

BIG

I watched him from afar as he collected his clothing from a locker, taking his time to stare at his swollen muscles in the mirror and snap the occasional picture. I tried to keep my eyes on my phone while I sat next behind the next row of lockers, but it was easier said than achieved. I had barely given a few casual glances in his direction and my dick was already at full mast. It was so obvious I had to keep my hands hovering over my lap to conceal the boner I was concealing within my gym shorts. For a brief moment, I had thought he caught my eyes in the mirror but either he didn't care or he enjoyed showing off to the wimps within the locker room. I had a feeling that it was the later of the two. But why wouldn't he enjoy showing off; his wide-set shoulders and heavy pectorals were the envy of everyone at school. You could tell that he spent a lot of time at the gym and enjoyed letting everyone see his gains from the tightness of his clothes. When he turned his back to me I was gifted with the view of his ass, as it was compressed in a tight pair of sweatpants. I could stare at his plump behind for hours and still feel like I had never seen it before. These few moments that I would catch him in the locker room would be considered the best moments of my young adult life.

He would openly strip away his sweaty tank top and sweatpants as if he was doing a show for the entire gym. His movements would be sensual and confident, almost calculated. As he pulled on his street clothes I knew this was my moment to act. I hurried away from the locker room and to his black Honda, and under the shadow of the building I tinkered away underneath the hood; knowing just enough about cars to know what to cut so it would barely make it halfway home. Before he exited the building I was back in my old sedan, parked only three spaces away from him, ready for my plan to fall into place.

Five minutes later he was in his car, and already driving away from the gymnasium while I followed a few cars behind; not wanting him to know about me following him, and eagerly awaiting for the telling signs of his vehicle needing to pull over. And when those bright red flashers started to blink I knew it was time. I slowed my vehicle and pulled over as I watched him step from his car.

"God," I gasped as he walked around his vehicle, his body illuminated by my headlights. His clothes were already decorated with spots of sweat from his overexerted muscles. Oh, how I wished I could suck the sweat from his clothes and worship every inch of his manly body. "Soon," I told myself as I pulled myself from the drivers seat with my taser in hand. I knew I wouldn't be able to beat him in a hand to hand fight, so I was going to have to cheat if I wanted to get him back to my place in one piece.

“Hey need a jump?” I called out, putting on the deepest tone of my voice that I could muster.

“Man I don’t know. It just started sputtering a few minutes ago. I don’t think its dead cause the lights are still on,” he said from underneath the hood. I could feel the taser almost burning my hand from anticipation as I kept it behind my back. But before I could plunge the taser into his backside he pulled himself from under the hood and stared at me. I could feel my knees begin to weaken as I fell into the pools of dark blue, that were his eyes. “Hey, do I know you?”

“Yes!” I shouted a tad too over-enthusiastically. “I mean. Yeah – we had history and science together last semester, and we used to ride the bus together back in grade school.”

That was when I first fell for him when he first stepped onto the school bus the first day of school. It was the summer when everyone first started hitting puberty, and their bodies began to change. I was gangly, hairy in weird places, covered in acne, and my voice cracked whenever I spoke but Derek – Derek bypassed all those traits and went straight to hunk. His face was oil-free, his body was already thickening up in all the right places, and his voice became the deep sensual sound that made me swoon on a daily basis.

“Oh really – sorry man. I have a really bad memory for those things,” he laughed, rubbing the backside of his head. I could see a dark patch of sweat nestled underneath his muscular arm. His dark rich musk filled the air as he continued to rub his head in confusion and stare at his vehicle. And once his arm dropped to one side of the vehicle and the other to an inside piece of tubing. Either knowing, or unknowing, he pushed out his toned butt cheeks causing my boner to begin to leak into my shorts. I knew this was my moment and I needed to take it. I lifted the taser from behind my back and pushed it inside his butt cheek.

