

Just Like His Father

By Soul-Controller

After yet another intense and strenuous day as an overworked computer teacher, Charlie Nelson was eager for a break. But no matter how hard he wanted to get home and relax with some homemade dinner while watching a Twitch stream, this was an impossibility given the fact that his father Paul had made plans for the two of them to go out to dinner.

While Charlie had an obvious respect and appreciation for his father, the same could not be said about Paul towards Charlie's career choices. As a rather masculine and domineering man, there was an innate desire for Paul to have his only son to follow in his footsteps. There was a surprising amount of understanding from Paul in regards to his son's homosexuality, but the same could not be said about Charlie's career choices as a teacher-by-day and streamer-by-night. Both of those jobs were perceived to be "not manly" enough for Paul's liking, especially since it was so vastly different from his own career as a police officer.

So as Charlie made his way into the restaurant, he was already on edge as his father waved him over to the table. Even as his father flashed a smile at him and pulled him in for a brief hug, this feeling of unease continued to linger as they took their seats and began to talk. After a simple exchange of pleasantries between them though, the father and son quickly grew silent as Charlie watched his father direct his attention away from his son and onto the expansive menu. While he wasn't entirely too happy to be so immediately ignored, Charlie found value in this setup as it allowed him to calm himself down and just try his best to prepare for what would surely devolve into a disagreement between them. Given their location though, Charlie couldn't help but nervously tap his foot against the legs of his chair and pray that the disagreement didn't blow up into a full meltdown and argument between them. Trying his best to avoid such negativity, Charlie followed suit and began to observe the menu.

Once a few minutes had passed, a waitress had finally approached the table and taken the men's drink and food orders before removing the menus from the table. With them now having nothing to hide behind, both men were forced to finally begin interacting once more. So for several minutes, Charlie and Paul made some small talk about various news articles they had read or films and television that they had recently seen. The unspoken tension between them was so severe that it seemed impossible that even the steak knives on their table could break through it.

Charlie's relief at the lack of work-related discussions was quickly destroyed as his father shifted the conversation towards his job as a teacher.

"So, uh, how's the teaching going?" Paul inquired, trying his best to hide his disappointment with a forced smile.

Not one to keep his feelings too concealed, Charlie found himself slowly opening up to his father. For several minutes, he recounted the various annoyances he had endured as a result of his job along with the disappointment of being passed over for a promotion at the school. All while this was occurring, Paul kept himself silent as he tried his best to pay attention to what his son was talking about. But after finishing up, Charlie found himself immediately rolling his eyes as his father launched into his all-too familiar tirade.

"Maybe you wouldn't have so many issues with your life if you would have just listened to me," Paul said, refusing to hide his smugness as his lips curled into an amused grin. "I told you that you had potential as a cop, but you never wanted to listen to me and the advice I gave you," he continued, his voice growing a bit more strained in an attempt to control his rage towards his son. "Now look at you, stuck working in a woman's profession and playing video games at night to make your rent," his words now packing an emotional punch on the 25-year-old.

Despite his best attempts to brush off his father's narrow-minded views towards teaching and streaming, the constant shame he felt from his father continued to sour the man's mental state. Not one to be physical, the concept of becoming some uniformed cop that jumped to break up brawls or put his life on the line was quite unattractive to Charlie. While all of that was terrible in the man's mind, there was nothing he loathed more than thinking about having to use a firearm. Given the constant influx of gun-related crimes throughout the world, Charlie felt no desire to ever hold a firearm let alone use one.

"Dad," Charlie began, his voice trying to remain stern in hopes of preventing a huge blowout, "You know that me becoming a cop isn't going to happen. I'm sorry that I can't continue your legacy or whatever, but that's just not me. I'm a pacifist, I don't want to have to resort to violence every time I leave my apartment and go to work."

Paul clenched his fists beneath the table as he tried to keep his composure. The way his son consistently assumed the worst about his profession felt like an absolute slap in the face. For decades he had worked in the force and helped make their town feel safer, but none of that mattered to Charlie.

