

***BUFF'S CHICKEN***  
***by Aardvark***  
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Jeff Hancock drummed his fingers on the steering wheel of his Hyundai as he stared across the empty parking lot. He'd grown up in this town and he'd seen it grow fast, adding 50,000 more people in his lifetime. Businesses appeared almost overnight that he hadn't even noticed before; he would drive to work one day and suddenly spot a new breakfast joint or sports shop, only to find out it had already been there for six months. The speed of life was so different than when he'd been 17.

When he thought about it, that overwhelming speed was part of the reason he was sitting in the parking lot of Buff's Chicken. Given his role as a youth pastor, he met a lot of young people, and they had a tendency to confide in him. Landry Sims was one of those kids. He'd gone to Jeff's church years prior, but they hadn't seen each other in years until a chance encounter at Target earlier in the week. Landry was still the same upbeat guy he'd always been - albeit now in a stringy teenage body - but he'd admitted to Jeff that he wasn't sure what he was going to do with his life now that high school was ending. So, they'd set a lunch to talk more about it.

Jeff sighed and checked his watch. His break was only 45 minutes, so hopefully Landry would arrive on time and service would be fast. As one of the new businesses in town that just materialized out of the blue, Buff's Chicken was unproven as a lunch spot, but Jeff wouldn't be facing much competition for a quick sandwich if all the open parking spaces were any indicator. All he knew was that Google said Buff's was healthy, and Jeff was trying to eat better. His body was a temple, after all.

A few moments later, an old tan 4-door trundled into the parking lot, and Landry got out. Jeff turned off his car and stepped out too. He waved, and the teen waved back. "Hey, Pastor Jeff!"

"You can just call me Jeff, dude," Jeff smiled, slapping Landry's hand in an open-palm handshake. Landry's hair had grown out into a messy mop of curls that bounced as they walked toward the restaurant, and his rumpled shorts and t-shirt gave off the vibe that he'd come here straight from bed. Jeff couldn't help but feel a pang of nostalgia for his own uninhibited teenage years. He remembered the age when a lunch like this would be the only thing he had to do all day. No responsibilities sounded nice, but a steady paycheck was nice too.

"You been here before?" Landry gestured to the restaurant. "I hadn't heard of it before you suggested it."

Jeff said no, he hadn't. "It's really new," he added, looking at the gleaming white exterior and freshly painted signage. It looked like Buff's Chicken hadn't even been through a rainstorm yet. The logo on the door was spotless: a cartoonish he-man with bulging muscles proudly displayed a chicken sandwich for all to see, the word 'BUFF'S' taking center stage across his chest. "A little on-the-nose, huh," he joked to Landry as he opened the door.

Jeff and Landry stepped into the restaurant and were greeted by a blast of cool air that carried the scent of spicy chicken. The interior was sleek and modern, with chrome tables and industrial light fixtures. References to gym culture abounded: door handles shaped like dumbbells, a

'locker room' sign above the bathrooms. A slick video board above the counter depicted a flexing animated rooster alongside the menu. Jeff couldn't help but chuckle at the absurdity of it all.

Another testament to fitness stood behind the cash register. He was tall and tan and ridiculously wide, with shoulders as straight and broad as a curtain rod. The hunk looked too young to be as jacked as he was – he had big brown eyes and a perfect swoosh of black hair, with nary a whisker in sight on his chiseled jawline. Vascular arms and rippling abs bulged out of a white uniform polo that was one size too small. His name tag identified him as 'Joaquin'.

"Hey guys," he said, voice deep and warm. "Whenever you're ready."

"Juuust a second," Landry said as he stared up at the menu.

Jeff asked Joaquin how long Buff's had been open. "This is the sixth day. I think word is still getting out," Joaquin answered, looking ruefully around the empty dining room. Jeff almost responded with a joke about God creating man on the sixth day, but he couldn't land on a punchline, so he held his tongue.

Jeff and Landry ordered their food at Joaquin's recommendation – the combos were labeled 'Supersets' on the menu, and they both opted for the first one: a grilled chicken sandwich with sweet potato fries on the side. They paid Joaquin, who waved them off to have a seat at one of the tables.

They selected a booth in the corner of the restaurant, its high back providing a measure of privacy. As they settled in, Jeff shifted in his seat and asked Landry how he was doing. The initial response was predictably vague – "all good!" – but Jeff knew that Landry wanted to open up more. So he kept probing, asking questions about school and family, offering occasional commiserations when the answers were less than encouraging. Landry mentioned that he wasn't going to college yet because he didn't know what he wanted to study, and it seemed dumb to take out loans for something he wasn't passionate about.

"Everyone else seems to have it figured out," Landry said.

"I *promise* you they don't," Jeff assured him. "I have tons of these conversations every year. And even if they think they do now, things change quickly. I've seen so many kids go into college sure of what they want to do, then change their majors after two years. It's a time when you question a lot about yourself, which is why it's good to talk to other people about it and get a lot of perspectives."

"Yeah, that's true," Landry nodded. "I hadn't thought about how many people you must talk to. That makes me feel better."

"We all have God-given talents, and those are there for a reason," Jeff said. "I had no plans to be a pastor when I was your age. I started volunteering at a church so I could meet people after I moved, and it sparked this passion in helping students. I thought I'd just be helping them with their faith, but half the time we don't even talk about God!"

"That's cool," Landry said. "And you didn't want to teach?"

