

BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT
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Teagan Malone had just packed a bowl when his stepfather barged into his room like he owned the place. Which, technically, he did. He took one whiff of the room, grabbed a bottle of Febreze sitting on Teagan's nightstand, and unloaded it into the air. "None of that shit right now, remember we have to be out of the house in ten minutes?"

Teagan affixed his permanently pink-eyed gaze on the intruder. "We do?"

"Jesus, Teag, do you ever listen to your mom? She told you *this morning* we had a viewing at 3pm. We saw you nod!"

Teagan blinked and looked at his disheveled bed. "That was *this morning*?" Man, he could nap like nobody's business. The discussion with his mom felt like it happened days ago. He'd woken up thinking the viewing was already over.

Oh, who was he kidding...he'd never given the viewing an ounce of thought.

"Where should I go?" Teagan asked, synapses not quite firing.

"You're a big boy. Get your backpack and go get a coffee or something, it's only an hour. And for God's sake, put all the weed shit away." The door slammed shut.

Teagan sighed and dumped his paraphernalia into the one drawer he had that locked. It was dumb that you had to pretend the house was vacant for a house viewing. *Obviously* people lived there. But fighting never did shit, so he grabbed his bag and skateboard and rolled over to his buddy Milo's house, summoning him with a rap on his bedroom window.

The window opened and Milo's rumpled head poked out, eyes just as glazed as Teagan's. "Yo."

"Wanna skate?"

"Like...now?"

"Yeah now. My parents made me leave because someone's coming to view the house. So now I just need something to do."

Milo went limp in the window frame. "But I'm sleeeeeepy."

"You texted me-" Teagan said as he scrolled through his message history with Milo, "less than two hours ago saying we should go to Buford."

"I was an entirely different person back then," Milo joked to Teagan's blank stare. "Okay, okay, fine, let me get my stuff."

Buford Skate Park was like Milo and Teagan's second home. Sometimes they speculated they'd spent more time there than at school. It was definitely the go-to spot when they were cutting class. They'd skateboard over to McDonald's, lay waste to the dollar menu, then head to Buford to burn off all the calories and then some. Each day was just like the next, melting into one long, happy memory that comprised their entire teenage years.

But those were coming to a close now, and Buford seemed to be as well. The crowds of floppy-haired teenage boys were now winnowed down to a small handful of regulars, as everyone else moved out of town or aged out of being able to skate every afternoon. Everyone else Milo and Teagan's age was at college; the older crowd they'd come up with all had jobs, while everyone younger used the newer park on the other side of town. Buford needed money that no one was willing to give. It was covered in graffiti that always got replaced as soon as it was painted over. Whichever crowd was responsible for that also had to be the cause of the rules sign being repeatedly stolen.

Milo and Teagan navigated the cracked ramps and bumpy asphalt with the ease that comes from daily practice, but most didn't know Buford as well as they. They'd seen many a kid wipe out thanks to the uneven surfaces, and those kids usually didn't return. But Milo and Teagan could never be dissuaded. In fact, it was somewhat nice to have the crowds thin out. It made for so much more space and a lot less pressure. They could hone their tricks without constantly worrying about impressing an audience.

"You have a hair tie?" Milo asked, and Teagan removed one off his wrist and handed it over. Milo bundled his pounds of sandy blond curls above his head and tied it back. "Dad's on my case to cut it all off so I can get a job."

"Doesn't he know jobs drug test?" Teagan teased.

"They'd probably pee in the cup for me at this point, just to get me out of the house."

Teagan laughed. "I think my folks would too. They don't bug me much though. At least I saved 'em money by skipping college."

"Yeah, 'cause weed isn't a major."

Teagan swiped at Milo for this jab, but Milo took off on his board with a hoot and a middle finger. Teagan rolled his eyes and grinned, but didn't pursue - he needed to re-tie his laces anyway. Once he'd done that, he put his headphones in and followed Milo's lead practicing rail grinds. They'd been doing them for years at this point, but with the rails beginning to warp from years of wear and bad weather, nature had its way of keeping them on their toes. They couldn't rely on muscle memory in a park like Buford. Every time they went, there was a new crack to navigate or a new missing screw.

They flew around the perimeter of the park for fifteen minutes, rock music blaring into their earbuds, no interaction save for a passing grin when they zoomed near each other. Teagan stopped for a moment to hydrate - it was truly a miracle that Buford's water fountain still functioned - then went to work on his shuivits. He'd never quite mastered them.

