

BOSSED UP
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It only required one look at the father and son to see that they were in a fight. The dad's brow was furrowed and his fingers gripped his Starbucks a little too tightly. Two feet behind him trudged a teenage boy, buzzcut hidden under the turned-up hood of a sweatshirt, his hands in his pockets and his feet barely leaving the ground with each step.

"Take your hood off," the older man said as they got onto the elevator.

"I will when we get inside," his son responded.

"We *are* inside," the dad said, but the elevator doors shut without the teen obeying. It was only when they reached the 17th floor and walked into the glass-walled lobby of the father's office that his son did as he was told. As the boy reached up to remove the hood, his sleeve fell far enough to expose a small tattoo above his wrist: a lit matchstick, in simple black lines. "That stupid thing," his dad grumbled, getting mad all over again when he saw it. He wrenched open the door and ushered his kid through.

"Good morning, Milt!" the receptionist said when she saw him. She was an older woman with an easy smile; always chipper and put together. Today she had on a string of pearls, her dyed brown hair twisted into a large French bun.

"Hi Jan," Milt said, then he turned to his son. "Go to my desk."

"I don't know where that is," the teen said, voice dripping with venom.

"Oh, he can sit here if he wants," Jan offered, motioning to one of the plush chairs in the reception area. "They're definitely more comfortable than any of the office furniture."

"Cool." The teen crashed into one of the seats and kicked a pair of dirty Nikes up onto the table.

"Finley. Feet off," Milt said. He turned to Jan and growled under his breath, "It's like having a dog."

"I assume that's your son?" she smiled.

Milt nodded. "He has the day off school because of teacher planning, and I *would* have left him at home except he sneaked out last night, went to a college party, and came home drunk at 5am with a...what are those things called?" Milt snapped his fingers. "Poke, poke...stick and poke! A stick and poke tattoo of a matchstick on his wrist. Some idiot at the party gave it to him."

"Ah, youth," Jan deadpanned.

"So he's stuck with me today instead of going out with his friends and getting into more trouble. I just wanted to let you know since I'm sure you'll see him walking around." Milt looked over his shoulder. "Also let me know if he tries to sneak out. I do have some meetings today where I

won't be able to keep an eye on him. He shouldn't do anything like that but after last night, who even knows."

Jan laughed. "Teenagers, huh? I raised two of them myself. I get it."

"I might have to ask you for advice someday. We had him young, so I'm dealing with this B.S. while all my other forty-something friends have grade schoolers." Milt smiled and rolled his eyes. "Don't cause trouble, Fin," he said to his son, who was half-asleep in the chair and waved him off.

Three hours later, the loud clomp of Nikes raised Jan's attention from her salad. Finley was pacing, head in his phone. Then he sighed at it, rolled his eyes, and walked around the lobby moving his head back and forth. Once he moved a chair and looked behind it, Jan spoke up. "Did you lose something?"

"Need an outlet," Finley said in a hoarse tenor. "My phone's dead."

"Oh, there isn't one back there, honey. I can charge it behind my desk if you'd like. Can't you charge it at your dad's?"

"There were no meeting rooms so he's talking to a bunch of people at his desk and told me to go somewhere else," Finley replied. He handed his phone to Jan. "I'm so bored."

"Well, you can go anywhere in the office while this charges. We have lots of snacks in the kitchen and there's a TV right around that corner," she said, pointing over her shoulder. "It doesn't get all the channels but you can watch ESPN or a few others."

"Oh, cool," Finley said, moderately more enthused. He began walking in the direction of the kitchen when Jan stopped him.

"Finley, I know I said anywhere but be sure not to go in there," Jan said, pointing to a closed wooden door. "That's the president's office and I'm sure he wouldn't appreciate it, plus the rugs just got shampooed yesterday. Any other place is fine."

Finley nodded with a sweet smile, but the wheels were already in motion. He needed to see what was behind that door. Since the room was forbidden, he had no choice but to go in. It would give him something to do on what felt like the most boring day of his entire life.

He wandered over to the kitchen first. There was a half-eaten tray of sandwiches with a note that said "please take!," so he did, along with some cheese and crackers. The only beverage available was coffee, which he didn't drink, so he filled up a cup of water from the sink and wished it was a Mountain Dew as he chugged it. Every time he heard voices walking by, he'd pray for no one to walk in, which mercifully no one did. The last thing Finley wanted was to interact with his dad's boring coworkers.

After tearing through a second turkey sub from the platter, Finley felt sufficiently full. When he heard a guy in the hallway say “I’ll catch you for a coffee in 5, I’m just running to my desk really quick,” he knew his time alone in the kitchen was drawing to a close and it was time to leave. He kept his head down as he walked out, avoiding eye contact with any adults that walked past. Where did Jan say that television was again...? There wouldn’t be anything good on right now, probably just cooking shows and other boring shit that stay-at-home moms liked, but it was his only real option while he waited for his phone to come back to life. He’d heard his dad tell Jan to keep an eye on him, so there’d be no way to get to the elevators without being seen, and he wasn’t about to walk down 17 flights of stairs.

And then, a break. Finley walked around the corner in his continued search for the TV, and accidentally found himself back near reception. Jan wasn’t at her desk. Probably in the bathroom or something. Since he didn’t know what he’d do outside without his phone, he sprang for the other forbidden option: the president’s office. His steps quickened down the hall until he got to the wooden door - up next to it, he realized it was larger than the other office doors - and cracked it open just wide enough to squeeze his body through. Finley was thrilled to see that the door locked. He twisted the bolt and heard it click into place, securing him inside.

“Niiice,” he murmured as he looked around. This room was decorated more tastefully and elegantly than the rest of the office. There were no interior windows, but the exterior wall was all glass, allowing daylight to pour in from floor to ceiling. The floors were polished hardwood and covered with plush rugs that resembled canvases at a modern art museum. Two large gray sofas faced each other in the middle of the room, with a glass table in between them that had books and a small sculpture on top of it. Looming behind the sofas was the boss’ desk, composed of sharply angled wood. The office also had a towering bookshelf set into the wall, and Finley’s eyes lit up when he noticed one of the shelves was a small bar, with crystal glasses and a decanter full of whiskey.

Finley’s sneakers left imprints in the rugs as he walked around. He thumbed through the books - they were mostly about classic rock music, men’s fashion, and cocktails, none of which interested him - then made his way to the bar set. He didn’t want to risk getting caught by dirtying one of the glasses, so he was happy to find airplane bottles of whiskey and vodka hidden strategically behind a nearby book. He grabbed one and sucked it down without checking the label. It tasted like liquid fire, but he held back from gagging because he didn’t want to be a pussy.

The next search through the room was for a wastebasket, which he found tucked under the desk. He tossed the empty bottle into it, then sank into the desk’s chair, which was plush gray leather. “Nice,” Finley grinned, kicking his feet. Being in the room made him feel powerful. It was a big, beautiful, airy space, like a throne room or the bridge of a space station.