"Well, I specifically wanted to talk openly about God, so that was one thing. It was a faith-based calling. But I don't want to make this about me! What were your favorite classes in school?" Jeff asked. "I know all of you guys get asked this all the time, so sorry to make you repeat yourself."

"It's fine, but yeah, that's the issue. I liked marching band, but I'm not good enough to be a professional musician, and I don't want to be a teacher," Landry sighed. "I want to do something interesting, but I don't know *what's* interesting. Is that weird?"

Before Jeff could answer, Joaquin called out their names from the counter. Landry stood up and said he'd grab the two trays of food waiting for them. He walked over to the counter, and when he didn't return within a few seconds, Jeff turned his head to see Landry speaking with Joaquin. They seemed to be having a friendly conversation, their heads leaning in close together as they exchanged words. What they were talking about, he couldn't tell. But the conversation seemed congenial and familiar. Maybe they'd gone to school together, he thought.

Jeff scrolled through emails on his phone until Landry returned bearing golden-brown sandwiches and crisp sweet potato fries. They tasted as good as they smelled. After a few minutes of contented and silent eating, Jeff prodded, "So you were saying about not being sure what interests you...?"

"Oh, right," Landry said, taking a big bite of his sandwich. "These are so good. Anyway, actually, one thing that would interest me would be...uh...would be..." He chewed and swallowed, the gears in his head visibly turning. Even Landry seemed surprised to hear himself blurt out, "...would be owning a restaurant."

Jeff raised his eyebrows at the out-of-nowhere statement. "Interesting! Like being a chef?"

"Well I...I never thought about it before. I never realized that's a dream of mine, but it is..." He trailed off, thinking, and didn't keep speaking until Jeff cleared his throat. "Oh, sorry! Spaced out. I didn't mean cooking. Not even managing the place. Just owning it. I remember hearing about this guy who owned a bunch of Taco Bells and that was his business." Landry leaned back in his chair, ate a handful of fries, and shrugged. "Could be cool!"

A sudden movement down by the floor caught Jeff's eye. Startled, he whipped around thinking it was a mouse, but to his relief it was only Landry's feet sticking out from under the table. His shoes were an eclectic choice: green and white sneakers with strips of brown leather that sliced through the Nike logo. Jeff thought nothing of it until he took a bite of his food and saw another

flash of brown from the same area, which prompted him to look again. His eyes narrowed as he looked at the brown leather dress shoes on Landry's feet. No swoosh, no neon. "Were you always wearing those shoes?"

Landry was mid-chew. "Hm?"

"Your shoes. I swear I thought they were sneakers."

Landry stretched his leg out so he could see his feet. They looked way too big for his frame, like pool flippers. "Nope, always had these. I don't typically wear running shoes unless I'm working out. I just like dress shoes. They make me feel... I don't know, grown-up, I guess."

Jeff almost told Landry that white socks didn't go with dress shoes, but he didn't want to make the kid feel bad. And he was glad he didn't say it, because a moment later when he looked down, he saw Landry's socks were actually a suitable blue.

"So...owning a franchise, huh?" Jeff said, trying to steer the conversation, and his own thoughts, back to Landry's interests. "Nothing wrong with that idea. But do you have any experience in the restaurant business?"

"Not really," Landry said, his mouth full of fries. "But I could learn. I'm good with people."

"That's a good start," Jeff nodded. "Just remember that owning a business is about more than just being good with people. You need to have a business sense, know how to manage employees, and understand finances. It's a lot of work, but a lot of people thrive being their own boss."

Landry nodded and leaned back in his chair. "I know it's not something that's going to magically happen. But it came into my head just now and something about it feels really right. Suddenly it's all I can think about..." A small smile formed on his face. "Me, owning a place like this. I've never been in charge of anything. I'd like to be the boss."

Jeff could barely keep up with Landry's sudden change in temperament. In the blink of an eye, the kid switched from laid-back ambivalence to a piercing focus. It was as if an invisible hand had flicked on a switch inside him, and now he was locked onto his goal like a heat-seeking missile. Jeff listened to Landry closely, wondering where the conversation would take them. He even shifted his chair back to give Landry more room to express himself, which was how he saw the...

...actually, he wasn't sure what he was seeing.

Landry's spindly legs were stretched out under the table, and there were small threads swirling around his bare calves like an invisible spider was spinning a web. Jeff thought they were strays hanging down from the ends of Landry's shorts, but then he realized they were...multiplying?

“What is that?” he asked aloud, but Landry kept rambling about owning a restaurant and didn’t hear him.

It was only a matter of seconds before the threads had woven themselves into patches, which then sewed themselves onto Landry’s shorts and stretched longer and longer down his legs. Landry crossed and uncrossed his ankles without appearing to feel that he was now wearing a pair of odd pants—blue cotton above the knee, tan wool below.

Jeff’s mouth opened and closed as he tried to make sense of what he was seeing. Was this some kind of magic? No, magic didn’t exist, but whatever this was, he had never seen anything like it before. And it moved so quickly—in a flash, the blue in Landry’s trousers disappeared completely and a pair of tan dress pants remained.

“Your...your...” Jeff stammered, his eyes locked under the table. The material of Landry’s pants undulated like a crowd doing the wave, the trouser legs rippling outward as if a fan was blowing air up them. Jeff’s brain told him that Landry’s legs were getting bigger and thicker, but that was impossible. That didn’t happen.