“You know, when your mom told me that she was pregnant with a boy I was overjoyed. But if only I had known back then how much of a disappointment you would be to me and this family in general...” Paul said aloud, the words growing gruff as they were spoken through gritted teeth.

Upon hearing such a cruel thing said about him, Charlie found himself quickly growing teary eyed as he felt the sudden expectations of his family and father envelop him. He felt incredibly disheartened, wanting nothing more than to escape from his life and be somewhere else. Not only did he not want to be a teacher anymore, but he didn't even wish to be a part of the Nelson family either.

Pushing his seat back, Charlie took a moment to wipe away his eyes and look down towards his calm and collected father. “I don't want to be a teacher either, I hate the way my life has gone. The only time I find happiness is when I'm writing at home or streaming video games. Despite all of this though, I don't think there's anyone that's a bigger disappointment in this family than you. You're so eager to relive your past that you're trying to make me replicate it. If that isn't pathetic, I don't know what is,” the crying teacher said, finishing his monologue with a turn on his heel and rushing out of the restaurant.

As he watched his son rush out of the restaurant, Paul took a moment to down the remainder of his drink and ponder what his next move should be. Despite his son's entire attempt at trying to call him a disappointment of a father, Paul found himself ignoring all of that and focusing more on the first half of the man's monologue. Looking down, the man began to twist the delicate-looking ring around his aged finger and let out a deep sigh. Although he had originally promised himself that he wouldn't ever use the ring to influence his family and their lives, the clear devastation that Charlie was feeling had caused Paul to begin pondering the possibilities of the ring.

When he first started to work in the police force many years ago, the man had a reputation of being one of the most respectable cops in the area. Even when he was supposed to be off-duty, the man assisted in doing nightly patrols in the more sketchy areas of time. During one of these nightly patrols, Paul had found himself saving a young immigrant woman from the abuse of some drunken asshole slurring racist remarks her way and attempting to attack her.

After getting there just before the man attempted to hit the woman, Paul quickly cuffed the man and shoved him in the back of the patrol car before heading back to check on the woman. Upon making sure she was ok, the grateful woman was quick to offer up a silver ring from her pocket while detailing how much she wanted to repay him for what

he had done for her. Despite his best attempts at turning down the ring, the woman demanded that he keep the ring as a token of her gratitude. In an attempt to convince Paul, the woman calmly stated that the ring was magical and had the ability to grant three wishes while wearing it.

At first, the man was understandably skeptical of the ring's apparent powers, but he soon became convinced after making one random wish absentmindedly while working around his house. Given his two children running around and making a mess with their toys, Paul had made a simple wish of wanting a bigger house. Immediately, he gasped as the ground shook and his modest residence had begun to grow into an impressively-sized house perfect for a young family. Despite the clear shock of it all, no one else in the family or neighbourhood had any idea of the apparent earthquake that Paul recollected experiencing as the house changed. To them, they all believed that the Nelson household had always been rather large and the nicest property in the entire area.

Upon understanding that the ring had real power, Paul was understandably against using his remaining two wishes until absolutely necessary. The time for the second wish finally came when severe monetary issues emerged, but Paul's knowledge of the wishes had caused him to wish for a steady income of cash that wouldn't cause any attention to be brought on the family while still allowing them to survive and even thrive in their new reality. In the time since that second wish had been granted, it had been over 10 years since Paul had ever considered using the ring. But as he stayed in his drunken state, the temptation of both helping his son and getting someone to carry on his legacy as a top-tier officer was too much to resist.

So as he looked down at the ring, the man made up his mind and began to state his wish aloud. "I wish Charlie was an outstanding cop who was super confident and masculine," he said, feeling a seismic shift that only he could only pick up on. As the last of the aftershocks finally began to settle down, Paul knew that the wish had been granted. In an effort to pass the time, the disappointed father called over the waitress and ordered a few more rounds of drinks and awaited for his son's return to the restaurant as the perfect and ideal cop to continue the Nelson legacy.