Yards away, Milo was trying out combinations for TikTok, since the light was good for filming at the moment. He executed a manual - a trick he'd done thousands of times - but he spent an extra millisecond checking to make sure his phone was still propped up, and the distraction made him fall. His board shot forward at the same time Teagan wiped out on a shuvit and sent his own skateboard careening toward the center of the park.

The boards rolled toward each other as if magnetized, maintaining speed long after it should've been lost. From their positions on the ground, Milo and Teagan both thought it was strange how the skateboards navigated the bumpy surface with far greater ease on their own than with a rider. The collision course came to its natural end when the boards hit each other, flipping into the air with a loud crack that echoed through the skate park. But instead of crashing down, the boards both continued to bounce around like popcorn on top of a hot stove.

"Huh..." Teagan blinked, wondering why his skateboard looked like it was dancing, and then he noticed - to his despair - that it was broken. Or breaking. He couldn't quite tell. Milo's was doing the same thing. It almost looked like they were melting. The boards were folding in half like tacos, and the wheels flipped up to the top of the fold and fused together.

Teagan and Milo both stood, extremely confused. Their boards continued their eerie, hypnotic dance, flattening and melting into rectangles, topped with handles that were once wheels. The plywood gleamed in the afternoon sunlight, taking on a new texture - and color, it looked like. Milo's was black now, and Teagan's was brown. Something on top caught the light and gleamed. It looked like gold.

The whirling dervish of their former skateboards accelerated in a mad frenzy, and then without warning, they both crashed upright onto the ground as if placed by an invisible set of hands. Milo and Teagan wordlessly approached, stupefied, until they stood a foot apart and looked down.

"They're...briefcases," Milo said.

"Why are they briefcases?" Teagan muttered.

Milo's black briefcase was sleek and simple, made from polished black leather with a single silver clasp in the center. Teagan's was elegant brown leather with two gold buckles on top. Each had square leather handles standing upright, waiting to be grasped.

So, they bent down and grasped them.

Teagan and Milo straightened up, each clutching their former skateboard in their right hand. They looked at each other vacantly, and curiously. Neither mentioned the erections that sprang up in their shorts, even after they looked down at their briefcases and couldn't have missed the pitched tents. They both chuckled nervously - confusedly - at how silly they felt, and how strange the situation was.

Any bystander would have found it even odder than Milo and Teagan did. Two 19-year-old burnouts standing in the middle of the skate park, staring at each other in dazed silence for a solid minute, boners raging. All they heard was their own breathing, the light breeze trailing by, and a slight ringing in their ears. They both felt high as kites, clued into their senses but absent of thought.

Teagan spoke first. "I...like holding this."

"Me too." A relieved smile made its way to Milo's face.

"My...my...briefcase," Teagan sputtered, eyes fluttering open and closed like he was a malfunctioning robot.

"What do guys like us do with briefcases?" Milo wondered aloud. They pondered this for several moments. "Work, maybe?"

"Yeah...well, we can't skate with them."

"Maybe we don't skate anymore," Milo said, looking down at the briefcase in his grip. "Maybe we, uh..."

"...have jobs?" Teagan said. "I don't know what I'd do, man...I always get distracted whenever I try to work on stuff. But I do like having a briefcase."

Their erections had not abated, and now their nipples were rock hard and pointing through their t-shirts. Both youths kept looking down at their briefcases, every glance deepening their love for the beautiful leather and metallic accents. "We just need to not get distracted anymore," Milo said.

"Yeah," Teagan agreed. "We have to stop skating."

"That's hard," Milo said.

Teagan nodded. They both knew it would be hard. They loved to skate. But how could you skate holding a briefcase? It didn't make sense. Plus, they didn't have skateboards anymore. "We could..." Teagan said out loud, trying to parse his muddled thoughts into something that made sense. "We could...get rid of the skate park."

Milo's eyebrows raised. "Get rid of it?"

"Yeah. Then we couldn't get distracted anymore." It made perfect sense. "We could tear it down and...develop it. Build something else here. Something like...like condos. Yeah! Luxury condos. This town needs luxury condos."

"Luxury...condos..." Milo swayed on his feet and imagined them. "Yeah...who needs a rundown old skate park anyhow...but who's gonna give us money to build the condos?"

That was a good question. "We, uh..." Teagan stammered, tightening his grip on his briefcase. "We have to convince people to trust us first. That's gonna be tough, probably."

"Who's gonna trust a couple of stoners to build the nicest condos in town?" Milo mumbled. "Guess we can't smoke anymore either, huh..."

"No, I guess not..." Teagan said sadly. "Man, no smoking. Maybe I can convince myself not to. I, uh...I hate weed." He didn't sound like he meant it at all.

