

REST STOP
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The day Alex Sanford's life changed was balmy and bright, the type of bright that made Alex regret not bringing sunglasses or a hat. With the midday sun beating down directly on the rest stop, there weren't any shady spots to hide out that weren't already occupied by families with toddlers or dogs taking a piss.

Alex was with his family, too - thankfully there were no toddlers or little kids involved, although now that everyone was older they were more particular about sharing space. And even though Alex had just had his earphones in the whole time, it was still nice to get a break from the group while they used the bathroom inside. Alex didn't have to pee - he prided himself on his sturdy bladder - and as one of five kids, any chance to be alone was a welcome one.

There were a lot of cars parked in the rest area, but the extra long spaces in the back of the lot were empty save for one lone truck. The driver was standing outside of it smoking a cigarette, and Alex realized too late that he'd been staring right at the guy for a decent amount of time. Well, he hadn't actually been staring, but it looked like he was because of the sunlight making him squint.

"Checkin' out the rig?" the man asked, projecting his voice across the yards separating him from Alex.

"Oh...no, sorry," Alex said, looking away.

"Nah, it's fine! She's a beauty." The man patted the side of the truck cab. It was cherry red with polished chrome, nearly the size of the Sanford car on its own. "Come over and take a good look."

Alex shrugged and walked over, inhaling the smoke of the man's cigarette as he walked up to the truck. He didn't care about trucks at all, but he was bored, and it was fascinating how damn BIG the vehicle was. Alex couldn't imagine how someone could drive anything of this size. It was just so daunting. "It's huge," he said, looking at the trailer.

"Eh, I've driven bigger," the man said, stomping out his cigarette. "Name's Ervin."

"I'm Alex."

"Ever thought about becoming a truck driver, Alex?"

"No," Alex laughed. "No, not at all."

"Why's it funny?"

"Oh, just 'cause I don't know anything about it. Guys like me wind up working in offices."

"That's your goal? Not being free as a bird, just you and the road?"

"I think I'd get bored, honestly," Alex said, looking at the vehicle's huge tires.

"No, you won't," Ervin smiled. "You'll be a great truck driver, Alex."

"Thanks," Alex chuckled. "I don't think that's what I want."

"It's a fun life," Ervin said. "You see so much of the country - all of the lower 48, certainly, maybe Alaska even. 500 miles a day! The sight of the sun coming up each morning over whatever state you're in...there's nothing like it. And you make friends with other guys on the road. It's like being in a special club."

"Yeah, but you have to be alone all day. And getting up before sunrise? Pass."

"Wasn't your family that big group I saw walking in? And you stayed outside? Clearly you want more alone time." Ervin pointed to the cab's door, which was ajar. "Why don't you hop on up and see how you like sitting inside?"

"You trying to kidnap me, man?"

Ervin laughed. "No, no! I'll hang back here. No funny business."

Alex knew it was a bad idea. He didn't really understand why he was walking toward the truck and climbing up the steps - dang, this thing was so big you needed STAIRS to get into it - to go inside. Ervin was a few yards away, sure, but it wasn't like Alex could take him on if he lunged. Alex was small for his age, and Ervin was taller and stronger. But it was a boring day, and Alex had never been inside a massive truck before.

Everything about it was big. It was like stepping into a shed, not a car. There were several feet between the driver and passenger seats, and Alex could almost stand up without bumping his head. He looked in the back and was surprised to see a good sized bed, some cabinets, and folded clothes.

He poked his head out of the door, looking at Ervin, who remained several steps away. "You live out of this?!"

"Of course! When you're on the road, that is. It's got everything you need. Where did you think truckers slept when they were working? The Ritz?"

"I guess I thought truck stops had rooms." Alex plopped down in the driver's seat. It was extra wide, like a bus seat, but far more comfortable. "There memory foam in this?" It dawned on him that comfort and support would be essential when driving for a living, so it made sense the seat was specially designed. The cushion he was on had a buttprint that filled the entire seat - it was

twice as wide as he was, and worn in enough for the foam to be cracked in parts. Alex slid all the way back, his spine sinking into the warm embrace of the ergonomic seat.