“What are you - .” Was all he was able to get out before 30,00 volts of electricity was forcibly pushed into his body. His arms clenched the car tightly as his entire body shook. I held the taser in place long enough to know that he wouldn’t be getting back up from it, at least for a couple of hours. When the taser was removed his entire body fell to the ground like a limp rag doll. I haphazardly lifted him from the ground, not fully realizing how much two hundred pounds of muscles really weighed.

I dragged his feet across the ground until he was placed into the back seat of my car, face down in the cushion. My eyes trailed down his back and onto his plump ass. Maybe I could just get a little touch? My hand slowly moved through the air eager to finally touch what I had been staring at for years. The curve, the heft, the smell; was all beckoning me towards his ass. My entire body crawled into my backseat, hovering over his unconscious form.

I swallowed the saliva that was building in my mouth as my hand floated over one of his cheeks. I could feel the heat radiating from his body. I wanted this more than anything. Finally, my hand pressed down onto his ass cheek and my dick responded immediately by launching a heavy load of pre into my underwear as the firm sensation of his ass filled my senses.

“Fuck,” I moaned, biting my lip in a hope to mute my moans of pleasure. My other hand quickly followed suit and grasped his other free cheek. They were both so firm yet fatty along the underside of his ass giving him the perfect apple bottom. My fingers kneaded his ass as if they were two perfect large balls of dough. My dick grow irritably hard within my shorts. It begged me for release or at least a being allowed to feel the tightness of his buns. I wanted to be daring.

I grabbed the waistband of his underwear and slowly pulled it over the fattest part of his ass, revealing his bare ass to me.

“Holy shit it’s perfect,” I moaned as I completely lifted his waistband underneath his cheeks, further lifting his already ample butt cheeks into the air. I leaned close and took a whiff of his sweaty cheeks and grunted I’m appreciated. I could smell a mixture of musk and sweat as the smell of his ass filled my car. I took one of his cheeks in hand and lightly parted his cheeks and saw his hairy trench and felt the need to be closer. I leaned forward and pressed my nose right above his crack and took a deep breath, wanting the smell to invade all of my senses.

“Mmm,” I moaned, enjoying the scent of his rank ass.

“Ugh,” I heard Derek moan which caused my entire body to retract as if touching something hot.

“I need to get moving,” I told myself as I pulled myself out of the backseat, slammed the back door of my car shut, and jumped into the driver’s seat. I had a ten-minute drive home and a very long evening in front of me. I adjusted my mirrors slightly, angling them downward so at any moment I would be able to view that perfect ass that was on display in my back seat.

I arrived at the large two-story house, quicker than I had anticipated, which was a pleasant happenstance. I loaded Derek up into a wheel barrel that I kept on the side of the house and brought him to my makeshift lab in the back of my house. I tried to keep all of my gear separate from the house; you can only burn down a kitchen so many times before you begin to realize chemicals weren’t the best thing to keep next to the spice rack.

I flipped the lights on brought Derek inside, hefting him onto the metal table and strapping him in before anything else was done. I knew my time was limited so I quickly began to turn on the machines surrounding him, leaving long tubing next to him. I had practiced this multiple times and knew that if I did it right, I could get everything set up in under five minutes.

“Mmhhh,” Derek groaned as he began to move his head from side to side, waking himself from the electricity induced sleep. “What the fuck happen?” He asked as he attempted to raise his arms to his face but found they were both bound to the table. “WHAT THE FUCK!” He screeched loudly as he thrashed his body atop my table. But I had planned for this type of response and made sure to reinforce the restraints.

“Derek its okay. Calm down. Don’t worry,” I said as I brought the final step to the process to his arm. His eyes grew wide at the huge needle that was closing in close to his vein.

“What are you doing? Let me go! I’m sorry I didn’t remember -OUCH!” He shouted as the needle broke the skin.

“I’m so sorry!” I apologized to him. “I know this is gonna hurt, but just power through it okay? It will all be worth it in the long run.” I taped the long clear tubing to his arm and walked away, back to my computer ready to activate his procedure.