"I hate weed and I hate skating," Milo echoed, forcing conviction into his tone. Teagan said it with him. They repeated it over, and over, and over. "I hate weed. I hate skating. I hate weed. I hate skating. I hate weed. I hate skating..."

"But what do we like?" Milo finally asked.

"Umm...money?" Teagan said. "Yeah, money!"

Milo brightened. "I do like money!"

"That's the only green I care about," Teagan joked, and they both laughed. But with the haze of marijuana eradicated from their systems, they saw the skate park with fresh eyes. Instead of an urban playground, they saw urban *decay*. And declining property values. They could buy this dump for a song and turn it into cold hard cash. That shared thought brought languid smiles to both their faces. They squeezed the handles of their briefcases harder, relishing the soothing heat radiating off their former skateboards; the brush of their fingers against the metallic trim attracted shiny dollops of liquid that quickly coalesced into rings: a signet ring on Milo's pinkie, and a chunky class ring for Teagan's hand.

Feeling the new weight on their fingers, both looked down, but were stopped by the erections standing proudly out from their bodies. "Nothing to be ashamed of...we're men, after all," Milo said, and the word echoed in their heads. 'Men.' They couldn't recall ever calling themselves men before. Obviously, they knew they were. But 'man' had a weight that 'guy' or 'boy' didn't. And that weight made more blood rush to their crotches, pumping up their cocks and warming their testicles, making happy moans escape from both Milo and Teagan. They batted their right hands against their erections - awkward, since they were still holding their briefcases - and their

rings brushed against their nylon shorts, duplicating more metal onto the fabric that quickly formed into zippers for their new flys. Out from the zippers spread new color, replacing Milo's garish red with glossy black, and Teagan's pastels with heather gray. The creep was slow but steady, like dripping paint leeching across their laps.

Milo and Teagan didn't notice them, nor the flashy new watches that leapt around their bony wrists: a sleek Rolex for Milo and a snappy Jaeger-LeCoultre for Teagan.

"But money guys don't look like us," Teagan said glumly. "We have the briefcases but..."

"Yeah, taller guys make more money, I think it's science," Milo said.

"That's why the president is always tall," Teagan agreed, his neck extending a bit, fingers coiling longer around the handle of his briefcase.

"But we can't really control that," Milo sighed, as a series of pops emanated from his elbows and knees, his limbs beginning to lengthen. As his torso lurched upward, his words shuddered reactively, "We'll always be sho-oo-ort..."

Knees and navels peeked out from under increasingly ill-fitting clothes as Milo and Teagan stretched taller and taller, skeletons elongating quietly and painlessly. "We're...not short..." Teagan sighed, his erection stretching longer in proportion with his new height.

"I meant...I'll always be shorter than you..." Milo muttered, his growth stopping at six-foot-one just as his toes crowded the fronts of his shoes. Teagan was less lucky, as his beloved Vans burst apart in a shower of canvas, but this misfortune was compensated for by his impressive six-four stature. Though he made no acknowledgement of growing eight inches in less than a minute, his clothes were the evidence of such a dramatic change.

Teagan pulled fruitlessly on the hem of his t-shirt, which was wedged up around his ribcage. "Yeah, but that doesn't matter...it's not the height, it's that we're so skinny."

Milo made a failed attempt at tugging his shorts higher. "Skaters are skinny," he mused.

"But we don't wanna be skaters anymore."

Their t-shirts tore open across their spines in unison as much-needed weight added itself to their lanky bodies. Thighs pushed together, ass cheeks squeezed, shoulders broadened - Teagan and Milo's frames filled out with male development that shredded their clothes. Seams burst and fabric dissolved over wider chests and fuller arms as the skinny skaters got a layer of toned, wiry muscle.

"Mmm..."

“Mmmmm...”

“I feel so strong right now,” Milo moaned. “I’ve never felt strong in my life.” His boner grew another inch, spurting pre-cum out of his underwear into the developing silk lining within his changing shorts. The soft fabric rubbing against his cockhead was heavenly. The pre-cum soaked into Milo’s shorts and accelerated their change, the fabric turning darker and heavier as it stretched down over Milo’s knees and headed for his feet. The drawstring of his athletic shorts split and stretched up out of his waistband like vines, snaking up his torso and crawling over his shoulders before twirling back together in the middle of his back in a ‘Y’ style and buttoning itself inside the new fishtail back of his shorts. Milo grinned as he felt his new suspenders pulling his shorts higher, which pushed out his big bulge into a noticeable moose knuckle.

“I do too,” Teagan sighed happily. “Just wish I was bigger...it’s hard for me to add size because I’m so tall...”

“I bet if we were jacked, we’d make more money.”