There were two small indentations in the center of the seat, right in the middle of where the driver's giant ass was outlined. As soon as Alex positioned himself in the center, his nuts slid into the small depressions, sinking partly into the seat. And then, an odd thing happened - he swore he felt them swell to the perfect size for the hollowed area to cradle them, like a pedestal for his big nads. They gently nudged Alex's legs further apart. "Ooh..."



"Y'alright there, buddy?"

"Yeah, just had a weird feeling." Alex shifted his weight back and forth, feeling his fat balls bound up and down within the hollowed-out cavity in the seat. He'd never sat in a seat that bolstered his nuts. It was kinda fun to have that ever-present reminder that he was male.

"Why don't ya pose with your hands on the wheel, I'll take a picture for you."

The steering wheel was huge too, like a captain's wheel on a pirate ship. Alex stretched his arms out at the same rate that he extended his legs to place them on the pedals. His joints crackled and he felt odd aches in his knees, ankles, and elbows, but they soon passed.

Ervin grinned like a proud parent as he snapped some photos on his phone. "Here, I'll take some video too. Pretend like you're driving. That's it. Say hi."

"Uh, hey..."

"Introduce yourself and say what you do."

"I'm Alex Sanford, I'm a student at-"

"No, no, say you're a truck driver!"

Alex rolled his eyes. "My name's Alex Sanford, and I'm a truck driver," he said, patting the side of the cab through the open window. "This here's my rig."

Ervin nodded with a smile and walked up to the window of the truck. "Give it a look," he said, handing the phone up to Alex. Alex laughed at the photos. He looked like a little kid with his head poking up above the huge steering wheel and the uneasy grin on his face. But when he got to the video, there was a weird filter on it - like some sort of fake firework thing that he assumed was misaligned. He zoomed in on it and squinted. It wasn't fireworks; it was just brown extending out of the top of his t-shirt, a few pixels at a time twirling around his neck.

"Photos are good. Something wrong with the video there." Alex handed the phone back to Ervin and pointed to the strange activity around his t-shirt.

"Mm? Doesn't look strange to me. That's just your chest hair."

"I don't have chest hair."

"What do you call this, then?" Ervin reached through the window and Alex suddenly felt a sharp, irritating pain.

"Ow!"

Ervin held up a long brown hair like he was inspecting it under a microscope. "Looks like chest hair to me."

"But that can't..." Alex leaned over to look at himself in the side mirror mounted on the truck. "That...that's not..." There was hair protruding out of the top of his t-shirt, and it really did look like it was going off like fireworks a few strands at a time - shooting out of his collarbone and twirling into long, curly strands that rustled in the air. "That's not..." Alex pulled down on the neck of his t-shirt and saw the hair spreading over his chest, brown and thick. "Th-that's-"

“Let’s give it a good look.” Ervin reached in and tore the top of Alex’s shirt open. The center of the t-shirt fell open, both sides falling to the sides to expose Alex’s chest. It was like it was waiting for the air to activate it. As soon as the t-shirt was torn, hair burst through Alex’s chest, millions of follicles swirling over and around each other. “That’s it. Man, you’ll be the envy of every guy you meet.”

“M-my shirt!” Alex plucked at the torn tee, his fingers sinking into his furry pelt and making his lip curl. “This is...this is...”

“We’ll fix it in a second,” Ervin said, pulling harder on Alex’s shirt and ripping it further down the middle, allowing more chest hair to sprout and cascade out in all directions, hiding the skin beneath. “Just need to see...ah, yep, there it is.” He appeared to be talking about Alex’s nipple, which now looked like a pink island in an ocean of brown hair. Ervin tapped it, and Alex felt hot air blow through his nostrils. “You like that, don’t ya.”

