

**SPIERBEER**  
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The Estates at Silver Peak were never intended to be a local joke. Quite the opposite, in fact: they were built to be the peak of modern American luxury. These were not cookie cutter McMansions. Each of the twenty-four homes was beautifully designed and uniquely crafted, taking advantage of the natural beauty of the region. From the intricate stone fireplaces to the soaring ceilings, no detail was overlooked. Onlookers would drive through just to admire the exteriors, until a gate was erected to keep them out.

Then the developer got popped for tax fraud.

Briefly, it seemed all would be well. There were rumors that the development was sold to some company called Spierbeer, allegedly in the Netherlands, and construction would still be finished on schedule. But then the housing market crashed, and even the wealthiest of buyers stopped sniffing around. The homes sat vacant and dark. Instead of representing the pinnacle of success, the Estates at Silver Peak became a monument to man's folly.

Cooper Reschke and Preston Arman didn't know any of this. All they cared about was that there were giant houses on the outskirts of town that no one seemed to be using—the perfect spot for a rager.

The plan was a solid one. They'd scoured through Silver Peak's archived online listings, studying blueprints from each potential property. Their selection had two living rooms on the ground floor, a grand foyer, and an expansive kitchen. "It's got good flow," Cooper had said. The fact that it was further back from the development entrance solidified their decision.

As Cooper slowly drove his pickup truck through the winding streets of the development, they encountered their first issue: the house numbers were never installed.

"Is this the one? I think this is the one..." Cooper craned his neck, squinting at the mansion silhouetted against the evening dusk.

"I'm trying to see," Preston grumbled, staring at the map saved to his iPhone. "I think this cul-de-sac here is the one ahead of us...yeah, I think this is it."

Cooper drove up and shut off his headlights, throwing them into an encompassing darkness. "Jesus, it's dark out here," he said. He used the flashlight on his phone to help them get to the front door.

"So weird to just walk right in," Preston observed once they were inside the grand entryway. Both of them felt around the walls until Cooper landed on a light switch. A modern chandelier constructed from wood and glass lit up the area.

"Oh shit, this is cool," Cooper whistled as he took in the surroundings. The two friends made their way into one of the living rooms, marveling at the sheer size of the space. The walls were

adorned with intricate patterns that glimmered under the light of another modern chandelier. A large fireplace sat at the center of the room, spotless and unused.

A few furniture pieces were scattered around the room, covered in white sheets that seemed to glow in the dim light. Preston pulled one of the sheets off a piece of furniture, revealing a luxurious velvet couch. "I can't believe someone just left all of this," he murmured in awe.

They ambled into the kitchen. It was a chef's dream, equipped with top-of-the-line appliances and a massive island that could seat ten people. Cooper and Preston leaned against the counter as they discussed the plan for the night.

"We'll have the drinks set up in here," Cooper said, nodding toward the refrigerator. "And the sound system can go in the second living room..."

Preston nodded, but his attention was elsewhere. He was awestruck by the opulence of the house, astonished at the elaborate details that encompassed every corner. This place was luxurious. He'd been inside some friends' homes – they weren't rich, but their houses were designed to make you believe they were. This home spoke of true affluence. It sucked that it was sitting neglected. The silver lining was that there weren't many pieces of furniture, so there wasn't much to get trashed by parties.

But he pushed those thoughts to the back of his mind, reminding himself that tonight was about having fun and making memories. He grinned at Cooper, excitement building in his chest. "This is gonna be epic, dude...hey, what's this?"

Sitting on top of another counter was a gift basket and a huge bottle of champagne. Preston walked over and plucked the card from the basket. "Live the Spierbeer life," he read aloud.

"Who's it addressed to?"

"Nobody. That's all it says." Preston grabbed the bottle. "1.5 liters of champagne, jeez! What else is in here...nuts, protein powder, beard oil. Huh, what are these things?" He picked up a small box. "Cufflinks. There's a pack of underwear too. This is all so random. Sunscreen, *lube*—"

"Forget it," Cooper interrupted. "Let's drink some of the champagne."

"Shouldn't we save it for the party?"

Cooper cocked his head. "What kinda teenage house party serves champagne, bro?"

"You're right," Preston laughed. "That was dumb. You open it, I'll smash a light if I do."

Cooper popped the cork and both boys cheered. When they realized they didn't have cups with them—the red Solo cups were out in Cooper's truck, waiting to be brought in—they tipped the bottle back and drank directly from it, laughing as champagne spilled down their chins and dribbled onto their t-shirts.

"Burns so good," Preston said as he gulped it down. Cooper belched in response. He passed the bottle back to Preston and they both took repeat swigs.

"Okay, now that we've toasted, time to work," Cooper said, clapping his hands together. "I'm gonna go get the stuff out of the car."

"Shouldn't you find a place to put it first?" Preston pointed out. "I was gonna go explore upstairs. Maybe there's rooms upstairs we can use for the party. Or extra bathrooms."

"Good idea," Cooper said, taking another swig of champagne. "I'll go check out the basement and see if there's a place I can stash some of the booze. I hate when motherfuckers find it and just walk out with cases of shit."

"A place this big probably has a panic room," Preston joked. "See if they can break in THERE."

"Dude seriously. Okay, I'll catch you back here. Don't take too long, we have shit to do."

"Yeah yeah." Preston's hand fluttered dismissively. "I'll just take a second." He took a few steps into the hallway and gripped the nearby bannister. "That champagne was strong, dude," he giggled.

"Your head feel kind of...up in the clouds too?" Cooper grinned.

"Yep, like a balloon. Gonna be a good night."

Cooper chuckled, nodding in agreement. "Just don't get lost up there," he warned before turning to head down the stairs.

Preston waved him off and began ascending the grand staircase, which was wide enough for four people to ascend side-by-side. As he reached the top, he saw a long hallway that branched off into several other empty corridors, each leading to a different wing of the house. He realized that what made a house truly "haunted" was its decorations; plain walls and unfurnished rooms were far from scary. The silence was a little disconcerting, but it was easy to overlook. Besides, this wasn't the time to be spooked. There was a party to be thrown.

Preston's feet made no noise as they glided against the hall's new carpet, but soon enough a severe pain had developed in his toes. He tried to press on, but walking rapidly became unbearable. Huffing and groaning, he stumbled into the nearest room and slumped onto the floor. "What the hell, man," he muttered under his breath as he quickly undid his shoelaces. It

took all his strength to get one off; when freed from its binding, Preston had to do a double take - his foot looked huge when compared to the size 8 sneaker it once fit in. Grunting in agony, he yanked off the other shoe as well, then began massaging his throbbing feet. They'd popped out of his shoes like pressurized dough from a biscuit tin. He held one up to his bare foot and aligned the heels, analyzing how his toes stretched far past the length of the shoe. These shoes were five or six sizes too small for his feet...how had he ever put them on in the first place?