“My what?” Landry asked. His expression indicated he was repeating himself.

Jeff choked out, “Your pants – shorts – changed!”

Landry cocked his head and laughed. “My pants shorts?” He stood up...and up... His legs were way too long for his torso; he looked like he was on stilts. “You’re right, I should tuck my shirt in.” He pulled the pants up to his waist, an area that no other person his age would dare wear them, then unclasped his leather belt and started to tuck his t-shirt into the waistline of the trousers. The whole time, Jeff was fixated on his legs. They were...huge, it looked like. Unnaturally big thighs that couldn’t press fully together, leaving his knees a foot apart.

Landry shuffled around as he tucked in his shirt. When he turned side profile, the sagging seat of his pants suddenly swelled out as big as a basketball, jutting an entire foot from his body. As the buttons on Landry’s back pockets burst off, Jeff exclaimed, “Is this some kind of...candid camera something?”

His lunch companion turned to face him. “What do you mean?” Landry asked. Before Jeff could respond, the flat front of Landry’s trousers - directly at Jeff’s eye level - suddenly pushed outward. Something heavy was making his fly curve, then sag. Landry’s gaze followed Jeff’s, down to his groin, where a bulge the size of a honeydew melon was protruding lewdly into the air. He blushed and mumbled an apology for his 'moose knuckle.' As he turned away to adjust himself, Jeff got a peek at the beefiest, broadest ass he’d ever laid eyes on. Landry’s butt was absolutely massive, like an adult bodybuilder had taken over half of a teenager.

"There we go, sorry," Landry said, turning back around like the problem was fixed despite his bulge being more prominent than ever. It was utterly bizarre to see half of Landry sticking out of a pair of legs that belonged on Goliath. He was shaped like a freaking Christmas tree.

Jeff's brain tried to process what he was seeing and failing miserably. He rubbed his eyes, expecting Landry to transform back to his normal self. But the reality was that Landry was not changing back. He was still standing there, with his huge thighs and massive butt, looking completely unaware of the absurdity of his appearance.

"So, do you think owning a franchise is a good idea?" Landry asked, breaking Jeff out of his thoughts.

Jeff was thunderstruck. He couldn't bring himself to answer Landry's question while the young man was standing there looking like some kind of freakish mutant. But he couldn't just sit there in silence either. He had to say something. "Uh, I don't know, Landry," Jeff finally managed to stammer out, his eyes still glued to Landry's massive thighs. "I think you might have some... bigger issues to deal with first."

"Like what?" Landry questioned curiously, as the space around him appeared to decrease. Jeff's disorientation dissipated when he realized why it seemed like the walls of the room were caving in—Landry was getting taller, his torso extending to match his legs. His shirt fought to stay tucked in as it stretched taut over his lengthening frame.

As Jeff opened his mouth to respond, Landry suddenly interjected, "Hold on just a second!" He immediately spun around and toddled off, giant thighs swinging stiffly around each other. His torso rocked back and forth like a buoy on the sea. Jeff was flooded with secondhand embarrassment as he saw Landry move toward a family that had just entered the restaurant. Their reactions were sure to be extreme once they spotted Landry, and Jeff knew he would have to help sort out what was going on.

"Hey folks! Welcome to Buff's!" Landry said, extending his hand to the family father. Jeff waited for the man to gawk, and couldn't believe it when he simply returned the handshake with no acknowledgement of Landry's unnatural appearance. As Landry exchanged small talk with the family, Jeff couldn't help but feel like he was trapped in some kind of bizarre dream. He rubbed his eyes again, trying to make sense of the situation, but when he opened them, Landry was still standing there, dwarfing all four of the people he was talking to, even the dad. The family seemed to be oblivious to how Landry looked, acting as if nothing out of the ordinary was happening.

But something out of the ordinary was continuing to happen, even if Jeff was the only one aware of it. Just as Landry's blue shorts had turned into tan slacks, white was now infiltrating his t-shirt from the bottom up, bleaching away everything in its path. It was like watching a time-lapse video in reverse. By the time Landry had finished introducing himself to the family, his shirt was completely white, devoid of any color or pattern.

Jeff couldn't hear what was being said between Landry and the family, but it seemed pleasant; at one point, Landry fished something out of his pants pocket and gave it to the family's little girl, whose face lit up. By then, Landry's t-shirt had fully morphed into a white polo shirt made from shiny polyester. It remained firmly tucked into his pants as he rested his hands on his hips and chatted with the dad while the rest of the family ordered.

The man talking to Landry didn't seem to notice that Landry was gaining weight right before his eyes. The kid's rail-thin torso was rapidly filling in. Like an empty glass being filled with water, Landry's midsection widened, then his chest, then his shoulders, growing him to a proper adult size that matched his bottom half. Jeff stood halfway out of his chair and then sat back down, unsure of what to do or say. No one was freaking out except for him, which made him doubt his own senses. But his eyes were telling him that abs were bulging out from Landry's stomach, growing so big and thick that they protruded over his belt buckle - it looked like a belly until Jeff saw the ridges outlined in Landry's polo. And Landry's hands, still resting on his hips, had doubled in size to become large and powerful with thick, rosy veins. The hands of a hardworking man. Soon his forearms were swelling, then his biceps. Jeff's position allowed him to even see Landry's triceps ballooning, pushing out from beneath his short sleeves to pack muscle onto his arms with frightening speed.

