

Respect Is Deserved (Not Earned) - Part II

By Soul-Controller

By the time Julian reached Rich's office, the man had sweated up a storm due to so much physical exertion. It wasn't a shock to the older ex-jock, but there was certainly some aspect of Julian's original personality deep down in his psyche that was grossed out by the amount of sweat he was excreting. But the new version of Julian absolutely adored the concept of his natural odor, raising his arm above his head and taking a whiff of the pungent odor. No more did he have the embarrassment of smelling like a foot, the new Julian absolutely adored the sweet smell of sweat as it indicated an innate level of masculinity that he hadn't been able to fully replicate since his injury.

Pulling open the door and rushing inside, Julian wasted no time cussing out Rich, who was standing in front of him in the same exact workout clothes. Julian verbally attacked Rich for having the nerve to fuck with his clothes and leave him stuck with a sweaty pair of workout clothes to wear. But as Rich began to perfectly mimic the words that Julian was uttering, the man quickly began to grow confused by what was happening. Taking a second to look directly in front of him, he immediately realized that the sweaty version of the man was contained within the rectangular shape of a mirror. If that wasn't Rich, then that meant...



Oh fuck, no this can't be happening, Julian thought as the real personality of Julian suddenly broke out of his mental daze as the realization of what was going on began to finally dawn on him. Looking down to see whether the image reflected in the mirror was reality, the man soon got his answer as his eyes met the sight of bulging man-tits and a thick gut that pressed against the fabric of the sweaty white tank top. "Holy shit!" Julian gasped, moving his now thicker and weathered hands to the huge weight around his midsection and lifting the shirt up to expose the doughy flesh. In pure disbelief, all that Julian could do was give it a slight wobble and watch in disgust as the entire dome of flab shook. Watching as the fat rippled and jiggled beyond just his gut,

the man cringed and screamed in anger without a care in the world whether someone heard him.

“Well, well, well, looks like we’re going to need to give you a new nickname Pipsqueak!” Julian heard from behind him, causing him to spin around and groan as he felt a twinge of pain rock through his back from the sudden movement. Upon turning completely, he was met face-to-face with Rich, who was still appearing as himself. Looking the man up and down, Julian’s face went into a look of surprise as he realized that he looked just like the coach now besides the gym teacher outfit he was wearing. “I don’t know about you, but I think this is the best prank yet,” Rich chuckled, grinning to showcase just how extreme he was willing to take his pranks.

“Why the fuck would you do this to me? Why would you turn me into a complete clone of you?” Julian spat back, clenching his fists as he was so consumed with rage. This man had the nerve to destroy Julian’s frail but attractive body solely for the purpose of one-upping him in a prank war? That was absolutely ridiculous!

“Why the fuck *wouldn’t* I do this to you?” Rich immediately responded, laughing at his perfect doppelganger. “You were refusing to respect my authority as your elder, so I thought letting you become one of them would be the perfect lesson. Although since you were so critical towards my demand for respect, by the time I’m done with you, you’ll be wishing for a sliver of approval. But unfortunately for you, you’ll never get it in the way I do. You’re always going to wish to have respect from all of these students but get none of it from them...” the crazed coach said, his face displaying a devilish grin. “As for why you turned into a duplicate of me, I think you’re fully aware of the fact that I’m a fairly narcissistic asshole. I think the world needs more men like me, so it only made sense for me to build you in my image,” he continued, his voice stating the situation as if it was a common occurrence when both of them knew it was nothing of the sort. But upon his fifth cycle around his duplicate, Rich finally stopped in front of Julian and looked him squarely in the eyes.

“Dude, you are absolutely fucked in the head!” Julian firmly stated, crossing his now-beefier arms across his flabby chest. “How are you suddenly going to explain why there’s suddenly two of you walking around? You clearly didn’t think this through you idio-” the man continued, only being stopped by Rich suddenly pulling the man in for a kiss on the lips. While he knew that Rich believed that he was the sexiest man in the world, it was absolutely bonkers to Julian to think that Rich was so turned on that he had to kiss his doppelganger. Unfortunately for him, he was unaware that there was a reason for this kiss - to initiate the final stage of the transformation.

“You talk way too much,” Rich said after he pulled his lips away from Julian’s now older lips. Chuckling, he stood there and stared at the man in front of him. By this point, Julian’s entire body had become locked in what could only be described as a head-to-toe brain freeze. Not only had his thoughts been completely halted, but his body had become firmly rooted in place as each and every muscle spasmed in a rhythmic-like pattern.

Moving away from the man, Rich made his way to his desk before slumping into his chair. Looking up to the clock, he made a note of the time before going back to his lesson plans for the week. When he first purchased a spell to turn his rival into a doppelganger of himself, Rich had been informed that the process of rewriting reality and Julian’s mind would take anywhere between 5-10 minutes. The former history teacher had been correct in how two versions of Rich in this current reality would be unexplainable, but his spell had an aspect to fix that.

