

Toxic Masculinity

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There had never been sunsets quite like those in Millergrave. While it was strangely beautiful, it also wasn't for a good reason. Likewise, Manticore industries was a household name - precisely because most products in any home came from Manticore. Millergrave was a town that owed its very existence to the company. Half the warehouses and nearly every factory worked to produce everything from shampoos to automobile lubricants to advanced pharmaceuticals. All of that industry led to some of the worst air and water quality in the country, but that toxic haze combined to make surreal sunrises and sunsets with shades of red, purple and green that were mesmerizing.

It almost looked like the cover of a fantasy novel, at least to Drake. Site 13, Manticore's most secretive facility sat perched on a bluff overlooking the ocean. It was a dark, blocky gunmetal gray structure against a backdrop of flame colored sky. Everything dripped with that unearthly orange glow. Even the air smelled like a strange mix of salt and chemicals... but Drake would not be intimidated by a faceless corporation. His father had raised him to stand up for what he believed in, to be a good and decent man of moral conviction.

Drake stood in front of Site 13, his worn-down skate shoes peeking out of baggy cargo pants. An oversized green shirt emblazoned with the recycling emblem did its best to hide the eighteen-year-old's husky frame, made all the easier by an unfastened black short sleeve button up shirt. His shaggy brown hair was almost the same shade as his brown eyes. At five foot nine he was a bit shorter than average, something that made his extra weight stand out all the more. It was something Drake was self-conscious about at school, but he wasn't here for himself. He was here for all of Millergrave, even the wider world!

"What are you doing here, Drag?!" a voice cut across the oceanic ambience. Drake's spine stiffened. He had completely expected to be called out for protesting, perhaps even kicked off the property, but he hadn't expected the voice to come paired with the lame high school insult his classmates had come up with. Drake turned slowly, his wide face paling a bit as he saw someone stalking across the turnaround in front of the building.

"Axel..." Drake muttered in dismay. If the students of Millergrave were lined up end to end based on social capital, Axel would have been at the farthest end from Drake. He was built like an ox with shoulders ready to pull a plow. His bleach blond hair was cut into a perfect undercut. He had just the right amount of a stubble beard to show off on a magazine cover and his diamond stud earrings cost more than Drake's laptop.

"I'm talking to you; did you forget why you came out here?" Axel asked, coming to a stop in front of Drake, forcing him to look up at him. The brightness of the sun behind Axel made Drake's eyes water a little, something that surely wasn't going to help the situation. Still, Drake swallowed.

"Manticore is reaping short term gains by exploiting our future. The way they are treating-" Drake's rehearsed speech was cut off by a grunt of rage from Axel.

"Manticore is the only reason Millergrave isn't another dried up ghost town... Pretty much everyone's parents work for them, and the ones that don't... like yours... only have their job because of taxes from Manticore." Axel said through gritted teeth.

“Actually, it’s taxes from Manticore’s workers. Manticore doesn’t pay any taxes.” Drake said. Axel growled, grabbing Drake by the collar of both shirts, pushing him backwards.

“The fuck does that matter?!” Axel asked, “I am sick and tired of you sticking your fat nose where it doesn’t belong. Do you remember what you did at prom?”

“It... it shouldn’t have been company sponsored...” Drake said.

“Or career day?” Axel asked, shoving Drake back further.

“They were interfering with the other employers, making it harder for them to be seen, they even lied about the pay of EcoGreen...” Drake murmured, though he was shoved again. Despite Drake’s higher body weight, Axel had the muscle to back his aggression up.

“My dad works here; my mom works here. Our whole damn town works here. I’m not going to let you do anything that is going to mess with that.” Axel said, anger raging in his eyes. There was something in them that Drake had not seen before. Something had pushed Axel to the edge. Maybe something had made him take on the mantle of his parents’ stress, or maybe something had truly made him feel vulnerable, even threatened by Drake.

Some part of Drake wanted to reach out and fix Axel, to fix him just like he wanted to fix Millergrave. He wouldn’t get the chance. Axel reached out in a different way, pushing Drake back that one last step beyond his center of gravity. Drake realized too late just how far back Axel had shoved him. He also realized it had been a while since he’d felt quite so... weightless. His heels scraped the edge of the bluff as he fell over the edge, looking up at the rock disappearing above and the cold shell of Site 13 hugging the cliff face.

There wasn’t enough time for Drake to make peace with his maker or for his life to flash before his eyes. The fall lasted just long enough to wonder if he was going to land on the rocks or in the ocean, then to be surprised when it was neither. The impact shook Drake, knocking his brain around his skull like a maraca. He’d hit something thicker than water and a lot softer than land. It was slimy, thick, gooey, and warm... It wasn’t just warm, the warmth felt penetrating like it seeped into his bones, skipping right past his clothes and skin.

There was a faint glow through his clenched eyelids. It was so hard to think, but he had to survive. What would his dad do if he died? Drake flailed, dragging his limbs through the sludge. His shoe scraped rock. He searched and found it again before putting his thick arms to use. He pushed off the rock and swatted his arms down at the same time. He breached the surface of the slime, opening his mouth to gasp for breath only to get goopy strings of acrid, iron tasting slime on his tongue.

Drake sputtered and coughed; his eyes still squeezed shut. His brown hair was saturated with the stuff. It coated his skin. He groped around for the edge of the pool for a handhold, finding only strange growths stuck to the rock that were as squishy as the slime. After some effort, the eighteen-year-old found a spot, grabbed on and pulled with all his might. With more ease than he would have expected, Drake pulled his hefty frame out of the slick, beaching himself on a slab of sandstone. He wasn’t sure how he’d managed to lift his own body weight, it had to be the adrenaline.

He rolled onto his back, panting aside from the occasional coughing fit. His rotund stomach rose and fell with his breathing. Drake reached up and wiped the slime from his eyes before daring to open them. The toxic sunset was above him, soaking the sky in orange, red and gold... but those colors were all around him too... He was covered in pinkish-orange coral

colored slime. Rusty pipes jutted out from the rock face, spilling and spluttering different colored substances that collected in the tide pool Drake had fallen into.

Drake looked at the tide pool in disbelief, seeing swollen purple sea-stars clinging to the edges. The entire interior was filled with the opaque, metallic slime. Drake's eyes lifted slowly, climbing the rock face to the top of the bluff. Had Axel meant to push him? Had he meant to kill him? Did he look over the edge to see if he'd succeeded, or run away to try and establish an alibi? Drake took a few more deep breaths before he pushed off the sandstone, rising to his feet. His face scrunched up a bit as he looked down at his arms and legs. His clothes were ruined, but that was a small price to pay. He was alive and he didn't feel any injuries. If anything, he felt more awake and alert than he had in years. He'd need that focus to get back to land. He needed a good shower and he needed to decide what he was going to do about Axel.

It had been a long walk back home from the bluff... longer still given the fact that Drake's shoes had come apart after a few blocks. Whatever toxic sludge he'd landed in, it had dissolved the glue and seemingly melted the plastic. His wallet seemed like it had been welded shut with the velcro permanently fused. Even if he had been able to get into his wallet, it wasn't like he could get in a taxi or a bus while being soaked like that. So, Drake had done the only thing he could do and pressed on.

By the time Drake made it back to his quiet corner of Millergrave, the blood orange sunset had given way to a purple and green evening. Even the streetlights were purple as they snapped on, casting the quaint grid of small ranch style homes in an ethereal light. To Drake's surprise, the lights of his house were not on. He slowed to a stop, his bare feet now weathered and calloused. His fat toes gripped the fine grit of the sidewalk outside his house. His mind reeled before he remembered his dad was likely at a wrestling meet at the school. While he wasn't officially a coach, he did step in if they ever needed a temporary stand in. One look down at his stained, torn clothing, Drake had to feel like that was a fortunate turn of events.

Padding across the lawn, Drake did not immediately go inside. Instead, he walked around the house to the back, finding some partial cover from whatever potential gaze his neighbors might cast. Drake approached the back hose before he grabbed onto the tattered remains of his button up shirt and tossed it to the ground. He grabbed on to the base of his t-shirt and pulled upward, peeling the wet fabric from his skin. He could hear it as it separated. He finally got it off of his head and dropped it down to the grass, finally finishing off by shucking his pants and underwear in one fluid motion.

The husky eighteen-year-old stood naked in his backyard. In the dim light, it seemed to make his body look even bigger. His fat, round pecs rested atop a rotund, full stomach. His arms and legs were thick, his feet were big... Normally it made Drake feel self-conscious. After his fall, it should have just made him feel tired. Instead, it seemed like it was oddly appealing. He was a big guy, one of the biggest in the school in certain ways. His nipples hardened and his cock began to stir, thickening and fattening as some blood started to engorge the member.