“Please stop! I will do anything. Please just let me go!” I could see tears welling up in Derek’s eyes making them almost shine in the dimly lit room. I felt a tug on my heartstrings. Was this all really necessary. My finger floated over the button on my computer. One push and everything would be different. I looked at his pleading eyes one final time and with a heavy heart, I pushed the button. I mouthed the words I’m sorry and backed away from the computer as bright blue fluid filled the tubing. I left the computer on and dimmed the lights of the room. Derek’s screams for freedom were the last thing I heard before I shut and locked the door.

“Now all I had to do was wait.”

It wasn’t until the sun was beginning to rise once more did I return back to my lab. I turned the lights on to full power and walked to the table. Where once the hunky, muscular Derek laid. Now there was but a child. Maybe 5 or 6 in age. He was fast asleep while the tubing ran from his arm.

“Now time for phase two.” I walked to my computer and keyed in the formula to not only bring him back to where he was before but even larger. After pressing enter into the computer one final time I watched as green liquid began to flow through the tubing and into the young version of Derek. Is as eager to see how it would affect him. I had run tests, simulations, and multiple calculations but it was all theoretical until the formula took effect. I sat behind my computer and dozed off as the sound of Derek’s transformation filled the room.

“Hello?” A deep child-like voice asked, awakening me from my slumber. “Can you help me?” The voice asked once more. I jumped from my chair and ran to the table, my mouth hand open in shock at the results.

“It worked,” I grinned as I stared at the muscular beast that was laying in Derek’s shredded clothes. His once toned pectorals had now both inflated as if they were balloons. The sheer size of them had ripped through his shirt as if it were made of paper. Two large pink nipples poked through the open holes as if begging for attention from me. My mouth was already watering as they scoured the rest of his body.

A thick forest of hair now covered his upper body and face. His jawline had become more defined and masculine. Much of his baby fat had dissolved from his face along with his youth, giving him a much more adult appearance. Moving downward I was gifted with the view of his now massive cock and balls as they pressed against the thin fabric of his sweatpants. I could make out every vein, every curve, every inch of his cock. I kept my hand to my side not wanting to scare him after such a massive transformation.

“Of course. Here let me help you,” I said taking on a softer tone. I unlatched the restraints, and he popped up with the energy of a child. He bounced from the table in one swift movement, my eyes were glued to his now massive ass cheeks that jiggled with his every movement. I couldn’t believe that it worked, but now that it had; the real fun could actually begin.

“Thank you!” He said cheerfully, smiling at me as one would look towards their parent after receiving a gift. “Where are we?” He asked, looking around the room.

“Well. . .”

6 month’s later

“Daddy lets go!” Derek whined as he stomped his foot on the ground near the front door of our house. I couldn’t help but stifle a laugh at seeing the overly muscular man bounce in place angrily. Like a child about to throw a temper tantrum.

“Okay D, just give me a moment,” I called down to him as I pulled my shoes over my socks and tucked my wallet and keys into my pocket. I walked to the front door as I raised my hands in a soothing motion. “Okay big guy let’s get going. Got your phone?” I asked, he beamed a child-like smile and raised a rather colorful phone into the air. I couldn’t help but chuckle every time I saw him hold his oversized phone. It worked, slightly, but looked like something that you would give your child when they stayed for after-school activities and not to a grown man. Only one number was programmed into the phone, and it was mine. He wasn’t in contact with anyone from his prior life, and that was how I preferred to keep it.

It took some time to get him to understand how to use the phone, but it was worth the effort when we get separated in very public places. Nothing is more awkward to see than to have a two hundred and forty pound beast cry like an emotionally disturbed child.

“Perfect let’s get going,” I said as he led the way to the car, marching excitedly to the vehicle. I watched from behind seeing his massive cheeks jiggle back and forth, against the tightness of his cargo shorts. The seam ran deep between his glutes further accentuating the roundness of his ass. I couldn’t help but gawk at his oversized buttocks, wanting nothing more than to go back into the house and rip away his tighty whities and go at it!