“N-no I-”

Ervin latched onto Alex’s nipple, taking the entire thing in his mouth and starting to suck through the open window. Alex groaned and writhed, the nerves surrounding his nipple going wild, further confused by the heavy pelt taking root on his chest. “F-fuck,” Alex moaned, looking over to make sure no one in his family saw. “Fuck...I...”

Ervin was using his tongue now, and Alex could feel his chest hair getting caught in the man’s teeth, which turned him on even more. “That’s it, boy. Daddy needs milkin’.”

It took Alex a moment of shock to realize the words had come out of him. It wasn’t his voice. He’d suddenly spoken in a deep, rumbly grunt. Like if a gorilla could talk. Alex opened his mouth, and out came the voice again: “Drain these fuckin’ muscle jugs.” His cheeks turned pink. He shook his head. He wanted to shove Ervin off, but he couldn’t think - his chest was going crazy - all those nerves, all that hair. He felt it press into Ervin’s face, saw Ervin shift back on the step a bit...like his chest was growing...

RRRRRIIPPP...

Alex’s expanding cleavage burst further through his t-shirt, pecs inflating like balloons as Ervin performed fellatio on his nipple. Chest hair poured out through the opening, a waterfall of dark brown fur, getting thicker and longer the bigger Alex’s chest got. Alex moaned, forced to tilt his chin up before his pecs collided with it, their ridiculous mass jiggling and growing out in all directions as they filled with heavy muscle and fat. His tits sagged from all the weight packed into them. He looked down and realized he couldn’t see Ervin’s face anymore, because his chest blocked the view. And when Ervin finally popped free, Alex was sporting nipples like the top of a baby’s bottle.

“No no no-” Alex grunted, pulling desperately at the sides of his t-shirt.

“What are you trying to do?” Ervin asked innocently, still drooling from his performance.

“Cover up!” Alex said, panicked.

Ervin reached over and stopped Alex’s trembling fingers. A small slit appeared near Ervin’s hand, right by the tear in the shirt. On the other side, a matching button materialized. “You don’t want to cover up,” Ervin said calmly, moving his hand higher to conjure more buttons and, finally, a real shirt collar around Alex’s neck. He gently tugged the points of the collar into existence, widening them to sit open on Alex’s shoulders. “You wear buttondowns to show off your chest. You want everyone to see your pecs and chest hair.”

Alex looked down in horror at his rack. It was freakishly huge, bursting out of the shirt like that. His nipples were barely covered, and he could still see their outlines pushing against the thin fabric. “My chest hair...” he murmured.

“That’s right. You’re very proud of your chest hair. You want everyone to see how much you have. You want it to fluff out of all your shirts like this.”

Alex kept shaking his head, fondling his giant jugs. They were so heavy...this couldn’t be happening...he felt them lurch up higher as he touched them, like they were straining to touch the roof of the cab - he took a big breath and felt the new shirt buttons over his stomach tighten.

“That’s it,” Ervin assured him. “Grow your belly.”

“I don’t want a belly,” Alex said, buttons on his shirt shifting into a longer alignment as his stomach began to bow outward over the top of his thighs. He spread his legs wider. “I’m skinny.”

“No you’re not,” Ervin said.

“But I am - I need to fit in my family’s car -”

“No you don’t.”

“Yes I do, goddammit,” Alex snarled, getting irritated. “Daddy needs to fit in the family car.”

“You fit in this one. That’s all that matters,” Ervin smiled, reaching in to pat Alex’s swelling gut, which was expanding in might and mass until it had pushed out past his chest with no signs of stopping. Alex felt the buttons of his shirt dig into his skin. “Daddy’s looking good.”

“Daddy doesn’t like this,” Alex moaned, arching his back and letting his ball belly balloon out until it threatened to touch the steering wheel.

“Let’s see...” Ervin reached down and flicked open two buttons of Alex’s shirt, just in time to see his bellybutton pop to an outie. “Hmm, too smooth, Alex. Daddy needs more fur.”