Drake shrugged off the thoughts and reached for the hose, though something rank and spicy hit his nose. He winced a little, his eyes watering. It was foul and yet appealing, not quite sour so much as tart. Drake lowered his arms, and the smell went away. When he lifted them

again, it came back. Drake was startled. He'd never had body odor quite that strong. It had to be stress sweat from nearly dying. Drake lifted his arm up in the pale light, seeing a spot of dark he wasn't used to. A slight evening breeze filtered through the tuft of hair, diffusing the musky scent. Drake's jaw dropped a little. Since when had he had pit hair? He stared at it, then leaned closer. He sniffed at the tart, spicy smell before his lips parted and his tongue extended, coming inches from the pit hair. By the time his brain caught up with what he was doing, it was too late. His tongue had hit the hair, allowing the scent to blossom across his tongue. His cock hardened to full mass, wobbling before him in its pudgy glory.

"Oh god, I must be exhausted." Drake muttered as if that had to explain it. He reached for the hose again, finding his own potent scent more tolerable. The valve squeaked as he turned it before the cool water crashed out of the end of the hose. Drake slipped a finger over the tip, narrowing the water into a fan of high-pressure spray. He started with his knee, not wanting to shock himself with the temperature change.

The water seemed to almost reluctantly cut through the slime. It wasn't that water soluble, but it did break off, allowing Drake to spray it off. Drake focused on the effort, a little surprised that the clear fuzz on his legs seemed as though it had been stained a darker color. Stroke by stroke, up and down, eventually Drake had cleaned off his legs, then his arms. The cool water poured over his large feet, soaking the lawn around him. It was harder to spray down his belly, even harder to reach his back. He lifted the hose, letting it pour over his head.

"Fuck!" Drake cursed at the cold water, shivering a bit. He shook his head, trying to free the globs of slime that seemed to cling to each strand. When it seemed he was making no more progress, Drake turned the hose on his clothes. He hosed them down, guiding the spray back and forth before he kicked them over with his foot, trying to douse the other side. It was far from perfect, but it'd have to be enough. At least he wasn't tracking everything into the house.

Drake gained access to his home through a door in the back of the garage. He fished out his melted wallet and set it on the dryer before unceremoniously dumping his clothes into the washer. He tossed a Manticore brand detergent pod in, dropped the lid and turned the machine on before continuing into the house completely naked. He'd been shy all of his life, but it seemed like that particular part of him was too tired to care.

The light to the bathroom flickered on and Drake stumbled over, turning on the shower. It was only then that he realized that he might be in for more cold water if the washing machine was competing for a limited supply, but he hoped the water heater was up to the task. Sure enough, the water was steadily warming. Drake stepped back to give it a moment and turned to look at the mirror, his face scrunching up in a bit of confusion.

He had expected to be dirty, scuffed, with bruises and cuts. What he hadn't expected was that his hair seemed to be the wrong color. He'd spent his life with very average, very standard brown hair. Now the wet shag on the top of his head seemed to shine with a coppery reddish orange hue. His eyebrows matched. Drake reached up, running his fingers through it, glancing at the yellow towels in the bathroom to make sure something wasn't wrong with his vision. As he leaned in to examine his hair closer, he started to notice another change. A dark, rusty red shadow coated the back of his cheeks, running from his hairline down to his jaw.

Drake traced his fingers across the darkness, finding something he had never had before, stubble. Sure, he had peach fuzz. What eighteen-year-old didn't? But his cheeks weren't just fuzzy, the hair had darkened to a rusty red. It also felt a bit coarse, a bit stiff, a bit... thick.

Drake's cock stirred again, lifting up before him as he paid attention to his most manly trait. Drake wanted to be excited by it, but none of it made sense. Had he just not noticed the changes to his hair before he'd fallen into the sludge, or had it actually dyed his hair?

The self-examination became more challenging as the mirror was fogging up from the shower that had reached peak temperature. Reluctantly, Drake stepped over the ceramic rim and into the shower, pulling the curtain shut behind himself. The rings rattled as they slid down the curtain rod. Drake exhaled as he relaxed into the stream of the shower, letting the pressure finish what the hose couldn't. He reached over to grab Manticore's CitrusBlast shampoo and a bar of soap, getting to work.

Maybe it was shock, or maybe it was a concussion. Did he have a concussion? Drake felt exhausted and the idea of crashing and getting some sleep sounded like such a good idea. Surely that was the reason he wasn't freaking out more. His classmate had just shoved him off a literal cliff, but he was alive... he was alive, he was home, and he smelled like grapefruit. The shampoo lathered up in his hair as he massaged it in before dipping his head down. The soapy water ran down the stubble on the sides of his cheeks, following his jaw line before dribbling down from his chin to his semi-hard cock. Drake closed his eyes, breathing in and out, focusing on just recentering himself.

Drake had expected to wake up anxious, nervous or even traumatized. He'd expected to wake up feeling his bones shake from being shoved off of a cliff by a classmate. All he had actually felt was mildly panicked that he'd slept through his alarm clock. He'd skipped taking a shower, grabbing the first clothes he could reach in his closet before rushing to school. He'd arrived with a minute to spare and made it to his home room, panting and mildly sweaty. A few eyes had turned his way, noticing the unusual change to his hair color but there hadn't been an opportunity to interrupt the teacher and ask.

Minutes ticked by; Drake's foot tapping impatiently under the desk. The desk felt unusually tight around him. He was agitated, alert, distracted. He hadn't seen Axel. He probably wouldn't until lunch, and even if he did, what was he going to do? Press charges? There was no evidence, barely more than a few scratches on his arms. No one was going to believe him; they'd think he was a lunatic. The only way he could use it to his advantage was to keep Axel off balance. If Axel was worrying about what he would do or say, maybe he'd leave him well enough alone.

A gurgle sounded from somewhere inside of Drake's belly, enough that a few of the students turned and looked at him. Drake looked down. It was almost comical how he was forced to fit into the desk built for malnourished children from the 1950's. Not only did his stomach press against the surface of the desk, but the crotch of his pants was rubbing against the metal cross beams underneath. He shifted uncomfortably before he finally raised his hand.

"May I use the restroom?" Drake asked. A weary, exasperated sigh escaped the lips of his teacher as she turned, but seeing it was one of her best students she waved her hand.

"Yes, yes, of course..." she said, looking simultaneously deflated and relieved. Drake squeezed out of his desk and extracted himself from the classroom, exhaling with relief on the other side of the door. He stood there for a moment before he started walking down the empty,

over-waxed hallway toward the bathroom. His footsteps nearly echoed with his movements. While Drake was normally self-conscious about being so husky, today it felt like he was large and in charge of the space. His broad hand shoved the bathroom door open, and he moved in.

Even with the lights off, the refracted light coming in through the milky glass windows illuminated the bathroom well enough although there was a pale blue hue to it. Drake moved over to the antique sink and turned it on. The ancient metal released hard water into the porcelain basin. Drake collected some of the water in his hands before he brought it up to splash on his face. He blinked a few times before he exhaled again, looking back up at the mirror. Drake's jaw slowly dropped a little as he looked at himself.

The changes from the night before had not reversed. If anything, they pushed further. Drake's brown hair was a distant memory. He was as ginger as they came, every strand a rusty orange-burgundy color down to the roots. His eyebrows were the same, as was his stubble, no, sideburns? Drake reached up and ran his fingers along the coarse tips of the hair. It bristled audibly, almost sounding like he was drawing it across sandpaper. Drake shivered, feeling goosebumps raise up on his arms as he played with his new founded facial hair. Even his cock quirked in response, apparently trying to get in on the action. That alone gave Drake an idea.

Stepping away from the mirror, Drake slipped into the stall farthest away from the door. He slid it shut and latched it before his thick fingers found their way to the button of his pants. He slipped them loose, drew down the zipper, pulled his fly apart and was rewarded with the thickest, reddest crop of bush hair that he'd ever seen - not that he'd seen many. Drake reached down to run his fingers through it, freezing when he noticed that even his knuckles had wisps of ginger hair poking out of them.

"What was in that stuff... It's like puberty juice..." Drake whispered. Even with his pants partially undone, they seemed far too tight and too constricting. He realized it hadn't been his crotch rubbing against the underside of his desk so much as a bulge. His pants ballooned outward over his goods, and now that he'd unbuttoned, they were squeezing out. Drake was rewarded with a grapefruit sized ball of cotton wrapped cock and balls. There was so much in there that it had tugged the waistband of his underwear down, allowing his new ample bush an easy time being shown off.