Looking at his desk and the various picture frames on it, the first clue to the spell altering reality was immediately shown to Rich. A simple photo of him and his family from a few years ago had suddenly gained a new addition in the form of a twin version of Rich being shoved into the photo. Seeing how many of the photos followed suit to create a reality where Rich had a twin, the man snickered at the concept of the real Julian being completely taken out of their reality. Julian had thought he could beat the older man, but as the spell proved, he had clearly underestimated the lengths in which Rich would go to win.

While Rich leaned back and continued to work on his lesson plans and indulge on some snack food after his gut began to rumble, Julian’s mind was being tormented in the worst possible ways. One-by-one, the former history teacher could feel his memories being ripped away from him and replaced with imposter memories. At first it started out simple, with his life of being raised in upstate New York being shifted to rural Indiana. But as soon as memories of his schooling began to get replaced, it was clear that there were stark differences between the current life he had and the new one he was being assigned.

Instead of being the nerdy bookworm he once was, implanted memories informed him of the fact that he was actually super athletic with his brother Rich as they both played football and enjoyed going to their school’s gym after school. The realization of Rich being his brother caused Julian’s head to twitch and shake as if to reject the concept, but the spell had made the memories so strong to the point where Julian was forced to ultimately give in and accept them as reality no matter how hard he fought.

Moving into middle school and high school, this was where the biggest shift in the man's identity occurred. While he formerly had memories of not being able to have his first kiss until 17 after winning a quiz bowl with his nerdy crush Charlotte, the new version of Julian was quite the womanizer as he suddenly remembered having his first kiss at 11 with a cheerleader on his elementary school's football team. Beyond that one kiss with Charlotte, the nerdy man had been fairly unlucky with love... at least until these memories were replaced with tons of hookups with cheerleaders in the back of his pickup truck. It felt so wrong at first, but within a minute or two, Julian had been forced to accept it to the point where it felt like the ideal life to have.

On the topic of education, the new reality assigned to him had not allowed him to retain the knowledge of a history major. So, instead of remembering acing every possible test and being the top pupil in his entire grade, Julian's new memories informed him as being an almost constant C / C- student that just barely scraped by without having to do summer school. Groaning in shock, Julian's heavy mind was quickly emptied of his college knowledge. Hell, even his high school and elementary knowledge grew smaller as well, as topics such as pre-calculus, world history, and grammar rules became nearly impossible for the man to comprehend.

Just as his mind snapped and drained him of all of his knowledge, it also remembered a similar snap and mentally brought him back to high school football. As a wide receiver, he remembered scoring many touchdowns that caused all of the people in the bleachers to erupt into cheers. The feeling he got from just remembering these artificial memories was enough to make Julian feel warm and happy inside. But just as he was getting up on his high horse of being a full star on the football team, he suddenly gained knowledge of his forced retirement from the sport. In his junior year during the playoffs, he had sprinted across the field and successfully latched onto the ball. But just as he was within a few yards of scoring the game-winning touchdown, a sack from the other team had brought the jock down onto the ground but had also caused him to break his femur.

After such an intensive injury that the doctors said would never let him play another second of football, it was understandable why the new Julian had lost all motivation in his life. Within the next year, the man had completely dropped out of high school and spent the next several years living at home and sulking on his wasted potential. He knew that he had the potential to go pro, but all of that was useless now because of some random player fucking him up.

The worst part of it all was that by the time senior year rolled around, his twin brother Rich had completely replaced him as the star player and everyone had all but forgotten

about Julian and his contributions to the team. This anger only continued as Rich got a college scholarship to play ball at a state college and Julian was left hobbling around with a bum leg and having to go directly into the workforce. Despite his parents' pleas to have him get his GED and take community classes, his previous experiences in school had left him uninterested. Luckily, after Rich returned home and got this position at their high school, he was able to pull some strings to get his younger (by just a few minutes) twin a position there as the head janitor.

With his memories now being completely rewritten and his new life as Rich's twin being finalized, Julian's eyes began to open as he fully embraced his new identity. Looking around the room, the bumbling older man moved a hand to his bald head and groaned at the dazed feeling that surrounded him. "Whoa dude, what happened?" he said, his deeper voice now dripping in dull stupidity. As he looked over to his twin, he was unsure why his brother was so giddy with a wide grin on his face.

"Oh, it's nothing pipsqueak!" Rich responded, which reminded Julian of his unfortunate nickname. Despite being close to the same size to his brother, the nickname had been a constant taunt from his twin brother to further inform Rich of his seniority as the slightly older twin. Twisting his face into a sour expression, Julian crossed his arms to fully showcase just how much he hated the nickname.