The night of the transformation had been a rough explanation for Derek. He was full of confusion and curiosity. It was endless hours of questions and half explanations. The best I could come up with, was that I was his daddy and he was my son. His memories were clouded due to the drug, so he couldn’t remember any of his past life. So I began to backfill his mind false memories; we lived together in my house, we shared a bedroom, he loved working out, almost as much as he loved me. There had been some bumps in the road, mostly random outbursts or temper tantrums on Derek’s end but for the most part it was continuous smooth sailing. And that smooth sailing was decorated with long nights of hot passionate sex and worshipping as I urged him to grow bigger and beefier with a little help from science.

“Let’s go!” He shouted from the backseat as he buckled up.

“Okay okay okay,” I said as I jumped into the front seat, strapped in, and pulled the car into reverse. I turned on the music and watched as Derek bounced and danced in the backseat; his chest bounced back and forth with his over-exaggerated movements. His huge body took up most of the room in the back seat, while his dancing took the rest of the available space. The dancing continued until we pulled into a parking space outside of the mall. He jostled out of the car with the same excited movements, and well into the store.

“What are we looking for daddy?” He asked excitedly as he ran to the first pile of clothes, pulling every shirt from the stack before they were dropped onto the floor.

“Just a few cute outfits for you,” I said as an employee gave me a side eye, looking at the clothes strewn on the floor and back at us. I mouthed the words sorry. “Okay D, we need to pick up the clothes before the nice lady yells at us.” Derek looked at the sales associate. The two stared at one another for a brief moment, she fluttered her eyelashes and he stuck his tongue out like an angry toddler. She jumped back in shock at her attempt at flirting.

“D THAT’S NOT NICE,” I shouted, reprimanding him like an angry parent. He gave a gentle shrug of his oversized shoulders and bounced further into the store, leaving me behind to clean up the mess. I haphazardly arranged the clothes back on the table before I followed Derek into the preteen section; where most of his clothes were bought. Nothing was cuter than an oversized muscle man in a tiny Mickey Mouse t-shirt.

I watched from afar as he gathered clothes from many sides of the store until his arms overflowed with articles of clothing. He came back to me smiling, his straight white teeth were a drastic contrast to his dark Italian skin.

“I wanna try these on!” He shouted, a little too loudly.

“Okay let’s go find a room for you to get changed.” I led the way, for once, towards a back side of the store where Derek would be able to try on clothes. We choose the back handicap changing room, wanting enough room to sit and watch him dress and undress.

Derek stepped into the room, and I locked the door behind us. Happy that this store was one of the few that had an entirely enclosed dressing area. I plopped down onto the large bench while Derek began to pose in front of the mirror. He obviously enjoyed his large size, giggling at the sight of his biceps as he flexed and how his pectorals bounced beneath his tiny Sponge-Bob covered t-shirt.

“Okay, we don’t have all day D. Stop staring at your muscles and get trying on clothes. We have some other stores we want to hit,” I told him, partially because I didn’t want to spend all day watching him ogle his muscles and because we did have other plans. He playfully stuck his tongue out at me, but immediately replaced it with his goofy grin. I rolled my eyes, remembering to catalog it later for punishing him when he wasn’t being so darn adorable. I watched from my seat as he unbuttoned his pants and pulled down his shorts, revealing a pair of underoos that were covered in lion king characters. I could feel my own dick begin to chub up as I watched his oversized buttocks shift from left to right. The stretched fabric ran deep into his crack, giving him a perma wedgie. Sometimes I help him pick them out when he whined about how uncomfortable there, and if we were in private I did it with my teeth.

Since the initial transformation, his ass continued to get even beefier as the weeks went on. Derek grew out of clothing faster than I was able to buy it. On a daily basis, his muscles would rip the sleeves of his shirts open whenever he would flex his arms, his pectorals ripped the collar of his shirts, and his ass continuously ripped deep tares down his butt cheeks. Sometimes Derek would giggle if he ripped his clothes, other times he would cry. I never knew if he enjoyed being so big, but from the way, he spent most of the time flexing in the mirror; I assumed he loved it as much as I did.