Drake slowly peeled his underwear back, gasping as he was hit with a one-two punch of that rank stress-sweat-funk he'd smelled last night and just how fat his cock had gotten. It wobbled free like some kind of fleshy pillar, sticking out from under the shelf of his round, full belly. It was hard to look past his cock, but he looked to his balls as well. They were swollen, even engorged... and they were hairy. A thin haze of orange hair coated his saggy, stretchy sack.

Any rational person might have been afraid, scared, even petrified. No doubt some might have gone to the school nurse... but what was there to complain about, really? He didn't hurt. If anything, he felt... great. He looked great too. Drake licked his lips as he reached down, wrapping the fingers of his right hand around his cock while his left dug through his bush, caressed up the round of his stomach, drifted across his nipple before finding its way to his cheek. Drake rubbed and caressed his sideburn, drawing the hairs one way and then the other, back and forth. He worked his cock at the same time, letting his cock rise and fall, moving back and forth.

Drake closed his eyes, lost in the sensual pleasure of his cock and his facial hair. In that moment he wasn't some nerd or dweeb. He wasn't someone to write off. He was a man, he was eighteen years old, he was an adult, and he felt good. He felt damn good. He knew he could feel better. Drake's lips curled up into an almost predatory sneer as he pumped his cock back and forth, lowering his free hand to latch onto and pinch his own nipple. He twisted and tugged the nub of flesh, accosting it mercilessly.

Despite his best efforts, Drake let a moan escape, then another, then a third before he gasped. What had felt like a nice, fluid, pleasurable interlude suddenly felt like a pot boiling over. Drake inhaled sharply, gasping. His blood boiled, but more than that, his bones felt hot. It was as if his innermost core had been irradiated by something in that pool, penetrated and defiled to his very core. Drake fell forward onto his knees, panting hard, huffing and groaning before he threw his head back and let out a roar that echoed in the confines of the bathroom and no doubt down the hallway.

Drake's t-shirt suddenly strained and tightened around him as he began to grow. His arms thickened as biceps and triceps bulged. His collar cut into his shoulders as they stretched out wider. His pecs rounded and firmed, and his belly pushed out further, lifting the fat up as more muscle built a new foundation underneath. Drake thrashed his head one way and then the other. His neck ached, his back burned, even his ribs felt hot as they stretched outward, apart and wider. His feet began to throb, not just because his shoes suddenly felt too small but because his heels were widening, and his toes were thickening up.

Still locked in his fingers, Drake's cock began to throb. It didn't just pulse with his heartbeat, it was shaking with a power all of its own. The flesh firmed and darkened from pink to a furious dark red. The mushroom shaped head bloated wider and taller, thicker and rounder. His shaft surged outward, sliding through his tight grip - one inch, two, three, four, almost five before it finally slowed. Veins bulged along his length, climbing out of balls that were taking up more and more space in his sack. The wrinkled, leathery flesh stretched tight as his balls seemed to grow larger, the interior more complex and intricate. They nearly doubled in size from the size of kiwis to oranges, resting lower and wider on his lap.

Drool leaked from the corners of Drake's lips, dribbling down to his chin. His eyes snapped open, the irises turning from brown to green as flecks of gold tainted and corrupted the color. His canine teeth seemed to sharpen beneath the glossy glint of the afternoon light shining on his spittle. His hand clenched and unclenched, but suddenly his whole body seemed to light up with sensation. Drake arched his back and let out another roar, feeling the surge climb his body, culminating in his head.

The heat was intense, bubbling and broiling before it sought escape. Drake's cheeks sizzled with energy as the few centimeters of stubble growth began pushing outward, growing days worth in seconds. Strand by strand, it all pushed out like clay through a press. The hair was dense and thick, wiry and coarse. It darkened his cheeks until the skin couldn't be seen. It was a little wavy, curving back into a triangle shaped point behind each cheek. The hair crept forward, advancing more and more along his cheeks until sideburns seemed too quaint a term for them. They were far more than that. They were the mutton chops of a man.

Everything felt amazing, almost too much so. Drake was worried that his heart might give out at any second, but what a way to go. His larger hand worked his far larger pole, riding from enlarged head to thickened base. He pumped himself with abandon before realizing he

could use his other hand as well. His hairy knuckles were tight, his grip tighter. He double fisted himself before he let out his loudest and last roar and a torrent of thick, sticky cum that arched up through the air before hitting the handle of the toilet.

Some small part of Drake felt reluctant, even apologetic as he watched his ivory flow splatter and hose down the toilet, but it was too late now and there was no way to stop. He also didn't feel bad enough to try and aim it into the basin. Drake was a beast, an animal, and he was marking his territory. He hosed down the handle and the pipes, the base of the toilet, the wall, even the tile around it. He came harder, faster and more than he ever had in his life - perhaps even more than in his entire life combined.

After what seemed like an eternity, the flow ended anticlimactically with a few half-hearted spurts before Drake was left on his knees, looking at the mess he had made. The air was thick with a spicy, musky, manly aroma. It was salty and briny like the ocean, but it had a funk to it that was all him. Drake... felt good. He felt more than good. He felt like a real man, but real men didn't belong at school. How would he explain his growth spurt to his classmates or his teacher? He had to get out of there, he had to get anywhere else. Drake wasn't sure what his plan was other than listening to his new instincts. He had a gut feeling and his gut was bigger than ever.

It had been oddly easy to leave campus; not just to evade detection, but there was something about the school that just didn't feel like the same safe shell he'd always considered it to be. Drake had taken his time heading home, wandering down the streets, feeling pride course through his veins like blood. There was almost a bit of a swagger as he walked, feeling his heavy, oversized balls swing side to side. His mutton chops were thick, his shoulders were huge. He looked like he was in his mid to late twenties, not just eighteen. Still, he wasn't sure how much he wanted to press his luck.

When Drake eventually made it back to his house, he was surprised to see the lights were on in the kitchen and dining room. He knew he'd been late for school, but he hadn't even turned them on, let alone forgot to turn them off. Drake turned to the front door, seeing his father's car keys were still hanging from the hook. His eyes widened a bit, shocked. His father was a dedicated and focused teacher, he never missed school. Something had to be wrong.

"Dad?!" Drake called out. There was a pause.

"Drake? I'm out here in the garage, I was just thinking about you!" his father's voice responded. Drake felt his heart relax a bit as he bounded out into the garage and into a cloud of sweet, spicy smoke. Drake expected to cough but he didn't. The changed eighteen-year-old found his father leaning against the washing machine, holding a cigar in one hand and a glass of scotch on ice in the other. Drake's newly green eyes shifted, seeing that his father had moved his tainted clothes from the washer to the dryer.

"How are you doing, dad?" Drake asked. His father turned, looking at his son. It was almost like the gears of his brain spun for a moment before accepting the larger, hairier man before him as his son.

"I'm doing fine, fine!" his father said, bringing the cigar to his lips, taking a long drag, "Just sort of thinking back on things." he said wistfully. Drake crossed his hairy arms.

"I didn't know you smoked, dad." he commented. His father chuckled softly.

"I haven't for a long time, but I got to thinking about what a fine man you've grown into and I just... I just couldn't help myself. I gave these up when you were born, but now that you're a man, I think it's time to take some manly things back up." he explained. Drake looked at his father, starting to pick out slight changes. There was a reddish tinge to his hair, stubble down his cheeks, a tent in his pants, and hair on the back of his hands that hadn't been there before.

"Do... Do you notice how I've changed?" Drake asked carefully. His dad gave a knowing chuckle before taking a drag on his cigar. The embers flared red on the end before he held the smoke and then expelled it with a practiced grace.

"That's what this is all about, Drako. You've been growing like a weed. Makes me proud... Just think of what you'll be able to grow into." he said. Drake realized his dad was subconsciously groping himself, squeezing that bulge in his pants.

The rational part of Drake's mind was putting the puzzle pieces together; his dad had gone to do the laundry and come across his contaminated clothes. Even after being hosed off, they'd had enough residue to... affect him. The sludge had made Drake physically more masculine, but even in its diluted form it had made his dad more mentally masculine. Had it been the reason Drake was so calm about the changes? Even his dad acting so strange seemed more appealing than disturbing.

As if sensing Drake's quiet, his father turned and opened a container. He withdrew a long, thick brown cylinder. It was another cigar; fresh, hand rolled, expertly packed. Even the wood box seemed like a piece of art. He held it out to his son like an offering. Despite Drake's growth and changes, even his confidence that didn't seem like his own, he looked up with widening, uncertain eyes.

