

THE LORENTZ TRANSFORMATION

by Aardvark

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Dravelay University. The sun shone brightly in the clear blue sky, its rays cutting between towering Grecian columns to illuminate a young man as he hopped out of the family minivan and shut the door. The damp ground quickly soaked up the morning dew that had coated it the night before, and a sweet smell rose up to greet him.

His name was Seth Lorentz, and he'd never been to Dravelay before. He stood at the edge of the sprawling campus, gazing across a field of perfectly mown grass and up toward the imposing brick buildings, the perfectly shaped hedges, and the manicured trees. It all looked so *expensive*. Dravelay was another world, a far cry from his public high school where he'd once seen a piece of chewing gum used to patch a cracked brick.

Seth knew right then that he'd never go there.

It wasn't that he had anything against Dravelay. No, it was more that he knew Dravelay would have a lot against *him*. It was prestigious, for one thing - one of the most selective and famous schools in the country, counting US Presidents, CEOs, and Nobel Prize winners among its alumni. Going there meant at least four years of hellaciously hard work so that you could make a lot of money down the line...while *still* working hellaciously hard. Seth didn't consider himself lazy, but he liked his downtime. He and his buddies were already plotting their time at State, and very little of their scheming involved tests and deadlines. Drinking, partying, and cute girls were the main menu items. That was what college was supposed to be about, and the experience Seth was most excited to accumulate over the coming years.

In regards to the cute girls, he was determined to be in the running for them at school. One, Adrianna Robinson, made an impression with Seth the minute her family moved next door to his own. She stood proudly, slim but not skinny, with mocha skin that radiated a warm light. Before he met Adrianna, Seth never paid attention to anyone's complexion. But hers was flawless - as if she lacked pores.

She was also Dravelay-level smart, a first-year student there. At a recent neighborhood barbecue when Seth's college prospects became a topic of conversation, Adrianna's mom suggested that Seth go with Adrianna to a lecture and see if he liked it. He knew he didn't have a snowball's chance in hell of attending Dravelay - nor did he want to - but Seth couldn't resist the prospect of spending an afternoon with Adrianna. He could tell Adrianna wasn't thrilled at the idea of a high schooler tagging along on her campus, but she didn't say no, and Seth promised to not do anything embarrassing.

Seth's hope was for Adrianna to meet him so they could talk while he got checked in, but a text he'd gotten from her in the car - "see you in class!" - dashed those hopes. He got a guest pass on his own, then walked in the direction of Reeves Hall, where he'd been told to meet Adrianna. As Seth walked through the campus, he couldn't help but feel out of place. Everywhere he turned, he saw students who looked like they belonged there. They carried themselves differently than the students at his public high school, where there was always a burnout nearby

to make him feel better about himself. Dravelay didn't have burnouts. Everyone carried themselves with the confidence that came from getting into one of the country's best schools.

Seth felt embarrassed about his clothes, which he now realized were nothing compared to the stylish outfits around him. He had worn jeans and a simple t-shirt, thinking it would be enough for a casual lecture. But he now felt like he was naked, exposed for everyone to see. Like *he* was the burnout making everyone feel superior.

Some were even dressed formally, like they were on their way to a job interview instead of a class. One guy in the distance looked especially professional, and as he got closer, Seth realized he was also huge. The guy's muscles bulged through his shirt, sending ripples through the fabric with each confident stride. He happened to look at Seth as he walked by, which was when Seth realized the man was middle-aged - an employee, not a student.



"Afternoon, young man," the professor - he had to be a professor - said while passing Seth. Intimidated by the man's size, Seth was about to let him go by, when he realized he had a real question.

"Hey, where's Reeves Hall?"

"Right there," the man replied, raising his hand to point straight down the sidewalk.

"Thanks. Cool mustache."

That drew a smirk to the bodybuilder's lips. "Thank you." And then he turned and walked on.