Amidst the dimness of the room, a thin line of light emerged from beneath a long door. Preston crawled over and pulled at the metal handle until it gave way, gliding toward the right wall. To his surprise, he uncovered a walk-in closet more spacious than his own bedroom. Although several empty racks were waiting for clothes to hang on them, one item had been tucked away in the corner; perhaps left from when the property was still being shown to prospective buyers: a pair of shoes.

The shoes were a deep brown hue, starting light and gradually darkening until it was almost black at the pointed toes. The leather was glossy like a smooth skipping stone. They were intended for a professional man, not Preston's style at all, but they'd be better than hobbling around barefoot for the entire party. He grabbed them and could instantly tell they were expensive. Really expensive. Something a wealthy man would wear, which made sense, since this was a house only a wealthy man could afford.

The shoe didn't have a labeled size, so Preston held his big foot up to it. He couldn't believe his luck - it looked like they were going to fit!

A pair of rolled-up socks were stuffed into one of the shoes, made from a stretchy grey knit that felt like silk to his fingertips. A 'TF' was embroidered on each, so Preston googled 'TF socks' on his phone and found a page selling Tom Ford ribbed dress socks for \$95 a pop. "A hundred bucks for a pair of fucking socks," Preston chortled, peeling off his white athletic socks and pulling on the Tom Ford ones. Admittedly, they felt fucking great, but not as great as when he slid the extravagant dress shoes on and found them to be a perfect fit. Sure, it was dorky to be wearing cap-toes to a rager, but he was the host. If anyone made fun of him, he'd just kick them out.

He stood up too fast and staggered backward, his feet slapping against the ground like he was wearing pool flippers. A cascade of sounds erupted from his bones as they stretched like he hadn't moved in years. Preston shivered from the chill but couldn't help feeling invigorated, until he noticed his jeans were too short. His hairy legs were on display, with inches of bare skin peeking out between the hem of his pants and the top of his dress socks. "Fuck..." he whispered. "Was I drunk when I got dressed? What the fuck?"

He was trying to think of a solution - cutting them off at the knee, maybe - when he noticed a pair of pants draped neatly over a hanger on the other side of the closet. "No way," he laughed, walking over to inspect them. The color, a pleasant periwinkle that shifted between light blue and purple each time he looked at it, was the first thing that stood out to him. Then the fabric,

thick and luxurious, and finally - when he unfolded them - the length of the legs. These were for a super tall guy. Preston didn't think of himself as super tall. But when he took his shoes off and pulled on the dress trousers, there was no denying they fit well. The pant legs were cut wide, but the hems rested perfectly atop his stylish shoes.

Preston felt like a new man, a handsome man, as he admired himself in the full-length mirror mounted on the closet door. The pants were so comfortable, he could feel the softness of the material brushing against his skin. He had never felt so pampered before. The trousers were a perfect match with the shoes, and made him feel like a million bucks, even if they were a little more eye-catching than what he usually wore. But so what? It was his party, and he was ready to show everyone who was running the show.

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Cooper trudged down the basement steps gracelessly as he tapped out texts on his phone. The group chat was blowing up with party questions and it seemed like a lot of people were coming. He made a mental note to DoorDash more alcohol and snacks before turning to walk down a dimly lit hallway. It was nearly pitch black, so Cooper used his flashlight app until he found the light switch.

He was surprised to see the basement was finished. Instead of structural beams lining the ceiling and a cold concrete floor under his feet, he found white carpet with footprints from whomever had been there last. He followed them to a closed door at the end of an empty hall. "Wonder what's in here..."

The door opened to reveal another door with a glass pane that provided a view of the room beyond. Cooper took in the sight before him—chrome fixtures mounted onto LED panels, each covered by a sleek pane of glass. He felt like he was in a bank vault until he spotted an empty box labeled 'Cellar Temp Control' and realized it was an empty wine cellar. "Fancy." At the center were two cabinets fitted too close together to hold bottles of wine, with a humidifier beneath them producing pleasant white noise. Notches in some of the shelves looked like they were made to display...

"Cigars!" he said as it dawned on him. A two-in-one room for cigars and wine. Moreover, the perfect place to store all the alcohol he had brought, away from sticky-fingered motherfuckers looking for a free 24 pack.

Cooper stepped out of the room and closed the door behind him. Taking a moment to inspect it, he found the entrance to be satisfactorily inconspicuous. Nothing indicated there was an expensive wine cellar behind it.

As best as he could recall it, he mentally mapped out the route from his truck to the wine cellar. It was pretty far, and it had a lot of stairs. This house was stupid big. If only he'd brought a hand truck.

Rather than heading upstairs to perform manual labor, he decided to explore the basement further. Nothing noteworthy was there; no furniture or decorations had yet been placed. If a wealthy family had moved in, he imagined there would be TVs, billiards, arcade games; all sorts of fun shit. But all he found were big, empty rooms.

His exploration was nearly complete when he peered into one more corridor and saw a laundry room with a washer and dryer, and past them: a door leading outside! Cooper cheered quietly in triumph as he walked up four steps and out into the sloping, spacious backyard. A winding rock path was laid out across the grass, leading him straight to the front of the house – much easier than walking through the first floor of the house and down an entire flight of stairs inside.

Cooper's feet crunched across the front grass as he walked to his truck. The back was filled with boxes of booze and supplies that he'd been stockpiling for the past month. Loading them up had been easy, which was why he was surprised when he lifted the first one and groaned involuntarily from the weight. "Ooof, Jeezus-" he whistled, nearly dropping the box. The front lawn suddenly felt as big as a football field as he staggered across it. This thing had to be fifty pounds...what the fuck had he put in here? And why did he hear glass knocking together...the beer was all in cans, he thought. Maybe he'd accidentally bought bottles. Fuck, someone always broke one.

He had difficulty with just four stairs, making him grateful that he didn't have to try and tackle an entire staircase. He maneuvered his way through the laundry room and across the basement to the wine cellar, angry at himself for not leaving the door open. Dropping the box down into place, he quickly opened both doors before heaving it inside. His arms and back ached from the effort.

As he turned to leave, Cooper's eyes caught sight of something out of place. It was a wooden box, unassuming and small, sitting on a shelf of one of the cabinets. Intrigued, he picked it up and examined it. It was a cigar box, but unlike any he had ever seen before. The wood was a rich mahogany, with intricate carvings etched into it. Cooper's curiosity was piqued.