"For me?" He asked. His father chuckled.

"Men bond over a good smoke and a good drink. It's time for the men of this family to truly bond." his father said. Drake nodded, bringing the cigar to his lips. His father reached up and flicked a metal cased lighter, drawing it back and forth. Drake puffed a little, drawing the smoke back as the cigar was lit until it seemed to reach the point of self-sustaining.

The smoke billowed into his mouth like an airy, healing balm. It was potent with the scents of tobacco, but also orange and coffee as undertones. They weren't flavors that would normally be combined, but in that cigar, it was like some secret formula had been unlocked. Drake held the smoke in his mouth for as long as he could manage before he opened his mouth and let the thick, gray smoke spill from his lips. The smoke wisps curled and shifted, hanging in the air, playing with the tips of his bushy mutton chops. His dad grinned from where he stood, taking another long drag. They were just men doing manly things, the way it should be.

Words couldn't express how cathartic the evening with his father had been. They'd shared more than a few cigars and at least three drinks before Drake's dad called it a night. Drake had retreated back to his bedroom, not quite ready to call it. The cigar was clenched between his lips as he puffed away, practically a professional. His pants and underwear were on the floor by the door and his shirt was hiked up over his belly. His hand clenched his thick rod as

he raised his hand up and down, pumping it harder and harder while pictures of bearded men scrolled past on the monitor.

It felt like his whole outlook had changed. Drake remembered when he'd stay after school to watch cheerleaders, or attended terrible school plays just to watch his classmates that had taken up the dramatic arts... but how could they compare to the pinnacle of masculinity that Drake was reaching for? The strength and vitality, the hairiness... Drake didn't just want to be it, he wanted to surround himself with it. His dad apparently felt the same way, at least after encountering his corrupted clothing. There was no replacing Drake's mother, so why even try? Drake had supported his dad, even giving him a playful headlock, forcing his dad to smell his stinky pit. They'd shared a chuckle in the confined space of the garage.

Drake shuddered, just recalling the encounter before he took another drag of the cigar. The tiny voice in the back of his mind that pointed out how strange and wrong this all was shrank a little more, growing quieter with each passing hour. Drake wouldn't be sorry to see it go. On the screen, another image rolled by of a man in his late twenties that had never shaved in his life. His beard crept down toward his nipples, his chest almost so hairy that there was no division between body hair and facial hair. Drake groaned, yearning and wishing that was him.

As if the wish took root, Drake's head began to ache and throb. He set his cigar down in the improvised ashtray he'd made out of a piece of art glass, smoke still escaping from his lips. He suddenly gasped, back arching as he felt a flash of heat wash over him. His bones started to sear beneath his skin, releasing the pent-up heat they'd collected from the pool of goo. The heat rose - as it was wont to do - and began percolating beneath Drake's cheeks. He blushed, reddening slightly. The bushy sideburns that were already unkempt began to grow outward again, extruding outward from the skin centimeter by centimeter, but that was a side effect. The true change was far more far reaching.

Virgin, untouched flesh began to tingle as the rusty ginger hair sprouted down along Drake's jaw line. With the extra weight he carried, it only gave the new hair more canvas to work with. It curved down under his jaw a good three inches, creeping forward on both sides until it crashed together at the front of his chin. The hair didn't just close the gap, it started to fill out on each side. It grew in thicker and denser, the hair wiry and coarse. It surged and grew, pushing out half an inch in a matter of seconds. Drake groaned, a wad of cum launching from his cock, splattering on his belly where more hair was starting to blossom.

Unlike the hair on his face, the belly hair was softer and longer. It was a little sparse, but it was spreading fast. The new development fanned out from his navel, spreading across the round mound of skin like wildflowers on an alpine hillside. Drake fumbled for his cigar, bringing it back to his lips, taking another puff with one hand while his other idly massages his cock. Drake huffed and puffed, practically breathing in and out through the cigar. Smoke blasted from his nostrils, spilling over an upper lip that darkened and bloomed with new growth.

The hairs tickled his nose for a moment, at least at first, but as the hair spread across his lip and anchored down the sides, latching into his sideburns, it grew long enough not to bother him. Drake was torn, wishing he had four arms instead of two. He reluctantly let go of his cock, using one hand to guide his cigar and the other to trace the edges and borders of his new, full beard. He was barely eighteen, but he had the beard worthy of someone that had been growing for a few years. His mustache was respectable and the hair along his jaw was filling in nicely.

One glance down reassured Drake that he wouldn't have to worry in other areas either. The hair on his belly had crawled up the crevice between his pecs before it slipped over his shoulders like the straps of a backpack. His arm and leg hair had already thickened from the precious day, but now it was connected together by a uniform new-growth forest of body hair. Drake shuddered, loving himself and everything that was happening. He groaned and grunted, all while the chair groaned. The heat turned from a simmer to a boil as Drake's back began to throb and ache. The gap between his waist and the bottom of his shirt began to increase as his spine lengthened, his legs grew, and his midsection plumped up just a bit more. His already swollen muscles grew a bit larger, pushing past anything any athletes at his school had ever accomplished.

Apparently, Drake had been spending too much focus on himself as the screen of his computer went dark, replacing the image of bearded men with the reflection of his own mutated, masculinized form. He saw a familiar face hidden behind a full, messy, bushy copper beard. He saw the cigar clenched in his lips, smoke trailing away. He saw his pecs and belly, his huge body, and it was glorious. Drake threw his head back, expelling a column of smoke from his mouth and nostrils as his cock unleashed a torrent of thick, soppy, sticky cum across his belly. Rope after rope erupted before it rolled down the sides, staining his chair and dripping to the carpet. His room reeked with the scent of sex and sweat, of cum and man, of smoke and musk. It smelled like the man that Drake was striving to be, but it had to be just the start. There was so much more he could do.

Ditching school on a Thursday had given Drake a lot more time, but doing it on a Friday had felt even more liberating. Instead of practicing for standardized tests and job placement programs, Drake had spent the day in the more... colorful... parts of town. He'd met some of Millergrave's most talented tattoo artists and piercing professionals and even earned a new nickname for how much he'd had done in one day: Mad Dog.

Drake stepped out of the shop a new man. The bright afternoon light glinted off the thick silver septum ring hanging from his nose, the industrial bars bridging the top of his ear lobes, not to mention the more conventional loops at their base. There were even metal spikes above and below the outer edge of his left eyebrow. The light-colored metal was a contrast to the dark swirling, fluid lines that now wrapped around his right shoulder. Some of them stretched down to his elbow, almost like tentacles reaching out.

As Drake started his walk home, he grimaced a bit, realizing how tight his shirt and pants had gotten. It was especially inconvenient given the fact that he'd started his day by going out to buy new clothes specifically because he had grown, but already his shirt was spread tissue paper thin over his beefy back, swollen pecs and newly pierced nipples. His pants weren't having a much easier time, the edge of his prince albert piercing clearly visible against the tight fabric.

The crosswalk light turned red, the hand shimmering in complement to the colorful haze that hung over the city. Normally Drake's lungs would have been burning, walking so much. They would have been burning just from being outside that long... but Drake felt good. He felt better than he had his entire life. He felt like another man. He was standing tall, broad

shouldered, confident. His piercings felt good, his tattoos were badass. His cock felt like it was constantly at least half hard. He'd spent years being ashamed of being a big guy, but now he was even bigger. His beard glistened as well, freshly oiled and combed out to look bigger. Just thinking about it turned Drake on - all the way on.

A huge, hairy hand swung out, grabbing onto the crosswalk pole for support. He grunted and moaned, hunching over. He looked down to see the bulge in his pants growing into a fierce tent. His cock wasn't just growing erect, it was growing again. He could feel it snaking its way out longer, slithering inch by inch. He murmured and then growled, gnashing his teeth as his palms broadened and widened, his fingers stretching. His bones felt like molten lead, except they were stretching too. His skin was taut but thankfully it stretched evenly, preserving the tattoo work he'd just gotten finished.

Drake exhaled slowly before intaking as much of the tainted, corrupt, toxic air as he could. It seemed to fuel him, feeding the change. His face tingled and burned as the thick bushy red hair began to slide out again. His mustache slipped down over his upper lip, descending downward, creeping like English ivy with no end in sight. His fuzzy cheeks flared out wider, the point curving back behind his ears while the curtain descending from his jawbone eased out more and more and more, unspooling from the follicles. Drake groaned, his voice cracking as it dropped and then dropped lower.