Upon rushing out of the restaurant, Charlie tried his best to rein in his tears and regain his composure by going on a walk throughout the area. After closing his eyes and tilting his head up to the sky, Charlie took a moment to slow down his breathing by taking slow and deep inhales and exhales of the evening air. As he began to feel more grounded after taking a moment to relax, there was an undeniable sense of ease and tranquility that began to overtake his overanxious mind and body. But unbeknownst to him, this

wasn't the result of his relaxation techniques but rather the beginning stages of his father's drunken wish going into effect.

So as he began to finally make his way down the street, Charlie was completely oblivious to the fact that his body was shifting and changing with each step down the sidewalk. Despite the change in eye-level, the teacher had no idea that his over-6' height was dwindling down inch-by-inch until he found himself hitting a stride as a now 5'7" man. With each blink of his eye, he was ignorant to the fact that his dark blue irises were changing in shade until it reached a rare shade of green that really popped against his more prominent brow.

But as more definitive features on his face began to shift, there was a tingling sensation that became impossible for the man to ignore. As the shape of his nose began to alter and grow wider and more prominent, Charlie couldn't resist snuffling and blinking his eyes at the change. Given his obliviousness towards the situation though, he could only figure that he was having some sort of seasonal allergies as he began to feel that tingling in his nose expand towards his cheeks and jaw.

The scruffy facial hair that adorned the man's cheeks and chin was the first area of his lower face to shift via his father's wish, with the follicles pulling back into the skin until he was left with facial hair that could only be described as a permanent five-o'clock shadow. Beneath the epidermic surface level changes, Charlie's own bone structure was shifting as well. The more rounded appearance of his face began to shift and contort until he gained more angular jawlines and cheekbones that provided him a level of masculinity never before experienced.

As he stopped his pace to wait for the green light of the crosswalk to flash, Charlie took a moment to look around at the busy city streets and just observe the lives of others. Given his own sadness from both his own disappointment in his career choice along with the argument with his father, there was nothing he hated more than to see others living their lives with wide smiles and pure joy in their voices. This was especially apparent as he found himself staring into a restaurant front window and observing a father and son smiling towards each other while seemingly engaging into a passionate yet non-confrontational discussion. *Oh, how nice that must be*, Charlie thought to himself, allowing his eyes to drift away from the scene in front of him.

With the reflection of the windows providing the perfect opportunity for Charlie to grow shocked by what had occurred to both his height and face, no such thing ever manifested. Instead, the man took an opportunity to lean a bit closer into the mirror and admire his own visage. While he was most certainly not happy with his life and career

choices, Charlie was at least able to find satisfaction in what he saw in the mirror. The prominent nose and green eyes looked especially gorgeous with his short and tidy light



brown hair, especially when lighted by the restaurant's outdoor neon sign. Naturally, such a beautiful sight was able to inspire a significant amount of confidence in himself.

Although his physique was still something of a work in progress, alternate memories of his life firmly implanted themselves in his mind. Instead of the usual and occasional flirting of his Twitch viewers, new memories reminded Charlie of the constant thirst directed at him by his followers that loved nothing more than to praise his angular features and beg him to finally start an OnlyFans so they could admire and appreciate every inch of his gorgeous body. But despite the confidence boost, Charlie still found himself feeling that OnlyFans was a step too far. He had instead

chosen to compromise with his followers by making a larger section of his stream screen dedicated to his face cam rather than the game he was playing!