Seth continued on his own way, feeling a little bit better about himself. It was just an offhand comment about a mustache, but it made for a positive connection with someone at Dravelay. He knew it was a small victory, but it was a victory nonetheless.

As he approached Reeves Hall, Seth couldn't help but feel his heart skip a beat. He was about to spend an afternoon at Dravelay with Adrianna Robinson! It was a dream come true. She was smart, beautiful, and driven. And she'd agreed to spend time with him.

Reeves Hall was a masterpiece of brick and stone with statues that looked like it had been airlifted in from some distant European city. The sky-high columns dwarfed Seth as he walked between them and inside the building, fishing out his phone to remind himself which classroom he was supposed to go to. That was when he realized that he was twenty minutes ahead of schedule. "Aw, shit." He'd allowed extra time for getting lost or talking to Adrianna, but neither of those came to pass, so now he just had a boring wait ahead of him.

He snapped a picture of the Dravelay insignia on the floor and posted it to Snap with no caption. It only took a few seconds for the first response: "I know ur dumbass isnt a student there," which made him laugh as he walked down the hall looking for Room 119. Even after consulting the directory, he still ended up going in the wrong direction and had to make a U-turn. These ancient buildings were always mazes.

Seth carefully approached the door, hesitant to open it in case a class was still going on and someone spotted him. After a moment, he mustered up the courage to take a peek inside. To his relief, the room was completely dark and deserted except for the empty desks arranged in long rows. He opened the door slowly anyway, wary of finding someone who might make him leave. Yet, as soon as Seth stepped into Room 119, the lights flickered on automatically – sensing his presence.

"Spooky," he said. He snapped a couple more pictures of the empty classroom but couldn't think of any funny captions, so he deleted them. Room 119 was intimidatingly large; it seemed impossible that all these chairs could be filled by students. And wouldn't the teacher get stage fright in front of such a big audience?

After sending off replies to the mean comments on his Snap, Seth tucked away his phone and looked around for a spot to settle down in until Adrianna and the rest of the class arrived.



That was when he noticed the whiteboard.

It was three boards, actually, all lined up together on the wall to make one huge one. Written across all three panels in big block lettering were the words:

“WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME A PROFESSOR?”

Beside the text was a square waiting to be checked if the answer was yes.

Seth fished his phone out of his pocket and held down the record button for a Snap video. “You guys see this?” he said, pointing his finger at the question on the board. “Not my handwriting. I mean, obviously, because you can read it. But what do you think? D’you guys think I’d be a good professor? I think I’d rock it.” He panned the camera to his face, where he imitated the thinking emoji, then back at the words. “It’d be stupid to turn down a guaranteed gig in this economy.” He picked up a black marker and made sure the camera was capturing him checking ‘yes’ on the box. Then he pointed the lens back to himself. “There we go, guys! It’s official! Your boy is now a professor! Never knew it was that easy. Come hang with me at Dravelay and don’t forget: it’s *DOCTOR* Seth Lorentz now!”

He ended the skit with a loud laugh, but a bubble popped in his throat and created a full rich sound that reverberated throughout the room twice as loud and as deep as his normal laugh. A thundering, throaty rumble echoed back at him. Seth was so shocked by it that he dropped his phone to clutch his neck. “What the fuck,” he sputtered. “Damn, that was crazy.”

Miles away, a teenage boy's messy bedroom underwent an instantaneous and inexplicable transformation. The scattered clothes and other items began to fly up as if magnetized by some mysterious force, spinning and circling the room faster and faster until they had created a vortex powerful enough to drag pieces of furniture into its center. With every rotation, the space expanded, stretching out to twice its original size. Doors started appearing in the walls all around, one leading to a bathroom, another to an enormous walk-in closet, and the third opening onto a long hallway. Down this hallway emerged exquisitely designed rooms; living rooms, studies, bedrooms, bathrooms--all rapidly materializing to complete the structure of an elegant colonial home on the nicest street in town.