His boots began to creak and groan. Drake winced, murmuring under his breath. They were brand new boots, special ticket items, but as he watched they seemed to fray and bloat, stretching as his toes fattened and his heels widened. They grew tight, almost painfully so until he heard glue pop and stitches snap. His toes burst out of the front of the shoes like pigs going to market while his heel spread out of the back. The tops of the footwear became little more than glorified covers until Drake reluctantly reached down and untied the scraps, pulling them off and casting them aside. He'd walked home barefoot once; he could do it again.

As Drake rose back upright to resume the journey, he found himself stopping again. Even as the crosswalk light snapped over, the ivory symbol beckoning him to the other side, he remained. Drake looked across Millergrave, taking in the skyline of all the roofs and buildings set against the backdrop of the sky. It was strangely beautiful in its own way... Drake had been to other towns. Everything was gray and white and variations there in. Millergrave houses were painted yellow and orange and sienna and umber. The roofs were covered with multicolored tile. The asphalt was red from volcanic rock instead of black. The town was alive, steeped in color and he could see it all so much more clearly than before. He didn't just see it, he lived it. His dull brown hair was red, his plain brown eyes were green. His freckles were darker, his tan richer, his body bigger, his tattoos sharp in contrast.

"Fuck yes..." Drake boomed in realization. Maybe THAT was the reason he hadn't been freaking out. The changes hadn't just altered his body or even his mind. They'd brought him in line with the town, with the way things were meant to be. Why did he have to fight the system when no one would listen, or when his classmate very well could have killed him just for his own insecurities about his dad's job. No, this... this was meant to be. Drake wouldn't fight the impossible fight when he could bask in the shimmer of being part of the problem. Drake groaned, arching his back as even it grew again, pushing him taller by an inch, then three, then five. His clothes were impossibly tight, but his cock was tighter. He exhaled slowly as he came,

a wet spot appearing in the front of his pants as a musky, spicy, tart smell hit the air. Drake wasn't ashamed. He was motivated. He knew what he had to do.

The sun rippled and danced on the horizon like a half circle of wildfire. The waters looked orange and green from the reflection, leaving the sky to be dyed shades of purple, orange and yellow. The view from Site 13 would have been incredible and the vista from the beach equally scenic. Drake hadn't been eager to retrace either one of his routes, at least not exactly. He'd persuaded one of the fishermen to loan him their dingy in exchange for a case of beer.

It had taken a good fifteen minutes to navigate out of the bay, past a few rocks and shoals and narrow in on his destination, but Drake was determined. The onboard motor buzzed and growled as he came around the base of the bluff. There had been warning buoys all along the area, even what Drake assumed to be some sort of artificial reef. Rock spires rose out of the water, each one strategic in obscuring the truth... but Drake wouldn't let anything stop himself.

As the boat forded the narrow path between two spires, Drake seemed to be the spirit of some distant Viking ancestors. His beard billowed in the wind, his eyes reflecting the fires of the sea. The tattoos on his shoulder had a few shapes in common with his forefathers. He was also something new, something metal and punk. His piercings swayed with the boat as he cut the engine and slowed down, eyes rising upward.

Site 13 seemed like some sort of fairytale tower rising out of the sea, clutching to the side of the bluff like a parasite... but instead of a princess's mane to climb up, poison poured down. Manticore had built some sort of cursed industrial pipe organ, producing pollution instead of music. Different colored fluids dribbled and poured out from the sides, splashing down into tidepools below. Drake licked his lips as he cut the engine entirely and drifted in the last few feet. It was a precarious act with the water rising and falling in waves, but he reached out and grabbed onto the rock

With great care, Drake managed to tug the dingy around the edge until he found something secure enough to tie to. The rope was secured, although Drake knew he couldn't stay forever. The rock was a bit jagged and would eventually cut through the rope, that is if it didn't get banged up against the rocks in the meantime. Drake reached out with his huge, calloused hands and pulled himself up onto the rock. As he climbed up, the landscape changed before his eyes.

There wasn't much land to work with, and at high tide it might have all been under water. The eighteen-year-old had no idea what that did to the sea life or the local fish, although a strange part of his mind was now strangely exhilarated by the idea. He licked his mustache coerced lip as he looked at the pools. Each one seemed to be a different color. There was an opaque, matte purple pond, a translucent pearlescent gold one, an unnerving blood red one... and then a comforting, sublime orange pool full of goo.

Drake knew the feelings he felt weren't right. He felt... thirst? Hungry? Horny? No, none of those could be right... But his cock was rock hard again. He looked at the pool as more than just a spot that had changed his life. He looked at it with longing, with need. Movement forced him to divert his gaze, seeing extra-fleshy, extra-large purple starfish wriggling and crawling

along the edge of the pool. Had they been corrupted and grown like he had? They were beautiful, more than just god's creatures now.

The larger heart in Drake's chest thumped like drums. He was almost lured in by the hypnotic sheen to the toxic pool before he remembered his plan. It took all his nerve to tear himself away, but Drake returned to the dingy and brought up two huge, empty gasoline canisters. He walked them back over the short distance before he plunged them down into the syrupy slime. Thick bubbles slowly rolled to the surface as the toxic goo poured into the plastic containers. Drake rolled his head side to side, feeling his bones start to throb with heat in response to touching the pool. It felt like his skeleton was made of molten metal, like he was some new kind of Wolverine from the comics... But he'd gone far past the mutton chops.

Drake closed his eyes and lived in the moment. Even being crouched down felt good. He could feel how thick and round his ass had gotten, how powerful his thighs were. He was succeeding in his mission, although honestly, he hadn't thought it all the way through. There were two more canisters in the dingy. He'd fill them all and have slime to do with as he wanted, but what did he want? He'd already been blessed by becoming the most manly man the town had ever seen, and his father was well on the road to join him, but was that enough?

The sound of liquid spluttering and falling from the above pipes made Drake open his eyes and look up. It was a lot farther than it had seemed on the way down... The fact that he was alive was a miracle by itself, let alone that he'd come out all the better for it. Axel had tried to kill him. In a way, he had succeeded. The meek, shy, quiet, fat brown-haired baby-faced nerd was gone. That Drake had died, allowing a burly, muscled, gay god to rise in his place. But if Drake had become a god, was it not his place to grant mercy to Axel, to forgive him in the only way he knew how?

The new tattoos on Drake's arms glistened with sweat as he heaved the two containers full of slime out of the tide pool, setting them on the rocks. The orange goo dripped and ran down their sides, the air full of the tannic, tart, acrid metallic odors. It was a good start, but it wasn't enough... Debating on his options, Drake removed his tight shirt and dropped his new pants, peeling off the nearly non-existent boxers. He stretched a little, standing on the edge of the toxic tide pool in his naked glory.

Anyone looking from a distance might have mistaken the scale of what was before their eyes. Drake had already surged to six and a half feet tall, carrying a couple hundred pounds of muscle and fat on his enhanced frame... but the only thing on his corrupted mind was that he wanted more. One large, arched foot dropped down into the slime, finding a footing far easier this time than when he'd had to pull himself out after falling. The next foot followed, and Drake sank down in as if the perilous sludge was a hot tub with a bath bomb.

It was normal for any man to be hesitant to submerge their precious package into liquid. After all, the temperature difference could cause quite a shock. This wasn't a concern for Drake. This pool felt like home, even like returning to the womb. His large, full, pierced cock slapped the surface of the slime before slowly submerging. As it was enveloped, Drake spread his arms along the sides of the tide pool, trying not to disturb the mutated starfish. He wriggled his hips and lowered down just a bit more, letting the slime rise up over the roundness of his belly, climb the cleft between his pecs and cover his fat, plump nipples.

As Drake found his perfect spot, he let out an exultant sigh of pleasure, though his eyes popped back open as he felt an unusual, unfamiliar, even shocking feeling. His cock and nipples

were humming with energy. That wasn't the unusual part. What was unusual was that it felt as if his manhood tried to... swallow? At first Drake thought it must have been some sort of bubble or twitch or spasm, but he gasped as his cock throbbed again, drawing in some of the slime. The urethra opened and his cock drew up some of the toxic slime. First it took one draw, then another, then another. His shaft was pumping the sludge into himself and it felt amazing.

Drake's huge hands grabbed onto the rock as he let out a symphony of exultant moans and groans, starting to pant. His pectorals began to hum with more and more energy until his nipples stung as well, apparently absorbing the slime as well. Drake writhed and moaned, sending waves out through the pond. He reached a point where he couldn't gasp enough, couldn't moan enough. His eyes tried to roll beyond the back of his head... but none of it stopped his body from doing what it was doing, and all of that new toxin was fuel for a fire that had been simmering all along.

