

Spencer felt a little self-conscious about the pictures being taken and the footage that had been gathered so far, but that was part of the deal. He still felt a bit self-conscious about it all, being *seen* like this. Glasses, scruffy facial hair, a little overweight – all of it was *definitely* just him being too critical of himself but with cameras around it was just happening anyway. Even knowing he'd gone to great lengths to get his best 'beach formal' look going clothes-wise and paying for a haircut didn't silence the irrational concern. Spencer tried to smile through it anyway.

“Alright, make it through the whole night without leaving and it's just.. mine? For real.”

The guy who was hosting the challenge had one of those 'TV' smiles on, or maybe it was more of a Youtube or Tiktok smile now. The kind that absolutely went no deeper than the skin and made Spencer a bit nervous.

“Yup! Who has time to do twenty-four hours, seriously? We have spare vans and people need content! We'll be back tomorrow, around uh... Noon-ish, probably. Good luck buddy!”

With the door shutting after that, Spencer found himself sealed inside. He *-could-* leave if he really had to, but.. free van? It still felt a bit too easy. The boardwalk had some fabulous options for food and entertainment and the like, spending the night in the van would be *easy*. Staying here would be easy, comfortable even.

“..Really comfortable. Man, this is roomier than I thought it would be?”

Spencer tested the bed a bit, squishing the mattress that occupied a lot of the back of the van and finding it just right. It had a compartment for clothing too, and power outlets. Those would even work for small cooling or heating devices, maybe a hot plate? At least a toaster. Even just a few minutes into the challenge Spencer was seeing how this could really work.

“I mean.. why do people have such a problem with this kind of lifestyle anyway? I've always been *fine* out here. Err.. would be fine. I-”

A buzzing warmth saturated Spencer's body, and crept into his thoughts too. It wasn't uncomfortable, far from it. The odd feeling did make concentrating a bit on the impossible side though. Spencer exhaled and tried to gather his thoughts, tried to remember what he'd been thinking about.. and why it was so hot. Spencer crawled over to the windows and opened them.

“..Man, okay that might be a.. a thing. I think this van has A/C but like.. maybe I should take it easy on that? I can just dress, uh-”

A quick tug on his shirt left Spencer pausing again. Something just *felt* wrong? But he

couldn't put his finger on it. Spencer tugged on his shirt – rather, on the vaguely sweaty white tank top he was in. That shirt and the gray sweat shorts he was in felt like they weren't what he was *supposed* to be seeing on himself, and yet..

“..I mean.. gotta dress for beach heat, right? It's not *that* warm yet.”

Spencer checked the hamper compartment on the van looking for.. something. Something nicer than what he was wearing. Nothing was in there to be found though, which.. Why would there be? Leaning back on the mattress, Spencer stared up at the ceiling of the van and took a slow, relaxing breath.. Then reached over for his phone to turn on some music.

This was going to be fine. Sure, it was fixing to be a lazy night alone in the van, but those were some of the best nights. Spencer could picture them perfectly, like he'd lived through dozens already. It was a special kind of relaxing, cut off and in one's own private little box. Spencer folded his hands over his belly, that soft pudgy swell under the tank top, feeling it rise and fall. Everything felt.. loose inside, tingly too, drifting like he was floating away. And yet some tiny part of Spencer insisted on feeling anxious for.. reasons?

It was a bit like an itch in his mind that he couldn't reach. Spencer ran his hand over his hair as more of a nervous tic than anything, but it ended up making the situation worse as he felt his hairline in the wrong place. It was further back..? Lifting his head to get a look in the window as it was close enough to a mirror right now he saw just what he felt – his hairline was.. Well, it had been receding for a while, hadn't it? Letting his hair grow past his shoulders had been happening for a while too. Spencer wasn't the sort to go in for a comb over or anything, it just.. It felt like it had the right feel to it. You were supposed to let go a bit and relax as you got older, right?

A quick poke at his fat midsection was all it took to cement that Spencer had definitely been doing just that. He rolled over a bit, looking back at his reflection again. Overweight, hairline halfway back, plus he had some serious stubble going on. Spencer squinted at himself a bit and tried to get around that nagging feeling of something being off.. He looked *fine*. Yeah, the receding hair sucked a bit, but what was left still looked great.

“Yeah.. yeah! Not like that many guys my age have hair this good to begin with. So what if it's not.. ya know, evenly distributed?”