Between the night out and getting caught sneaking back into his house, Finley only managed an hour of sleep. He jerked off every morning before school, but hadn’t today thanks to being

woken up to get dragged to his dad's office. He'd been horny the entire morning. Wouldn't it be funny if he...

Finley got up and walked over to the door. He turned the handle, but the lock didn't budge. It was firmly bolted, that was for sure. With an evil grin on his face, he walked back to the boss' chair and sat in it, then fished his penis out through the fly of his jeans. His dad would kill him if he knew what he was doing. It was so funny and wrong to masturbate in the president's office. No one would know...but he would, and he'd think about it every time his dad mentioned his boss from now on, that he'd sat in the head honcho's chair and nutted under his desk. Fuckin' hilarious. Finley shut his eyes and rested his head against the back of the chair, stroking his hardening dick up and down. It felt good. The room was the perfect temperature. He fantasized about a hot naked blonde with big boobs walking into the office, climbing across the desk, and touching herself in front of him.

"Mmm..." Finley's mouth dropped open, and his hips rocked up and down, making his seat creak in rhythm. His free hand gripped the armrest, and his back arched. His dick was rock hard now, or at least he thought it was, but as he ran his hand up and down the shaft, it lengthened longer than it ever had before. One inch longer, two inches, three...Finley pumped and pumped, readjusting his grip around a suddenly girther phallus. Inside his jeans, he felt the cotton of his underwear pushing hard against his balls - it actually kinda hurt...

"Unnh!" Finley's head pushed hard into the seat, wedging his sweatshirt's hood between it. In his lap was an enormous cock as long and thick as a prize cucumber. It felt like his hand barely fit around it. But the colors of arousal streaking across his mind were too intense to pull him out of his euphoria - at least until he arched his back too much. The distinctive sound of fabric tearing jolted Finley's eyes open. He looked down to see a six-inch rip in the middle of his t-shirt.

"No-" Finley moved his hands up to check out the tear, which freed his penis and let it flop down. The sheer weight of it shocked him. He looked between his hands and went bug-eyed at the size of his dick. Veins he'd never seen before bulged out of it, and the head looked as big as a plum. Without thinking, Finley leapt to his feet - and then he let out a squeal of pain and dropped onto his knees. His crotch was shrieking in pain...he heard cracks and pops emanating from God knows where as he struggled with his belt and pushed his jeans and boxers down, allowing a huge set of balls to flop into the open. They'd gotten so caught up in his underwear that it felt like a punch directly to the groin.

Finley sat up on his knees and looked down. "Jesus Christ," he croaked. His testicles looked freakishly big to his eyes, and were covered with silky black hair that was a far cry from his usual blond. He stood up to figure out how to get them back into his underwear, and even that made them bob around like a ten pound weight connected to his waist. How did his tight skinny jeans even hold this monster to begin with? How had he never realized he was hung like a horse, anyway... Finley imagined doing porn and how mad that would make his dad. With a dick like this he definitely could. Shit, it was so huge. He was trying to maneuver it back into his boxers, but his fingers kept slipping off the fabric. It felt slicker than usual, and wherever he

touched the blue-and-red plaid, the colors smudged together to make purple. Finley dropped his jeans to his ankles to get a better grip. He yanked the boxers up and felt a pouch tighten around his manhood, the elastic sagging from the weight of his beast. Fabric wedged up between his butt cheeks, and though he reached under his balls to free up what he thought was he wedgie, it snapped back into place when he let it go. He was wearing lycra - iridescent purple lycra - a brief so tiny that his balls slipped out one side of it and his dick curled over itself like a pair of socks. Finley stared in confusion at his underwear. It looked like a bikini bottom a girl would wear to the beach, which made it all the weirder to see a male's hairy testicles spilling out of it. Where had he gotten it...why was he wearing it? He pulled his jeans up just to hide it, though he couldn't zip them up over his meat. The big bulge stuck out proudly through the open fly.

More snapping and popping filled the air, and Finley suddenly realized that his hands were larger than usual. He'd been so fixated on getting his cock put away that he'd missed his fingers growing, and now they were getting thicker right before his eyes. His palms broadened and thickened, and calluses tore open across them, countless layers of skin visible between the cracks. Finley tried to make a sound, but his voice was caught in his throat - he wanted to yell, but all he could do was watch as his hands got bigger, and bigger, and bigger...

"I'm-" he squeaked, backing toward the door. "I'm- sor-" There was a loud pop, and Finley grunted. The hands held in front of his face lurched further away. His spine ached. Finley fell against the desk, groaning in fear and pain, and his big hands held onto it as his knees and ankles spasmed under him. A long series of cracks rang out through the room, like a scale played up and down a piano. The young man bent over the desk stretched upward, his average height increasing inch by inch, pushing him up to heights he'd envied in the halls of his school, and then past them. He doubled over as his toes burst through the front of his sneakers, and with a final loud crack, his neck extended longer out of his t-shirt, solidifying him at a lanky six-four. The larger scale made his hands and dick look less freakish, but did nothing to assuage his panic.

Finley staggered over to the door and rested his hand on the knob. He couldn't go out like this! His stomach was completely exposed and his pant legs didn't cover his calves. Not to mention the shiny panty he was wearing. He needed to call for help, but his phone was at Jan's desk. There was a desk phone in the office, but then that would tip people off that someone was in there. He was gonna be grounded forever.

Finley was so consumed with trying to think everything through that he missed his forearm tripling in size. Muscle swelled out in both directions from his wrist, twisting up to his elbow. "Gah!" Finley wrenched his hand off the door, staring in horror at his giant forearm - he squeezed it with his other hand, trying to pop the muscle like a balloon, but instead that drew thousands of thick veins to the surface. They twisted up and around his bicep, which rapidly inflated right before the teenager's wide eyes. His sleeve burst apart as his tricep fought to keep up, a massive wedge of muscle pushing out on the back of his arm. "Stop it, stop," Finley pleaded, shaking his other arm as a prickly sensation swept over it. He squinted his eyes shut

as he felt the same growth shooting up from his right wrist. Maybe if he didn't look, it wouldn't happen. Maybe he just needed to wake up.

He heard his other sleeve rip apart, and had to hold his arm away from his body once he felt the bicep push against his side. It felt like it was filled with solid concrete, and it was still growing. His arms were too big. They splayed out from his torso at 45 degree angles, unable to rest flat, and they had the biggest fucking veins he'd ever seen. Finley finally opened his eyes and whimpered as he prodded one of the veins with his finger. His upper arm looked like it had a goddamn cantaloupe inside it...