“No, no,” Alex groaned, already feeling the hair on his chest spreading downward, creeping under the overhang of his muscled tits and surging down over his now-massive belly. He began to sweat as the wiry curls took root and covered every surface they found, standing out proudly through the open buttons until Ervin pulled the shirt back together. It was skin tight over the sphere that Alex’s belly had become, and the buttons gapped enough to let brown hairs poke through. “Daddy doesn’t want all this hair. It’s itchy. And where...where am I gonna shop...how am I gonna find clothes-”

“Big and tall! Westernwear stores, truck stops...”

“I don’t wanna buy my clothes at truck stops!”

“Why not? All you wear is western shirts and jeans. Just need to buy them big enough for these jugs.” At their mention, Alex’s pecs swelled a bit bigger.

“But truck stops don’t have all the cool brands,” Alex said meekly.

“What are your favorite brands?”

“Um...” Alex blinked. He liked being up on fashion and wearing trendy clothes, but now he was drawing a blank. He looked down to check the logo of his t-shirt, then realized he was wearing a plaid button-down shirt now, the chest pockets shoved to his armpits by the mass of his pecs. The plaid pattern was composed of blue, brown, and white, a perfect companion to Alex’s dark brown chest hair. “Wrangler?” he mumbled. “Wrangler, Carhartt, Dickies...the George Strait shirts, I like those...”

“You can get all those at truck stops, buddy,” Ervin smiled.

“But what if I’m not...cool anymore?”

“Having muscles that don’t fit in your clothes is cooler than any brand.”

“Ah, shit-” Alex grimaced and leaned his head to one side to crack his neck, and out of the side of it bulged a trap muscle the size of a loaf of bread, the mass shaking down through his right shoulder until it mashed into the door of the truck. Alex repeated the motion on the left side, and the same thing happened: giant trap, broad shoulder, and a deltoid like a pumpkin filling his sleeve. His thin, graceful neck sank into the gnarled mass of muscles he called shoulders, vanishing entirely, never to be seen again. His traps were like one big slab of granite supporting his head, and sported enough hair to tickle his earlobes. “Did something weird just happen,” Alex asked, looking at his hands.

“Nah, buddy. Nothing weird.”

“Okay, good,” Alex said with a gulp. “I don’t want any more changes. I’m not a trucker.”

“Maybe not yet.”

“It’s not the life I want. Getting up at 4 in the morning and driving all day...of course, all the loading and unloading would be a good workout, I’d probably get pretty big.” Alex caressed his chest, his hands disappearing under the projection of his massive pecs. “Big fuckin’ muscle daddy,” he said in his other, deeper voice. Immediately he blushed and reverted to his normal tone: “Sorry, that just slipped out ooh...ow ow...” Alex popped the door to the truck open, forcing Ervin to jump down from the outside step. He extended his thin legs out, bare ankles protruding from the bottoms of his tight jeans. “I’m cramping.”

“All good, bud, let’s shake you out.” Ervin massaged Alex’s calf, which ballooned into gargantuan size at his touch. Alex rolled his head back and breathed in and out as his right leg grew and grew and grew, bursting apart his trendy jeans and revealing a new pair of classic Levis underneath, like a snake shedding its skin. For a moment, Alex’s right leg was three times as thick as his left, his thigh a knotted tree trunk big as a man’s waist. But then Ervin moved to Alex’s left leg and repeated the process, yanking Alex’s old jeans off and popping his feet free from his sneakers. Alex moaned and rubbed his belly, tapping the straining buttons of his shirt like they were piano keys. His feet crackled and grew as big as cinderblocks, now housed in a pair of worn work boots. Then, in a panic, he began grabbing at his belt, suddenly unable to breathe.

“Don’t worry, buddy, I got you,” Ervin assured him, yanking the size 30 belt free. Alex took a deep breath of relief, his waist swelling to match his belly, spilling out in all directions to fill the mega-sized jeans he sported. His belt in Ervin’s hand grew longer and longer, all the way down to the ground, twice as long as before. The buckle expanded into a large silver circle, as broad and flat as a saucer. “Here you go.”