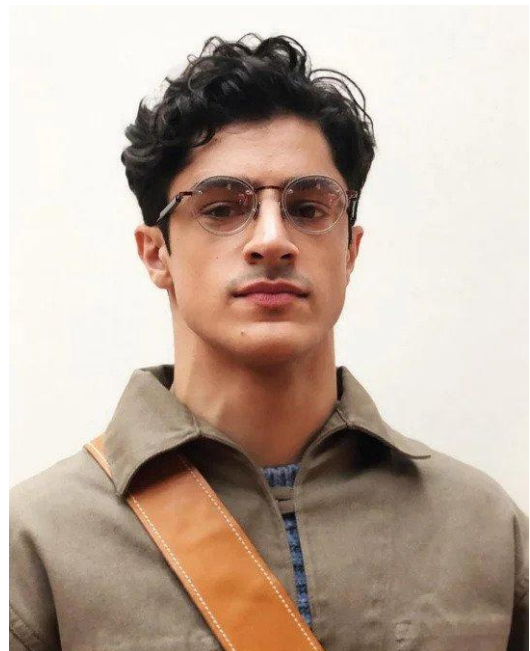
This newfound appreciation of his face also transcended to his main career as well, with new memories informing him of just how innately photogenic he was in comparison to the other staff members at his school. Given this fact, so many of the gay students he taught had been caught discussing their thirst and admiration for him on numerous occasions. Even the staff themselves respected him more with this new modelesque face, so much so that he was practically the face of the school and used in every possible promotional advertisement and social media post. After all of the things that he remembered about himself, Charlie became even more confused about the fight he had just gotten into with his father. Clearly, he was quite the hunky and masculine guy!

As the sudden green light of the crosswalk began to cover the right side of his face, Charlie directed his attention back towards the task at hand and began to make his way across the street. But as he continued to step, both the expression on his face and pace began to shift. These new memories were working quickly to revamp the man's mind, helping him grow much more cocky and confident like his father had always wanted him to be. As a result, instead of the normal walk and expressionless face that he had just previously walked the last few blocks with, there was now an innate swagger in his step and a beaming grin on his face.

Continuing his journey down the city streets, Charlie's body began to once again undergo some severe transformations as everything from the neck down began to shift. With this unstoppable sense of pride and cockiness having so deeply infiltrated his psyche, Charlie found himself naturally puffing out his chest. Despite his fairly consistent gym regime the man found himself with a fairly flat and unimpressive chest, but that was about to change quite significantly. As his stride began to naturally pick up and walk with purpose, his deep inhales and exhales caused his chest to slowly inflate. Step-by-step and breath-by-breath, Charlie allowed himself to be gifted with a significant chest that had two prominent pecs that had even caused his nipples to widen and make indents against the now-tighter dress shirt he was wearing.

While this was occurring, the man's abdominal muscles, biceps, and traps were all undergoing significant changes at the same time. Moving on their own accord, each area of muscle began to tense up and loosen while bringing with it brand new muscle that just continued to grow. In terms of his biceps Charlie was already quite gifted in that area, so the increase in size from his father's wish only made him look even more strong and intimidating as they stopped growing just before he found himself ripping out of his dress shirt. As his traps continued to expand, the man couldn't resist tilting his neck in hopes of getting rid of a cramp that was working overtime to get him cop-ready. The biggest area of discomfort for Charlie though came with the man's abs, which were causing an intense stomach ache to make him feel as though he was seasick on a choppy ocean journey. But overall, the man was relieved to find this discomfort to slowly fade away as a brand new and well-defined eight-pack finished being formed.

Stopping once again at a crosswalk, Charlie found himself leaning his back against the streetlight as a suaveness suddenly found itself growing more apparent in his personality. While leaning against it, the man was oblivious to the fact that his back had widened severely and his ass had grown to obscenely large levels to the point where his ass cheeks were preventing him from properly leaning his entire back against the pole. As he continued to look around at the people nearby, Charlie's attention was immediately caught by another man standing at the same corner as him. Like Charlie, the man seemed to be some sort of intellectual who lived a busy life given his dress clothes and



stereotypical round glasses. While he wasn't entirely sold on how the man presented himself (it was far too blatantly nerdy), the longing stares that Charlie had caught the man giving him told him all he needed to know. Upon realizing that there was someone who was seriously into him, Charlie's crotch began to undergo its own transformation. As the two men continued to occasionally make eye contact, the teacher found himself growing rock hard in an instant. With each second that passed, his dick pushed past the levels of peak hardness and continued to extend all of the way until the flashing green light of the crosswalk. By the time the light had turned and Charlie was walking behind the man, his average cock had become a 9.5" behemoth that would surely satisfy anyone on the receiving end of it.