The hormones coursing through him got his erection pumped up again, and as he slid his hands down his front to push his dick back into its pouch, he noticed his abs. For one, he had them. Finley's six-pack was always faint, only present because he had low body fat to begin with, not because he did lots of crunches. But now, it looked laser-cut. He noticed two brand new muscles nestled between his belly button and the top of his underwear - an 8-pack. Finley ran his thick fingers over it and gasped as they got trapped in the deepening grooves. Obliques carved themselves out of nothing, forcing his brief down further as they developed in mass and widened his waist. The muscles got so thick they couldn't lie flat anymore, so Finley's breath was forced out of him as his abdomen snapped bigger all at once, curving out to resemble the shell of a giant tortoise. He'd never be able to pull his t-shirt over it now...or any t-shirt he owned.

Rrrrrriipp...

"No, n-no no NO..." Finley cried out as he realized his pants were tearing, but he snapped his hand over his mouth before someone heard him, which caused his bicep to smash into his chest and knock the wind out of him. Behind him, the seat of his jeans split apart from top to bottom, baring his slick purple panty. The fabric crawled deeper between his butt cheeks as they enlarged, sinews rippling across his ass as it swelled. The cramping forced Finley to bend forward and stick it out, hands on his knees, sweat dripping down his face. He felt the odd sensation of his muscles tightening with definition, but also stretching out - wider, bigger, as he grew a man's meaty ass. Two perfect glutes forced themselves out through the back of his jeans, and his underwear finished sliding between them as it became a thong.

"Ahhh..." Finley braced himself on the wall, leaving a sweaty handprint. He reached behind himself and tried picking out what he thought was a wedgie, but stopped as he ran his callused palm over his butt. The hand ran downward, fingers wedging under the sphere of muscle, and felt his haunches grow. Massive hamstrings pushed out through his pant legs, power encircling his upper legs as they grew to dimensions Finley didn't know were possible. His waist looked small again, thanks to the sheer width of the quads hanging off him. With two sharp pops, he had powerful calf muscles, the kind needed to cart around all the muscle he was in the process of growing. Finley's fingers traced over the definition of his thigh muscles and the veins that intersected it. His hands were shaking uncontrollably. So much sweat rolled down him that he stepped off the rug so as not to dampen it.

He was forced to stand up straight once his back cramped. He heard the muscles crunch, and felt them shift. "No, no, please, please," he pleaded, feeling his shirt tightening behind him. He tried to roll it off himself, pulling it high enough to bare his nipples, but it was already too late. Finley spun around and saw his silhouette widening in the reflection of the window. His back was growing in every direction. His lats shot out on both sides, growing so immense they could be seen from the front when his arms were raised. The muscles tightened together, forcing Finley up even straighter, as two slabs of pure beef unfurled behind him, divided perfectly down the spine. They brought his shoulders along with them; Finley could feel the muscles stretching as his outline became ludicrously wide, a body trained for breadth. The capped delts made him look as broad as a dining room table.

By now what was left of his shirt was so tight around him that he couldn't breathe. Finley tried to pull it off, but part of it was stuck under his arms; he tried to rip that part free, but his muscles were so big he didn't have the range of motion to do so. Sweat stained his eyes and rolled into his mouth as he gasped for breath. Have to breathe...don't panic, don't panic...

Finley opened his mouth as wide as he could and sucked in all the air he could muster. His shirt exploded as his pecs expanded out in front of him. He took in a deep breath, and his chest grew again: ribcage widening as far as it could possibly go, muscles hardening and shoving together, goading each other to inflate. The solid shelf stretched out further before him, blocking his view of the rest of his body as it hiked up toward his chin. Finley reached up and massaged the underside of his new tits, feeling the muscle continue to harden until it had no give at all. The skin was stuffed so full of tissue it wouldn't move. His pecs were a pair of square boulders on his ribs, jutting out like twin mountains. Every movement caused thousands of sinews to shimmer across them, like ripples on a lake.

The sound of stretching skin and crackling bone had filled the air so consistently for the last few minutes that Finley only noticed it once it was gone. The room was quiet and peaceful once more as Finley drew in heavy, panicked breaths. "Wake up," he said to himself. An attempt to slap his own face was blocked by his bicep smashing into the underside of his pec.

A single step sent him crashing to the floor. The walls shook as Finley's huge body fell. He didn't have his balance yet, and thanks to all the extra mass he couldn't move his legs like he used to. He crawled pathetically around the perimeter of the room, still avoiding the rugs because of the sweat dripping off him. He had to get out of here. Had to wake up. He was so fucked...his body had mutated, he had no phone, he was practically naked, and he was in the one place he'd been forbidden to go. And what if his dad wondered where he was? What if the boss came into the office? "Shit shit shit shit..."

He needed to find a place to hide, just in case someone came in. Finley pulled himself up, muscles jiggling, and opened the only other doorknob in the room.

"AGH!"

The door opened to a coat closet, and mounted on the back of it was a mirror. Finley was suddenly face-to-face with his reflection. He staggered back in shock and horror, massive chest heaving up and down, then froze as he stared at himself. It looked so bizarre to see his face on that huge body. He looked like one of those living statues on the covers of muscle magazines. He was bigger and more chiseled than the fitness guys on Instagram. He was a full-on fucking bodybuilder. Well, HE wasn't...but his body belonged to one. Finley didn't care about fitness, but he'd seen some pictures of bodybuilding competitions, and he looked just like those guys, down to the little slip of underwear straining to hold his manhood. Finley gingerly pushed the pouch down and let his hard dick bob out. His breath left his body. He was astounding to look at. A god among men. He curled his arms up around his face, imitating the only bodybuilding pose he knew. A small smile flitted across his face as he watched his biceps ball up under the skin. The smile faded as he felt an odd pressure in his skull. It wasn't painful, not even a headache, but it was unfamiliar which made Finley nervous. And it was building, he could feel it...Finley's hands balled into fists and he grit his teeth, muscles tensing-

His head snapped back as thick black hair burst out of his scalp, overtaking his buzzcut. The shiny locks flopped down over his ears and eyes. He could feel the hair pushing out through the roots, and it felt so bizarre that he shook his head back and forth like a dog, trying to alleviate the discomfort. As the hair continued to grow out of his head, it swept itself backward, stiffening into a tall, gelled side part. Finley's eyes flicked upward as his hair goosed higher, and then they squeezed shut as that same odd feeling spilled down through him. He rocked forward, grimacing, then frantically itched at his body. The hair grew in all the right places: a thin covering on his arms and legs to bring out their definition, and a nice dusting across his chest to celebrate his manliness. The body hair highlighted his muscles instead of covering them. It even found its way into the grooves of his 8-pack. The only place it became truly thick was in his damp pits, where the small tufts of teenaged brown hair burst into heavy black thatches. Finley stared in shock at himself. He couldn't believe he had chest hair now.