The most obvious change came from the root source. Drake's manhood only became a more efficient pump as it stretched out longer, fatter and heavier. The flesh extended outward through the slime like a snake looking for its meal. It had been a weapon, a club, a monster from the first change but as it surpassed fourteen inches, then sixteen, then nineteen, it was becoming something else entirely. Pump by pump, it drew in the pollution, but all that goo had to go somewhere. It backed up through the intricate channels of his testicles, saturating the flesh. More complex and intricate networks began to form and build, forcing Drake's already bloated sack to expand again.

His balls had been the size of oranges, impressive to most, but they seemed quaint compared to their new potential. The fleshy masses grew outward in all directions, stretching his sack to accommodate. In moments they had added enough girth to match grapefruits, they honeydew melons. They were the perfect foundation for Drake's new monster member. As Drake's cock drew in the slime, so too did his nipples. They had stretched out an inch, then two, growing fat and bloated. As they slurped up the slime, his pectorals had inflated. They spread outward, wider and fuller and fatter. Drake drooled openly from the corners of his mouth, the clear liquid dribbling across the thick, bushy mat of his rust-colored beard.

While most of Drake's body was obscured, the slime did seem to be clinging to an ever-thicker forest of red hair across his chest. As he rose and fell, the curls became apparent. They fed off the slime like fertilizer, pushing out more and more. The slime had filled his balls, reached his prostate, soaked his chest. It was everywhere; all over him, deep inside him, but Drake... wanted more. He reached out, bending his large hands. He lifted them upward, breaching the surface with cupped hands. He held the slime there between his fingers before he brought it up, tipping it back into his mouth. The taste exploded across his tongue; it tasted of iron and salt, of bone and metal. It attested like mankind and of manliness. It was surely not intended for human consumption, nor safe for the environment, but it was now the brine in which Drake was reborn. He swallowed it down with thick, gluttonous abandon before he groaned sharply, eyes clenching, a hiss escaping his lips.

The same burning heat that filled his loins spread across his face once more. It tingled and burned in all the right ways before he grunted with satisfaction. His upper lip throbbed as his mustache began pushing outward again, centimeter by centimeter. It descended downward like a curtain, obscuring his mouth beneath a bushy, thick mustache worthy of a walrus. Not to be outdone, the shag growing out from his cheeks began pushing back further and wider. It

flared and thickened, creating spade-like tips that nearly curved back behind his entire head... but none of it compared to the rest of him.

To compare Drake's beard to a lion's would have been an injustice. None who lived had a beard quite like his. The rusty ginger red hair was as intense as a late sunset, as vibrant as the toxic pool, and as thick as a forest. The tip crept down into the pond, sinking into the slime. As Drake watched, the base widened outward as the beard grew longer, going from a point to a flat edge, then a rounded tapered one. He reached up with slime coated hands, combing them through his immense bush like he was applying beard conditioner.

More and more and more, the beard stretched out. His face throbbed with the vitality of creativity, of growth, of production. Drake wasn't sure how much his beard had grown, let alone the rest of his body. He had to have added almost a hundred pounds, if not more. His feet moved through the pool like flippers, his arms moved like towering cranes, and his cock seemed to have gotten its fill - at least for now. The slurping subsided and for a moment Drake was in a perfect equilibrium.

The behemoth reached down and hoisted his cock up. It breached the surface like a sea monster from legends. It was as wide as a salad plate, thicker than Drake's arm had been before the change. It pressed against the curve of his belly and between the fleshy, hair covered mounds of his chest. Drake opened up, practically unhinging his jaw to slide the plump, fat head into his hungry maw. His mustache greeted the cock, brushing it as it entered.

A voracious, oddly nimble tongue licked and slurped the residue from his cock before he was just feasting on flesh. Drake bobbed his head forward and back, suckling his own meat. He probed the tip, explored the sensitive flesh beneath the head and felt the veins throbbing along the length. His hands gripped the meat, squeezing and massaging it, almost milking it as they rode up and down. Drake wiggled his swollen, inflated ass cheeks before his brain burned with the blinding light of an orgasm like an oncoming storm.

His huge balls gurgled, his shaft nearly vibrated before it began to pulse, and Drake was rewarded with the slimiest, gooiest, saltiest, copper tasting cum he could have imagined. It coated his teeth and tongue in a substance that felt like he'd never get it all the way off. It filled his mouth, his bearded cheeks bulging. He started to gulp obediently, after all that was what his cock demanded, but even that wasn't enough. Translucent, iridescent pearly come erupted from his mouth, spilling out over his beard. It seemed to have a rainbow effect depending on how the light hit it, appearing to be white with an overlay of a thousand different hues.

The slime coated his throat and settled into his belly, working its way through his body. It filled the gaps that had not already been filled by the slime. Drake drank his own seed down, his hands coaxing more and more up out of the length. His muscles groaned, his bones creaked, and his head felt like a brick. This was what he was meant to be, to do, rising to the next stage of evolution. If humans could not survive on the world they had made, then they would have to become something else... and Drake was there to usher them all into the next stage - or at least the men.

Moments trailed into minutes. The sun sank behind the endless horizon, leaving only its afterglow to stain the stars. The haze of the city's artificial lights crept out beyond the bluff, fighting back the stars above the sea. It was a miracle Drake could see at all when he finally let go of his cock, but it seemed that, too, had been improved. He blinked a few times and licked

what slime he could from his soaking wet mustache before he grabbed onto the edges of the pool and heaved himself out.

Slime slid down his hairy, muscled skin. It dribbled onto the rock and nearly sizzled on contact. Drake moved to the edge of the shoal to find a rope tied to the rocks and nothing else. Whether the boat had been smashed apart or drifted away, he didn't know... but he didn't care. He didn't need the gasoline canisters. He was a walking refinery, processing the toxic slime himself. Drake filled his enormous lungs with the smoggy air before he dove into the water with a huge splash. His weight was offset by the air in his lungs and his powerful muscles propelling him back towards land. Physical perfection had brought an unconscious awareness of form, allowing him to adopt a stroke that propelled him efficiently towards the distant beach... and his destiny.

Crickets chirped like the landscape's heartbeat. The sun had set but the night was still hot, although that might have just been Axel's blood boiling. The eighteen-year-old sat on the curb, nursing a brown bottle of amber beer purloined from the fridge. It hadn't been hard to get away with it given how distracted his parents were. The shouting could be heard from the street. Sometimes Axel was convinced they could hear it in the next county. Axel lowered his head to his knees, the overhang of his blond hair spilling over the front. He sat there for a few minutes until he heard something scuff against the sidewalk a short distance away.

Axel raised his head, his eyes widening. At first, he wasn't sure what he was looking at. It was huge, bigger than any animal he'd seen in a zoo, but it wasn't shaped like an animal, it was shaped like the outline of a man - an exaggerated man. Axel's brow furrowed, his eyes scrunching up. For a moment he looked far more primitive than his stylish haircut and expensive earrings hinted at. He looked like a caveman trying to figure out fire. As Drake advanced, though, Axel's thoughts clicked into place with a terrified gasp.

Despite all the changes, all the mutations, and all the growth, it was Drake. Those round cheeks with a hint of a rosy tinge peeked up from above the edge of an unruly, mythologically worthy beard. The street nearly vibrated with every step those huge feet took. His man pecs bobbed atop the shelf of his belly. Hair spilled from under his arms even when they were at his sides, and the ring of hair around his manhood hung down like a loin cloth... but how could anyone pay attention to that with that monster wobbling in front of him?

Drake's shaft swayed side to side with his stride, bouncing up and down, nearly taking on a hypnotic spiral as he moved. Drake's huge, monstrous balls swung beneath his legs like pendulums; side to side, back and forth, perfectly timed. The beard cascading down his chest and belly billowed in the wind, almost rising and falling with its own breath. It was so wide that it obscured his nipples, at least apart from slight bumps in the hairy topography. Everything about Drake was exaggerated. As he passed under a streetlight, Axel realized all too late that the target of his emotional fit was now at least fifty percent taller than he had been before.

While Axel had not been very good in school, the story of the Tell-Tale Heart had stuck with him. He thought about it now that his own heart was thumping in his chest, nearly ready to explode with guilt. He also idly wondered how big Drake's heart was now, having to provide blood to a body that size, let alone a cock that huge. To his credit, Axel did not run or flee or

scream. He looked up with wide eyes until Drake was a few paces away. Drake slowed to a stop. The silence hung in the air like the smog that blanketed the industrial town.

“What happened?” Axel whispered. Drake smirked.