"God in Heaven..." Jeff muttered. Landry's arm was the size of the head of the man he was talking to, and it wasn't even flexed. The disproportion reminded Jeff of a gorilla's body, but since Landry's shoulder blades were already visibly shifting further apart, he had a feeling the mismatch would not last long. Jeff couldn't believe Landry's arms were still growing—they looked grotesquely large—bloating to the size of pumpkins as his shoulders broadened to twice the width of the man he was talking to. The polo stretched out across Landry's back as it thickened with brawn, seams creaking under the strain. Jeff could see every muscle group shift and expand under the fabric, like a snake shedding its skin. Landry's traps enlarged to become chunks of granite along his neck, and bulging delts slid out from beneath his sleeves. He was becoming a human tank, filling in with dense layers of muscle and raw power.

Jeff's brain continued trying to reason through what was happening. He kept returning to the idea that he was being tricked, somehow; kids loved those YouTube and TikTok pranks. Maybe Landry was in some kind of inflatable muscle suit. He'd never heard of those making you nearly a foot taller, and it wouldn't explain how his clothes had changed, but it was the only explanation he could think of that didn't involve magic.

His gaze locked onto Landry, who must have sensed the attention and mouthed that he'd be done in a second more. That was when Jeff noticed Landry's polo shirt wiggling with each breath over his sunken chest, like the foreshocks of an earthquake. With a jolt, Jeff realized Landry's chest - the last part of him that hadn't ballooned in size - was about to get bigger. He tried to gesture for Landry to come over, but Landry already returned to talking with the customer. For a moment, Jeff considered walking over to Landry and holding his pecs down so they wouldn't grow.



But it was too late for that. Landry's chest had already begun to swell, pushing out slowly, almost as if it was taunting Jeff. The muscles grew like they were bashful and needing to build their confidence—goosing slightly forward, then nudging a bit broader. As the seconds ticked by, the incremental growth was adding up. The shiny polyester fabric of his polo shirt stretched tighter as his pecs grew rounder and fuller. They bounced and twitched as they swelled to impossible size, now jutting out from his body like two enormous boulders. They pushed his shirt out even further, the buttons threatening to pop off.

Jeff still couldn't believe what he was seeing. This was beyond any prank he had ever seen before. Landry's transformation was real, and it was happening right in front of him. He watched in awe as Landry's chest continued to grow, now expanding further outward to the sides and pushing his arms out to 45-degree angles. "Stop now...stop now..." Jeff prayed.

The answer to his prayers was a resounding "no" that came in the form of Landry's polo buttons bursting open, exposing the growing magnificence of his chest. Landry's chest was now a work of art, perfectly sculpted and defined with striations that rippled with every slight movement. His pecs were so huge that they dwarfed his head, seeming to blot out the sun as they continued to grow outward. They'd taken over so much of his upper body that his chin was now resting on top of them, his neck completely obscured by their sheer size. Their weight - like two inflated basketballs strapped to his torso - forced him to stand tall and proud, holding them high as he peered out across their vast expanse. They heaved of their own accord as he shook the man's hand and turned back to face Jeff.

Jeff swallowed hard, his eyes fixed on Landry's gargantuan chest. He could barely process the sight before him--this wasn't possible. People didn't simply grow muscle like this, not to mention the fact that Landry's chest alone was now larger than a professional bodybuilder's. He tried to speak, but his mouth was dry and his tongue felt like lead. He was still trying to wrap his head around the fact that Landry had just grown into a human behemoth right before his eyes.

Landry cautiously eased down into his chair. His mammoth pecs demanded attention with every slight movement, covering half the table as he leaned over it. Bikini tops had more coverage than the polo was providing for Landry's ti--well, Jeff didn't like that word, the four-letter one starting with 't' and ending with 's', but that was what Landry had. Giant *jugs* that represented sheer size and power. Jeff knew he should look away, but he couldn't tear his eyes from the rippling muscles that seemed to pulse with life.

"Good thing these chairs are sturdy!" Landry joked as he shifted back and forth on his big butt, seemingly unaware of Jeff's internal battle. He was too busy admiring his own muscles. His bulging biceps looked like they could lift a car, and his massive forearms were covered in thick, ropey veins that pulsed with every movement. Jeff couldn't imagine what it would feel like to be held in those arms, to feel the strength of them around his body. A shiver ran down his spine as he realized that he was getting turned on by the sight of Landry's muscles. He quickly pushed the thought from his mind, feeling guilty for having it in the first place.

But then, as if sensing Jeff's arousal, Landry flexed his arm, and Jeff felt himself start to sweat. The bicep bulged outward, growing even larger than before, and Jeff could see the muscle fibers straining against the skin and a blue vein as thick as a garden hose. Landry's arm was now so thick that it looked like it could barely bend. "Pretty sick, huh?" Landry bragged.

"You're...you're...how did you..." Jeff squeaked.

"What's wrong?" Landry asked, his young face at odds with his gigantic frame.

Jeff didn't answer because he was distracted by a stain on the front of Landry's skin tight polo. He wondered if the garment was changing color again, until the shadow crept into the center of Landry's chest and curled proudly out through his open collar, culminating in an even varnish of chest hair. As the final stroke of Landry's overwhelming masculinity, his nipples pushed out dark and prominent, their size suited for showing through his shirts at all times.

"You have..." Jeff couldn't form the words, so he just pointed at the dark hair covering Landry's pecs.