For a moment, Finley thought the sun had moved and cast part of his face into shadow. Then he realized what was truly happening, and once he did, his boner sprang straight up. He watched as a dark entity crept out from his sideburns, spreading evenly over his lower face until it connected around his mouth. "Holy shit," he said, wide-eyed. It was as surreal to see himself with five o'clock shadow as it was to see his head on a bodybuilder's physique. It looked so good on him, especially when paired with his immaculate hairstyle. He reached up and stroked his cheek, feeling sandpaper texture there for the first time in his life. He turned his head back and forth, inspecting his new stubble from all sides.

The muscles in his neck were tight, and his teeth were grinding together. He tried to relax his mouth but couldn't. His jaw was locked up, and Finley didn't know what to do about that. Did he force it open? Would that hurt... Before he found the answer, he felt a shift in his mouth, and his eyes widened as he watched his jaw expand in size. The angles sharpened as he tried to loosen them, and as the bones became chiseled, they stretched forward to gift Finley with a jutting cleft chin.

“Mmmfff-” His jaw lengthened with a pop, forehead expanding to balance it out. He was starting to look like a superhero. Cheekbones etched themselves in below his eyes as his brow pushed forward, newly black eyebrows making him look intense and brooding. The reshaping of his jaw continued, more angles developing as his bone structure strengthened and masculinized his face. Once Finley saw his irises shift to blazing hazel, he covered his eyes and squatted out of view of the mirror so he wouldn’t be able to watch. Too scary, too weird. Even so, he could feel his features shifting, and the skin on which his fingers rested felt thicker and tougher. Finley ran his hands down his face, feeling the unfamiliar planes, the alien stubble. He wiped water from his eyes and breathed in and out, and when he realized the tightness in jaw was gone, he opened his mouth as wide as he could to stretch it out. He was so relieved it wasn’t locked up anymore.

He stayed in a squat for several moments, afraid to stand and look at himself. He inspected his hands again, marveling at their size and power, and then he placed them on his knees and pushed himself up, hoping that his reflection was someone he recognized.

It was not. The man staring back at him was a stranger, and so hypnotically handsome it shocked Finley. He poked his fingers into his cheekbones, then ran them down his jawline. The man was so stunning that it took Finley a few more moments to register that he was middle-aged. His hairline had a peak in the center instead of being straight across. There were fine lines around his eyes and mouth, and a permanent furrow on his brow. The weathering added a commanding intensity to his beauty. Finley wondered how old the man was. Even though his broad lips parted when Finley breathed in, and his eyes blinked when Finley did, Finley could not accept that he was the man in the mirror.

“Dad’s age, maybe?” he murmured to himself, realizing his voice was untouched by the change. That made him feel a tiny bit better. “What just happened...” All this muscle was like being trapped in a suit of armor. He felt so stiff. He tried to massage his shoulders but couldn’t reach back because his arms and chest were too big, so he raised one arm all the way over his head and bent his elbow down to rub the back of his neck with two fingers. It was the best he could do.

He felt something other than skin, though; something smooth and crisp across the back of his neck. Finley heard a crinkle as he prodded it with his fingers. He gripped it and pulled it around so he could see it in the mirror, and a big piece of white paper came into view. Wait, no - it was fabric, which was why it felt soft, but it was starched to make it stiff like cardboard. He tried to pull it off, but it was connected to what was left of his t-shirt. As soon as he realized that, the tattered remains draped over his shoulders sprang to life, sending Finley stumbling back with a squawk of surprise. The cheap material of his t-shirt thinned as it spread around his torso, the patches connecting and restitching as they formed a new shirt. This one was tighter than the previous, more tailored, and made of a lustrous white fabric that glimmered in the light. Finley tried to pull it off himself, but the elegant cotton kept swirling down his back and over his arms. The front of the shirt divided down the center then pulled back together as buttons sprouted in a

row, yanking together tightly over his thick abs. The shirt slid up under his pecs, pushing them higher - the fabric felt incredible on his skin, causing Finley to moan involuntarily, though when he tried to tilt his head back he was prevented by the stiffness of his tall collar.

He felt a crawling over his shoulders and wriggled, thinking something was on him, but this time it was a pair of suspenders snaking down his front. They sank between the mounds of his hulking traps, made their way around his barrel chest, and buttoned inside the waist of the trousers that were materializing around Finley's legs. But Finley was distracted by his sleeves, which grew so long they draped over his hands, then folded back once, twice, forming into beefy cuffs as broad and muscular as his hands. Finley had never seen French cuffs before, and didn't know the purpose of the silver links that bloomed before his eyes out of the layers of white poplin. The cuff links shimmered so beautifully they impressed him all the same, and by that point his trousers were all but finished: a pair of bespoke gray suit pants that, as Finley watched, developed thin lines of maroon and blue that formed a subtle plaid pattern. His quads bulged through the wool, nearly blocking his view of the sheer navy socks stretching over his feet, and the brown leather wingtips forming out of the remains of his sneakers. He held one foot out, admiring the shine of his dress shoes, then looked down to realize he now sported a waistcoat that matched his pants. The buttons were bulging over his abdomen, thanks to the silk back of the vest being cinched tightly behind him.

The sheen of sweat evaporated off his face, like an invisible shower, and was replaced by the masculine, subtle scent of cologne. Staring back at Finley was a handsome businessman in full regalia. Aside from his head and hands, the only skin bared was the middle of his fuzzy pecs. Finley tried to close those two buttons but they wouldn't reach. His back was too broad and the shirt was too tight. It was the least of his worries, and if he had to choose between showing off his man-cleavage or being naked, he definitely was fine with the former. His collar looked good open. Showed off the muscles in his neck and framed his killer jawline.

His heart was still pounding, his thoughts racing, but at least he could conceivably leave the room without humiliating himself now. He looked like a million dollars. Shit, maybe this shirt and suit COST a million dollars. He enjoyed being suited up, to the point that when he noticed the matching suit jacket draped on the back of the office chair, he walked right over and put it on, stuffing his huge arms into the silk-lined sleeves and shrugging it onto his shoulders. He even fixed his collar and cuffs to stand out suitably from the jacket, and inspected himself in the mirror, allowing himself a quick smile before lapsing back into fear.

He walked over to the phone, the expensive soles of his wingtips clacking across the floor until they reached the rug and were silenced. When he picked up the receiver, he rolled his eyes at himself. Who was he going to call? 911? It felt like an emergency, but how could it be explained? He had no idea, so he set the phone back in its cradle and sighed, running a hand over the top of his gelled hair and tapping his foot as he tried to think of something-

A knocking on the door made his head snap straight up. The color drained from his face.

“Finley! Is that you walking around in there?” Jan’s voice came through the door.

Finley looked down at his shoes. They’d given him away. Jan missed his cries during the whole episode but heard his footfall. “Goddammit,” he whispered. He knew he was busted. Everyone was going to know - how was he going to explain it...

“Finley? Open the door,” Jan said, and the knob jiggled.