Alex hopped out of the truck to put his new belt on, his hips continuing to spread and pump growth into his ass, which was swelling into a mighty vision, deep as a cauldron and wide as a sofa cushion. Alex hoisted his giant belly up, nearly bursting his buttons, then slid his belt through the loops of his jeans. He tucked in his plaid shirt, lifting his gut even higher, and straightened the buttons to be in line with the oversized belt buckle. The giant silver plate depicted a big truck with flames coming out of the tires, the words “King of the Road” above it. Due to the projection of Alex’s belly, he couldn’t see the design.

“Looking like a country boy,” Ervin complimented.

Alex huffed out a laugh. “Me?”

“Plaid shirt, blue jeans, work boots, big belt buckle,” Ervin itemized. “Country through and through.”

“Well, sorry to disappoint, but I’m not country. Probably time to be getting back to my family anyway. Thanks for letting me check out the truck,” Alex said politely, shaking Ervin’s hand.

“No problem, bud,” Ervin smiled, looking at Alex’s hand stretch and expand as soon as the handshake was broken. Dark hair covered the entire back of it, bursting out along with thick muscles that roped up Alex’s slim arm and pushed it to grow.

Alex waddled back toward the rest stop, surprised at how hard it was to move. His belly heaved forward with each step, and he had to swing his beefy thighs around each other so he didn’t knock himself over. His giant ass bounded up and down, straining the back of his jeans, while each passing moment saw his arms rising a bit further into the air, unable to rest at his sides as they grew. New biceps filled his sleeves, rippling with power, and layer after layer of mass and fat grew on top of them, expanding them to astonishing size. The breadth of his chest forced his arms to splay outward, and for a moment Alex stopped walking to center himself, shaking out his arms as they grew a thick covering of brown hair all the way up to the shoulder. The change finished at his left hand as it cracked and thickened into beefy paw that resembled dried leather.

People were staring at Alex in shock as they walked out of the rest area, and though he felt embarrassed by their stares, he didn’t shrink back or look away. He just needed to find his family and get out of there. He knew something was strange, even if he wasn’t fully processing that he was only recognizable from the chin up, while the rest of him was transformed into a hairy, hulking, blue collar body. His feet stomped up and down the sidewalk, making his chest and belly shake. Where the hell did everybody go...he didn’t recognize anyone. Didn’t recognize any of the cars either. Were they hiding? Or maybe they didn’t recognize HIM at the moment, he pondered. Although why would that be...



After walking the entirety of the rest stop twice, Alex irritatedly stormed back to Ervin. An attempt to walk briskly failed, his huge frame only allowing him one ambling speed. “I don’t know where the fuck they are!” he grumbled, leaning against the truck to catch his breath.

“I think they left while you were still in the truck,” Ervin said.

“Why would they leave?!”

“You weren’t gonna fit in the car. You’re too big now.”

“Am I? I mean, shit, I know I’ve gained a little weight,” Alex said dazedly.

"It's okay, bud. It's time for you to strike out on your own anyway. You've become a man."

"I gotta sit down, shit," Alex grunted, throwing open the door to the truck and clomping up the steps. He eased his massive ass into the seat with a long, happy sigh and grabbed a liter of water from the cupholder, draining half of it in one gulp. Liquid dribbled down his chin and moistened his chest hair. "I feel different today."

"You are different."

"I don't wanna be different," Alex said, leaning back and shutting his eyes, his young face looking absurd atop such a mountainous, hirsute body. The pecs falling out of his shirt were each as large as his head, drawing the eye right to their round immensity.

"Of course you do. Change is part of life. It's a wonderful thing. But if you'd like to distract yourself..." Ervin pondered. "What about taking this baby for a spin?"

"The truck?" Alex asked, running his giant hands over the steering wheel. "I don't know how to drive a truck."

"It's not as hard as you'd think," Ervin said, shutting the door and stepping back. "You can just pop out on the highway and bring it right back, how's that sound?"

"I don't want to crash it."

"You won't, bud. You're a great truck driver."