All the while, the tornado grew larger and stronger, filling up all three floors with items from inside the boy's bedroom which began to morph and change in preparation for new inhabitants.

Seth retrieved his phone from the floor with a huff. The video was erased, felled by his taking his thumb off the record button too soon. “Aw, man.” He turned and rubbed the ‘yes’ checkmark with his hand so he could re-shoot. But it didn’t come off - it didn’t even smudge.

“Oh noooo...” Seth grabbed some nearby cleaner and sprayed it on the board, but it also did nothing. He looked at the marker he’d used to check if it was permanent, but it said dry erase. “Dry erase means ERASE,” he said, but the last word came out of him in a different voice, as deep and as shocking as a clap of thunder blowing through the room. “E-e-erase,” he repeated, back in his normal tone. “What the hell...”

Seth was beginning to feel like he was in a different world entirely; it was as if the atmosphere of the room had shifted and the air had become thick and humid. He turned around to see if there was anyone there, but he knew he was alone in the classroom. It just didn't make sense that he'd made those noises himself. Or why he was so dizzy. He stumbled over to a chair only to watch it melt away, everything turning blurry before his eyes. "C'mon Seth, don't be a baby..." he muttered as he forced himself to remain still and silent.



Seth felt something tug on his t-shirt, then another sensation on his hair. It was as if dozens of tiny hands were pulling and tugging at him. "What is this...?" he said, noticing that his shirttail had somehow gotten tucked into his waistband. He tried to free it, but it refused to come out, like it *wanted* it to be tucked in. A severe itchiness brought his fingers to his head - was his hair

shorter? - where he scratched frantically, not realizing that each motion was causing his t-shirt collar to fold inwards and transform into a V-neck with buttons and a collar, his tee rapidly morphing into a polo shirt.

His sinuses opened with a rush of air as his face stretched longer, his features shifting with the changes of late-stage adolescence that shook off the last traces of his boyhood. His lower lip shifted as his chin and jaw expanded, leaving behind little hairs that sprouted like aftershocks from an earthquake. The freckles on his cheeks began to gradually fade, and his skin thickened as androgens flooded through him; the new hairs becoming coarse and wiry.



“Mmmmm...” Seth shivered as goosebumps ridged his skin. Silkiness swirled around him and caressed his flesh, like a thousand soft palms sliding over him. The cheap synthetic weave of his t-shirt was crafting millions more threads that spun together to transform the material into expensive, silken twill. His collar stretched wider and taller as pearl buttons pushed through the front of his shirt, gently pressing the fine fabric into them to morph his garment from a polo to a formal dress shirt. His nipples hardened, aroused by the crisp luxury of his shirt fabric. Seth rubbed his chest and moaned, finding an odd comfort in the motion, like he was cocooned in a security blanket. He'd never felt at home in a shirt before. He didn't want to feel at home in this one, but something was just *correct* about it.

In the stately manor across town, the piles of unfolded clothes that had once covered a teenage boy's bedroom floor were now neatly organized in a massive closet. The t-shirts on hangers cloned themselves thrice over until there were over 150 of them, and then they began to sprout starched collars and long sleeves as the logos on the front faded away and the fabrics smoothed out into a variety of weaves: broadcloth, flannel, twill, oxford, dobby. As the closet stuffed itself with dress shirts, the pairs of jeans morphed into wool trousers and tailored slacks with extra-long inseams. A dozen muddy sneakers shifted into three dozen polished leather dress shoes in the blink of an eye: loafers, oxfords, captoes, saddles. Where there were once ratty hoodies now hung bespoke suit jackets and sport coats in every necessary color and pattern.

Miscellaneous cables meant for long-gone gaming systems, stuffed into a drawer and forgotten about, unspooled into rows of neatly sorted neckties, while their metallic ends clattered free and became a lifetime's collection of expensive cufflinks. Above them hung an impressive assortment of suspenders and belts, sorted by color.