Landry chuckled. "Yeah, I know. Most guys my age can't grow anything close to this," he said. "I love having a hairy chest. That's why I show it off."

"But it just...it just changed!"

"What just changed?"

"Your chest! Your *everything* changed!"

"Changed?" Landry chuckled incredulously. "Nothing's chanmmfff-" Landry's speech slurred as his jaw locked. The bone popped as the angles flared outward, bursting into an enormous block of granite. The huge jawbone jutted out like the prow of a warship, the perfect complement to his massive muscles. Landry flexed his jaw muscles, making it bulge even larger. Jeff could see every muscle fiber rippling in an assertion of Landry's manliness.

Jeff's eyes widened as he watched the bones in Landry's face shift and contort, reshaping themselves into something that looked more suited for a statue than a human being. "Nothing's changed," Landry insisted, the last word dropping in pitch as his browbone pushed out, which in turn shoved his hairline back two inches. His eyes fluttered shut as his temples broadened, giving his face a square shape. "I don't know what you're talking about, Jeff," he said, as his long shaggy hair began to shrink into his scalp, revealing more of his receded hairline. Lines carved themselves across his forehead and into his cheeks, wiping away his boyishness.

"Are you doing this? Is this a joke?!"

"Is what a joke?" Landry responded, his eyelids still closed as his face continued to harden. Bristly stubble coated his jaw and began to thicken around his mouth, while fine wrinkles webbed out around his eyes. He looked older than Jeff now—a middle-aged man—and he sounded like one too as he said "I'm not doing anything" in a deep, rough bass that matched the rugged power of his features.

Jeff's heart was pounding in his chest. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. A handsome stranger sat in Landry's place. The man's eyes were open now, a pair of steely gray irises that scanned Jeff intently. He clenched his iron jaw, the angles bulging out from his 20-inch neck. "What's the matter, Jeff? You look like you've seen a ghost."

"Are you...still Landry?" Jeff asked.

Landry's deep laugh reverberated through the restaurant. "Of course I'm still Landry! What do you mean by that? What's all this about?" He smiled, revealing whiter and straighter teeth than he'd had before, and that was when Jeff realized Landry had a full goatee around his mouth. The trim whiskers emphasized the angles of his jaw and blockiness of his chin, as did the new salt-and-pepper flattop that had taken the place of his teenage mop. "You high or something, Jeff? I know you kids sometimes get up to stuff."

Jeff balked at the giant man in front of him. Landry looked like the Terminator had combined with G.I. Joe and done HGH for two decades. "I'm not high," he said, frantically trying to piece together a plan to get out of this situation. Was he going to have to call Landry's family...or the police... "How old are you?"

"Me? I'm 17."

"You don't look 17."

"Well I am. See for yourself." Landry pulled his wallet out and chucked it across the table. Jeff opened it and saw Landry's new face looking sternly back at him, clean-shaven but otherwise the same. His height was listed as 6'5. His birthday started with a '19.'

Jeff did some quick math in his head. "This says you're 48."

"Yeah, like I said, I'm 48."

"But you just said—" Jeff happened to catch the name. "*Lance?!*"

"Lance Walton Foster. 48 years old. Organ Donor. And an Aries if you were curious about that." Lance chuckled as he reached out and snatched his wallet back. As Jeff watched him tuck it away, he noticed the emblem on Lance's shirt: the Buff's Chicken logo, stretched out across his monster left pec.

The pieces began to fall into place in Jeff's mind. He looked behind himself at the family, now seated, then back at Lance. "You were greeting them because...do you *own* this place?"

Lance smiled proudly. "Lucky number seven! Gotta make sure the customers feel welcome. It goes with the territory when you run a business like this. We just opened, so I need to be sure everything is running well." He arched an eyebrow as he looked behind the counter. "And that the employees are behaving."

"You own *seven* of these? But how is that..." Jeff trailed off, realizing that it was entirely reasonable for a 48-year-old man to own a restaurant. His mind reeled with questions. How had Lance transformed from a normal teenager into a middle-aged restaurant mogul right before his eyes? Was this some kind of bizarre manifestation of the butterfly effect, a glitch in the matrix? Or had he just witnessed a miracle? It all seemed too surreal. But there was something in Lance's eyes that made Jeff believe every word he was saying.

Lance kept talking as he took bites of his sandwich. "I don't know what you're so surprised about. I've been in the restaurant business for thirty years. I started young, but I've been successful enough to keep opening more and more locations. You're looking at a self-made man, Jeff." His pecs bounced up and down. As Jeff stared at Lance's chest, he wondered if Lance realized he'd even flexed it. Those nipples...they were like gumdrops under Lance's polo shirt. Candy waiting to be sucked on. They were so big, and they stuck out so far. They had to be super sensitive. Bodybuilder daddies like Lance always had huge, sensitive nipples.

"Jeff?"

Jeff jumped. "Huh?!"

"My eyes are up here, kid," Lance joked as he bounced his giant tits again. He grinned when Jeff blushed. "I'm just busting your balls. You looked lost in thought."

"I was thinking just, uh...sorry, my head is all mixed up today. I'm gonna run to the restroom." Anxiety made his steps tentative and shaky as he walked toward the tile LOCKER ROOM sign. He didn't actually need to pee. He just needed to not be looking at Lance for a moment while he tried to figure out what to do next. The sight of those arms made it impossible to think straight.