Finley’s head whipped around, looking for somewhere to go. Air ducts? Window ledge? It wasn’t like a movie. There were no options except for the door. “You’re not a pussy,” he said to himself as he walked to the door, standing as tall and broad as he possibly could. Maybe when Jan saw him she’d just run away...

He opened the door, and Jan’s head tilted up, readjusting from where she’d expected Finley’s eyes to be to where they actually were. “Oh!” she said. “I didn’t know you were-”

In the center of Finley’s open collar, a big Adam’s apple suddenly bulged into view. He didn’t know until he spoke. “I can explain -- well actually, I can’t explain, I -- holy SHIT, is that my voice?!” He reached up and gripped his throat. “I sound like a movie trailer guy! Holy shit, it’s so deep...”

“Are you all right?” Jan asked. She looked terribly confused.

“Does it look like I’m all right?” Finley guffawed, his voice deepening further. Every word came out in a rich, buttery bass. “Look at me!”

“You seem fine?” Jan plucked a hair off Finley’s lapel. “What can I do to help?”

“I don’t even know how to fix this,” Finley said, taking a step back and holding his arms out. His hands flicked up and down, gesturing to his clothes and muscles. “Whatever you think you can do, I guess. Do you know any magic, Jan?”

“Goodness, Adrian, what on earth are you talking about? Did the event this morning go badly?”

“Event? I was talking about...wait, ‘Adrian’?” Finley blinked. He took a step forward, sidling right up to Jan. His eyes narrowed. “Jan, I know this is going to sound funny to you, but...who do you think I am?”

“My boss,” Jan said, deadpan. “So I’ll say whatever you want me to say.”

“Your boss,” Finley said, hazel eyes widening. “Your boss Adrian?”

“Adrian Montgomery, what did they serve you at that conference? Absinthe?”

“Adrian Montgomery,” Finley parroted back, his mouth in a half smile. “That’s a good name.”

“Oh for God’s sake, Adrian,” Jan said, exasperated. “If you need me to cancel the rest of your day so you can sober up, I will. That’s not like you!”

“No, I’m not drunk, I promise.” Finley made sure his voice was strong and commanding for that statement, and he did too well, because Jan took a step back. “Sorry, that was loud. I just...have a headache,” he lied.

“Want me to get you some aspirin?”

“Um, yeah, that would be...that would be...that would...” Finley froze as he saw his father approaching behind Jan. It was like watching a shark swim toward him. He wanted to leap back and slam the door, but it was too late. He’d been spotted. He needed to think up an explanation.

“Would be...” Jan said, turning around to follow Finley’s stare.

“Dad-” Finley said out loud, but it was drowned out by Jan and Milt greeting each other. And then, father and son were face to face. Or, more accurately, chest to face, as Milt’s chin was level with Finley’s enormous, bulging pecs.

“I didn’t know you were in today, boss!” Milt said, looking up at Finley.

Finley started in a snarky tone, “I literally came in with...” but then trailed off. His eyes lit up. “Boss. That’s right! I’m your boss!” He didn’t have to explain anything! His dad saw him as the Adrian guy too!

“He’s, uh...in a goofy mood today,” Jan warned Milt.

“Goofy? Not a word I’ve ever heard used to describe you,” Milt said to Finley.

“I’m full of surprises,” Finley said. “Like this one!” The planned flourish - pushing up his sleeve to bare his wrist - did not go as planned, because Finley’s suit and shirt were so tailored they didn’t have a lot of give. Finally, after some wriggling, his cuff moved up just enough to bare the spot where his matchstick tattoo was. He knew he was going to blow his dad’s mind with it.

The problem was, the tattoo wasn’t there anymore.

“Like what?” Milt asked, confused.

“Oh shit, it’s gone,” Finley sheepishly pulled his cuff back down and straightened the link. “Nothing...forget it. Sorry. Jan, can you grab me that aspirin?”

"I think you might need an MRI instead, but sure," Jan joked. Milt laughed, so Finley faked a deep, boisterous laugh too, despite not knowing what an MRI was. And then, he was left alone with his dad, with no earthly clue what to talk about. He thought about blurting out what happened to him, but that would surely get him committed. Just had to keep faking it. What the fuck did bosses talk about with their employees?

Milt spoke first. "You okay? You seem out of breath."

"Well, I...um...it's been a weird day." Finley swallowed and took a deep breath, spreading the open buttons over his chest even further apart. "I don't feel like myself."

"Need some coffee? I was on my way to get one when I saw you."

Finley was about to say he hated coffee, but oddly enough, he was craving it. "I don't usually like coffee, but..." He trailed off and looked down, and then an evil thought came to him. He had to take advantage of this position while he had it. "...would you mind bringing me back a cup, Milt?" He hit the 't' in his dad's name extra hard.

"You're the boss! Milk and sugar?"

"Just black." Finley could taste the bitterness on his tongue already. He didn't know why he wanted it so badly. He certainly didn't need the caffeine, since his heart rate was rivaling a hummingbird at the moment, but maybe Adrian Montgomery liked black coffee. And since Finley was in his body and had his taste buds, right now he liked it too.

As soon as Milt walked away, Finley tore back into the president's office and flipped the closet door around so he could check himself out in the mirror. He was still middle aged, still handsome, and still huge. He rubbed his eyes but the image didn't change. "Adrian," he said to the reflection, and it mouthed the name back to him. "And your dad is Milt. Don't call him Dad. Milt. Milt. Adrian, Milt." He kept repeating the names - Adrian and Milt - as he ran a hand over his coif and made sure his shirt collar was standing up. He took a step back and practiced an invisible handshake, taking a moment to admire the size of his cuff. "Adrian Montgomery," he said, hand extended in front of him. When Jan walked in, he quickly moved his hand to smooth down his lapels over his chest.

"Two aspirin for you," she said, holding them out along with a cup of water. When Finley took them, he was gobsmacked by the difference in the sizes of their hands. His were twice as big as hers. The water glass she handed him looked like a shot glass in his grasp.

"Thanks," he said, popping the pills in his mouth, hoping they were the kind that would put him to sleep. As he lowered his hand, his fingers brushed against a puff of maroon silk protruding from the front pocket of his jacket. Jan fixed it for him as he stared at it. He almost asked what it was before remembering he'd seen them on a couple guys at prom...pocket squares, that was

it. His dad didn't wear them. In fact, his dad never wore anything like the kind of clothes Finley had on.

Right on cue, Milt came around the corner holding two cups of coffee. Finley sized his father up disapprovingly. Milt's plaid shirt was a bit rumpled and his khakis needed an iron. Not that he needed to wear a three piece suit and cufflinks every day - that was boss status - but a little effort couldn't hurt.

"Some caffeine," Milt said, handing the coffee to Finley. "Not get enough sleep last night?"