“You pushed me, that’s what happened.” Drake replied. Axel winced, shrinking slightly before the now clearly superiorly sized man. Drake wasn’t going to hurt Axel, he planned to be merciful, but a little teasing was the least he could do to the man that had nearly killed him.

“I-I’m so sorry, I... I don’t know what came over me.” Axel said, his eyes starting to glisten, “I was an idiot, a fucking idiot... I’m so sorry Drake! If I could take it back, I would!” Axel said, looking up. His breath was ragged, shallow, uneven. It didn’t take a genius to tell that he was being truthful. This new, sorrowful Axel wasn’t exactly the target that Drake had imagined either. It was almost enough to dampen the mood. The shouting from Axel’s house drew Drake’s attention briefly as he looked over and then looked back at Axel. He reached down with a huge hand, taking Axel by the stubble bearded chin, tipping his head up.

“We can’t always control where life pushes us.” Drake said, choosing his words carefully, “I never would have found my true self if you hadn’t done what you did. I am actually thankful for that. As for you...” Drake paused, looking at the house again briefly, “It’s not your fault that you didn’t have a good male role model before. But you have me now... and everything is going to be completely different.” Drake said. Axel looked up into Drake’s eyes, realizing just how... red they were... and how dreamy they were. When Drake took a hold of the jock’s shoulders, he rose to his feet as easily as a cloud climbed in the sky after a good rain.

It had been years since Axel had been the smaller man to anyone, but he looked up almost two feet to Drake’s beautiful face. As the distance between them closed, Axel pressed into the blanket-like curtain of beard that covered the man’s upper body, and he felt the insistent, radiant heat of the cock diverted along his hip. Axel felt like his heart was fluttering. He blushed beneath his perfectly maintained, barbershop quality stubble beard. There was something exhilarating about knowing he was the biggest jock in school, but Drake was so much bigger than him, so much more manly, so much more... of an alpha.

Drake grinned, seeing that recognition on Axel’s eyes. He understood so much now... He understood why Axel had acted the way he had been. He had to make up for a slacker father barely keeping his job, to deal with the fallout of a broken home, and all of that was built on a shell hiding who he really was and had tried so desperately to run away from. Drake licked his slightly sharper canine teeth, smelling Axel’s need and his yearning. He could feel the jock’s body responding just before him. There were so many ways he could proceed, but the part of him that was Drake knew there was only one way that would mend the hurt between them.

The towering, hulking figure Drake had become bent down, bringing his lips to Axel’s. Axel didn’t shy away. His eyes slipped shut and his mouth opened, receiving a huge, sloppy tongue. He sucked on it like a hungry pig, his erection throbbing, but the kiss was more than just that to him. His face was engulfed in a cavalcade of sensations. The ends of Drake’s beard hair tickled and pricked his face in at thousand different places, making it feel warm and tingly. Drake’s huge, thick mustache had to fan across Axel’s to make room for their tongues, almost making Axel feel like he was the proud owner of such a beast. Even the smell was sublime, smelling of tobacco and cum and sweat and metal, of manly scents and manlier deeds, with just a hint of citrus to it all.

Drake growled happily, his hands grabbing onto Axel's jacket. He yanked off the outer layer and cast it aside, knowing that this jock would be too large before long to fit it. The rest of his clothes were worthless. One hand grabbed onto the shirt and tore it from his back, revealing the vast phoenix back tattoo Axel had done at the start of his senior year. Drake's hand slipped lower, fumbling with Axel's belt. He growled a bit into the kiss, eliciting a smile from the jock who eagerly helped out. Once the buckle was undone, Drake whipped it out and tossed it onto the lawn. Axel helped by kicking off his shoes before Drake could yank down his pants.

In moments Axel was just as naked as he was in the gym locker room, but he was more exposed than he had ever been. They were on the sidewalk, half lit by streetlights, surrounded and serenaded by crickets. Axel was at his physical prime at six foot two and two hundred and fifty pounds of muscle sculpted into perfect deltoids and lats, quads and glutes. Drake reached out, running huge fingers through the jock's perfectly quaffed blond undercut. He didn't quite know how the change would affect him, but he had a feeling that Axel wasn't going to look so perfect for much longer.

Drake let out a grunt and Axel responded as best he could, trying to look tough. It was adorable, almost charming, but he had a long way to go. The question was, how would he help him get there? Drake debated his options, letting a few scenarios play out in his mind but nothing seemed right - at least until he thought of how it had all started. Drake had been protesting the illegal dumping of chemicals, a toxic spill. Now he was the environmental hazard. He was the toxin, the poison, the pollution. He was the future, and it was time for a toxic spill of his own.

The behemoth stood there, running his huge hand back and forth along the considerable length of his mighty manhood. It was obscene, inhuman - so of course Axel was getting hard. He barely glanced over his shoulder once to look back at the house where his parents still fought before he turned back to face Drake. None of that mattered. He was living on the edge, and Drake had been so strangely understanding. Axel pushed himself up and moved over, coming up to Drake. He reached out as well, knowing his hands were miniscule in comparison but trying to do his part to help.

As nice as it felt to have another man's hands on his cock, the idea of having his tormentor before him, pleasing him was far more appealing. Beyond that, seeing Axel's humanity had been touching, but knowing he had the power to alter it was even more compelling. There he was, as manly as any eighteen-year-old could be, but it would only serve as the start of his journey. Drake closed his eyes for a moment, thinking of the young man he had been, then the beast he'd become. His journey beneath the haze and smog and fiery skies of Millergrave had been so fast over such a short time, but the potential was endless... and it all started here by reshaping one of the town's favorite sons.

Drake's bearded, manly face twisted up into a tight grin of satisfaction as he felt his basketball sized balls churning and turning. The veins on his mammoth cock throbbed. His urethra fluttered in anticipation. Axel was transfixed, panting hard, feeling Drake's presence eroding all of the walls he'd build over the years. He'd been gay for years and terrified for anyone else to know it. How many had he teased about being gay to deflect attention? How many of his classmates had he snuck looks at only to feel ashamed about it later? But now... now it didn't matter. Now he had surrendered himself to it. There were no consequences that could scare him away from Drake, even as he felt the cock shudder.

It was a strange limbo for them both. Drake and Axel could both feel the orgasm ahead of time. The journey was a lot longer passing through Drake's enhanced body compared to normal human physiology. Still, even knowing it was coming, nothing could prepare Axel for what happened next. Drake didn't just cum. His cock erupted like a geyser, unleashing thick sticky webs of pearlescent slime. It shimmered a rainbow of hues like oil and antifreeze after a fresh rain. It hit Axel's shirt and sizzled, releasing the smell of iron and salt and brine. Axel's eyes dilated, the black expanding to incredible widths that made his eyes look quite dark. His nipples were as hard as diamonds in seconds and his cock pushed past all previous limits of just how hard it could get.

Drake growled a deep, resonating growl that almost had enough bass in it to vibrate the nearby gravel. He'd never felt that good, but he knew he was capable of more. He opened his red eyes, watching the slime stick to Axel's jacket and shirt, dribbling down to his pants. It ate away at the fabric, leaving the jock's well-tanned skin beneath. But it wasn't enough. Drake wasn't here to coax humanity to its new existence; he was here to break through barriers.

A huge, hairy hand grabbed Axel by his perfect blond hair, pulling him forward. His gasp of shock was just the opening Drake needed to wedge the tip of his spewing cock into that wet, hot mouth. Axel grunted before he gave in, trying to spread his mouth to the point of unhinging his jaw. His tongue was coated in the foul, toxic semen of his new master. His teeth were next. His cheeks bulged and he held as much as he could until Axel did something he'd been fantasizing about for years; he swallowed the seed of another man.

One gulp was followed by another, then a third, then a fourth. It was so thick, so hot, so sticky, so foul, and Axel loved it. Each swallow seemed to feed his growing erection as it strained against stretching, tearing fabric. His shirt grew tighter over biceps and triceps that rounded. His shirt lifted up over firming abs and his pants bloated over a rounding, swelling bubble ass. It had taken merely a few gulps to accomplish that much, but Axel was greedy to drink, and Drake was greedy to give.

Drake's huge hand massaged Axel's blond hair, his fingers tangling in his locks. He gave them a tug, managing to elicit a bit of growth. The perfect undercut grew longer on top, giving him more to work with and a better grip. Drake gave the hair a few more tugs before wrapping it around his fingers, getting a perfect grasp. He looked down at Axel as his collar began to tear. The collar split from the shirt before it eventually shredded and frayed in spots, coming loose. Thick man tits popped free, his nipples swollen and glistening with sweat in the evening air. The shirt split down across his abs, popping as his arms bulged. The shirt fell away to reveal his massive back tattoo growing bigger by the second. It seemed Drake wasn't the only one sporting ink.