With this newfound lust emerging deep within Charlie's mind, the meek and practically asexual man was having several sexual epiphanies as he continued to observe the other man's perky ass bounce with each step he took. Visions of rigorously fucking the man flashed in his mind, causing pre-cum to begin to ooze into his underwear due to just how erotic total dominance was to him. Envisioning himself bending the man over and thrusting into the man's ass was becoming like the sweetest and most exhilarating drug to the transforming man's mind. Given the fact that his evolving personality was now causing him to view himself to be a gifted and extremely impressive man, the concept of dominating smaller men like the nerdy pedestrian or some curvy female was a no brainer to him.

Continuing to walk despite the intense sexual desire he felt, Charlie remained blissfully oblivious as the final few changes progressed down the man's legs. His legs thickened with prominent muscle that had him feeling like his thighs were trapped in sausage casings from the tightness of the fabric. His calves had also gained a sizable amount of bulk, now becoming so tight and thick that it felt as if he had a permanent charley horse. Finally, the man's feet also lengthened, increasing a few shoe sizes and causing the man to walk with larger strides as a result.

Like a predator hunting his prey, Charlie observed from a distance as the nerdy pedestrian continued to make his way down the street before quickly ducking into a nearby bar. Given his new desire to get wasted and also have some fun, the teacher followed suit and quickly entered the building and made his way towards the bar. As he scanned the crowded room the man made note of the curly mop of hair and tan jacket that easily stood out amongst the crowd. Making his way through the room without disturbing his natural swagger, Charlie finally took a seat next to the nerdy guy and turned towards him.

"Hey there, how are you doing?" Charlie said, flashing a bright white smile.

As the man directed his attention towards Charlie, a clear look of slight panic emerged on his face as he realized that his longing stares had actually been noticed. “U-uh, I’m doing o-ok. You?” he replied, his voice wavering between octaves as he took in the sight of the hunky man beside him.

“Eh, not too bad. Had a rough day, so I’ve been looking to unwind and have some fun. The name’s Kenlie,” he continued, extending a hand out and chuckling as the man grasped onto it.

“Hey there Kenlie, that’s a unique name. I’m Cyrus,” the man responded with a whisper, the sentence being punctuated by a loud gasp from the tight grip that Kenlie had placed around his hand. Despite the discomfort he felt from the strength that the gorgeous and buff man was displaying, Cyrus was willing to go with all of it. So for several minutes, the two men made casual small talk and tried their best to keep their composure. While Cyrus was worried about cumming prematurely from the slight attention the hunky man had given him, Kenlie was more focused on trying to keep his cool and not tear off the man’s pants and go to town on his perky little ass.

As the two of them began to discuss their professions though, the conversation began to veer to unknown territory for Kenlie. While Cyrus had no issue discussing his job at a local art museum, Kenlie found himself struggling to remember his own profession. He recalled the fact that he worked in a school, but the specifics were somehow blurry in his mind. Given the man’s uncertainty, Cyrus tried to make the best of it by creating a guessing game to help the hunk recall.

“Are you a gym teacher?” Cyrus inquired, which caused Kenlie to ponder the possibility of such a career. While he had visions of arriving at the school every morning, there was nothing that gave him an indication of working as a teacher at the school. In fact, if his new memories serve him right, he wasn’t the best student growing up and even had a severe dislike for children. With these revelations now running through his mind, the pieces of his profession began to fall into place. Despite working at the school, he had no real interactions with the children. Instead, he began to recall pacing through the empty hallways and doing rounds alongside the perimeter of the building countless times every day.