“What do you think daddy?” He asked as he turned around, showing off a shirt with a large monkey and banana on the front of the shirt. A shirt which was made for a much smaller person, and barely made it past his pectorals. His lower body was covered in a short pair of cargo shorts, which bulged obscenely from his oversized cock. Beforehand his cock was magnificent but now, after the transformation, it had become a literal monster cock.

While his muscles and his ass grew larger; so did his cock and even more sensitive. I caught him multiple nights playing with it; slapping it with his hand playfully, bending over so he was able to suck himself off, and even sometimes covered in so much cum that it was obvious he had been jerking himself off all day long. In most cases, I would launch myself onto his cum covered body and lick every inch of him clean, but not before taking pictures for my personal collection.

“Turn around,” I said, motioning my finger in a circular motion. He placed his hands on his hips and spun around and pushed his ass out, but not before his finger was placed on his lip. Attempting his best sexy face he could must; it was a cross between his gassy face and his angry face. But still very cute, and very hot; at least to me, it was. His ass was pushed out enticingly making me bite in the air, making him smile. “Super sexy D,” I said, groping my cock to punctuate my sentence and show my arousal.

“Daddy getting hard?” He teased as he peeled away his clothes and replaced them with an equally tight, and equally attractive outfit. He had on multiple different outfits ranging from swimsuits and tank top crop tops to a pair of extremely tiny yet adorable overalls that made him look like the cutest country bumpkin.

“I want these! I want these!” He cheered as his pecs bounced in the air from his overexcitement. His pecs and ass bounced and jiggled with his heavy movements. I pulled myself from the bench, readjusting my obvious boner, as I took the tag in hand.

“Holy shit!” I cursed, reading the tag.

“Ooo, you cursed daddy!” He said giddily, knowing that he would run and grab our swear jar as soon as we got home. I rolled my eyes once again as I pushed the price tag back inside of the clothes.

“I don’t think we can afford them. They are a little too expensive. Don’t you like cargo shorts and the monkey shirt more? They make your muscles look really big!” I said, knowing I could win him over with a compliment. In response, he crossed his muscular arms and pushed out his bottom lip.

“No!” he said grumpily. No? This was a first. Usually, his will was easy to bend to my wants and needs, but him saying no; that had to be a first since the transformation.

“D, we are not going to get the overalls. Now take them off,” I said, putting more force behind my words. If he was going to be disobedient I was going to make sure he was treated like the naughty

child he was acting like. I had, on occasion, spanked him when we got really into our play sessions but at this moment I had plans on taking the spankings to a whole new level.

“No!” He said defiantly.

“Derek, I said take them off right now!” I ordered as I reached out for the snaps on the side of his hips. But before I was able to even touch the first button his burly hand snapped his hand around my wrist and squeezed.

“I said no!” He shouted as he tightened his grip on my forearm. He stepped towards me, pushing his muscular frame against my smaller body. His grip continued to tighten and he pushed until I had my back pushed against the wall. His eyes narrowed and his face hardened. The jovial face that I had come to love these past few months disappeared and was hidden under layers of anger.

“I don’t like it when you tell me what to do. Daddy, you have a been mean today. And mean people get punished,” He said as he held my arms in place, and then as quick as can be; he flipped me around and pulled me onto his large quads. I could feel his hard, thick cock press against my stomach as he took the waist of my pants and pulled it underneath my butt cheeks. “Daddy says when you are bad. And you are being bad. So you are going to be punished, daddy.” Was he about to do exactly what I was considering doing to him?

SMACK SMACK SMACK

His oversized hand rained down on my perky white cheeks, stinging worse every time his hand made contact with my bare ass. I could hear soft giggles of joy as he punished me. Each of his spankings was in tandem with his cock throbbing harder and harder. I could feel a wet spot growing through the thick denim of the overalls. He was enjoying this much more than I would have hoped.

“Please stop it hurts!”

“No, daddy has to learn his lesson. Derek doesn’t get told what to do anymore. Derek is in charge now,” He whispered into my ear. “Because Derek can hurt you. Derek is stronger than daddy. Do you understand that daddy?” He asked as he slapped both of my cheeks at the same time.