“Someday, pal,” Teagan smirked. “Someday we’ll be the buffest, baddest men in town.”

“Pal.’ I like that. Sounds old fashioned.” Milo’s big, floppy ponytail - like a loofah bouncing around on top of his head - suddenly shrank slightly.

“Maybe we should be old fashioned now.” Inside Teagan’s changing shorts, his flannel boxers tightened into a pair of pristine white briefs. “Old fashioned guys, drinking old fashioned.”

Milo’s neck thickened by an inch as he imagined pouring whiskey down his throat. “Smoking cigars on the golf course...” That would be fun, but he didn’t want those country club guys to catch on to who he really was. He’d need to act more refined. And it was going to be hard for his lazy ass to wake up for a 7:30am tee time, but he’d do it. Shit, he’d get up at 4am to get in a lift and some work beforehand. That was when successful men woke up. And if it wasn’t too hot outside, he’d wear a dress shirt for golf. That was how successful men dressed.

“Cigars instead of weed,” Teagan agreed. That would be one way into the local old boys club. Food would be another, but not the Taco Bell and McDonald’s he was always stuffing down his gullet. He’d have to give that up and develop a taste for finer things, like filet mignon, or swordfish. Pure sources of protein that were not only delicious, but that grew his muscles. Just thinking about it made his exposed stomach tighten inward, gaining the definition that comes from a regimented diet.

Milo’s hair continued to diminish in volume, the hair tie loosening around the straighter, thinner strands. “Imagine us, those kinds of guys,” he chuckled, as the bottoms of his former shorts finally reached his shoes and finished their transformation into long pants. As soon as the hems touched his shoes, rich black seeped into the laces and spread over the top of his sneakers as they began to reshape.

“Only talking about business...and making money...never anything else...” Teagan squeezed the handle of his briefcase as he imagined closing a deal with a handshake, slapping his brawny, thick hand around a smaller man’s. Vibrations shot through his fingers as they cracked and grew into powerful instruments, the pulsing in the air growing so strong that it conjured up weighty white fabric around his wrist. The fabric was so stiff and heavy that it felt like a bracelet, but as it stretched to three inches long and doubled in thickness - with a mate around Teagan’s left wrist - it became clear that it was not jewelry. From within the doubled white layers, flashes of silver quickly bloomed into chunky pastilles to complete Teagan’s new French cuffs, aggressively portioned to match his large hands. With no sleeves to attach to, they made Teagan look like a Chippendale dancer, a comparison helped further by his growing arms. Veins were expanding across his biceps and forearms like a roadmap, pumping mass into the muscles as they expanded gloriously.

Across from him, the elastic band popped free from Milo’s hair as his curls finished straightening out to fall loosely around his face. His hair’s darkening color was most noticeable on his short sideburns, which had turned jet black and were starting to infect the skin beneath them with shadow. It crept one pinprick at a time down Milo’s jaw. “D’you think people will be mad we’re bulldozing the skate park?” he asked.

“Yes, because improvement scares people,” Teagan said, his own hair becoming straighter and shinier. “But also...fuck ‘em, it’s our money.”

Milo smiled as his cheeks darkened with black shadow, like they’d been dabbed with shoe polish. “Heh, yeah. Fuck ‘em!” he barked, in a deep, gruff voice much lower than his own.

There was a brief flapping noise as Teagan’s new collar unfolded around his neck, a tall, stiff unit that held his neck straight and his head high. “Easy, pal,” he said, peering down at Milo. The points of his collar stretched long and sharp, weapon-like, as two buttons nestled in between the collar points to hold them higher than was typical for a dress shirt. The elegant 2-button collar was as white as his cuffs, so bright that it vanished into the sunlight behind him.

“Easy...easy...” Milo repeated the word in his weird, low voice. “I’m not good at taking it easy.”

Was that true? It didn’t seem true. Memories of overly chill Milo, permanently high and sleeping through school, clashed with the image of an aggressive and ambitious man. But something about Milo being that way also seemed right. He’d always had fire to him. Maybe the smoking just took that edge off, and now that he wasn’t a stoner anymore, it was back. Teagan liked that Milo. He had use for that Milo.

“I like that about you,” Teagan purred.

Milo shut his eyes and chuckled. It sounded like the wet bark of a bulldog, nothing like his usual laugh. Maybe because his neck was so much thicker, and his traps were getting bulky. His

t-shirt was tearing apart across his collarbone from all the extra beef on his shoulders, and out of the rips sprang short bristles of hair that was accumulating on top of his chest. “And I like that you’re calculating,” he said back to Teagan. “Keeps me in check.”