"I am?"

"Yes, remember bud?"

"Kinda," Alex said, a smile twitching on his face. He rubbed his belly. "It's crazy, but I'd sorta like to try it." He looked at the side mirror, not noticing it subtly position itself to the angle he needed. "But I'd come right back."

"Of course," Ervin smiled. "Just turn the key."

Alex hesitated for a moment, then did so. The truck roared to life immediately, its engine sending vibrations up through Alex's body as it thrummed with power. Alex's balls stirred - he felt his penis harden between his legs, and he grinned. He was so high up, entrusted with the control of this terrifying force. He cautiously put his foot on the gas and felt the truck lurch forward, and he hooted happily. "I'm doin' it!"

Ervin slapped the side of the truck, and off Alex went, rolling through the rest stop parking lot, keeping his eyes locked on his side mirrors to make sure his trailer wasn't going out of control. It

was so long - why on earth was he doing this - he'd never driven a minivan, let alone an 18-wheeler, but it was an adventure. And it felt right. And his dick was so hard.

He gingerly rolled down the ramp onto the highway, feeling the weight of the trailer behind him accelerating down the hill and pushing him faster. Alex took a deep breath, pulling open the button below his chest, and then he drove onto the highway. "I'm doin' it!" he hollered again, as more chest hair spilled into view and one of his nipples worked its way out of his shirt.

A smell hit his nostrils: sweat and musk baking in the heat of the sun. Alex's first thought was that it was leftover from Ervin, and then he realized it was him who smelled like a big, sweaty man. He'd never smelled like that before. He was ripe. He shouldn't have found it arousing, but he did. His cock stretched longer and fatter, and his jeans unzipped themselves, allowing his dick to slither out between his legs and lie on the seat like a lounging snake. Ervin's words replayed in his mind over and over: "You've become a man." He was relieved, though, to see the same face in the mirror.

"Now where do I turn around..." Alex said, looking at the road stretching in front of him. He craned his neck and saw nothing but fields on either side of him. But surely there was an exit somewhere close, he reasoned, and then he could loop around. Of course, that was easier said than done with a vehicle of this size, but it surely was possible. Just needed to find an exit.

But after another ten miles, Alex was beginning to get concerned. He just kept getting further and further away from the rest stop. There was nowhere to pull over, nowhere to turn around...he was just stuck driving this giant-ass truck.

A curly-haired boy in the backseat of a passing car made the trucker salute, and Alex's face lit up. He reached over and blared the truck's horn, grinning when he saw the kid pump his fist. "Cute little fella," he chuckled. The interaction settled him - he suddenly felt a bit more in control, more at home. He leaned back in the seat and felt the ergonomic design cradle his spine, letting himself zone out for a moment.

A hundred miles passed. Alex blew past exit after exit without thinking. The scent of pure testosterone kept floating into his nose and fogging his brain. And he was feeling very comfortable with the truck now, even changing lanes expertly. Everyone had to defer to him because of his size. Just like they had at the rest stop, actually-

The rest stop!

"SHIT!!!" Alex looked at the time. He'd been driving for nearly two hours. He was so lost. He had no idea where he was or why he'd gone on for so long. It just felt so natural. He'd almost enjoyed that time, just him and the open road...

Alex trained his eyes onto the right side of the road, hellbent on getting off at the next exit. He had to turn around and drive back. Ervin was probably still there, stuck without his truck. That

notion made Alex chuckle a bit. He coughed and smelled a scent in the cab he couldn't quite place, something leathery mixing with the notes of balls and sweat.

It was only when his vision was briefly obscured that Alex realized, with a shocked jolt, that he had a big cigar in his mouth. Smoke puffed from the glowing tip in thick clouds. He yanked it out of his mouth and analyzed it, hooking one finger over it and holding it against the steering wheel as he drove. *Shit*, it smelled good. And it sure fit whatever new image he was trying out today. The biggest guy on the road, driving the biggest vehicle on the road, smoking the biggest cigar on the road. It was a 180 from his usual vibe of seeking to differentiate himself from his siblings by being cool and trendy. Today, he wasn't cool, and he wasn't trendy, but he was large and in charge.