“Yes just please stop!” I cried, wanting it to be over. But even through the pain, my own cock was hard within my shorts. The stain on the front of my shorts was only growing worse with the combination of our precum mixing. I couldn’t help myself but grind my cock against his muscular thigh as his spankings continued. My cock rubbed against the inside of my jeans, creating just enough friction to push my cock closer to orgasm. But with the intensity of the pain continually increasing I didn’t think I would be able to finish without regretting it later.

“Does Derek get his overalls?”

“YES!” I screamed as he reeled back his hand and slammed really hard onto my ass one final time.

“Good daddy,” he said as he grabbed the waist of my pants and pulled them over my ass before I was lifted off his lap by my waistband.

“Good. I also want the monkey shirt and a pretzel,” he said, the angry façade immediately melted away and was replaced by the jovial smile I was accustomed too. “I think I want a cookie too,” he said as he began to unbutton the overalls. I rubbed my button gingerly as I stood silently beside him, not knowing if I would be able to sit down. I watched as he stripped the clothes away from his body and flexed in the mirror once again. Part of me regretted making him this large, but a larger price was slightly turned on by the more aggressive Derek. But the aggression I saw scared me, he was easily able to overpower me which made me fearful if I ever told him no again.

I turned into the mirror and pulled my pants down slightly and saw two large handprints on either side of my cheek. Neither of them would be easy to hide if my shirt ever lifted up. I knew my ass hurting currently, but my wallet was going to be hurting so much worse after this shopping trip.

Part 2

Life drastically changed after that shopping trip. Even though I was still Daddy, it held only a name and no authority any longer. His days were from then on fully under his control but fully funded by my wallet. He would drag me along to any place his heart desired; the mall, the movies, the gym. No matter what I was doing, his desire trumped anything I wanted. No matter the importance.

It only took me two times to realize what would happen when I denied him one of his wishes. The first time was when he wanted chocolate cake for dinner, I ended up with a broken hand. The second was for me to buy HIM a brand new sports car. That time was much worse, I ended up with a broken arm. Needless to say, he got the chocolate cake and he got the sports car, and the car hadn't moved an inch since it was brought him. Derek did spend countless hours pretending to drive with me locked in the passenger seat, and if I wasn't paying complete attention; his hands would tighten around the wheel and a thick vein would begin to bulge in his neck.

After both "accidents" he was always apologetic especially when I finally gave in to his wish. Derek's big puppy dog eyes would widen when he realized what he did and would begin to blubber like a child. I would end always end up apologizing to him for being such a mean daddy and do/buy him anything he wanted until he gave me his huge goofy grin. But even through his tears, there was always this constant glint in his eyes that told me he enjoyed the power that came with being in control.

I attempted to cut back on his time at the gym, in an attempt to subdue him but he only seemed to increase the time he spent. I would be sitting in the car watch basically twiddle my thumbs, sometimes for hours. I had attempted to come workout with him, but the fit that he threw in front of the rest of the occupants was more than enough to deter me from trying again. Nothing makes you feel more humiliated than having a six-foot-tall muscle god scream at you like a child.

The days seemed to blur together as a routine was formed. I would make breakfast and dress Derek in the morning, sometimes he would want something more revealing than necessary; short shorts, a mesh crop top, and a thong showed over his large cheeks. Then he would be dropped off at the gym while I went to work. He would call throughout the day saying how much he missed me and want me to come home. His incessant calls had become a sore subject for my boss, but he overlooked it when I told him I was acting as a foster parent. Lunch would usually be had together if I was able to get away for more than an hour. Derek would end up feasting on a dozen happy meals while I had a salad. Then he would be dropped back off at the gym while I finished off the day at work.

After work, I would drive by and grab Derek if he was done at the gym and we would have dinner at yet another place of his selections. The evening would be a hodgepodge of me as I chased Derek around the house in an attempt to push him into a bath, or some sort of water in order wash away the stench of his musk. The good nights were ones where he would streak around the house as I chased him. His huge cock and muscles would bounce tantalizingly. His cock would grow hard from the excitement and leak all around the house.