Calculating. Teagan’s acne melted off as he thought about that word. He supposed he was calculating. He was quick, yes, but he thought through all scenarios even quicker. His brain was always figuring out the most beneficial route for himself. The best angle that would net him the most money and success. Those were his two favorite things, and thinking about them made his dick stretch and his balls swell, which drew his left hand to his crotch to grope it. He loved touching himself through his trousers, but that thought made him realize he could see his knees - why was he in shorts? He only wore shorts when he worked out, otherwise he was always in dress pants, even when relaxing at home. As if sensing his disapproval, the bottoms of his shorts shot down his legs, changing faster as a belt raced around his waist and belt loops flipped out to meet it. Teagan followed their descent with his eyes and then noticed his feet, naked and huge - of course he had big feet, he was six-four, but why were they *bare*?!

Mortified, he looked at Milo’s feet. Of course Milo was wearing *exquisite* shoes. Polished black brogues with sharply pointed toes. Probably Berluti or Tom Ford. And here was Teagan, embarrassing himself with...

...oh, his custom Edward Green cap toes, made from calfskin. Their rich dark oak shade was so beautiful, Teagan wanted to cum. He wriggled his toes happily inside his silky blue dress socks and groaned-

“Can you guys get outta the way?”

Teagan was jolted by the question that came from yards away. He and Milo turned to see a teenage boy standing atop a ramp, skateboard in hand, his baseball cap pulled low over a shock of red hair. “I beg your pardon?” Teagan asked.

“I’m trying to skate,” the guy said.

“That’s too bad, kid!” Milo laughed coarsely, his voice even deeper than before. A vivid white shirt collar, as tall and sharp as Teagan’s, blasted up around his neck and almost hit his earlobes. The points were like knives stretching toward the interloper.

“Easy, my friend,” Teagan said, patting Milo on the back, admiring the expensive material weaving its way through Milo’s former t-shirt. “He just wants to skate, right?” Teagan turned to the youth. “That’s all you want to do, right?”

“Uh, yeah, it’s a skate park,” the kid snarked.

“Of course,” Teagan smiled broadly, his teeth gleaming. “You’re not here to do drugs.”

“No! What?!”

Milo and Teagan’s backs straightened as their shirts became tight and tailored, buttons beginning to pop into place down the fronts, aligned with the center of their towering collars. The bottoms of their shirts fluttered longer before stuffing themselves inside their pants for an impeccable military tuck.

“That’s been a big problem here as of late,” Teagan said. “Lots of young men like yourself smoking...or even selling...reefer!”

“Reefer!” The kid repeated mockingly, his braying laugh echoing through Teagan’s brain. “Who calls it ‘reefer’?!”

“I do, the guy who’s tearing this dump down,” Teagan snarled, his face turning red while blue stripes raced up his shirt. The stripes multiplied across the beautiful poplin, covering all of it except the collar and French cuffs, completing Teagan’s new banker shirt.

“Tearing it down?!”

“Yeah, so punks like you can’t bother guys like us anymore!” Milo thrust his finger forward this declaration, spotlighting the enormous French cuff that exploded into being around his wrist, sporting an oversized gold cufflink. His brilliant white dress shirt radiated in the afternoon sun, looking like it cost five times what his skateboard did.

“Fuck you guys!” The kid spat, storming off the top of the ramp. “Fuckin’ bankers with your dumbass briefcases...ruining our fun...fuck you guys...” He hocked a loogie in their direction and hopped on his board, shooting out of the park.

“Did you hear that?” Milo said, turning to Teagan. “He thought we were bankers!”

“It’s working!” Teagan smiled. “We’re really fooling people into thinking we’re powerful guys!”

“I’m even fooling myself...I feel so powerful...” Milo grunted, his five o’clock shadow now impenetrably dark and thick, as if the lower half of his face was tattooed black. “I want to be...more powerful...” he moaned. His hands balled into fists as he stared at his big cuffs, aroused by their machismo. The sleeves of his shirt tightened over his biceps, which swelled bigger with each second he flexed them. Further inspiring was the sight of Teagan, whose vivid blue shirt brought to mind a choppy sea, the way it was undulating over his body. The fabric rocked up and down as Teagan’s pecs emerged and his shoulders broadened, his physique beginning its idealization.

“That little hooligan didn’t know what he was doing when he tangled with us,” Teagan chuckled as his voice pitched lower. The new bassline in his words made his ribcage rattle and expand, his whole torso growing ever wider, shoving out his arms and making his buttons gap. He tried

to say more, but the strain of growth made it hard to talk. His teeth were gnashing together like Milo's, their faces twisted masks of pleasure and pain. Clothes wrapped around them like cellophane as their bodies changed and grew. Muscles bulged from their trembling frames.