“I- I’m a security guard,” Kenlie said aloud, his voice growing more confident as the memories began to continue falling into place. He instantly recalled the countless security training programs he had been required to participate in, which made him feel incredibly powerful and confident. However, despite this newfound confidence in his

mind, there was still a nagging thought running through his mind that informed him of his father's disappointment in him. Despite having a career that closely resembled the police force, Paul was still quite dismissive of Kenlie's position. "If you don't have a badge and gun, then it doesn't count," Kenlie recalled his father saying during one of their many arguments about his profession.

Eager to get his mind off of things though, Kenlie shook those thoughts away and began to focus back onto the man he had been conversing with. While continuing to make small talk, Charlie discussed his admiration for rock music, action films, and superheroes. Upon hearing the last morsel of information, Cyrus immediately began to perk up and inquire about Kenlie's favorite superheroes. Although he recalled a severe interest in superheroes such as The Deep, Spider-Man, and Superman, Charlie couldn't resist stating that his favorite superhero of all time was Captain America.

Upon hearing the British man declare his admiration for the American hero, Cyrus couldn't help but chuckle at the situation. "So much for British pride huh?" Cyrus responded, giving a slight nod towards Kenlie as he finished downing the rest of his drink. "Although, I'm sure you'd look great in his suit. No offense, but you look like the blueprint for the stereotypical American hunk," the nerdy man continued, giving a slight wink towards the man as he set the glass down on the counter.

Despite the slight taunting, Kenlie remained completely enamored by Cyrus. In fact, both of them were having the same vision in their minds of Kenlie all decked out in a Captain America costume while fucking Cyrus' perky little bubble butt. As if in unison, both men reached down and adjusted their throbbing crotches before growing flush in the face.

Given how intense their chemistry was becoming, Cyrus' sudden declaration of needing to go to the bathroom provided some immediate relief for both men as they tried to calm themselves down. "Alright, I'll be here," Kenlie said with a cheeky wink, causing the nerdy man to quickly get up from his chair and rush towards the bathroom in hopes of not cumming right then and there.

So as Kenlie waited around for the man's return, the transformed man tried his best to keep himself entertained by the sights of the busy bar. As he took a moment to observe two college-aged students constantly tumbling onto the floor while making their way towards the exit, the sudden aroma of perfume instantaneously took a chokehold around his attention. Looking around the room for the source of the odor, Kenlie's eyes narrowed and his lips curled into a smirk upon setting his sights on a curvy brunette. In

fact, this smirk only grew more and more cocky as the woman made her way to the bar and took a seat next to him.



“Well hello there, what’s a gorgeous woman like you doing here all alone?” Kenlie slyly said, taking a moment to allow a lingering stare into her eyes to emerge. As he awaited her response, the odor of the perfume gained in intensity to the point where it became an aphrodisiac for the man. As the scent continued to travel up his nostrils, it permeated through his skull and infiltrated the man’s mind. With each inhale he took of the perfume, Kenlie’s homosexuality was beginning to quickly alter to a polar opposite of pure heterosexualit.

Instead of his previous attraction towards Cyrus, Kenlie’s mind now only found the female form attractive. Instead of anally pleasuring any man worthy of his mighty cock, Kenlie could only focus in on the pleasure derived by fucking female pussy all night and shooting his potent seed into her endlessly. As such, there was an intense biological desire to procreate and to do it often, which could only be attributed to just how inflated his ego was becoming. Given the fact that he thought he was the perfect male specimen, Kenlie found himself to be a saint due to the service he could provide humanity by gifting his genetics to the next generation.

“What makes you think I’m here alone?” the woman said with a smile, turning towards the hunky stranger and awaiting his response.

Enjoying the challenge that the woman was providing, Kenlie was quick to give a quick retort back to her. “Well, I don’t think you’d still be giving me the time of day if you were alone right?” he responded, staring deeply into the woman’s eyes and smirking as she couldn’t resist breaking into a slight chuckle.