He opened the box to reveal a single cigar, perfectly rolled and nestled in a bed of soft, brown velvet. The cigar was longer than any he had ever seen before, with a deep, chocolatey brown hue. The aroma that emanated from it was rich and fragrant, with hints of spice and leather. Cooper couldn't resist and took a deep whiff, savoring the scent. He felt a tingle of excitement run through him, through his burning forearms to the tips of his fingers, which wrapped around the cigar and lifted it to his mouth. He'd never smoked a cigar before...how was one even lit?

There was a chrome device mounted in the humidor that had a cigar-shaped divot in the top. Cooper put the cigar in it, turned the handle, and grinned when he heard the end get snipped off. He pulled the cigar out of the guillotine and inspected the cut end, noticing how the tobacco was compact and tightly rolled. The aroma was even stronger than before, making his mouth water. Cooper placed the cigar in his mouth and turned to grab a match from the nearby shelf.

He struck the match and brought it up to the end of the cigar, feeling the tobacco ignite and start to glow red. He took a deep inhale, relishing the taste of the smoke as it filled his mouth.

Cooper closed his eyes and leaned back against the wall, enjoying the moment of pure relaxation. The smoke was smooth on his tongue, the flavors complex and sophisticated. He felt like a man of luxury, indulging in the finest things in life. He enjoyed that feeling for a moment before he strutted back outside and to his truck, puffing on his prize. The cigar stayed firmly clenched in his jaw as he hoisted up another heavy box, biceps straining and shoulders burning.

The smoke was thick and heavy, rolling over his tongue and filling his sinuses with its rich, earthy flavor. Cooper used it as a distraction from his exhausting work, letting the cigar's warmth course through his muscles alongside the heat of exertion. A trail of smoke followed him from his truck down to the basement, where he set the second box next to the first. "Fuckin' HELL," he barked, blasting out a torrent of smoke and stretching his aching frame. His arms were twitching from exhaustion already and he still had a dozen boxes to go, so he took a moment and smoked while he massaged his crotch. An unexpected arousal started bubbling up within him, though he didn't know why the cigar gave him such pleasure. Either way, he liked it.

As he trudged back to his truck, an odd gait had taken over. His thighs couldn't clear each other, forcing him to walk with his legs further apart. Combined with his rolling shoulders and swinging arms, his stride suddenly resembled a wild animal's. Cooper didn't notice. Nor did he hear the back of his shirt rip as he lifted another box, flaring out his lats to support the weight. His breathing was loud and rough as he clomped across the yard, still clenching the cigar in his teeth. It didn't even seem shorter. This baby was gonna burn for an hour at least. For some reason, that got him hard as a rock.

Cooper was sweating by the time he reached the wine cellar with the third box. His t-shirt was sticking to his skin, and he could feel the cigar smoke permeating every inch of his body. There was something about the cigar that made him feel powerful and in control, and he liked it. His muscles were pumped, and he liked that too. He set the box down and took another long drag, then unzipped his fly and took out his cock, stroking it lovingly. "OOOOHHH..."

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"OOOOHHH..." Preston's spine curved in pleasure as the fabric of his sensational clothing teased his skin. His nipples protruded like bullets against his shirt. The t-shirt was much too short on him, like a crop top, and it didn't match his pants or shoes. He liked how tight it was, but it wouldn't work for the party...and as luck would have it, there was a single shirt hanging in the closet right by him, previously unnoticed.

"Awesome," he said with a smile. "I got a full outfit here!" He tugged on his too-small t-shirt, ripping it in the process, before throwing it to the floor.



The shirt in the closet was far different from a t-shirt, or any shirt Preston had ever worn. It was a bold maroon color, with golden brocade flowers all over it and a giant collar reminiscent of disco fashion. He wasn't sure if he liked it, but once he tried it on, the silky fabric felt delightfully smooth against his skin. Preston couldn't help but smile as he buttoned up the dress shirt and left its colossal collar hanging open around his neck.

In front of the mirror, he felt like a prince. The shirt was the perfect length to tuck in, and he was thankful that it came in a size that fit him. He raked his eyes over his body with a pulsing erection and a grin that wouldn't quit. The shirt wrapped around his skin like a second layer of muscle, firm and supportive. The gold-stitched flowers made him feel like some kind of nobleman. Sure, the outfit made him look gay, but his friends knew he wasn't, so it was fine. "Party Preston's in the house," Preston joked to his reflection. He swayed back and forth, running his hands over his body. He couldn't wait to dance tonight. Did the playlist have good dance tunes? He pulled out his phone and scrolled through it.

"Yuck," he muttered. He had hardly even heard of any of the artists in this playlist. Who on earth were \$uicideboy\$? That didn't sound like music to dance to. He replaced them with Cher's 'Believe.' There was no Whitney Houston, so he added five of her songs. "No Madonna?!" Ten of hers. Kylie, Britney, Dua, and Ariana followed suit. To give the compilation some balance, he included oldies from Cyndi Lauper, Donna Summer, and Paula Abdul. Then just for fun, a few boy bands like New Kids on the Block and Backstreet Boys too. In just a matter of minutes, he'd swapped out all the current rap songs.

He emerged from the closet humming 'Groove Is In The Heart'. His hand automatically moved to the light switch and flicked it on without hesitation, and suddenly the master bedroom was illuminated for the first time. Preston took a step back as his brain registered shapes from the shadows: furniture covered in sheets and tarps that were still scattered about.

"Spooky," he muttered. His guests would be creeped out if they stumbled into a room full of giant covered shapes. He quickly pulled the plastic off of the biggest one, revealing an enormous four poster bed frame crafted from steel and wood. The wooden posts and headboard rose to the ceiling like a set of stalagmites. "Moving this in here must've been a *bitch*," he mused.

He pulled the sheets off of the other shapes: two side tables, a large ottoman that could have passed as another bed, and lamps that looked more like modern sculpture than light fixtures. Every piece was immaculately polished and expertly crafted, and seeing them piled in the middle of the room felt wrong.

Preston walked over to the bed frame and pushed it. It didn't budge. He bent down, bracing his upper body against the foot of the bed, and shoved harder. Despite the slippery soles of his dress shoes, he managed to get the bed to slightly shift, which inspired him to force it with all his might.

He pushed the bed backwards, feeling his muscles heat up and expand in response. The seams of his pants strained to fit around his swelling backside as he moved the bed, inch by inch, into its proper place. With each push, Preston's ass grew bigger, stronger...