"Mmmm..."

"Mmm..."

Precum soaked into their dress trousers as they thought about how they'd lorded their influence over that wayward skater. The wet spots on their pants stretched tight as their thighs swelled, cuts of muscle pushing against the elegant fabric. These were not legs that would be able to skateboard - they were legs that would turn the simple act of walking into an exaggerated strut. The pinstripes on Milo's pants warped over his immense quads and became chevrons across his ass as it expanded into an immense boulder that stuck out from his body like the trunk of a car. The fishtail cut of his trousers further emphasized the plumpness of his derriere, differentiating it from Teagan's, which was a high, powerful bubble butt carved from years of lunges and squats.

The scent of musk pumped into the air, fueled by the oceans of testosterone that the two former skaters were drowning in. They both sucked in the scent, letting it swirl around their sinuses, moaning happily as they grew. Teagan noticed how developed Milo's abs looked, protruding from his stomach like a cinderblock, pushing not only against his shirt but against each other until the jostling made them surge forward and tighten his buttons to the brink. A roid gut - Milo had a fucking roid gut, big and thick and solid - fuck, it looked good on him too. He had his shirts made to not only accommodate it, but show it off proudly. Teagan didn't have one, but he wasn't built like Milo. He was a tall, elegant man who needed an eight-pack, which he had. The bricks composing his abdomen made one solid imprint in his shirt.

Milo let out a long, lustful sigh as he watched Teagan's back widen out like the wings of a dragon unfurling, making Teagan's growing arms hang at angles from his body, lats acting as armrests. The veins on Teagan's biceps were so thick they could be seen through his sleeves. It was such a hot detail. But nothing was as hot as Teagan's chest. His pecs were indescribable. Milo was never able to stop staring at them. Even now, as he watched them grow. Teagan's shirt was stretching tighter under his chest's base, as his nipples became prominent and sharp like his collar points. The gapping buttons provided a glimpse of the magnificent mountains, the valley between them deepening as the upper muscles strengthened and pushed out.

As Milo was fixated on Teagan's chest, his own was going through a growth spurt. His shirt's shimmery white fabric molded around the new shape of his pecs as they swelled out into a rounded shelf. Each gentle breath made them bigger and plumper, well-formed pecs ballooning into heavy sacks of muscle that sagged from their own weight. His pinprick nipples expanded nearly as big as the wheels of his former skateboard, large areolas showing through his shirt.

By now, Teagan's pecs had expanded past reasonable size into true showstoppers, pushing his physique further into the realm of fantasy. Even his upper chest was so developed it stressed his shirt fabric, which looked like it was smuggling a pair of concrete slabs.

"I wanna intimidate people," Teagan said, his voice greatly changed - a robust baritone that was dry from lust. "Then they'll respect me! When they're too intimidated to even look at me..." He burst into a rich chuckle, and Milo followed, their giant chests shaking, growing, and then...

Pop! POP!

The buttons on their dress shirts began blasting off, revealing the masterpieces within. Their chest pumped out further, and further, finally pressing against each other, allowing the exploding buttons to swap shirts - Teagan's resewing themselves onto Milo's, and vice versa.

Teagan took a step back, the top half of his dress shirt splayed proudly open, a picture frame displaying his priceless works of his art. "My stepdad won't even recognize me," he laughed, and then he grinned at Milo's massive tits. "Look how much chest hair you have."

"I always wanted a hairy chest," Milo answered, running his fingers through the wealth of dark curls covering his pecs. His undone buttons lay artfully open amidst the hairy forest. "Why do men even bother wearing ties?"

"I like wearing a tie, but other men don't have these to show off," Teagan said, thrusting his enormous barrel chest forward. "Other men are weak."

"Heh, yeah. Pussies." Milo's traps were so thick that they bulged up through his shirt collar. "I barely have a neck to put a tie around."

"Good thing the open collar works for us." Teagan broadened further at this statement, his X-shape growing more astonishing. If he was a mattress, wide and square, then Milo was a refrigerator, thick and deep, with body hair curling out of his elegant clothes. "And these," Teagan continued, raising his arms in a flex, "do I even need to say anything when I have these?" His bicep peaks responded by pushing higher, making his sleeves groan, while his cufflinks nearly snapped free from the rippling of his forearms.

"I'm so glad I came skating with you today," Milo said, rubbing the underside of his protuberant roid gut, enjoying the sateen finish of his shirt against his rough palms.

"Don't talk about that," Teagan snapped, as a haze of gray threads began snaking around his beautiful shirt. "We were never skaters. We need to forget all about that. Guys like us don't skate. Guys like us...we play football, right? I was quarterback, and you were offensive line. You protected me."