Finley panicked inside. Did his dad know it was really him? Was that why Milt was asking about a long night, since Finley spent his partying? He thought up a lie, half-expecting Milt to call him out. "I get up early for...for my workouts." He added a pec bounce to remind his dad that he was a bodybuilder, then he took a sip of coffee, which turned into a long, contented gulp. "Mmm. Good coffee today. Thanks, by the way."

"My pleasure."

There was a long pause that Finley felt he needed to fill. "You, uh...you getting all your work done?"

Milt seemed rattled by this question. "Yes, yes, of course - well, you know, lots of big things coming up - the Gallagher project, for one, and our quarterly planning. Plus the offsite."

Finley nodded but had no idea what any of that was. "Yeah, cool. Work is important."

"No one's said I'm not getting work done, have they?"

"Huh? No! Oh, no no, nothin' like that. Just making conversation." Finley saw his dad's shoulders relax. He felt bad that he'd accidentally made Milt nervous. "Anything I can do to help with any of that?"

"I need your signature on a couple of the agreements, actually," Milt said, remembering. "They're at my desk. I can go grab them if you have a moment."

"Sure," Finley smiled. As soon as his dad walked out, he dashed over to the desk and looked around for any evidence of handwriting. There was one note with "Call Stonemill" written on it. If it was Adrian's, he had nice penmanship, which didn't surprise Finley. The top drawer didn't have any further examples - stupid digital era - so Finley grabbed a post-it and a pen and scribbled 'Adrian Montgomery' on it. 'Adrian' was with an 'a', right? That was the male spelling? Fuck, he hoped it was correct. The signature flowed quite nicely from his hand, he thought - he had no idea if it was *Adrian's* signature, but it was a nice one all the same. The capital M was especially fun to make. He practiced a few more times, then when the post-it was full of scribbles, he reached for a second one. This was when he noticed the picture frame.

The frame held three pictures in a row, and the leftmost one was what Finley noticed first. It was a picture of Adrian, shirtless and beaming, his massive muscles on full display. He was next to an extremely handsome blond bodybuilder who was just as large and smiling just as wide. They had their arms draped over each other's shoulders. It looked like they were on a beach. The next picture was just of the blond man - he had a beard in this one, and there were snowflakes caught in it - staring directly at the camera with piercing blue eyes. Kind of a Brad Pitt lookalike, Finley thought.

The final picture made Finley's heart sink. Adrian and the blond bodybuilder were both in tuxedos, no ties, the huge muscles in their necks bulging as they kissed. Adrian's hand was on the man's jaw, the man's hand was on Adrian's waist, and behind them stood a smiling female reverend.

Adrian Montgomery was gay.

"Guh!" Finley jolted when he realized there was a wedding band on his left ring finger. When the fuck did that get there? He took it off and set it on the desk, then went back to practicing Adrian's signature while his thoughts raced. It was bad enough that he had to pretend to be the company president until he figured out how to fix everything without getting in trouble, but now he had to pretend to be a gay guy too. Finley couldn't believe Adrian was gay. The guy was pure man. He had the body of a god and a face that would instantly make any woman wet and he was wasting it all by being married to a dude.

The silver lining was that Finley thought of his dad as being pretty conservative. This could be a fun way to mess with him, Finley thought with a smirk as he threw away the post-its. When Milt walked back in carrying the papers, Finley stood up tall. "Did you know I'm gay, Milt?"

Finley was hoping for this to be a revelation - something to fight about - but Milt chuckled. "Yeah, of course. I met Stuart at the summer barbecue. Remember everyone being surprised because you'd never mentioned he was Australian?"

"Oh...right...yes, yes. He sure is Australian, all right."

Milt set the papers down on the desk. "Why'd you ask?"

"I was just..." Finley stopped talking for a moment as he concentrated on signing the agreements. Below his signature, on the line that said TITLE, he printed 'President.' It looked like the handwriting on the post-it, much to his relief. "...just talking to someone who didn't know I was gay, that's all. I didn't want to seem like I was being secretive about it. I'm very proud to be gay." Saying the words felt bizarre to Finley. He was amazed he could make them sound so casual.

"That's great," Milt said, which surprised his son.

"I'm a proud gay man," Finley prodded, "and my parents are fine with it. Stuart's are too."

"Well, that's...good," Milt said haltingly. "You guys are lucky. Most in our generation had more trouble coming out. I don't think my parents would've taken it well if I were gay."

"Right...our generation," Finley said, not used to his dad seeing him as a peer. "I guess you're right that things have improved. I don't worry about kissing my husband or holding his hand anymore. Then again, maybe people just don't give us any trouble because we're both so big," he chuckled. The discussion made Finley feel better about having to play gay for the day. His dad was right, it wasn't a big deal. And Stuart was so sensationally handsome, it would hardly be difficult. Finley could imagine Adrian and Stuart undressing each other, muscles pumped and stubbled jaws locked together. He could see Stuart's back breaking into a sweat as Adrian covered it with affectionate kisses before he thrust--

His crotch stirred to life, so Finley sat behind the desk to hide his growing erection. He relished the naughtiness of it. This had to happen to Adrian Montgomery all the time, Finley reasoned. Adrian was a big, strong, masculine man with a big, strong, masculine husband, and he had the sexual needs to match. Finley knew he himself wasn't getting horny at the idea of fucking a strapping bodybuilder, it was Adrian's penis that was. And shit, was Adrian horny. He was at full mast under the desk, impossible to hide even in a pair of bespoke trousers. His hips rocked in his seat, freeing his shaft from his thong and rubbing it against the silken wool of his pants. No wonder Adrian dressed like this daily. It was like being clothed in sex.

When Finley saw Milt notice the wedding ring on the desk, he reached over and slid it back on his finger. Didn't want to have to deal with any of those rumors on top of the rest today. Finley was sure Adrian was happily married anyway. He and Stuart had an extremely active sex life, for one thing. And they took amazing vacations as evidenced by the pictures. Finley was enjoying the look of the ring on his thick finger, and the way it shimmered in tandem with his cufflink, when he heard Milt ask: "How's Stuart doing?"

"Handsome as ever," Finley said, staring at the pictures on his desk. "He's good. Busy with work. How's your wife?"

"She's good! She'd be a lot better if I looked like you," Milt chuckled as he took the signed papers back. "Thanks for the chat, Adrian. I'll see you at the meeting tomorrow, if not before then."

Finley didn't know how to respond, so he nodded with a smile and watched his dad leave. "Oh, Milt, pull the door shut would you?"

Milt did so, and Finley's huge body crumpled into the seat. "What am I gonna do," he groaned, plopping his head directly on his desk, his thick hair spilling across the papers.

Finley didn't know how long he lay there, his mind whirring with thoughts. He had to get out of this situation, and quickly. But how? He couldn't very well reveal the truth. He'd look like a lunatic, and it might even put his dad's job at risk, which would impact his whole family. No, he had to act like Adrian - whatever that meant - until he changed back.