The young man's undergarments changed too, his boxers now replaced with much larger briefs. Most of them were made from cotton and came in basic colors like black or gray, but there were a few silkier versions in brighter hues such as pink or turquoise, almost as if they were meant for a muscleman to wear on stage when he was showing off his body.

By the time the closet had been filled up, it was clear that this space belonged to an extremely formal and professional man. There wasn't any room for casual clothing here; not even a pair of jeans squeezed its way in. The aroma of a musky cologne filled the air.

Seth felt like he was in a dream, a nightmare, but he couldn't look away. His breathing quickened as he ran his hands over his brand new dress shirt that had just changed before his eyes. He raised his hands to his face and gasped when he realized that they looked different too. His fingers were longer, more elegant, and his nails were perfectly manicured. It had all happened so fast that Seth felt like he was still processing his dizziness, let alone his new

clothing, and now the pulling started again, more intense than ever. It was like some kind of supernatural massage, rough hands tugging at his shoulders and back and limbs all at once, as if a team of large men were working him over to iron out every lean muscle in his body. His hair felt alive, each follicle waving gently as it receded into his head. Behind his lips, his teeth straightened to properly align with the new shape and strength of his jaw.

And all the while, Seth was sprouting taller and taller in the middle of the room, the best stretch he'd ever had. He felt so relieved that a deep laugh escaped his lips—once again not his usual laughter, but the loud and resonant tone he'd found so alarming.



The masculine laugh was like a bucket of ice water being dumped on him. His eyes snapped open and he looked down in shock at his tall body clad in formal dress clothes. “Wai-wait a minute! What’s going on here?!” he demanded, his voice slipping and sliding up and down the scale like a kazoo. He spun around to look at the whiteboard and saw, with horror, that it was blank now. “I didn’t do that! Is someone else in here? My name’s Seth, I don’t even go here, I was just messing around...”

No response came from the empty room, but Seth could feel a strange energy pulsing around him. It was like he was caught in a tornado, but instead of wind, it was a whirlwind of magic. He reached down to rub his sweaty palms on his pants and realized they weren’t jeans anymore, but dress trousers fit for a gentleman. The light seemed to shift around them as he stared, changing their color to vibrant electric blue. “I was just messing around, really,” he repeated. “I didn’t mean for anything to happen.” He nervously ran his hand across the smooth surface of his hair, swept back neatly from his face. His fingers moved down through his sideburns and across his rough cheeks...his hairy chin...the cheeks were sparse, but otherwise it felt like he was dangerously close to having a...a...



Seth jerked his hand away. “Stop!” he said, accidentally prompting his voice to plummet an octave. “Now wait a minute, whoever you are...I was just kidding!”

A jolt ran through him, sending a tingling warmth down his spine and into the depths of his stomach. He could feel it course through his veins, like an army on a mission he wasn't willing to partake in. His once-slim waist gradually began to expand as his belt loosened two notches, and he was aware that his shirt seemed to be shrinking by the second. He was aware of the changes in himself too; his vocal cords felt thicker and longer, deepening his voice with each word. The taste of salty saliva lingered on his tongue, reminding him of the new facial hair protruding from every corner of his face. He could *feel* the fullness of his beard without even touching it, each whisker a proud part of his face. “This is too much...I don't want to *actually* become a professor! I didn't mean what I said!”



But the pulsing energy in the room only intensified, as if it were feeding on his panic and fear. Seth clenched his fists, trying to push down the anxiety that was bubbling up inside of him, but it was like trying to hold back a tsunami. "I'm not good at anything! I don't even know what I'm supposed to teach!" He hoped the newfound authority in his voice would convince whatever was doing this to him to stop, but instead he felt his legs pop a bit longer and his feet stretch in his shoes. The onslaught of hormones inside his body broadened his chest and shoulders and strengthened his muscles, pushing him firmly into adulthood and giving him the unmistakable shape of a grown man. A strange sensation starting in his fingers got him to open his fists, and he watched as his hands slowly started to morph into those of an adult, their size increasing with each passing moment. His veins began to protrude and his nails thickened and widened.