“Fuck yeah we did,” Milo said, as his aggression manifested in more muscle mass on his back, arms, and legs. “We’ll say we were varsity football. All-State.”

“That’s right, my friend,” Teagan smiled, the haze surrounding him beginning to form a structured suit jacket. “Those were good times.”

Milo thrust his enormous arms out to the side, inviting his own suit jacket to materialize. “We were just boys then. But now we’re men!”

“Yes, we *aarreee...*” Teagan’s words elongated into a lustful sigh as he felt his suit - his daily armor - tailor itself around him. “I’m so glad I’m not a boy anymore.”

“Me too,” Milo agreed, shutting his eyes as he angled his face up toward the sky. “We need to be seen as men to be taken seriously.”

Their suits snapped into form around them, lapels curving over their massive chests and holding their stiff shirt collars high against their necks. Pocket squares emerged like flowers in bloom: white silk for Milo to go with his pinstriped suit, lavender for Teagan to match his gray suit and blue and white shirt. That was the kind of men they knew themselves to be now. Instead of lazy boys who slept until 3pm, they were the kind of domineering men who wore cufflinks to the grocery store and owned a hundred pocket squares. The kind of men who scowled when music blaring from a car was loud enough to make the entire block shake, as they currently were.

“All that bass,” Milo seethed.

Teagan sniffed haughtily. “What’s wrong with young people? They’ll go deaf listening to that.”

Milo grit his teeth as he watched the car full of rowdy teenagers pass by, like an earthquake in motion. “Aren’t we young?” he said.

“I hope not,” Teagan said, as his hair tightened into a shellacked side part gleaming with hair product. “I can’t be rich if I’m a kid.” He ran a palm across the top of his stiff coif, prompting Milo to notice that it was silver. Teagan’s eyebrows were silver too, and thicker.

“That’s true. I guess I can’t be a kid either if I’m half gorilla,” Milo chuckled, scratching his stubbled cheek and looking down at his furry chest.

“Half gorilla? Or just half Italian?”

Milo laughed. As his face scrunched up with the expression, it was hard to notice his nose nearly double in size, growing into a big beak that dominated his face, with a tip pointing straight at the ground. “My ma would smack you for that one!” As his features relaxed, it became plainer how altered they were: not only his grand nose, but darker eyes and bushier eyebrows. And he looked slightly worn, suddenly; a shift was occurring to guide him out of his youth.

It was happening to Teagan too, who was sporting a new furrow between his eyebrows, and newly sculpted cheekbones. His hair was so silver it shone like a newly-minted quarter. “Oh, she’s where the Italian comes from?” he asked.

“Yeah. My pop’s just a normal white boy. They were a funny couple.”

“Mine were both WASPs. They met at boarding school,” Teagan said, proud of this fact.

“No! *Your* parents?” Milo snarked, as a deep dimple popped into the center of his chin. “You’re clearly as purebred as they come. I’m a mutt.”

They stood quietly for a few moments, pondering their lineage as their jawlines changed. Teagan’s was so sharp that his skin wrapped around the bone like a pie crust, while Milo got a broad, blunt square that emanated strength. Milo clenched it proudly as he looked at Teagan, who was glorious to behold, even as the lines in his face deepened. The weathering accelerated as their faces chiseled out to reveal middle-aged men with handsome features that commanded respect.

Teagan’s mind sputtered as it tried to figure out why Milo now looked older than his own father. “You seem...different...”

“So do you,” Milo mused. “You have a cleft chin,” he offered, as if this were the only noticeable alteration to Teagan’s face, instead of it being so drastically transformed that it didn’t resemble Teagan at all. The silver fox backlit by the sun looked like a movie star, not a gawky kid.

Teagan was growing more beautiful by the second, his meticulous grooming and gorgeous features melding together to create a truly breathtaking man. His pecs flexed up and down as he said, “I can’t wait til my family sees me now.”

“Yeah,” Milo agreed, sliding a hand through the open buttons of his shirt to grope one of his hairy pecs. “Can’t wait for my kids to see how big I’ve gotten.”

“Your kids...” Teagan muttered, copying Milo’s gesture on his own body. “I meant my parents, but we have kids, don’t we...do I? I must, why wouldn’t I...”

Of course men like them would sire sons. Teagan had three, Milo had two. Their dynasties and legacies.

“Let me ask you something,” Teagan said, as outlines of thick-haired, broad-shouldered young men floated through his mind, the first mental images of his children. “Would you ever let your boys see you out of a suit?”

“Absolutely not!” Milo thundered, insulted.