The bed frame hitting the wall made Preston smile with satisfaction. His butt had grown to a remarkable size, muscular and robust, with two glutes as big as soccer balls bulging out of his trousers. He didn't feel them bounce with each step he took over to the bedside tables. He lifted one of the tables up, his arm muscles expanding in his sleeves as he did so, and carried it to the left side of the bed. The other table went on the right side, and prompted Preston's newly large arms to again double in size, his biceps ballooning to gargantuan proportions while he was distracted by visualizing how he'd set up the bedroom.

He looked at the assortment of furniture still waiting to be placed. "Still got some work to do."

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Cooper looked at the boxes still waiting in the bed of his truck. "Still got some work to do."

He blew a plume of smoke into the night air, the smoldering end of his cigar burning brighter than the moon. Once it was secure between his clenched jaws, he bent down and lifted up his seventh box.

The sound of his sleeves shredding apart was covered by his grunt, despite this box being easier to lift than previous ones. The seventy pounds of muscle he'd added since he began his work certainly helped lighten the load. Although his clothes no longer fit him, they had some magical ability to remain on his expansive body. His t-shirt was tight and constricting, ripped over his enlarged nipples, which had grown three times their original size and protruded from the base of his bulging chest muscles.

Glass rattled in every box he carried, and Cooper couldn't believe he'd only bought bottles of beer. He distinctly remembered grabbing cans from the only liquor store in town that would sell to a 19-year-old. The clerk had helped him carry them out to his truck, so maybe they'd picked up the wrong boxes.

Cooper swore as his right shoulder bashed into the back door frame. Once he set the box down in the wine cellar, he tried to rub his throbbing deltoid, but found he could no longer reach across his chest to do so. Desperate for relief, he stumbled over to a wall and pressed his shoulder against its rough surface for some temporary ease.

He waddled back outside, moonlight silhouetting the yoke of a seasoned weightlifter. His trap muscles had torn open his t-shirt collar and flanked a bulky wrestler's neck, which he cracked from side to side as he took a short break and smoked by his truck.

A cloud of cigar smoke cleared in front of his face as he looked up at a second-story window illuminated by light. Had to be where Preston was. "What're you doin' up there," he wondered, pulling on his fat nipples. He'd go up to see what his buddy was up to once he was done with these boxes-

"UNH!" A particularly good tug on his right pec made his knees buckle. His cigar flew out of his mouth as he grabbed his truck to steady himself. "Oh damn...didn't expect that," he grumbled as he bent down and picked up the cigar. This time, the movement of his chest and shoulders sent him almost tumbling, and he had to put both hands on the ground to catch himself. As he got back up, he studied his left hand curiously. Its large size and bulging veins were foreign to him. In the dark of the night, it didn't really look like his hand at all.

"Back to work, Coop," he told himself, grabbing his eighth box. His t-shirt finally tore open as his chest proudly inflated into a full-on rack big enough to rest on top of the box he was carrying. Each stomp of his feet into the grass seemed to add more size to his legs, his shorts resembling a diaper as they rode up over his thick quads and big ass. Cooper didn't take notice as he gingerly made his way into the wine cellar - avoiding any new shoulder grazes on door frames - and set down his load before stretching out his 250-pound frame.

As he lumbered back outside, he picked his underwear out from between his mountainous ass cheeks.

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Preston picked his underwear out from between his mountainous ass cheeks, not feeling it shift into a silky thong. He was too busy deciding where to place the large ottoman. He thought that if he set it up next to a cozy lounge chair next to the fireplace and the television mounted on the wall, it would look great. Yeah, that could really work.

He picked up the ottoman. It was well-made, meaning it was heavy. Really heavy. Preston's whole body tensed as he walked the piece toward its destination, and muscle blossomed across his tall frame. The elegant clothing he was wearing undulated as new shapes erupted beneath it: sweeping quads, spherical delts, doublewide lats – all pushing against each other in harmony, like an orchestra working together in perfect synchronization. By the time Preston had reached the ottoman's destination, he was unrecognizable from when he had first started out: a block of marble transformed into a muscular sculpture by an unseen sculptor's hand.

Preston took a step back and admired his handiwork. The ottoman looked good there, and the room was coming together nicely. He couldn't wait to see Cooper's reaction when he saw it. He turned around to survey the room when he saw that one of the walls had a grid of shelves built into it, and a box sitting in front of it labeled 'BOOKS FOR BEDROOM.'

"Well, that's easy," Preston said. He walked over and opened the box, selecting a book at random from the top: *Becoming a Man* by Paul Monette. After placing it on a shelf, Preston sat

down next to the box and reached inside for four more books. He skimmed their titles before deciding which shelf they should go on.

“Gorilla Suit,” he said, reading one title off a cover depicting a handsome bodybuilder. “Interesting.” He read a few more—*The Velvet Rage*; *The Portrait of Dorian Gray*; *The Celluloid Closet*—before realizing he didn’t have time to inspect each one. He slid them onto a shelf, making sure their spines were lined up, then swiveled to grab another handful of books.

The box being slightly behind him gave his chest a good stretch as he reached. He turned back to face the shelf, a small ridge appearing on the right side of his shirt as his pec pushed into place. Another burst of growth occurred as he repeated the motion. As the shelves filled up with books, Preston’s right pec blossomed, pumping larger and rounder until it was nearly as big as his head. He let out a low groan as his left hand reached up to cup and squeeze the growing mound of flesh, feeling the weight and firmness of it in his palm. And yet he still didn’t stop, reaching back for the final stack of books.

With the shelves in front of him full, he scooted to the other side of the box and began working from his left side. His nipples tingled with excitement as he picked a stack of books out of the box and twisted forward, pushing his left pec further out bit by bit, like a basketball being inflated. His pecs were ballooning out of control, straining the buttons of his shirt. The fabric creaked and groaned as his nipples hardened beneath the stretched material. With each movement, his chest grew larger and larger, the muscles expanding to an almost obscene size. Preston, ignorant to the radical changes he was undergoing, wondered why his heart was beating so fast. He could feel the fabric stretching tight over his broad shoulders and thick arms, but he didn’t associate it with the task at hand, or the ripples of pleasure he was feeling.

Preston reached for another stack, his hands stretching larger to hold more at once. His biceps bulged, the veins standing out in relief against his skin as he picked up the books. He slid them into place one after the other, the last one perfectly sized for the final slot in the shelf. As the final book was placed, his new muscled tits propelled forward, demanding to be seen. Preston let out a loud moan as his shirt finally gave way, the top half bursting open to expose his spectacular cleavage. The shelves in front of him creaked under the weight of the books as Preston’s chest continued to swell, pushing out in front of him like a pair of beach balls. He could feel his nipples growing sensitive and hard under his shirt, straining against the fabric and begging to be released. His gargantuan pecs were so solid and pumped that they looked like they could burst out of his skin at any moment.