Jeff had his hand on the men's room door when it flew open from the other side. He leapt back as Joaquin walked through. "My bad bro!" Joaquin said. "Didn't hit you did I?"

"No, no, all good." Jeff paused, and right before Joaquin walked away, he decided to ask: "Did you see anything weird happen out there just now?"

"Out in the dining room? No, did I miss somethin'?"

"The guy I walked in with changed."

"Oh, that's not weird. Lance always keeps clothes in the back in case he swings by after the gym." Joaquin leaned in, lowering his voice to a whisper. "Sometimes he changes with the door cracked a little bit, and I see him with his shirt off...it's so hot, bro. His chest is so hairy and it's out to here." Joaquin cupped his hands a foot away from his own impressive pecs. "I love watching him struggle to pull his polo over his head. He's so freaking huge and it gets me so hard. Gets you hard too, huh?"

Jeff reeled. "What? No! Why are you talking about—"

"You're hard right now," Joaquin smiled. "Or is that because you're looking at me?"

"I can't, uh..." Jeff covered his crotch and tried to gather himself. "This is all so weird, I don't know what's going on here but I shouldn't be a part of it."

"Dude, you're looking so jacked," Joaquin said. "Lemme see those guns."

"Are you even listening to me?" Jeff said irritably, as he raised his arms and flexed for Joaquin. The young hunk groped his own crotch as he stared at Jeff's left bicep. He leaned forward and kissed it as Jeff kept talking. "I'm trying to tell you something, Joaquin!"

"Sorry, it's hard to listen when I'm looking at someone as hot as you. C'mere." In one smooth move, Joaquin clapped his hand on the back of Jeff's neck and pulled him into the bathroom. His tongue was down Jeff's throat before Jeff could even react. And he was strong, shoving his big muscles up against Jeff's body and holding him tight. It made Jeff kiss back because he had no other option. He'd never kissed a guy before. There were a couple girls back in seminary, but it was chaste; gentle. Kissing Joaquin was neither of those things. It was rough and aggressive. It was manly.

They came up for air. Joaquin pinned Jeff against the wall as Jeff choked out, "I'm not- I'm n-not-" He wanted to say 'not gay' but it wasn't coming out. He was panicking. The day was already so strange with Lance transforming before his eyes, and now Joaquin was coming onto him, and if a youth pastor got caught doing this he'd be a pariah—

"You gotta pose for me," Joaquin panted, humping against Jeff. "I gotta see those muscles in action. Your body is just...*fuuuuck*..."

Jeff put his fists on his hips and hit a front lat spread. "I'm not gonna pose for you! I don't even work out! This is all wrong!"

Joaquin continued to speak in a whisper that crackled with electricity. "Please dude," he said softly. "You're so hot. I've been waiting for this chance with you for so long."

Jeff stood there transfixed for what felt like hours, until finally he shook himself out of it and stepped away from Joaquin's embrace. "No," he mumbled under his breath, more to himself than anyone else in the room. "I'm not hot...I'm not this kind of guy." But even as Jeff said the words, he found himself wanting more; wanting to succumb to this feeling of forbidden pleasure that had taken over him so suddenly. He'd never felt so sensual...and so desired...it was really turning him on...

"Not hot?!" Joaquin dragged Jeff in front of the bathroom mirror. "You're SEX! We gotta do something about your dystopia, man."

"Do you mean...dysmorphia?"

"Whatever, I'm a bodybuilder, not a fucking English major." Joaquin's dumb bro laugh backed up this statement.

"This is still so wrong," Jeff said weakly. "I don't get what's going on-"

"You're just saying that because you don't know how good it feels to be touched like this." Joaquin cupped Jeff's crotch and squeezed. To Jeff's horror, his cock began to swell as he felt that first spark of pleasure. Joaquin ran his hands up and down Jeff's body, admiring it. "I could kiss every inch of you," he said. "Maybe I will. Maybe we'll have to fuck a few times just to make sure I've gotten to every part."

Jeff was breathing heavily now. "I can't do this," he said, even weaker. Joaquin clearly didn't believe him.

"Yes you can, bro, c'mon. You built this body to show it off didn't you? Every time I look at this ass I wanna see all of it. Can I just..." Joaquin pushed down on Jeff's waistband, moving it just enough to see: "Oh fuck yeah, I love guys who wear jocks."

"I'm not wearing a-" Jeff felt his hard dick pushing against the stretchy pouch of his jockstrap. He hadn't worn a jock in his life. How was there one on him now...? "What's happening to me, bro?" he mumbled.

"Just trust me," Joaquin whispered, pulling on the hem of Jeff's shirt. He moved it up a bit, sliding his hand across Jeff's untoned belly. "Fuck, these abs! Flex them for me!"

Joaquin's excitement made Jeff try. He liked ice cream and pizza too much to ever have abs. But he did feel something crunch against Joaquin's hand. The muscles beneath the pudge were waking up from a long nap. The fat seemed to melt away, like a rapid wildfire consuming everything but taut, rigid muscle. "I just...I don't know if I'm ready for this!"

"You are," Joaquin said, as he started to kiss Jeff's neck. "You're the most ripped guy at the gym. Fuck, I wanna see you shirtless, showing off for me."

"N-no, no, I can't do that," Jeff said, but he felt his cock getting hard inside his jock. He shifted his weight and cocked his hips, rolling his body against Joaquin's. His reflection looked leaner and sexier.