"I'm gonna change back, right?" Finley whispered to the ceiling. The day had been so strange already, he half-expected it to answer.

Instead, the desk phone rang. Finley jumped and felt his big body strain at his suit. Panic shot through him. He couldn't answer. But he HAD to answer...fuck, fuck...!

"Adrian Montgomery," he said into the receiver, shoving his anxiety down.

"Why the hell aren't you answering your phone, ya clown?!" a cheerful Australian voice said. "I'm almost up to you now. Jan got me in since you forgot to register me."

Stuart. This had to be Stuart, Adrian's husband. The Aussie accent was the tip-off. And he was almost up to...where? The office? HERE? Fuck fuck fuck fuckFUCKFUCK- "I'm sorry baby," Finley said haltingly, as he wondered if gay guys called their husbands that. "My phone conked out during a...meeting...and Jan took it to her desk to charge it. I forgot it was there."

"No worries love. I'm in the elevator if I lose you. Where should we go for lunch?"

Mercifully, the cell service cut out before Finley had to answer. He set the receiver down and felt the color drain from his face. Lunch...he had to have a whole-ass lunch with a man who thought they were married. Where would a guy like Adrian Montgomery eat? Moreover, how would a guy like Adrian Montgomery PAY...

He had Google open and a list of ostensibly fancy restaurants on his screen when he heard the knock on the door. Stuart walked right in, and Finley stood on instinct, a move he immediately regretted when he realized his full mast erection tented his suit trousers. But that was the only way Adrian's body was going to react to his husband's appearance, because Stuart looked like a fucking rock star. He wore torn black jeans that were ripping over his big quads, shiny black boots, a leather jacket that further enhanced his already massive shoulders, and a white silk dress shirt unbuttoned nearly to his navel to let his bulging pecs spill out. A week's worth of beard hugged his chiseled jaw, framed by long golden locks swept back in a loose, flowing style.

He was...he was...

"Fucking *gorgeous*," Finley said before he could even think.

"I have to look good for my man," Stuart grinned. His teeth were perfect too. Everything was fucking perfect.

"I'm your man," Finley said, his throat raw with thirst. "You're...MY man."

"Need to hear yourself say it?" Stuart chuckled, dimples in his cheeks and mirth in his eyes. He radiated jovial positivity. And sex. Raw primal sex. When he was in front of Finley, he whispered "Hi love" and kissed him on the mouth.

Finley almost leaned back before realizing he had to kiss his husband. Their lips sank together as their arms went around each other's waists. He felt the heat of Stuart's body, the shape of his chest pressing against his own...

It was heaven.

Fuck.

"You're so beautiful," Finley whispered. "My god. I-I...you're so FUCKING beautiful." He felt gay. Was this what being gay was like? Lust that made his blood feel like lava? The depth of his arousal was so intense, he couldn't separate Finley from Adrian in his mind. Stuart's beauty transcended sexuality. And they were married. Stuart was *his*. Adrian's or Finley's, it didn't matter, as long as Stuart was by his side to touch...to hold...to...love.

"It's good to see you. I love you," Finley said between kisses.

"Love you more," Stuart said. "Shall we go eat?"

"Can we just...for a second..." Finley was blurting out words without thinking as he backed Stuart up against his desk. "I want...I want..." He paused and kissed Stuart's neck. It was so muscular, just like his own. So fucking hot...

"What do you want?" Stuart whispered into Finley's ear, his fingers lingering on Finley's chest.

"You." Finley yanked off Stuart's jacket and tossed it to the side. "I want you. I have to have you. I can't control myself." Finley's heart was beating so hard he was sure it would burst. He was covered in sweat. Stuart was like a drug to him. He had no choice. And he didn't want one. The gay part of his mind was fully in control. He tried to imagine what Adrian would feel and want in his body. The answer was clear: to fuck his husband. "I want you," Finley breathed, not knowing how to voice his feelings anymore. "I want all of you..."

Stuart knelt on top of Finley's desk and stripped out of his shirt, proudly giving his man a show. He popped open his belt buckle and writhed out of his tight jeans to reveal black silk briefs bulging with meat. When he lowered them too, Finley moaned. Stuart's cock was as beautiful as the rest of him, maybe even moreso.

As Stuart began stroking his member, Finley fell back into Adrian's office chair - more like a throne, really - and took out his own huge cock, leering hungrily at his husband. The fantasy

he'd had when he first sneaked into the office - a hot naked blonde with big boobs walking into the office and climbing across the desk - was coming true. He just hadn't anticipated that the hot blonde would have a thick cock and hairy chest. But that was what he wanted now: a hunk more beautiful than any fantasy. His own personal walking wet dream, a man he wanted to fuck every night for the rest of his life.

"That's right, Daddy," Stuart growled. "Worship your husband's cock. It's all yours."

Daddy...

Adrian Montgomery was a Daddy...a Daddy who took what he wanted...a boss in control...and what he wanted was his man. He wanted his husband. He was aching for him...throbbing for him...

"Come to Daddy." It was an order. That was how Adrian Montgomery talked.

Stuart climbed off the desk and unbuckled Finley's belt, pulling the suit pants down to the floor. Finley's thick, pulsing cock sprang out, pointing toward the ceiling. "Give Daddy that ass," he growled, massaging lube from a desk drawer onto his shaft. Stuart straddled him in the chair and slowly slid onto the big member, letting out a happy moan as he did. Finley gasped as Stuart's tight hole clasped around him. He had never been with another man before, and the sensation was like nothing he had ever felt. The heat of Stuart's body enveloped him, sending sparks of pleasure through his veins.

He closed his eyes and focused on the feeling of being inside another man for the first time - inside his husband, his favorite place to be. He loved feeling Stuart's muscular ass clenching around his big boss cock. It felt so good. Stuart felt so good. Loving Stuart felt so good. And what they had was *adult* love - partnership, trust, naked intimacy - the kind of love people search their whole lives for.

Stuart clenched Finley's cock with his ass, making him groan in pleasure. Finley opened his eyes and looked at his husband's face, contorted in ecstasy. Stuart's long blonde hair cascaded down over his eyes, drops of sweat forming at the tips. His chest was covered with a lush blond pelt that Finley couldn't stop kissing. "You feel so good on my cock," Finley whispered. "Fuck, I love this ass. I'm gonna fill it up." He lifted Stuart's hips up and down, pushing deeper and deeper into him.

"You love my muscle ass wrapped around your cock, don't you, Daddy?" Stuart said. "You love fucking it!" His voice dropped into a happy grunt as Finley gnawed on his nipples. "Adrian...oh fuck, Adrian...yes...babe...yes...ADRIAN-"

That was his name. Adrian. Adrian Alexander Montgomery. It smashed into Finley's brain like a meteorite, and it changed him. He could feel the transformation happening - feel himself fully becoming the man his husband loved - it was intoxicating, all-encompassing, and it made him

cum instantly. It only took a few seconds more for Stuart to explode, too, drenching Adrian's abs with his seed. The musclemen moaned together as their huge bodies convulsed with orgasmic delight.