Finally, with a final groan, Preston let his chest relax, his pecs bouncing heavily as they settled into their new size. He let out a long breath, feeling the heat and weight of his chest as it rested against his stomach.

He stood up, wobbling on his feet as he adjusted to his size. It felt like he was controlling some giant warship instead of his own body. Preston chuckled as he straightened his shirt and re-tucked it. “That champagne really fucked me up.”

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“That champagne really fucked me up,” Cooper mumbled as he lumbered across the lawn. With each step, his giant pecs slapped against the top of the box he was carrying, until he placed it on top of the stack in the wine cellar and went back to his truck.

“Fuckin’ finally,” he grinned. “Last one!” He slid the box across the bed of his truck and picked it gently up into his enormous arms. His muscles twitched and shook under what was left of his clothes as he kicked his tailgate shut and began his final walk to the cellar, his body swelling with freaky mass. The transformation allowed him to walk through the back and cellar doors before it broadened his lats and chest to look as wide as he was tall, extra pounds shaking down from his torso, reshaping his thighs and calves as they made their way to his feet where the last box crashed into place.

“Now let’s see what all I got here,” he said to himself, effortlessly wrenching open a box. Fifteen bottles of wine, held in place by cardboard lining, greeted him. “Wine? Shit. No one drinks wine at a—” He opened another box, hoping to see beer. “-more wine?! What the fuck...oh no...”

It was all wine. Every single box. Dozens upon dozens of bottles. No wonder it was so fucking heavy.

Cooper’s mind was racing to find a solution to his problem when he heard a familiar voice at the top of the stairs. “Coop? You down there?” He removed his cigar from his mouth so he could call back clearly that yes, he was.

It sounded like a herd of elephants coming down the fucking stairs. Dust was shaken from the rafters. The ceiling vibrated. Cooper was about to ask what the hell Preston was carrying, when the biggest man he’d ever seen rounded the corner. “AAHH!”

“AAAHHH!” Preston shouted equally loudly. They leapt back from each other, hands instinctively covering their faces like the other was about to swing. A huge pause followed as they stared, white-faced and unblinking, at each other. Slowly, their expressions softened to confused recognition.

“Coop?”

“Pres?”

They took cautious steps forward, never breaking eye contact. “I forgot you were so big,” Preston mumbled. “Were you always so big?”

“Were you? Jesus, your chest...”

Preston self-consciously tried to pull his shirt closed over his pecs. He failed miserably. “Does it look bad?”

“No, no, I just forgot that it—that YOU were so huge.” Cooper looked Preston up and down. His tone shifted to pure judgment. “What the hell are you wearing? You look gay.”

“I look nice!” Preston said defensively.

“Nice and gay.”

“Shut up, at least I’m not wearing rags. You get caught in a lawnmower or something?”

Cooper looked down at himself and realized how shredded his clothes were. “How’d I...what?”

“And you smell like a locker room. You gotta take a shower before people show up.” Preston looked at the smoldering stogie in Cooper’s huge paw. “Is that a cigar?”

“Oh yeah! You gotta smoke one, they’re the best.” Cooper turned to the humidor, which was now stocked to the brim with exotic cigars. He selected a beautiful San Cristobal for his buddy, unaware that he was accidentally mooning Preston since his shorts had torn open across his massive ass.

Preston watched as Cooper cut the cigar and lit it. “I don’t like cigars,” he protested, making a face when it was offered to him.

“Shut up, you’ve never smoked one. Here.” Cooper put his arm around Preston and pulled him close, their gigantic chests pressing together. He lifted the cigar to Preston’s mouth and gently placed it between his lips, holding onto it as he instructed. “Inhale. Hold. Now exhale.”

A cloud of smoke wafted between their youthful faces. When it cleared, Preston was grinning. “Okay, that’s pretty nice. It tastes like...dark chocolate, and spices.”

“And you look good smoking it.”

“Do I?” Preston took a step back and posed. “I guess I do like cigars.”

“I was trying to organize the liquor for the party, but I think I fucked up and only got us wine,” Cooper said. “I dunno what to do. Everyone always wants beer.”

“They’ll take wine and deal.” Preston blew out a fan plume of smoke. “Why don’t you go shower and get dressed while I put away the wine?”

Cooper nodded, relieved to have a plan. He trudged up the stairs, his massive thighs causing the steps to groan under his weight. The scent of his musk lingered behind him as he disappeared up the staircase.

Preston watched him go, mesmerized by Cooper's bare ass cheeks jiggling up and down. He turned back to the wine boxes and began to unpack them, his mind wandering to the way Cooper had looked just moments ago, the way his biceps bulged and his back rippled with each step. Preston took another drag of the cigar, enjoying the way the smoke filled his mouth and how the cigar felt in his hand.

With a sigh, he turned to the wine boxes and began to unpack them, setting each bottle carefully on the wine racks. Maybe he and Cooper could break open one of the expensive bottles after the party tonight, as long as it went well. Fine wine, heady cigars, and good conversation with his buddy...what could be better than that?

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Cooper was full mast as he walked upstairs. He'd teased Preston about his outfit, but secretly he thought it looked fantastic. The tight pants that cupped Preston's perfect ass, and the shiny shirt unbuttoned past those mind blowing tits...fuck, it looked great. It was amazing how big they'd both gotten when they were barely out of high school.

The first bathroom he encountered had a shower but no soap or towels, so he kept looking until he walked into the fully furnished master bedroom and found the attached master bath. It was like a spa. Jacuzzi tub, heated floors, fluffy towels, and a steam shower big enough to lie down in. He disrobed, leaving a pile of torn fabric on the floor and his cigar in a nearby ashtray, and stepped into the shower.

The thing had enough buttons to launch a rocket, but he eventually figured out which one was correct. Water erupted from jets on all sides of the shower walls, cleaning and massaging his muscles with equal force. Cooper cooed with pleasure and raised his arms above his head, letting the water wash over him.

A thought of Preston being in there with him invaded his mind and wouldn't leave. It came on because of Cooper noticing how big the shower was – big enough to accommodate two extremely large men – and then it was all he could think about: Preston naked next to him, smiling as water cascaded down the granite mountains on his chest. They'd soap each other up, and they'd touch, and...

Cooper shook his head as he lathered up his pits with body wash. He didn't want to think about his friend's handsome face and big muscles. He couldn't believe he was thinking these things. He and Preston were just friends, and they had never even hinted at anything beyond that. Neither of them were gay anyway.