"I don't get it bro. You're such a huge cocky stud and I finally get you alone and NOW you decide to get all shy," Joaquin said. "Is it me? Am I not hot enough for you?"

"No! You're so hot. You're so fucking hot," Jeff moaned. He hadn't meant to swear. It just slipped out. He was distracted by his arms bulging against his sleeves and his pants struggling to stay up around his narrowing waist. He had to hold onto his belt to keep himself covered, until he felt a swell in his thighs pushing against his pant legs. Joaquin's bulging crotch was grinding between Jeff's ass cheeks, and it kept sinking deeper between them, like his butt was expanding. "UNH-"

Jeff's loud moan was cut off by Joaquin mashing their mouths together to quiet him down. Jeff went limp in Joaquin's chiseled arms, his resistance fading. It couldn't be *bad* to be beautiful, could it? His body was a temple, after all...it would be a sin to NOT take care of it...maybe kissing another man wasn't so good, but God made men, and he made them gorgeous. Jeff just wanted to celebrate a creation of God. He wanted to touch Joaquin, pleasure him, but also impress him. And to impress him, he needed to be bigger. A true Adonis.

Jeff pushed back against Joaquin's big cock. He heard a zipper being pulled down, and felt the fat pouch of Joaquin's jockstrap thump against his bare ass. He heard Joaquin rip off his shirt, and felt a muscular forearm wrap around his head, pulling him in close.

"Fuck, this is hot," Joaquin said into Jeff's neck. He pulled one of Jeff's arms up, and felt the ripped bicep bulge in his hand. He started massaging Jeff's chest, pinching at his nipples through his shirt. Jeff just stared in the mirror, wondering when he'd become somewhat attractive. He'd always been so average, the kind of guy whose entire beauty regimen consisted of brushing his teeth. But he looked...*pretty*. His jawline was visible, his eyes looked bluer, his hair was lustrous and thick. Pre-cum soaked his jock, slicking up the webbed cotton. The feeling of gushing manliness made him so horny that his toes curled and his vision clouded.

He sprouted taller with a happy grunt. Seams tore open across his expanding body, as his shoulders broadened and muscles bulged into view across his back. Joaquin's hands roamed all over Jeff's changing form, feeling the tightness of new muscles and exploring the curves of Jeff's pecs. It was a fresh experience to be touched this way by another man, but it felt incredible. A warmth spread from head to toe as his cock stiffened thanks to Joaquin's attention. Bigger testicles pumped more testosterone throughout his body, filling him with strength and energy. His face exuded radiance, looking poreless and velvety – almost like he was wearing makeup.

Joaquin's hands were a blur as he explored every inch of Jeff's newly expanded body. His fingers roved over the fullness of Jeff's biceps, the definition of his abs and the rounded curves of his buttocks. Heat radiated from Jeff's tan skin as his pleasure grew stronger with each touch.

Jeff was caught in the throes of ecstasy, hot breath pushing out of his lungs as he panted heavily. The way he was moving made him blush, but he couldn't stop. He was bucking his body and moaning like a porn star, with a fuck-me expression on his pretty face. His full pink lips smacked together with lustful abandon, briefly breaking into a dashing white smile. The pleasure that coursed through him was almost unbearable. He cried out as wave after wave of ecstasy crashed over him, each one bulking him bigger. His shredded 8-pack was a north star to how big he was getting; it never expanded, even as his chest broadened and his legs blew up with mass.

"You've got that X-shape I want so bad," Joaquin marveled. "You're such a fucking stud."

"Yeah, I'm a fuckin' stud," Jeff said, chuckling from the shock of hearing himself say it. But he repeated, "I'm a stud," over and over, breathless and moaning.

"Pose for me," Joaquin said, backing up to give Jeff room.

"Only if you say please." Jeff's voice was deep and sultry. He'd never heard himself sound like that. "You don't get to tell me what to do. You ask, and I do what I want."

"Fuck yeah," Joaquin said. "Please pose for me. Please...I gotta see it."

"I like it when you beg." Jeff clenched his chiseled jaw and slowly waved his hands in the air, a jiu-jitsu type of motion that immediately demanded Joaquin's full attention. He slowly curled his right hand's fingers around his left forearm and popped his hips to the side in a movement so fluid and practiced that it barely looked like a pose at all. But then he hit the full glory of his side chest, blowing his shirt sleeve apart and shredding the fabric over his pecs.

Joaquin just kept muttering "fuck yeah bro...fuck yeah bro..." over and over while he massaged his bulge. Jeff zoned out, focusing on the grace of his movements and the power in his muscles. He was getting steadily, visibly bigger with each pose: seams popping, zippers bursting, veins bulging.

His cock wriggled free from his jock, stretching longer and harder the more he peacocked, and it reminded him of how wrong this was. But he couldn't stop, nor did he want to. He needed to be bigger than Joaquin; needed giant sexy muscles to pair with his sexy face. He felt so cocky, he couldn't remember how it felt to be humble...or why he'd want to be.

Jeff nailed a front double bicep, swinging his leg out and unleashing the full glory of his bleached white smile. His muscles exploded in size, bursting from his clothes with such force that he sent fabric raining down around the bathroom. His broad chest heaved outward into a



firm shelf of muscle, while veins ran across his arms like wriggling snakes. He crunched his 8-pack abs inward, turning them into a brick road pointing towards his impressive manhood, which he couldn't see over the projection of his chest.