"I'm a...man?" he mumbled, realizing it was the first time he'd referred to himself as such. It was always 'boy,' or 'guy,' never 'man.' He felt his face warm as more whiskers pushed out from his skin, thickening his beard. His nipples protruded from his elegant dress shirt, the silky fabric soothing the itchiness that came when long, coarse hairs began to sprout around his areolae. The weight gain of adolescence sped up to match his taller stature, filling out his frame with needed mass. His ass and thighs grew round. His neck became thicker. Extra pounds flowed from his waistline, pushing against his youth-sized belt until Seth had difficulty catching his breath. When the cheap canvas ripped free and the buckle burst off, it was a relief. The tattered belt flipped itself up over Seth's chest, and he jolted like he was being attacked by a snake, until he saw the two ends fasten to the top of his pants and he realized...

"Aw, no, I hate suspenders. I don't wanna wear suspenders, they're dorky!" His opulent bass sounded ridiculous when he whined. He groaned as he felt the suspenders tighten and pull his trousers higher. "I guess at least they're not glas-"

He was cut off before he could complete the word. Something flew across the room like a bullet and wrapped around his face.

Seth jumped and immediately pulled whatever it was off of himself. "-glasses," he finished, looking at a new pair of spectacles in his hand. He got one good glimpse at them before his vision went blurry, like a telescope knocked out of focus. Seth blinked and rubbed his eyes, but the world was now one big smear. "No no no...fuck!" He slid the glasses onto his nose as a test. Immediately, his vision snapped into sharp clarity. It was the perfect prescription for him.



His hand moved to caress the lush beard he couldn't believe he had. His fingers ran across the gray hairs scattered around his chin as he said in an earnest tone, "I'm not a professor. I don't want to be a professor, I really don't."

He released his beard and held his hands in front of his face. They were huge. Brawny. The skin stretching across them was leathery and thick, covered in hair and bulging veins. Their power contrasted with the elegance of his clean white cuffs. They were a man's hands, not his. He clenched them into fists and felt hair spreading on his forearms, marching upwards like an army about to invade. Seth braced himself, pushing out his bigger chest far enough to pop another button open, and bit his lip as he felt hair begin to bristle across his body. Becoming a man was more than just getting taller - so much more. His crisp dress clothes hid the changes, but he could feel them; hair sprouting under his arms and covering his legs. His underwear filled with a dense curly bush that spread under his balls and across his ass.

"I don't want this. Please, I don't want this!" Seth said, as his sideburns turned gray.



The pheromones blessing him with a thick, luscious coat of body hair were also changing his fragrance. The smell in the room - his cheap body spray - morphed into a fragrant, natural aroma that spoke to his manhood. A splash of expensive cologne rose up around the collar of his shirt and was drawn into his nose. He was becoming increasingly masculine. Seth closed his eyes trying to ignore his apprehension, inhaling deeply of the cologne and feeling his shirt become tighter with each breath. His suspenders slipped closer to his armpits as his chest broadened, pushing out against the fabric of his shirt.

Breathe in, breathe out...

"Why is this happening to me...I don't want this to happen to me!" he said, the deep reverberations of his voice jostling the room. "This is a big mistake. I don't know how to teach anything!"

At the beautiful house a few miles away, a small patch of backyard grew into an acre of plush landscaping. The flat terrain sprouted well-manicured grass and colorful trees growing in neat rows. Near the center was a bubbling koi pond, the fat fish swimming happily beneath a churning waterfall feature. Next to it was a wooden bench positioned under a grand weeping willow, a lush hideaway for daydreaming and escapism.

Behind the colonial, roses bloomed from a trellis, their sweet scent filling the air. The sound of running water could be heard from the nearby pond, its gentle flow promoting tranquility. In the distance, a symphony of birds chirped and sang, the melody as beautiful as any orchestrated by human hands.