“I guess you’ve got me there,” the woman responded, “I’m Mallory.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you Mallory, I’m Ken,” the man said, extending his hand out towards her while completely unaware of his still-evolving name. In fact, his memories were already rewritten by the time he had even begun to continue speaking. Instead of

the name Charlie (or Kenlie), childhood nicknames of Kenny popped in his head along with a montage of the various signatures he had given through his childhood and adulthood that stated the name Ken Nelson.

As Mallory took a hold of the man's hand, Ken couldn't resist lifting it up and giving the back of her hand a soft peck before letting it back down. "So, what would you like to drink?" he inquired, completely unaware of the fact that his voice had begun to crack and shift into a slew of different accents with each word that he said. In fact, Mallory was just as unaware of the shifting accents until the man's final word settled on a deep and distinctively non-British tone.

"I'm sorry, but I didn't even pick up on your accent at first. Where are you from?" Mallory said with a chuckle, leaning in further towards Ken in hopes of learning more about the attractive foreign up.

"Oh, uh, I'm from here..." Ken began, his mind beginning to draw a blank while attempting to come up with a reason behind his clearly American accent despite being born in the United Kingdom. Just as he was on the verge of giving up and just trying to avoid the question though, the front of the man's mind was suddenly overcome by a sea of wish-created memories to explain the change.

"So, I was born and raised here, but I had a bit of a mean streak growing up," he began, taking a moment to chuckle while looking up at the still-interested woman. "My dad tried his best to remedy this by sending me to some local boarding schools, but I just kept finding a way to get kicked out. Finally reaching a boiling point though, my dad decided to take drastic measures and ship me off to some military school in the United States," he calmly stated, finally feeling at peace as this new reality once again settled into place.

While Ken seemingly accepted this new reality with open arms, the broad amount of knowledge that his former self had accumulated throughout his university journey and teaching profession were quickly dissipating from his mind to help free up some room. Instead of concepts that involved booksmarts, Ken's mind was being refilled with information that involved thorough knowledge of military-grade weaponry and how to operate it.

"Ah I see, well did it work?" the woman asked with a laugh.

"Did what work?"

“The drastic measures. Did you finally calm down and stop being a little arse,” Mallory continued, grinning at the man as she tried her best to imagine how such a well put-together man had ever been such a troublemaker.

“Oh yeah, he got what he wanted. I ended up staying in the United States and joining the military there. I did a few tours in Afghanistan, but after getting home I decided to join the police force there... just like my old man,” Ken chuckled as he discussed his father. In this new reality, there were certainly memories of tough conflict between them, but those were all exclusive to his pre-US life. In fact, the visuals running through his mind had informed Ken about the close-knit bond between him and his father to the point where they were essentially best friends. There were so many memories that involved the two of them talking over the phone for hours or even in-person during his occasional trip back home. They would take shots and just discuss things such as the best and worst moments about being in the force until they got too drunk to function and passed out wherever they were sitting. All of these warm memories were a delight to run through Ken’s head, but if there was any semblance of Charlie Nelson residing in the depths of his brain, he would be traumatized by such a life.

As his memories also began to inform him of his fellow soldiers from his military service along with his fellow police officers, Ken was oblivious to the fact that several tattoos were beginning to manifest onto his body along with new information that correlated with those new tattoos. In fact, his mind was so deep in thought recollecting his past experiences with his best friends that he didn’t even direct his attention back towards the gorgeous woman until she snapped her fingers in front of him.



“Oh shit, I’m sorry. I got lost going down memory lane,” he said, shaking his head before directing his attention back towards the woman.

“It’s ok, I love your tattoos though. They look great on you,” she uttered with a clearly sensual voice, “how many do you have?”

“Oh uh, I’ve gotten so many I’ve lost count,” Ken replied, trying his best to keep the conversation moving forward without overthinking things and getting lost in thought.

But before Ken could get back to flirting with the girl and charming the panties right off of her, a sudden hand on his shoulder caused him to turn away from Mallory and face the mystery individual. Despite just having previously interacted with Cyrus less than 15 minutes prior, Ken Nelson had no memory of anything that Kenlie had done or said with the man. So as he followed the dainty looking hand up to the frail man it belonged to, Ken wasn't afraid to immediately jump into defensive mode upon having another man touch him in such a way. "The fuck are you doing bro?" he growled, grasping onto Cyrus' hand and tossing it away from his shoulder.