As the water rinsed away the suds from his arms, it revealed thick masses of armpit hair freshly grown. His body was like a garden with sprouts of body hair emerging all over his enormous frame, becoming more visible as they soaked up and retained moisture. The hair on his legs became denser as the growth traveled up his body, covering his balls with wiry curls before multiplying his pubes into a spectacular bush made for fluffing out from the tops of his shorts. The hair pioneered new trails from there, running under his balls and taint before erupting out from his ass crack and covering his glutes, while on his front it spread up over his stomach and advanced toward his massive chest like an invading army.

Cooper kept lathering and rinsing, unaware of his newly hairy back, or his arms darkening with lush patches of fur. The hair crept over his shoulders and down his front, attacking his chest from the top just as it was from below. Once the hairs traveled past his nipples and collarbone, they grew longer and curlier, spilling over his barrel chest in wild abundance. Every second was like a shot of hormones that triggered hundreds of microscopic follicles to grow thicker and darker until they were indistinguishable from one another, obliterating the smoothness of his skin. Cooper arched his spine and grinned, feeling as if someone else's hands were caressing his pecs, not realizing it was because of the ursine pelt taking over every inch of his chest.

He turned off the shower and emerged an extremely hirsute man, his chest hair as dark and impenetrable as a buffalo's hide.

The towel absorbed as much moisture from his body hair as it could, but Cooper still reached for a blow dryer out of habit. He used the hot air to dry off his pelt and pits, never considering that it was the first time he'd done it. Then he got his clothes from a hanger off the wall: a white French-cuffed shirt, and a pair of diamond patterned dress trousers. They were stunning pieces, starched and shiny, and as he touched the expensive fabric he remembered the tattered clothes he'd removed before his shower...

Cooper walked into the hallway and hollered down the stairs: "Hey babe?"

His whole body turned bright red. Walking out of the room stark naked hadn't embarrassed him, nor had tearing out of his old clothes. But calling Preston 'babe' – that was too much! He hoped his friend hadn't heard. Maybe Preston just left the outfit for him; he had such good taste when it came to fashion. His buddy always looked so sexy.

He pushed the 'babe' mistake out of his mind and stuffed his giant body into the white shirt, a moan involuntarily escaping his throat as the fabric caressed his chest. The pants clung to his legs as he pulled them on, making the diamond pattern stretch out into squares across his thighs. Tucking in his shirt tightened it enough to pop open the buttons over his furry tits, and it looked better that way anyway, he decided. He turned around and glanced at his back in the mirror, admiring the immense muscles bulging through his shirt. Then he grabbed his cigar and strutted out of the room, boner straining at his pants.



Cooper's broad shoulders filled the entire staircase as he made his way down the steps. His hands moved methodically as he fastened his cuffs with gold art deco cufflinks. "Pres?" he called out, walking through the grand main hall. "I'm out of the shower. You up here?"

The door to the basement swung open and a thick fog of cigar smoke billowed out. Preston appeared in the center of the haze, waving his arm back and forth to push it away, but instead it lingered around him like a tangible presence. Eventually, the smoky patches dissipated to reveal beautiful silver chest hair curling out of his shirt, covering his monstrous pecs like a winter blanket. He popped the cigar out of his mouth when he saw Cooper. "You look fancy!"

Cooper didn't respond. He was entranced by Preston. He took a step forward, close enough for them to touch. He looked at Preston's traps pushing out of his shirt collar, dusted with silver curls. Preston's arms pushing at his sleeves, as big around as a woman's waist. And his chest...sweet Jesus... Cooper reached out and placed his hands on Preston's pecs.

"What're you doing?" Preston asked.

Cooper pulled Preston's shirt open further, revealing his erect nipples. "These are...incredible," he breathed as he groped Preston's right pec. "I can't even hold it with two hands." Astonished at the size, Cooper bent down and took Preston's nipple into his mouth, scraping his teeth across the areola.

"What're youuunnnggghhhhhFFFF-" Preston moaned, thrusting his chest forward. "You...unh! You...UNH! UNHHH fuck...fuck yeah...FUCK-" His voice rose higher, choked and desperate. "Fuck-Coop—FUCK—" Then it cracked and dropped four octaves. "Fuck yeah, suck on Daddy's fuckin' tits-" He snapped his head back and groaned aloud, Adam's apple growing in prominence as his voice changed and roughened. "FUCK! I'm gonna...I'm gonna...st-stop, Daddy's gonna cum-"

They broke apart, Preston staggering backward until he hit the wall while Cooper slipped onto the floor. "What the hell was that about," Preston croaked in a gruff bass. He rubbed his throat. "I sound funny."

"Sorry, I just..." Cooper shook his head as he stood back up. "I don't know, you just look really good. I shouldn't have done that, I'm sorry."

"What's happening to us, Coop?" Preston spoke in a hushed voice. He straightened his clothing and fidgeted with his oversized collar as he tried to occupy his shaky hands.

"What do you mean?"

"We're...different, somehow, aren't we?"

Cooper knew what he meant but tried to gloss over it. "I think that champagne just made our heads spin. It was really strong." He swept past Preston and headed toward the kitchen as he said over his shoulder, "Which is why we should drink more of it!"

Preston chuckled as he followed Cooper to the makeshift bar area. "I'm not sure that's a good idea," he said, hesitating before accepting the crystal champagne flute from Cooper. He waited while Cooper filled his own glass and they clinked together.

"To you, I suppose," Cooper declared, raising his glass. "Daddy Preston!"

Preston let out an embarrassed groan as he remembered what he had called himself when Cooper was— no, he didn't want to think about that. "Daddy Desmond!" he declared with a toast, tipping his flute back and gulping down the bubbles. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down as he swallowed, like a metronome keeping time as his dark, disheveled hair slowly changed: lightening, straightening and thinning until it was a distinguished silver side part.

In perfect synchronicity, they clanked their glasses down and let out loud, harmonized burps that made them laugh like little kids. The effervescent sensation of the bubbles in their stomachs was making them giggle uncontrollably. "It's like a washing machine inside of me!" Cooper exclaimed, patting his tummy. They belched again, competing in volume, not noticing their abs bulge out and strain their buttons to the limit. It was only when their distended stomachs touched each other that they looked down at their new muscle guts jutting out over their belts.

"Damn, Coop, congrats on the baby," Preston joked as he felt Cooper's belly. "Whoa, that's rock hard. That's muscle!"

"So's yours," Cooper responded in awe of Preston's rippling gut nearly bursting from his silk shirt. A long silence followed as they stared at themselves, cocks throbbing in their dress pants.

Then the doorbell rang.