The highlight of the backyard paradise was an elaborate rock garden, featuring granite figures carefully placed amongst the heavy rocks. Whoever had put it together was powerful enough to move the stones, and gentle enough to appreciate their beauty.

Seth let out a deep sigh of dismay as he leaned against a desk, feeling completely disoriented in his new skin. "This can't be happening...", he muttered to himself. His only solace was the feel of the fabric of his shirt on his fingertips. His body was solid to the touch, having shed the softness of youth. An irritating urge to scratch his hairy testicles kept creeping up on him, but he refused to give in to the sensation. He thought if he pretended his body hair wasn't there then maybe it would disappear. He put his hands in his pockets to keep them from straying.

"Is it...over?" he whispered hopefully. The strange feelings coursing through his body had subsided, because the current changes were happening in a place where there were no nerves: his hair. His formerly dark locks were lightening to shades of white, gray, and silver, along with a large patch of white now visible on his chin from his beard.



“Please be over, please be over...” Seth said.

The basement of the colonial house was filled with a deafening clanging that surely would have awoken the occupants had they been present. Metal grinded against metal as structures assembled themselves out of nothingness. The concrete floors, deliberately unfinished, amplified the metallic bangs as a towering squat rack finished building itself and slammed into the corner. Next to it were two racks of heavy dumbbells and a bench press with stacks of plates next to it. A cable machine joined the party too, then two more benches.

Along one wall hung floor-to-ceiling mirrors; on the opposite were shelves stuffed full of trophies depicting nude, flexing men. Below them, a wall covered in chalkboard paint was filled with tidily written workout programs and strategic notes for each lift. A bathroom off to the side existed to provide an enormous walk-in shower big enough for even the widest of shoulders and chests to clear entry.

It was the perfect representation of the bodybuilder lifestyle—dedication and effort rewarded with muscle and strength. This was not the home gym of someone who walked for 25 minutes in the morning while watching the news. This was an arena of testosterone and devotion. The air was thick with the smell of sweat and cum. A pile of crusty jock straps and posing briefs sat off to the side, waiting to be laundered.

The table supporting Seth emitted a loud creak, making him jump away in anticipation that it might break. He noticed his clothes were fitting tighter against his skin, and he groaned in frustration. "I hate wearing this crap," Seth said as he looked down at himself. His stomach was sticking out like a rock wall, with buttons threatening to pop off from the strain. He nervously pressed his thighs together when he felt them get warm, dreading another expansion. "No more," he begged before his waistline grew and his pants were pulled tight around him. "No more!"

Seth stumbled forward, struggling to keep his balance as the sensation of hundreds of workouts surged through him. His pecs and butt were twitching, the muscle fibers stretching and growing from years of intense lifting, and his thighs were cramping up. His arms were stiff from the exertion, too sore to move. With each step he felt himself getting stronger and bigger as his body adjusted to its new limits. He could feel it all over—the slow burn in every muscle fiber, the aching pulsing through his veins. He was becoming something else entirely; something far beyond what he could have ever imagined before. His breath came in short bursts as he fought against his own body's resistance.

Seth bent over and groaned, feeling weight shift up to his chest as his shirt stretched tighter over his engorged pecs. Gravity pulled on them and Seth moaned as he felt them swell bigger and rounder, pouring out of the front of his shirt. He couldn't believe his clothes transformed specifically for this body and *still* didn't fit. This was all proof that he had become a different person; an entirely new man molded to someone's idea of perfection.

Closing his eyes, Seth tried to get a hold on reality again, but he could still feel the strain on every fiber of muscle in his body – even through all these clothes! He had no idea how much longer he could keep this up before bursting right out of everything if he didn't get some relief soon. His body was already completely unrecognizable as his own; by his estimation, he was six inches taller and over a hundred pounds heavier. And his muscles were getting scary big.

People were surely going to gawk at him, especially considering the close-fitting outfit he had on now. The fabric clung to each bulging vein, and his nip-

“UNNNGHH!”