"Ay, chill out there Julian, you know I'm just fucking with you!" Rich continued, chuckling as he slapped his meaty hand against the equally-meaty back of Julian. "Why did you stop by my office though?" the man inquired, curious to see how the spell gave reason for his appearance in the office.

Sitting there for a second, the words of his brother slowly began to register in Julian's mind as he attempted to formulate a response. Throughout a series of "uhs" and "ums", Julian finally began to speak once again. "I don't know. Just wanted to say hi I guess..." the man offered, struggling to figure out as well why he was in his brother's office. Looking the man up and down, Rich was absolutely amused to see the man's former vocabulary that seemed to be entirely composed of hefty standardized testing words sapped away until he was left with stilted and simple speech. It was the ultimate revenge for going against a real man like him, and the best part was that he had no idea who he used to be!

"I see, well I appreciate you stopping by," Rich said, giving a modest smile to his new brother, "As much as I'd love to keep shooting the shit, you need to get your uniform on and I need to get the gym all set up for some basketball drills."

“Oh, uh ok then” Julian said, slowly turning away and stumbling out of the locker room and towards the janitor’s closet just a few rooms away. While he was exiting, he couldn’t understand why his brother had such a wide grin on his face. They weren’t the closest of brothers in all honesty, so something about Rich’s behavior today made Julian quite confused. Sure, he knew that he wasn’t the sharpest tool in the shed being a dropout and all, but he was intuitive enough to know when his brother was acting sketchy.

Finally getting into the cramped closet, Julian huffed and puffed as he pulled down his shorts and removed his shirt. While having his arms up, the transformed man couldn’t resist shoving his bearded face directly into his pits to smell his musk. To Julian, there was something so exhilarating about the smell of his sweat! Looking down at his body, he gave his hefty gut a slap and grimaced as he watched the firm yet soft ball of fat wobble from the impact. It was a shame that he wasn’t the buff stud he once was, but he couldn’t deny that it was a slight relief to see that his brother was nearly similar to him in terms of body type. He was the one who was a big college football player and a gym coach, so Julian felt as though that was even more embarrassing than Julian’s situation. At least in Julian’s mind, his serious sports injury and piss-poor life gave good reason for his overweight body.

Grabbing onto the dark blue custodial jumpsuit and beginning to pull it on, the man groaned and gasped as twinges of pain coursed through various parts of his body. It was hell being so old! After a few minutes of struggling to get all of the way into the uniform, Julian was able to successfully pull the zipper up and seal him inside the suit he would be wearing for the next eight hours. Checking the wall clock in the small closet, he cursed under his breath as he realized that there was only 10 minutes before the students would be let into the school and he would be forced to clean up all of their mess from eating breakfast.

Trying to get a head start, Julian grabbed his cleaning cart and began to wheel it out into the hallways. For the next several minutes until the bell rang, he groaned as he got onto his knees to pick up the scattered trash that had somehow missed the wide trash can. Just as he began to finish cleaning it up, the man’s mood became aggravated as a flurry of students began to carelessly throw their trash at the man’s feet and chuckle. For some reason, these kids loved to mistreat the janitorial staff, but they all seemed to mainly focus their attention on Julian. Despite knowing that he was the twin of their cocky gym teacher and football coach, they were unafraid of the man.

After finishing cleaning the area, Julian perked up as he heard his brother’s loud footsteps walk through the hallway towards the staff restroom. It was both amusing and infuriating to watch the crowded hallways part like the Red Sea for Rich’s bulky body.

This anger only grew as Rich's eyes wandered down to the floor and stared directly into the eyes of his brother. Giving a smile to his twin, Julian was trying his best to be cordial and brotherly to his twin. But while it seemed at first like the man returned the favor with a smile, Julian quickly noted that it looked more like a cocky grin than a smile. *That asshole thinks he's better than me*, Julian thought as he groaned and got back up to his feet.

By the time he was able to finish picking up the scraps and get sturdy on his feet again, the halls had become practically barren as classes began. With no one around anymore, the janitor continued his work as he cleaned the floors of the cafeteria and did some general tidying up. But just as he began to move away from the room, his eyes focused on the wall of team photos of the various sports teams through the years. With morbid curiosity to recollect his old life of when he was on top of the world, the man began to search for his specific year that he played football.

After a few minutes of searching, Julian was both happy and disappointed as he found the team photo and leaned in to take a closer look. The image of his younger self was incredibly upsetting, especially due to the fact that the younger version of himself had no idea what was going to happen just a few weeks later. Not only would he lose the ability to play his favorite sport, but it would be the last time he had ever received the respect he rightfully deserved. Instead, he was only viewed now as an overweight failure by the cocky teenagers and highly-educated teachers and received constant pity from the staff members that had been around during his prime. It was a struggle to never have the respect he deserved, made even worse when he saw that Rich got it constantly without any resistance. If only his life could have been more like his twin brother's, maybe he'd be happier with his life!