Adrian lay back, panting, and smiled as Stuart fell forward and lavished his neck with wet kisses. "Good thing you wear tall collars, they'll hide all the hickies I'm about to give you," Stuart teased.

"Don't you fucking dare," Adrian smiled, returning the affection. He grabbed onto Stuart's hair and gently moved his head upward so he could look in his eyes. God, he loved that face. Handsome, mischievous, kind. "How did I get so lucky?"

Stuart chuckled and kissed him tenderly before getting up. "How did I?" Stuart asked back. He swung his leg onto the ground like he was dismounting a horse. "I'll go clean up. Won't be long."

Adrian watched him leave with a contented sigh before pulling himself off the chair and straightening out his clothes. He got a Kleenex to wipe the cum off his stomach, then re-buttoned the lower half of his shirt and tucked it back in. The mirror helped with smoothing down his hair, but the sight of himself made him horny again. Bodybuilder physique, movie star face, supermodel wardrobe. He posed for himself and gasped. He was breathtaking. A god. The apex of exquisite masculinity. The little voice in the back of his head marveled at his own ravishing beauty. He knew he hadn't always been this man, which made him all the more grateful for his rebirth as Adrian. "I'll make us both proud, Finley," he whispered.

"Adrian? There's someone I want you to meet."

Adrian looked up and saw his right hand man Scott Burnham standing in the doorway to his office. Scott looked great, like always. Adrian expected nothing less than an immaculate presentation from his second-in-command. Scott's tailored gray suit and tight pink dress shirt hugged his muscular form, allowing his square pecs to make a ledge in the front. His thick hair was neatly parted on the side, and he never bore a hint of beard shadow.

The door opened further and in walked Scott's wife pushing a stroller. Adrian stood up and strode over with a broad smile. "Well well, my most important visitor of the day."

"We wanted you to meet Finn before he goes back home."

"I'd be upset if I didn't have the opportunity. Hello Finn," Adrian said, his deep voice warm and soothing as he took the baby boy in his arms. The tot looked up at him with wide, questioning eyes. "I know I'm not your daddy, but I hope you'll let me hold you for a second." He looked at Finn's beaming parents. "How old now?"

“Two months.”

“Two months. Marvelous. You’re a very handsome boy, Finn. A future executive, I’d wager.”

Scott stood up with all the pride of a new father, popping another button open on his dress shirt as his thick pecs heaved further into view. “I’d like to see that!”

“He likes you,” Scott’s wife observed as she looked at Finn resting in Adrian’s huge arms. “You’re good with babies, Adrian!”

“Ever thought about having one of your own?” Scott asked. His wife chided him.

“It’s okay. Yes, actually, very soon,” Adrian smiled gently. “Stuart’s sister is giving us an egg. We’re very excited. That stays between us for now, please.” He couldn’t wait to be a dad. And he couldn’t wait to see Stuart as one, too. Stuart was born to be a father. Adrian could imagine him in his torn jeans and leather jacket with a curly-haired toddler on his shoulders, the coolest dad on the playground.

Adrian handed Finn back to Scott. “Thank you for not spitting up on Daddy’s boss, buddy,” Scott said to his son.

Adrian chuckled, fixing his French cuffs as he stared at Scott with sparkling eyes. He knew for a fact that Scott was going to be a wonderful father. Baby Finn was lucky to have a dad who was such a hard-working, honest man. Adrian still couldn’t believe the suited hunk holding the cute baby had once been his dad, Milt.

The transformation had been gradual, not at all like Adrian’s, and not aided by magic - at least not that Adrian could tell. It was two years ago that the Chief Business Officer role opened up and Adrian gave it to Milt against the wishes of his board. They’d said Milt wasn’t executive material, but Adrian knew firsthand what a good man Milt was, and he was determined to repay him for all the years he’d been his shithead son. So he tripled Milt’s salary, put him in executive coaching, and began making him over.

One of the easiest portions, the clothes, also made the biggest difference. Overnight, Milt swapped out his frayed polo shirts and khakis for elegant dress shirts, custom suits, and polished shoes. The effect was immediate: Milt’s posture straightened, his strides lengthened, and he began to carry himself with a palpable aura of confidence. Over time, his style of dress got bolder, mimicking Adrian’s: brighter colors, sharper cuts, taller collars, more buttons undone. He developed a taste for pocket squares and cufflinks.

An executive position came with a private gym membership, and Milt worked out with Adrian whenever their busy schedules managed to align. When he began to see results, he went to a men’s health clinic and started testosterone replacement therapy. Suddenly the changes were daily: Milt’s waist shrank, his chest broadened. Bulging muscles were visible in his shirts. His

face looked harder and manlier. To his wife's delight, he began getting facials with her as a date night, which gave his skin an unmistakable glow. His newly raging sex drive asserted itself quickly; it was only six weeks into TRT that his wife got pregnant.

The "Scott" thing took Adrian completely by surprise. He'd known his former dad's first name was Scott, but Milt's father's name was Scott too - Scott Milton Burnham - so the family called them different names to tell them apart. Until one day, when Milt said he'd always liked Scott more, and he wanted to go by it instead. Adrian's theory was that finally, Milt had gained the confidence required to stand up for what he wanted. He wanted to be Scott, so that's who he became.

The final flourish was equally unexpected, when Scott turned up after the Christmas break with a chiseled jawline and sharp chin. Adrian wasn't sure if it was surgery or filler, but whatever it was, it made Scott look like a goddamn superhero. The transformation was so thorough that some people who'd worked in the office for years didn't know Milt and Scott were the same man. There'd be moments when even Adrian couldn't believe it, as he'd watch Scott strut into a room of investors and command it effortlessly, speaking in a deep, resonant voice while rocking a bespoke pinstripe suit. Average suburban dad Milt had completely morphed into Scott, the sleek, commanding, square-jawed executive hunk.

It made Adrian feel, in a way, that his debt was repaid: he'd mentored and provided for Milt, just as Milt had done for him when he was Finley. And now, Milt - Scott - had his own son again, and soon Adrian would have one of his own too. Maybe the boys would play together. Adrian liked the idea of his and Scott's sons being friends.

"Finn," he said aloud. Little Finn. His Finley side, reborn. It was so strange to think about, and a lot to accept, but it felt right that the Burnhams had a beautiful little baby boy again. Adrian was excited to watch Finn grow. Maybe someday they'd work together.

That thought made him smirk. *Work together*. He'd fully become a businessman. As Finley, he'd sworn he'd never work for The Man. As Adrian, he *was* The Man. A man whose mind revolved around career and family. He was a man, not a boy anymore.