If he got away from me I would usually find him beating himself off wildly, while his other hand fed him his own cum. I would always join in and suction my lips around his engorged head. He would throw his head back in pleasure and moan as he pumped his dick further into my throat. My mouth would overflow with his load until it gushed from the corners of my mouth. Derek would laugh at the sight of me choking on his cock or how his load gushed passed my lips.

After being bathed would usually be followed by a healthy dose of whatever supplements he was taking at the time, and then bedtime. It was weird to see his huge body sprawled out on my side of the bed. It was those moments that made me love Derek, but in the back of my head, I could never forget the immense strength that hides beneath the wide-mouthed, snoring face.

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“Daddy I have been thinking,” Derek announcer as he ran into my office with his finger extended as if he had just made the discovery of the century. I looked up, over the tops of my glasses and stared at his barely clothed body. The small bikinis, which he had become very fond of wearing recently, could barely contain his package as he bounced in excitement.

“And what have you been thinking about D?” I asked as I returned my attention to the paperwork piled in front of me. I heard a loud of huff come from D’s direction, which indicated his annoyance at not having my full attention. With a much less obtrusive huff; I placed my pen on my desk and pulled back from my desk. “You were saying D?” A big wolfish grin came across his face.

“I wanna be bigger,” he said shortly. Bigger? He was already massive; his upper body held piles of muscles which tapered to a thin waist which exploded out to his a pair of bulking thighs and an obscenely sized cock. His facial features had developed more masculine lines while his lips have stayed juicy and plump and his eyes still kept child-like appearance.

I knew it was a possibility to actually use the same system that I had used to change him initially could be, theoretically, used once more on his body. But there would be an obvious cost, on his mental fortitude if he wanted to use it.

“Listen D, I don’t know if you could use it again, to be honest,” I lied. “I never thought about using it again. Or even it could -.”

“Are you lying to me, daddy?” Derek asked me. He had gotten very good at catching me when I was lying and was never afraid to call me out on it. Even if I wasn’t lying, I would sometimes have to fall to whatever side of the conversation which Derek favored. “Cause if your lying to me daddy, I’m gonna get angry. And when I get angry I break things.” It was a threat. He was openly threatening me. I saw the way his biceps tightened as his emotions began to boil. I needed to backtrack quickly.

“Okay D, let me take a look at the machine and see what I can do. I love how big those muscles are growing. You’re growing so quickly too without the help of a machine. Are you sure -?”

“Yes!” He shouted at me, cutting off my sentence.

“Let me take a look at what I did before, and see if it is possible to use it again on you. Okay? I promise that daddy will try his hardest to make you as big as possible, with or without the machine.”

“Daddy can do it. Daddy can do anything.” Derek said as he walked around my large wooden desk. The way his bulky pectorals jostled as he walked nearly hypnotized me. My mouth salivated at the very sight of them. His pert tan nipples, continuously hard like his cock, ready for me to nibble. He leaned in and placed his full lips against mine and kissed me. My hands left my chair and rubbed against his muscles. Quickly they moved down his body and grabbed the front of his crotch. My hand rubbed against the front of his underwear. I could feel his rigid cock and his full balls. But before I could push my hand into his underwear Derek pulled away just as my fingers grazed the tip of his head.

“No daddy. No sex until you make me big.” He pulled away and pulled down his underwear slightly. He rearranged his cock and balls with both in clear sight line. I just wanted to feel it against my lips. Feel his plays slap against my face as my fingers dug into his hole. I reached out to grab his cock, but his burly hand slapped me in the face. I reeled back, by the intense heat that flared against my skin. “No daddy! No sex until I’m big!” He snapped his underwear back into place and marched out of my office. Even though the pain I couldn’t help but moan at the view of his beefy ass as it swallowed his underwear into his crack. He slammed the door shut behind him, ending the fantasy.

I leaned back into my chair, could I possibly make him any bigger? Or maybe there could be another option? He wasn’t the brightest crayon in the box, so maybe I could trick him into something else.