Alex popped the cigar back in his mouth and clenched it in his teeth. Smoking for the first time made him feel so different. So adult. He blew out a puff of smoke, and the cloud hovered around his lower face, curling itself into a U-shape that seemed to stain Alex's skin brown. The area from his cheekbones to his Adam's apple was suddenly darker than his forehead, and the color was intensifying as Alex smoked more of his cigar. Soon, half of Alex's face was a rich shade of chocolate, the perfect companion to his chest hair.



Anyone looking at Alex, himself included, would have found it strange to see such a young face suddenly sporting thick stubble. Alex had never had the need to shave, and all that time saved was catching up with him. Every pore sprouted whiskers that pushed out long and coarse, taking only a matter of moments to puff out into a handsome beard. The cigar in Alex's mouth served as a measuring stick for the thickness of his facial hair, which slowly crept over the stogy until the whiskers covered almost half of it. For the sake of the fire department, it was a good thing he hadn't developed a taste for cigarettes instead.



Hidden beneath his fluffy beard, Alex's masseter muscles strained to hold his cigar between his teeth, the tension causing them to thicken and reshape his jaw until it had widened into a blunt boulder that completely reconfigured the landscape of his face. The added width made his beard bristle with new virility as smoke danced around it, illuminating crystals in the air that seemed to quiver with each adjustment of Alex's reality.



He sat in the midst of it, distracted by the smell of his cigar, the warmth of his body, the feeling of being so big. His cock, still free from his jeans, hardened to full mast. He wanted to touch it so bad, but he was driving, and he wouldn't be able to reach around his belly anyway. Alex looked down briefly at his stomach straining the buttons of his shirt. "Big Daddy," he growled proudly, in the deeper version of his voice. Every now and then, he'd take a hand off the steering wheel and rub his belly, poking a finger between the gapping buttons to feel its hairy hardness.



Smoke swirled around the cab as Alex drove. It lingered far longer than it should have, keeping Alex company in his single-minded pursuit of the road ahead, every missed exit a lost opportunity to reverse course. And there was no going back on what was happening to Alex anyway; he was visibly older now, and aging further as he drove. His skull and head were literally expanding to fit his mountainous body, which had the side effect of pulling his hairline back to his ears. The cigar smoke lurched in and out of bigger nostrils and a far larger nose that inhaled and expelled all the air needed to fill such a huge frame. His cheeks rounded, his skin toughened. A permanent tan sank in and brought a few leathery folds with it. No one who knew the old Alex would've recognized him beneath the grizzled visage. He was a full grown fearsome man now.

His radio crackled and sputtered on its own, and then he heard a familiar voice cut through the static: "You there, bud?"

Alex wrenched his cigar free and grabbed the receiver, noticing how small it looked in his giant hand. "That you, Ervin?"

"Heyyy, big guy. You've covered some good distance."

"Didn't mean to, honest. I keep meaning to turn around."

"It's fine. And you don't have to put on that kid voice anymore, you can talk in your real one."

"Thank god," Alex said, the last words he'd say in his smooth, youthful voice before it morphed into the thick, taciturn Daddy bass. "It was getting hard to talk that high."

"I bet. You enjoying your cigar?"

"Never without one."

"I know that's right. Anything else on you that needs changing?"

"Changing?" Alex blew out smoke and furrowed his brow. "What d'ya mean?"

"Well, you're transforming into a truck driver, bud. You should be almost done by now. Just want to be sure we aren't forgetting anything major before we go into the final stage."

Alex ran a coarse hand over the globe of his belly, enjoying the feeling of his shirt's thick fabric against his calloused palm. "The fuck are you talking about, you crazy old man," he chuckled.

"Can't call me that anymore, bud. You're the older of us now."

"I'm a teenager, you dumb fuck," Alex chuckled, his tits shaking in his shirt.