“My stepdad always dresses so shabbily. I can’t stand it. I would never look like that, in that dead-end job...I always knew my boys would have a winner for a father, not a loser. They’d never see me looking cheap or poor. They know I’m feeling casual if I take my jacket off!”

“Your stepdad? But didn’t your parents meet at boarding school?” Milo asked, imagining himself bossing around his handsome sons.

“Oh...right, yes, they did...I like that more,” Teagan chuckled. “But it doesn’t matter anyway, because I’m a grown man myself. I don’t even feel like Teagan anymore.”

“That’s a terrible name for business,” Milo agreed.

“We should change our names!” Teagan said with a big smile.

“We should! Something strong and manly...and classic-sounding.” Milo stroked his dimpled chin, his cufflink sparkling. “Milo is a young man’s name. But John is a businessman’s name!”

“You’re going to be John?”

“I already feel like a John! Don’t you think it fits me?”

Teagan nodded. “I do, my friend. What was your name before?”

John chuckled. “I can’t even recall!”

“And my name is William,” Teagan said, putting his hand forward as if they were meeting for the first time. “A name for kings and conquerors.”

John shook it. “I had an inkling, since your oldest is William Jr.”

“Ah yes, Junior...he’s turning out exactly like me. Ever since he was born, I wanted him to follow in my footsteps. Look like me, act like me, dress like me, do business like me.” This statement of unbridled ego from the newly renamed William got both men’s dicks hard as rocks.

“All men should want to be like us, and our sons are no exception,” John agreed, his delts swelling a bit bigger. “When I look at you, I see the perfect businessman.”

William’s brilliantly white smile was dazzling yet cold, like a shark baring its teeth. “Excellent. And likewise. We’ve shaken off the boys we once were...”

“...to become the men we must be!” Their sensitive cockheads rubbed against their silky underwear, a reminder of how rich and successful they were.

William looked around the skate park with disdain. "I would never let my sons skateboard, would you?"

"God no. Have you ever even touched a skateboard?"

To William's annoyance, something inside him said yes, he had. But he suppressed that voice. No one as ruthlessly ambitious as he would waste their time on something so frivolous. And he'd never have shaggy hair or baggy clothes...he couldn't remember the brands anymore, or the tricks...he knew nothing about it. He knew the outfit he had on now - bespoke suit and shirt, handmade shoes, watch - cost more than most cars. He was obscenely proud of how much he'd changed. "Never in my life," he finally answered. "That would be a change, me, a skateboarder...fucking ridiculous. Imagine! *Me!*" A low chuckle cracked through his vacuous smile as his ego expanded to fill his overmuscle frame.

The laughter twirled together with John's. "It ruins my day to get a spot on my cuffs," John sneered. "Nowadays, I can't fathom doing something so...dirty. The only time would be football."

"I'm going to have to get my shoes polished just for having walked on this shitpile," William agreed. "We need to go."

"Will your driver mind if I masturbate in the car?"

"Who cares if he minds, he works for me," William smiled. "I'll just give him a bonus."

"Well then why are we hanging around here," John asked, looking over at a large black Range Rover parked nearby. "That's him over there, isn't it?"

"Sure is. And that's us over there," William gestured, rubbing his erection as he looked at a white sign. *COMING SOON: THE RESIDENCES AT BUFORD*, it read. *LUXURY CONDOMINIUMS STARTING AT \$799,000*. Right below the words were headshots of William and John, their open-collared white shirts matched by sparkling white smiles.

"Fuck, that's us," John rasped, cock ready to burst. "Look at us. Fuck..."

William was thinking he hadn't realized he looked as old as he did - the silver hair aged him - but he didn't have any desire to be younger and weaker anymore. Every year made him more handsome, fit, and wealthy. That was all he wanted—

He was shooting into his suit pants before he realized it was on the way. It was like a teenager's load, big and out of control. But he wasn't a teenager. And neither was John, even though John's dark pants were now wet with semen, his knees buckling under his huge frame as his chest burst through his shirt.

They stood still, looking at each other, cocks dripping and faces flushed, then grinned. “You dirty fucker,” John said.

“I’m a man and I won’t apologize for being a man,” William said coldly, though his eyes sparkled wickedly. He stepped forward and pulled John’s buttons together. “Clean yourself up.”

“Sir yes sir.” John looked at William’s immaculate appearance. “Of course *you* can orgasm without messing up a single hair.”

“Let’s get some whiskey and look over the plans.” William slapped John on the back and they headed toward the car, dreaming of Old Fashioneds and good cigars to celebrate their latest architectural triumph.

Their trusty briefcases never left their sides.