"I'll get it," Preston said as he turned towards the grand hall, with Cooper trailing after him, admiring his rolling backside.

At the doorway was a pale-faced young man sporting spiky blond hair and a voice like a donkey's bray. "What's UUUUPPPP!" he yelled the moment the door opened, but when he spotted the two massive bodybuilders looming over him, his expression changed. "Oh shit, sorry...am I at the wrong house? I thought this was—oh wait! Hey, Coop! Pres! Man, I didn't recognize you guys at first. Something's different about you..."

"Do I know you, kid?" Preston asked skeptically.

"Bro, it's Croy! We had like six classes together in high school, c'mon now." The party animal took a hit from his vape.

Cooper interjected. "Dude, we aren't doormen, it's an open party," he said to Preston before turning to Croy. "Good to see you man!"

"Didn't think I'd be the first," Croy said as he walked in and handed over his cover charge in cash. "Where the hell is everyone? You guys always throw the biggest ragers in town." He wandered into the living room and gawked at a painting. "This place is sick though! Is this real gold? What kinda art do y'all got?" His eyes lit up when he noticed a full bar in the corner. "Oh hell yeah! Shots anybody?"

"He says everything out loud," Preston muttered to Cooper. "Are we sure he's our age? He's like a little kid."

"He's actually older, I think. He was ahead of us so he's gotta be 20." Cooper noticed Preston staring intently at him. "What?"

Preston's giant shoulders shrugged, his traps balling up under his ears. "Nothing. You don't look 19—except for your face, I guess."

"I'm not gonna take that from a dude with gray hair," Cooper hissed.

"Huh?"

"DUUUUDE this champagne bottle is HUGE!" Croy hollered from the kitchen. Preston and Cooper followed his voice and the sound of awe in it to see what he was talking about. As they entered, he looked back and forth between the two of them and the champagne. "Guess to you guys it's probably normal size, huh?"

Preston picked it up and poured three glasses. "Have some. We can't store it, gotta drink the whole thing tonight!"

"I'm not a champagne guy, but okay," Croy said, taking one of the flutes. He drank it like a shot and stuck his tongue out. "Whoooo, the burn!"

"It goes right to your head," Cooper said, sipping his glass genteely.

Croy nodded and smacked his lips together. "Can I get a tour before everyone else shows up? I've never been in a house this big."

Cooper tried to respond that the house was empty and they didn't live there, but Preston cut him off. "Absolutely. Have a little more champagne too, if you'd like."

"I'd like!" Croy hiccuped. He poured himself another glass, then followed Preston into one of the living rooms.

Cooper followed along, smirking at how small Croy was in contrast to Preston's immense size. Croy was average height with a slender build. Preston, on the other hand, was a mountain—broad-shouldered, like a statue of Atlas, and with a butt as round and full as two basketballs. When Preston turned side profile, Cooper felt his erection twitch as he beheld the biggest man-tits he had ever seen — they protruded out of Preston's shirt with silver chest hair glistening.

Preston provided a theatrical commentary of the many features of the house, his voice booming through the ground floor. From the luxurious furnishings to the tasteful decorations, he talked about them all as if he was a proud homeowner. “The view from this part of the house is so stunning. You can see miles away in every direction when the sun rises above town, and this glass reflects it so it makes the room all kinds of pinks and oranges.”

It was impressive bullshitting, Cooper thought, and he hadn't noticed how much furniture was in the house already. There were even paintings on the walls. They made him feel like he was walking through a museum.

“You guys are so cool,” Croy said to Cooper as they walked upstairs. “I wanna be rich and jacked like you. How big are you, man?”

“About 320, 330,” Cooper said casually.

“And getting bigger every day,” Preston chimed in, flexing his arms. “You ever seen biceps like ours, boy?”

Croy shook his head. “N-no...if you get any bigger, you'll need to get new clothes.”

Preston was still posing. “Wouldn't be the first time. Then I could give this shirt to you.”

Croy laughed. “I wouldn't look like YOU in it! I'm a medium, for one thing - what is that, like 7XL? - and I definitely couldn't rock all those open buttons. Why do you wear it like that?”

“Why?” As Cooper watched, Preston took Croy's hand, guided him into the bedroom, and pressed him up against the wall. “So I can do this.” He tugged on one side of his shirt and his giant pec popped out, nipple pointing straight toward Croy's face. “Like what you see, son?”

“Y-yeah...I mean...wow...” The pectoral was the size of Croy's head and covered with silver fur, which Croy ran his hand through. “It's incredible.”

“Why don't you worship Daddy's tits?”

Croy stretched his neck forward and wrapped his lips around Preston's nipple. Cooper couldn't believe what he was seeing. He could've cum right there. Instead, he walked up behind Preston

and rested his chin on his friend's shoulder, gazing down as Croy slurped and sucked. "Your Daddies like you, boy," Cooper said.

Croy came up for air, his eyes dazed and sleepy. "Daddies...nobody's gonna believe me if I tell them that Cooper Reschke and Preston Arman are Daddies now..." He mumbled to himself between kisses on Preston's pecs.

Cooper and Preston looked at each other, knowing Croy was right. It was so out of character for them. They'd barely graduated high school and hadn't enrolled in college, content to ride out their teens promoting house parties. They weren't supposed to be big bodybuilders. They weren't supposed to wear thousand-dollar dress shirts. They weren't supposed to call themselves Daddies...but it was all fun and fantasy, right? They still had lumpy 19-year-old faces, even if those now looked more like masks on their gigantic bodies.

"Get on the bed," Preston ordered Croy, who immediately scampered onto the four-poster. "Take your shirt off."

Croy did so, but interjected, "Just so you know, I'm not gay."

"Sure," Cooper said, eyes gleaming as his voice shifted to the depth of Preston's. "Neither are we." He sidled up to Preston, rubbed his friend's muscle gut, and began popping open his shirt buttons to expose the acres of hairy muscle beneath. Preston returned the favor, sliding his own big hands over Cooper's mammoth pecs, fingers working through the fur. "That feels so good," Cooper whispered.

Preston smiled. "Yeah? How about this." Their lips locked together in a tender kiss as they pulled each other as close as their chests and bellies would allow. The kiss only broke when they both began laughing, smiling at each other as a smattering of soft whiskers burst onto their upper lips.

"So hot," they heard Croy moan. Preston and Cooper turned to see him fully naked on the bed, stroking his hardening cock and pinching one of his nipples. They walked over and stood over him as he stared up in awe. "I'm so fucking horny right now." He pulled Preston's shirt off, inverting it as it slid off the gargantuan frame, then went back to suckling on his nipples. "God damn, I love sucking on these things."

