted to be. Perfect. A fucking fantasy.

His cock unleashed its load like a champagne bottle exploding. Cum sprayed out over the crowd like the fire sprinklers had just been set off. Men’s laps moistened with their own spunk. Luke smiled as he heard their moans, knowing he was the god in the room, the muscle king, the embodiment of all that was TOM.

Luke fell to his knees, still expelling pearly white cum as he leaned back onto the ground and rubbed cash all over himself, bouncing his huge ass against the stage. His ear-splitting smile never wavered. This was bliss. This was fucking heaven.

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“Dude...is sliced bread sexy or somethin’?”

“Whuh?” Colt looked over at Luke, who’d asked the question.

“This guy I was dancing for last night said I was the hottest thing since sliced bread.” Luke’s pretty face pouted in thought. “But I don’t think bread’s very hot. I mean, like, unless it’s toast.”

“I’unno,” Colt shrugged. “These are hot though.” He reached across the center console of his car and pinched Luke’s nipple.

“Mmm fuck...” Luke cooed, even as he continued to work on his pompadour in the sun visor’s mirror. His retro knit polo had all four of its buttons undone, allowing his huge pecs to bust out through the opening. He wore his polos a size down so that the effect would be extra dramatic. “I love my nipples.”

“They musta been distracting in class.”

“For me? Or for everyone else?” Luke grinned, turning his head left to right to check out his hair and admire the extreme angularity of his jaw.

“Both, bro.”

“Yeah, like, duh, everything was distracting. I’m horny all the time and I make everyone else horny too. Iunno who I was kidding going to class, I don’t understand any of that shit.” He flexed his bicep and squeezed it like a football. “But I don’t hafta,” he said proudly.

“You got that degree though!”

“Fuck yeah dude!” Luke’s giant chest puffed out. “Just had to fuck the right people!”

“That’s so fuckin’ hot, bro,” Colt sighed, massaging his hard cock through his shorts.

For several minutes, the two oversexed studs sat in Colt’s car edging themselves, tweaking their nipples and moaning. They only stopped when their thongs started getting sticky with pre-cum. Didn’t want to lose any horniness before a night of dancing.

They made for quite a sight strutting across the parking lot. Big muscular asses bouncing in their tight shorts. Massive Olympian chests spilling out of the flimsiest of shirts. Small waists rolling with each step, their strides sensual and confident.

“What’s up K-Dog!!” Luke bellowed as he barged into the club. He was a big fan of the bartender, Kellan. He remembered meeting Kellan the first night he worked at Toolshed, but found it funny that Kellan didn’t remember meeting him. Kellan insisted another bartender must’ve been working, because he wouldn’t have forgotten the hunk with the shoebox jaw and big pompadour, but Luke knew it was him. He’d never forget a buff, sexy stud like Kellan.

“Hey fellas!” Kellan greeted Luke and Colt. “Good to see you. And you brought the party balloons!”

“The party whuh...” Luke said, then he looked down at his giant hairless tits and got the joke. “Oh! Haha!”

“They even have the little knots on the end,” Kellan teased, reaching across the bar to give Luke’s protruding nipple a twist through his polo. He used the gesture to pull Luke in and French kiss him, then did the same to Colt. It was how all the guys greeted each other at Toolshed. Wet, sloppy tongue kisses, Luke’s favorite kind. Kissing a hot guy like Kellan got him so hard. He remembered a time when he dated women - or when he tried to date women but they mostly weren’t interested in him, which was weird because he was so hot - but it felt like a different life.

He was gay as fuck. All he wanted to do was meet other hot guys and have sex with them. Top, bottom, Luke didn't care as long as they were gorgeous.

"Can we get some liquid courage, bro?" Colt asked, and Kellan obliged by pouring three shots of vodka.

Luke took his shot glass and balanced it on the tabletop projection of his upper pecs. "Heh, heh, check it out dudes," he chortled. Then he bent his chin and wrapped his lips around the rim of the glass, taking the shot without using his hands.

As he set the shot glass back on the bar, Kellan was getting a long, narrow box out from beneath it. "This came for you bro. Gift from Murph."

"Ooh, a gift?" Luke tore the box open like a kid on Christmas. He gasped excitedly when he saw what was inside. "Oh FUCK yeah, new costume for tonight!"

"Put it on, bro!" Colt said.

Luke pulled his shirt, boots, and shorts off without a second thought, standing in the middle of the bar in just his neon pink thong. He grabbed the pants from inside the box - they were shiny and black like leather, but made from a lighter material. They had stripes down the side that warped from the sheer mass of his thighs, and a built-in codpiece emphasizing his manhood.

He tucked the pants into the top of calf-length leather boots - they smelled like heaven - and then put on the shirt. It was blue, some kind of silky material that got him primed to cum. The short sleeves barely covered his delts, and it was a miracle they didn't rip open. He buttoned the gold buttons over his abs but left the shirt open over his chest, showcasing his pecs. Then he put on the hat, a small leather cap that angled over one eye, balanced carefully on his blond pomp.

The look was complete. In the middle of the bar stood a perfect Tom of Finland cop, hyper-sexualized and over-groomed. A 1950's gay pin-up. His uniform was covered in cocks: gold phallus-shaped pins on the points of his sharp collar; penis buttons up the front; patches on his sleeves that said "Tom's Men" over an insignia of a dick with angel wings; the same insignia in silver metal on the front of his peaked leather officer's cap.

Luke had never felt sexier. The imprint of his straining codpiece was the final perfect touch to his outfit.

Colt and Kellan moaned with lust at the sight of Luke. As payment, Luke made them both roughly kiss him.

"You're gonna make so much money wearing that," Colt said.

Luke knew he was right. He was already rolling in cash just from being hot. His rent was paid with a single night of work each month and the rest was just fuck-you money. He was in the process of moving to a luxury apartment building and buying a brand new sports car. He could buy all the hair and skin products he wanted - they cost a lot, but it was worth it for his fuckin' epic hair and sexy tan. He was getting rich, like...really rich. He'd found a nerdy guy from his old MBA program to do his accounting for him, and all Luke had to do in exchange was shoot a load down the guy's throat once a month or so. Seemed like a fair deal.

Luke licked his full lips and ran his hand over the expanse of his muscled rump. He grinned. "Hey Colt, buddy, did you know I got an MBA?"

"Yeah, we all fuckin' know-"

"Master of BUFF ASS!" Luke thundered, shoving his beefy glutes toward Colt with a loud, dumb laugh.

"Fuck yeah, bro!" Colt hooted, slapping Luke's butt.

Luke arched his back and relished the attention. "Fuck yeah, dude."