Joaquin couldn't take it anymore. He threw himself at Jeff's feet and gobbled his cock like a starving man. Every time his tongue flicked against the head, Jeff groaned deep in pleasure. Joaquin moaned back in pure ecstasy—like this moment was the most beautiful thing he had ever experienced.

Jeff laughed triumphantly and kept posing, goading his frame to grow into a slab of aesthetic mass. His muscles bulged and flexed with every pose, veins thriving under the strain of the movement. He kept up the jiu-jitsu style poses and let out an animalistic grunt with each one, basking in how powerful he felt as Joaquin licked eagerly at him from below. He loved feeling his balls slap against Joaquin's chin as he posed, and hearing him moan in pleasure that Jeff didn't even have to actively give. The mere act of existing in this form was enough to make grown men cream themselves with lust. Atop his mountainous, magnificent body was a cocky jock's sneer. His eyebrows were shaped into masculine arches; diamond studs adorned his earlobes. He was every guy he'd ever wanted to be in school, but grown up, with a thick sheet of stubble on his he-man jaw.

"You like that? You fuckin' like that?" Jeff thrust harder into Joaquin's mouth. He was so turned on he felt like he could explode at any moment. He could feel the semen boiling in his testicles, waiting for release. He swelled bigger and bigger as Joaquin kept sucking him off, his head flipping back and forth as he moaned in pure ecstasy. He started calling out in a sultry voice he'd never used before. "Yeah, yeah, suck my cock. I'm your daddy now. I'm gonna fuck your throat. I'm a fuckin' stud. You like that? I'm a stud. I'm a big fucking muscle jock stud."

He kept getting bigger and bigger. Even the groin muscles bulging out around his jock were powerful; they looked like they were going to force his legs apart. He flexed and posed with such force that he was exhausting himself, but he couldn't stop. He was a solid slab of muscle, with rounded pecs and staggering biceps hanging off his frame. His skin glowed with masculine radiance, his muscles bulged with masterful precision, and his cock was so big, so hard, and so ready to explode that it was all he could think about. Sweat formed a shallow pond around his feet. He bragged about how hard he was getting, and how much bigger and harder he was going to get. He couldn't hear anything over the sound of his own cocky voice. "Fuck yeah," he said, his tone husky. "I'm huge. Look at me. I'm a big fucking muscle god. I'm a beast."

"Fuck yeah bro," Joaquin agreed between slurps. Jeff loved looking down at Joaquin, this big sexy jock boy going absolutely feral for his dick. The look in Joaquin's eyes was one of pure masculine lust. He got Jeff's knees buckling, the big bodybuilder's fingers digging into his hair.

And then, with one final thrust, Jeff felt it; that release of pressure that signaled the beginning of an orgasm. He threw his head back and roared in masculine ecstasy, pumping explosive jets of

jizz down Joaquin's throat. His muscles flexed in a glorious display of explosive masculinity as he pumped cum all over his jock boy's face.

The big classic bodybuilder helped Joaquin up and kissed him hard, tasting himself on the young man's tongue. "We gotta do this again sometime," he rumbled.

"Any time. Please..." Joaquin said, a lovesick puppy. He gathered the articles of clothing scattered around the bathroom and helped dress the bigger man: a pair of red athletic shorts that reached to mid-thigh, showcasing the tangled root-like mass of his twisting leg muscles, and a grey tank top with the Buff's logo stretching obscenely across the giant boulders on his chest.

The two hunks opened the bathroom door casually, but they were already busted: Lance stood in the hallway with his arms crossed and a terrifying scowl on his face. "You fellas have fun in there? I had to stand guard to make sure no customers went in. Figured it'd be a bigger scene if I busted you two up. Joaquin, back to the register. And Jett, you should really know better."

"Sorry Coach," Jett said sheepishly, running a hand over his trendy undercut. "We got carried away."

"Joaquin's just a horny kid. You're four years older than him, you can't be doing shit like that in my restaurant."

"I know. My bad, Coach, honest." Jett felt bad. He was such a fucking slut sometimes.

"Don't think I'm too scared to drop your ass as a client. You can do your own prep for Nationals if you wanna keep fuckin' around."

Jett's jocky face contorted with panic. "Coach, I'm sorry! Really! I won't do it again!"

"Okay. I believe you," Lance said, lowering his voice to nearly inhuman levels. He put his hands on his hips and flared his titanic chest out, a spray of chest hair emerging from his polo. "I try to get some free promo for this place out of you, and you get one of my employees to blow you instead. Serves me right." He swatted Jett's big butt. "Could you have picked shorter shorts? Christ alive, kid."

"When people come to see a Classic Pro, they wanna see all of me," Jett smirked. He snapped the top of his jockstrap Lance's way. "What time did we post that people could come see me?"

Lance checked the watch nestled in his arm hair. "Starting in about ten minutes. I was feeling guilty about trotting you out like a showpony, but now you owe me two hours of all the selfies and autographs you can handle."

"I'm all pumped and ready," Jett smirked, bouncing his big pecs until his tank top nearly burst. He loved when people fawned over him. It showed in his posing: he was all about performance and attention. He swaggered back out into the restaurant dining room like it was the Olympia stage.

Lance watched him with a rueful chuckle. "Gotta keep these damn kids in line, Foster," he mumbled to himself. Mentorship was tough sometimes.