"Whoa, I'm sorry I was gone so long" he exclaimed with a gasp, trying his best to remain calm and get the two of them back to where they had been prior to his trip to the restroom. "If you want to continue where we left off though, I wouldn't be opposed," Cyrus continued, gaining the confidence to move his hand back towards Ken and running his hand along the front of his shirt to feel up the now-cop's pecs and rippling abs.

Upon being touched in such a way, Ken's innate toxic masculinity was quick to jump into action. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?!" he screamed, pushing the man away until he fell back onto the stool next to Ken. "I'm not a fucking faggot, so I don't know what the hell you think you're doing bro. Believe me, if you try that shit again, I'll fully kick your ass!" he continued, not even stopping as Cyrus found himself beginning to grow teary eyed. "Now get the fuck out of here," Ken said, punctuating his sentence with a pulled back fist to cause the pathetic twerp of a man to sprint away in an inconsolable sob.

As he watched the man flee out of the building, a cocky grin couldn't resist developing on Ken's face as he turned back to the opposite side. "Sorry about that, I hate when queers like that think they can hit on me because I'm attractive," he said, which immediately made the girl's smile to falter. Despite clearly not being turned on by the man's direct cockiness and machismo, Ken was oblivious to his female companion's expression upon sitting back down in his stool and getting the bartender to get him two shots for him and Mallory.

"So, I've been really enjoying this Melinda, but I've got to get ready for my flight in the morning. If you're down, I'd love for you to come back and join me in my hotel room," Ken began, instinctively tensing up his arms to help convince her to come home with him. But as her smile narrowed and turned into a frown due to him saying the wrong name, Ken believed that she was disappointed by the "nice" approach he was taking. As such, he tried to amp it up and switch up his methods in hopes of getting that woman's naked body wrapped up in his sheets.

“I mean, I know this would only be a one-time thing, but I just wanted you to know that my girlfriend is totally cool with this. Trust me, she knows that when I go back home that I’m able to get a hall pass for the entirety of the trip. You know what they say, when in Rome and all of that! Well, I guess in this case it would be when in Brit-”

SMACK!

Gasping as the woman stopped him mid-sentence with a resounding slap across the face, Ken couldn’t help but stare with an open mouth at the nerve of the woman. Despite his anger and embarrassment at the situation, Ken tried his best to play it off while making light of the situation. Turning towards the bartender, he began to speak as the woman began to gather her belongings. “Well, I guess British girls don’t like being direct huh,” he jokingly asked, taking a moment to look past the bartender and towards the mirrored backdrop of the bar.

As soon as his eyes met the sight of his own reflection though, it suddenly became apparent that the slap had somehow interrupted the veil of obliviousness over Charlie’s mind. Returning back to his normal teacher personality, Charlie audibly gasped while looking at what had happened to him. While he was no doubt much more attractive than his former self, the pure shock of the situation caused his previously highly emotional state to return and himself to immediately begin breaking down to tears. Staring down at himself and seeing his clothes now barely containing his muscular form, Charlie was understandably confused by what had seemingly happened to him.

Desperate to get a better look at himself, Charlie lifted one hand down into his too-tight pants pockets and fished out his cell phone. Upon going to unlock his phone though, the man audibly gasped in shock as his phone lockscreen had shifted to have a photo that involved the face that had stared back at him in the mirrored bar reflection fully decked out in a form-fitting police uniform. While he wasn’t sure what was going on, the uniform the photo displayed made one thing obvious - his father was somehow behind it all. With his mind becoming overcome with rage and desperation to turn back to his old self, Charlie hopped up onto his feet and pushed his way through the crowded bar. As he exited to the sidewalk, the man broke into an intense sprint as he rushed back towards the restaurant where he had last seen his father.