Having a quick grin at his own reflection, Spencer lays back down and wiggles a bit to get comfortable. Having some heft to slosh back and forth in the process just added a bit more fun to

the moment. Enough of it that, after a second jiggle or two, Spencer found himself feeling at-home enough to let one of his hands crawl down his shorts. Just a moment or two of digging around, nudging things out of the way. Then a little twitch as the first over-sensitive moment gives way to a long, relaxed exhale while all of Spencer's tension started to melt.

A nice, slow jerk kept that little anxious spot in the back of Spencer's mind quiet. It made the whole chilling in the van and enjoying the atmosphere as the sun went down and things cooled off thing that much sweeter. Once he was tugging and stroking, feeling little washes of pleasure sweep over his nerves, there was no more room left for being concerned with the changes he was only *kind of* noticing.

It didn't spoil anything when Spencer's hair crept a bit further backward minute by minute. Sometimes he was pretty sure he felt or saw loose strands of it falling free and gathering behind his head as he squirmed during the *particularly* good moments but those didn't linger either. By the next time he would've noticed them they were gone, and why shouldn't they be? His hair had limited to just the back of his head for a good long while now.

Years, in fact. At least he hadn't gone gray. Spencer turned his head so he could get his long hair out from under him, with it hanging well down his back it could get pinched on nights like this. After he had that out of the way there was just an errant itch or two to take care of, particularly around the beard. Spencer dug his fingers into the wiry hair there and sated that one last irritation before he could *really* finish himself off.

It didn't take long after that. Spencer got a hand towel ready and kept stroking, muttering quietly to himself as the van rocked gently back and forth. Maybe he felt a little strange, a little heavier by the moment, a little more like his bones were creaking along with the suspension, but that didn't spoil it any. It was still a beautiful, blissful moment when he finally came and sank back into that long, sprawling moment of perfection at the end. Catching everything so as not to make a mess of his van, Spencer let the aftershocks run their course while he drifted a bit, and finally rolled over to let the snug, familiar confines of the van ease him off to sleep.

Spencer's dreams got a bit strange on him after that. Stretches of time that felt like *deja vu* happening for something he'd never done before, images of himself but.. not, covered in white fur and with little horns, and not quite so old, heavy, or.. It was a bit disquieting. Spencer wasn't sure if it was exactly a *nightmare* per se but there was still a sense of relief when he woke up.

Granted, it would've been nicer to wake to something other than someone knocking on the back door of the van loudly. Spencer was still jarred awake, snapping his eyes open and gasping quietly, realizing sluggishly that his shorts were around his ankles still. Spencer had to clean up quickly, tucking the hand towel away in the hamper and hitting his hands with a bit of sanitizer while he had the chance.

“One sec! Just woke up, cripes.. You don't have to be so loud about things..”

Spencer could tell there were two people out there, and that they were muttering. Or.. no, they were talking clearly, just not to him? One of the 'visitors' was addressing the other and the other looked like they were holding their phone up or something.

It took a second to get up, Spencer's bones didn't want to move that fast this early, but he got there eventually. A quick look at himself in the window left him squinting and grunting, then reaching for a comb to get the long locks hanging across his back untangled while he straightened his beard a little. Sure, it was a little vain, but.. Well, no reason not to look good still at his age, right?

After the quick once over Spencer shuffled up to the back door of the van and unlatched it, opening it to see.. No, they didn't look familiar really. Some small part of Spencer thought the young but kind of *fake* looking man had for a moment, but it had passed.

“Hey buddy! Looking good, and you made it all night too! So the van's yours! Congratulations on that man!”

Spencer blinked slowly. The man doing the talking didn't even wait for him to respond, he just turned right back to the camera and kept talking about.. something? It was a bit maddening trying to figure out *what* given how nonsensical it all was. That van was *his* after all. Spencer, after a few more seconds and one weird glance exchanged with the 'camera' guy holding the phone, eventually shrugged and tugged the doors back closed so he could get back to his privacy.

“Man, that was *weird*. Why would someone wake me up for that anyway?”

Shifting his bulky frame further into the van, Spencer eased himself up around into the driver's seat and turned the music up. The A/C slowly kicking in started to make the inside of the van that much more comfortable, and after a minute or so the worst of the tension that rude awakening had caused was starting to dissipate. It was still on Spencer's mind, though-

“..I think maybe I need to find somewhere else to park this thing tomorrow. Wouldn't want that guy coming back with any more surprises for me.”