"You sure about that, bud?"

"course I'm sure. I'm 55 years old." Alex paused and scratched the top of his head, his fingernails brushing bare skin. "I mean I...well...55 sounds right, but...shit, maybe you're right, maybe something's happening to me..."

"I told you, bud! You're transforming into a truck driver. You're gonna love being one."

"I don't wanna be a truck driver," Alex grumbled.

"Says the guy who's driven hundreds of miles already because it felt so natural. You're made for the road. Just relax and enjoy it, bud."

“Stop calling me ‘bud,’” Alex snarled out of the side of his mouth. “You’re the one doing all this weird shit to me. I’m not your fucking bud.”

“Sorry, then, I was just trying to be polite,” Ervin’s voice crackled. “I mean, it’s your name, ain’t it?”

“Yeah, but you...” Bud took his cigar out of his mouth and grit his teeth. “You say it different, or somethin’. I just don’t like how you say it. It’s like you’re makin’ fun of me.”

“I would never make fun of the King of the Road, honest.”

Bud’s cock stretched longer and thicker, more pubes puffing out around it. He loved being King of the Road. It was on his belt buckle, his custom mud flaps; hell, it was tattooed across his monstrously wide back. “I’m the fuckin’ King,” he growled proudly.

“You sure are, Bud. You love being a trucker. You love being a big bear.”

“Fuckin’ love it,” Bud nodded, smashing his boot on the gas. His rig accelerated forward as his cock grew ever harder. “Glad you know who the boss is, Ervin.”

“Of course I do! No one in the fleet has as much experience as you do. You’re a master trucker.”

“That’s what I like to hear,” Bud rumbled, his eyes briefly rolling back in ecstasy before he remembered he was driving. He locked his glare on the road, watching the cars ahead of him change lanes to allow him to roar past. The feeling of power was incomparable and unstoppable. The enormous rig sped up as Bud’s cock stretched longer, his beard and belly growing even fuller. “I’m gonna fuckin’ SHOOT, Erv-”

“You should, Bud! You’re a fucking man! No one else you’d rather be-”

“No one else!” Bud hooted. “No one...fucking...EEELLSEE-”

An immense load of creamy cum exploded out of Bud, splattering his steering wheel with a celebration of his virility. It coated Bud’s leathery hands and dripped onto the floor between his boots. “Fuckin’ nasty trucker daddy,” Bud snorted proudly, letting his tired cock dangle out over the floor. “Shit, that was a big load.”

“I can smell it from here,” Ervin’s voice said.

“You wish,” Bud leered, his cigar planted firmly back in his mouth. “Shit, I gotta pull over. Get myself together.”

“If your coordinates are right you should have a real nice truck stop coming up. You should pull over there for the night. Bears always gotta hibernate.”

“And eat.”

“Clean them out, big man.”

“Heh, yeah. Buffets never know what hit ‘em.”

The lights of a gleaming travel plaza crested over the hill, and Bud felt like a knight arriving at his castle. He effortlessly navigated his huge rig onto the exit and into a parking space, then laid back and rested his eyes as he smoked the rest of his cigar. “What a long fuckin’ day,” he said, and when the radio responded with silence, Bud turned it off. Why’d he been thinking Ervin was talking to him anyway? Ervin was probably a thousand miles away. “LONG fuckin’ day,” Bud repeated with a chuckle.

He surveyed the truck stop as he finished up his cigar. He’d had a hot fuck here before - back when he was a little smaller and could fit inside bathroom stalls. Now if he wanted to facefuck some young gun, he’d have to lay a king-sized mattress down next to the handicap toilet, he thought with a snort. Bud ground his teeth together and fondled his nuts as he stared at the neon across the parking lot. Hopefully someone in there would at least blow him, if not offer themselves up for him to take...

Bud lumbered out of his rig and headed toward the building, led by his belly and the giant cock straining at his jeans. The leer on his face couldn’t even be hidden by his beard. He was hungry for two things: food and ass. And he was gonna get both. He always did.