As wonderful as it was to see Axel obediently drinking his cum, Drake wanted more. He began to push in further, stretching Axel's jaw to the limit. The huge mushroom shaped head of his cock eventually popped past the barrier of his teeth, resting on his snaking tongue, filling the space nearly all the way to the uvula. Axel's lunge no doubt burned from lack of oxygen, but it almost felt as if he didn't need it. All he needed was Drake. He coated his throat and filled his swelling belly with Drake's seed and that was enough for him. That was all he would ever need. He was finally where he was supposed to be, doing what he was supposed to do. His life had been hard because he should have been serving Drake. Axel wished he could go back in time,

suck the husky eighteen-year-old off beneath his desk or under the bleachers or in the back of his truck... Axel wished he had been there to witness his king's rise to power.

While he couldn't make up for the past, he was there now. He could help Drake in everything, but to do that, Axel knew he had to be his master's perfect servant. His belly stretched and groaned; the muscle stretched over a growing ball of a cum filled gut. As greedy as he was, Axel knew he had to put his master's seed to other uses. He wriggled and shifted, pulling back before he popped free and was rewarded with a face full of the slime. While it clung to his cheeks and chin, dripping down in globs, some of it almost seemed to seep in, sinking down into the flesh.

Like a rumbling geyser, a tingling spread as the only warning before Axel's perfectly manscaped stubble beard began to grow. His follicles went into overdrive, opening up as each and every hair thickened and darkened. The tips were blunt, making them look all the thicker. They darkened as well from a wheat gold to a brownish blond. It all grew out evenly at first, at least for a few seconds, but as the hair grew out longer it became uneven. It wasn't exactly a bad look. There were no patches or bald spots, and where it wasn't as long it was still respectable despite being dwarfed in other spots.

Axel let Drake hose him down, using his sperm as fertilizer on his face. The hair grew thicker along his jawline, coming in thick bushy lumps. His upper lip blossomed as well, bristly hair emerging. It came out away from his lip before curving and swooping down in a perfect curtain. Drake watched with wonder and almost admiration as days, then weeks' worth of growth emerged from Axel's face in mere moments. Drake angled his cock downward to shower the rest of the jock's body so he could appreciate the changes to his face. It was almost like watching a sunrise.

Axel was no longer quite human. He seemed more like a caricature, even a projection of what humanity might look like with some of their recessive primal genes woken back up. His undercut and diamond stud earrings served as mere echoes to his former life. Axel was a brute: his eyebrows seemed to be rising on a swelling brow ridge. His shoulders were creaking and groaning as they widened. His arms were huge, his legs thicker, and as the last shreds of his clothing gave out, Axel's already ample cock was doing its best to mimic the growth and size of his master's.

Drake's firehose diminished to a steady stream, but not for lack of supply. It felt like he could go as long as he needed to, but Drake didn't want to be wasteful. Axel was clearly not human anymore. He grunted and snorted, nostrils flaring, dark eyes staring into the middle distance. His mouth was almost hidden beneath a blond bushy mustache. His cheeks were thick with facial hair and the beard was creeping down from his jaw, longer by one inch after another. He was handsome, he was beastly. He just might have been changed enough to take his creator.

Drake took his huge hands to guide Axel. Their lusts and desires had been enough to take advantage of the heat of the moment and do it right then and there, but for this... Drake guided his convert away from the dim glow of the streetlight and more into the darkness cast by the neighbor's separate garage. He shoved Axel forward, forcing the blond behemoth down onto all fours. Axel panted hard, spittle clinging to the tips of his thick mustache. His chest rose and fell, his swollen gut dropping down lower. Steam practically climbed off his body from the heat he was generating.

The feeling in Drake's heart wasn't vengeance or justice or accountability. It wasn't pure lust either. It was that elevated feeling of purpose, of destiny. Axel was his first creation, but he'd hardly be the last. Drake took a moment to peel the last of Axel's destroyed clothing, rendering the blond completely naked. His hand slipped down the new layers of fuzz sprouting from Axel's shoulders and back, following the cleft of his spine down to his plump, rounded fat ass. Drake grinned, just imagining how impossible it would have been for him to use the desks at school anymore, but if Axel needed somewhere to sit, he was sure he could offer him something.

"FUCK!" Axel howled out, shocked by how much deeper his voice was already. His beard blew in the hot evening wind even as it dropped down past his Adam's apple, swaying in the breeze, longer than some of the hippies that he'd seen as a child. Axel's dark eyes widened as he felt his pucker stretched wider and wider around Drake's massive manhood. His entrance felt like rubber; it was stiff at first, but as the heat grew it got stretchier and stretchier until Drake suddenly popped inside him.

In one fluid thrust, Drake and Axel both felt the satisfaction of a cock finding its depths like a sword being sheathed. Drake thrust in deep to his partner, letting Axel work to keep himself up on all fours with his powerful arms and shoulders. Drake gave one more thrust in before finally pulling back. The cum dribbling from his cock served as a good lube, but the toxic slime making its way through Axel's system was already starting to have an effect. Hot points of pressure along the jock's intestine festered and gestated before developing into new glands. Each one secreted a slick semi-natural lubricant.

"Oh yes... That's my slut..." Drake whispered, "Gay for me all this time, so happy to know his place." Drake grunted. Axel's eyes clenched shut.

"Fuck me Drake, I'm your slut! I'm your dog!" He panted. Drake chuckled at that before thrusting harder and deeper, working to plumb the depths of Axel's man cave. As he thrust forward, the blond thrust back. They clashed and clapped together like waves breaking on the shore. Each thrust pumped more meat, more cum and more mass into Axel. His flesh bulged, his cock stretched out, his balls bloated, and his spine lengthened.

Fatter, longer fingers scraped cement. Broader knees took the brunt of the impacts. Axel's hair glistened with sweat, and his beard had grown inch by inch, then a foot, then another. It wasn't as thick or wide as Drake's was, but it did have length. Even with the jock keeping himself up on all fours, the hairs extruded out from his face in long golden waves until the longest tendrils traced the sidewalk below him.

Drake thrashed and growled, grinding and tilting his cock. He searched for every g-spot his partner had, giving him the pounding of his life. Axel's perfect counter-movements started to get a bit sloppier and a bit more random. Axel felt as if every last ounce of common sense was being knocked loose in his brain and then pushed out of the way. Soon he was reduced to a huge body of jelly kept in check by an over-ample supply of muscles. Axel tried to last, tried to persevere, but his moan became a howl and his howl became a yell. Axel threw his head back, betraying slightly longer than normal teeth.

The last few squirts of Axel's human seed sprayed out of his cock before a far thicker, more viscous, tainted toxic seed began to splatter in sticky webs across the cement. Axel threw his head back, his beard rimmed mouth making lewd, fantastic orgasmic faces as he settled into his new destiny. This was his purpose; to be filled by his master, to serve and to give as much pleasure as he received. His body glistened with sweat even as a fine layer of golden blond fuzz

spread around his arms and down his legs, blossoming across his ample chest and more impressive stomach.

Feeling Axel cum was impressive to Drake. Even in the short time since he had started changing the jock, his anatomy had already altered. That tight, hot ass milked Drake's cock as he came... and Drake was happy to oblige. Whatever will or restraint he had left failed as he came hard and fast, unleashing every last bit of pent-up seed. It filled Axel from the other side, leaking deep into his body, cementing the changes. The ground rumbled under the force of their love making. Each man had to be nearly a thousand pounds of muscle and meat. Drake was nearly nine and a half feet tall while Axel was racing to catch up.

The thought occurred to Drake, even in his afterglow addled mind, that destiny had to be at play. How could Manticore have made just the right mix of toxic waste to change them in that way? How could Axel have pushed him over a cliff just right to land in that pool? Every part of their lives had been leading to this moment. It was the culmination of humanity and industry, of society and of toxic masculinity. It was time to embrace the future that mankind had earned by becoming the monsters that could do more than just survive. They were going to thrive.

The symphony of crickets was joined by a deep, almost inaudible rumbling of grunts and groans and moans. The wet, sloppy, lewd sounds of their love making only fell away when the two ended their union with a corrupted kiss and deep, knowing glances. They needed no words. It was understood. Drake would lead and Axel would follow. Wherever the road went, Axel owed Drake a debt that could never be repaid, but he was going to enjoy doing his best to try anyway. Drake looked up at the faint glow of the light pollution hanging over his town, knowing that when the sun next set over Millergrave that he'd finally have someone to look at it with him.