"Don't forget Daddy Rufus, boy," Cooper scolded, and Croy shuffled over to help him undo his cufflinks so they could remove his shirt. Croy gasped as he watched Cooper's muscles flex and undulate their way out of his shirt like a present removing its own wrapping.

Cooper jumped onto the bed and claimed Croy's lips with his own. He lay down on top of him, trapping him beneath his hulking frame and covering him completely. They stayed there for a few moments, kissing passionately before Cooper stood up and undid his belt. Croy moaned with nervous lust as he watched Preston and Cooper strip out of their pants. Their bodies

moved like perfect machines as they stamped on the floor and flexed for each other. The ripples in their thighs were so intense that their slutty underwear burst right off them.

Two below-average packages flopped into view, which neither Preston or Cooper could see over their chests. For a moment, it seemed as if Croy would be the most hung of the trio. But as Preston and Cooper flexed for each other, then began to touch, then kiss, their cocks responded by hardening and stretching. Veins inflated across their shafts as their cockheads swelled like plums and knocked together beneath their hard bellies, kissing just like their owners. Upon contact, their balls filled up like water balloons beneath a tap.

Now hung like stallions, the muscle daddies advanced on Croy, whose mouth dropped open on instinct. Cooper grabbed the youth's hair as he got back up on the bed, guiding Croy's face between his legs. Croy turned over onto his stomach, sticking his ass up in the air for Preston.

"Good boy," Preston said, giving the pert cheeks a slap before plunging his cock between them. Croy would've screamed were it not for Cooper's dick in his throat.

The whole bed shook as if it were going to crash through the floor from all the weight on it. Croy didn't have to bob his head on Cooper's cock because Preston's thrusts did it for him. "Fuck yeah, take my big Daddy dick...fuck yeah..." Preston growled, savoring the sound of his balls slapping against Croy's ass. Croy briefly came up for air, arching his spine and rolling his eyes into the back of his head. He looked up at Cooper, who grinned down at him.

"You're doin' good, boy."

Croy nodded, content, and went back to sucking Cooper's cock. Cooper held Croy's skull as he fucked it, rubbing the youth's hair so hard he wiped the color right out of it. But even Croy's newly bright white hair couldn't shake Cooper or Preston from their reverie. They smirked at each other while they fucked their prize.

Cooper was transfixed by the sight of Preston's bountiful pecs slamming up and down with each powerful thrust. Goddamn, that was one fucking beautiful man. Age was making him *more* sexy, not less. And Preston did look older, Cooper had to admit...he remembered noticing earlier in the evening how youthful Preston's face seemed, but maybe that was the light, because Preston did not look young anymore. Shadows in the room cut across his sharp cheekbones and square jaw. His skin was thick and tan. He radiated power and magnetism as his features hardened and grew into a true Daddy's.

And then there was the smell – sweat, musk, and cigars, all mixed together into something heady and intoxicating. It made Cooper fantasize of a time when only men roamed the earth: strong jaws set in stubble; ironclad balls slapping against hard stomachs; thick cocks penetrating tight asses...

Cooper closed his eyes and focused on the bliss he was feeling. He could feel his floppy hair bouncing on top of his head as he fucked Croy's mouth, but the moment he became irritated by it, it shrank into a short salt-and-pepper Ivy League haircut, the temples shifting back to broaden his forehead and give him a widow's peak. Age cascaded down from Cooper's brow as slight weathering started to show on his face. The lines around his eyes were coming in stronger, beneath bushier eyebrows. His skin slackened briefly before it pulled tight as his jaw widened into a mighty square fit for a superhero, a dimpled chin acting as its keystone.

If Croy had been able to look up, he would've seen two middle-aged muscle daddies filling him up, their faces fully transformed to match their brawny bodies. But, overwhelmed by bliss, all he could do was please them as his body grew, too—his penis expanded in length and girth as new size was added on to Croy's increasingly muscular form. His back grew thicker and heavier with every movement, while his chest filled out and inflated until it brushed up against the mattress. The dominance of the daddies only increased his stature, as each thrust added more bulk.

Preston ran his finger along Cooper's rough jawline, feeling the recently grown stubble. Cooper responded by planting a kiss on the inside of Preston's hand, but stopped when he felt the cold metal of a gold ring on Preston's finger. He raised up his own left hand to see the same wedding band on it.

They recognized each other now. Those rugged, chiseled faces carved by testosterone. Cooper saw Preston's expression and knew his husband was about to cum. He couldn't wait to see it. It would make him cum too. His balls felt absurdly heavy, filled with DNA he didn't need or want anymore.

The two men's bodies were on fire. The taste of sweat and pleasure filled the air, and their muscles felt as if they could burst any second. Croy was now completely transformed, a huge wall of muscle at the center of the storm. He reared his head back in ecstasy, screaming out his pleasure before latching back onto Cooper's cock so he could swallow every drop.

Preston and Cooper both reached their orgasmic crescendo at the same time, faces contorting with tortured joy as their hot loads spilled into Croy's waiting core. Croy moaned in delight, his body shaking with pleasure as Preston and Cooper shot their collective load deep into him. All three men's muscles hardened with maturity, the youth shooting out from their bodies inside their hot cum. The final transformation the married muscle bears underwent happened when thick, voluminous beards exploded from their faces, thus fully transforming Cooper into Rufus and Preston into Desmond.

The man between them rose up and wiped cum from his white goatee. "Excellent work, gentlemen," he said, and it took Rufus and Desmond a moment to recognize him as their neighbor Elroy. Usually he was in a full suit, looking elegant and refined like the retired dignitary he was. It was a rare pleasure to see his real, naked form, nearly as immense as the two of them. "I'm glad I arrived early to your soiree."

“As are we,” Rufus purred as he rested his head on his favorite pillows: Desmond’s chest.

“Do you hear voices?” Desmond asked, turning his head to the closed door of the bedroom.

“I hear the front door. I think your guests are arriving,” Elroy said. “I’m going to use the restroom...and catch my breath.” He waddled to the attached bathroom, shutting the door behind his enormous frame.

In the evening light, Rufus and Desmond wrapped their arms around each other and kissed deeply, exchanging the taste of cigars and champagne through their newly formed beards. “I’m tired. Why did we fuck him BEFORE the party?” Desmond groaned.

“Because we wanted to,” Rufus smiled. “I know we’re not as young as we used to be, but we’ll catch our second wind.”

They heard a cheer from the kitchen, a mix of male voices. “What the hell was that, I wonder,” Desmond said.

“Oh, I think it’s a toast. Hopefully they’re drinking the champagne.”