He'd pressed against his nipples in an attempt to flatten them out. The touch felt like being struck by lightning — his body electrifying from the inside out and leaving him breathless in its wake. Red flushed his cheeks and sweat dotted his brow as he experienced arousal like never before.

As a teenager, an erection was usually seen as an annoyance. As a man deeply connected with his primal masculine nature, it was a call to mate and reproduce — two activities Seth had never used his penis for prior to this moment. It stirred something deep within him that he never knew existed; a primal need that threatened to consume him if he allowed himself too close. He tried to remain composed, but the more he willed himself, the further away his control seemed. His arms felt like they were growing larger than life and his shoulders broadened to take up the width of one of the classroom whiteboards, with bulging trapezius muscles draping like boulders over his upper back. He leaned against one whiteboard and watched his shadow spread wider across it without him doing a thing. As his broad back expanded, the soft fabric of his shirt gyrated against his nipples, sending shockwaves of desire through him. “Don't touch them, don't touch them,” Seth reminded himself.

He gritted his teeth as the prickly sensation of his newly grown whiskers brushed against his lips. He had almost forgotten about his beard and mustache, which were getting so large and thick that he could see them if he just looked down. With each passing moment, he felt his beard grow longer and thicker, adding to the itchiness building up inside him, aching for a good scratch. The thought of not shaving it off immediately after changing back crossed his mind, but he couldn't imagine getting through this without a razor.

His beard was the crowning glory of his manhood, he knew. It was the kind of beard that represented pure virility, like he had accumulated so much manliness that it had no choice but to burst forth from his face in physical form. He knew it would garner compliments and jealous looks everywhere he went. He ran a hand through the thick mass of bristles, feeling them curl around his fingers before springing back into place. It felt soft and inviting against his skin, yet it still served as a stark reminder of how much he'd changed in such a short amount of time.

“I'm not supposed to be a professor. This wasn't supposed to happen,” Seth moaned.

The glorious beard was growing faster now, like a peacock unfurling its full spectacular plumage. Seth felt the sensation of it tickling his neck and chin as it grew longer, thicker, and grayer. He couldn't believe how quickly he had gone from clean shaven - hairless, really - to having a lush mane sprouting from his face. And since a big beard necessitated a big mustache, he was getting one of those too. His once-bare upper lip now overflowed with thick hair that divided neatly down the center and just kept growing longer and grander until his morning peach

fuzz had fully morphed into a princely Hungarian handlebar. His beard and mustache were becoming his signature, the first thing anyone would notice about him.



“How’m I gonna shave this shit off?” he muttered, mustache flapping over his lips. He wasn't used to needing anything more than a basic two-dollar disposable razor and had no idea where to even begin when it came to taking care of such a full beard. Once he did manage it, would he have to spend time every morning shaving off gray whiskers in order to look his age again?

This wasn't just a transition to a bigger man. This was a transition to an older man. An older man with a full, luxurious head of hair. Even as he stood there, looking down at himself, his beard kept growing — filling out, graying, and curling deeper into its luxurious design. He ran a

hand through it, watching it spread out and curl against the collar of his dress shirt. It was like he had a perfectly tailored beard. A perfectly tailored beard that he couldn't shave right this second.

Down, down, down his whiskers grew, his majestic beard stretching down into the open collar of his shirt. The ends of the long whiskers gently touched his chest, and as if passing a baton, his pecs began to twitch and bounce. "No, please," Seth moaned, "I'm not r-ready," and without thinking he grabbed his chest.

His pecs thrust forward, and Seth was too consumed with pleasure to keep his shirt shut. His buttons popped from the strain of his muscles increasing in size, forming massive mountains that pushed against his suspenders and escaped from underneath his clothes. "FUUUCK!" he groaned, unable to believe what was happening to him. He tried to keep his tits contained within his shirt, but they just kept getting bigger and firmer. They were starting to look like bodybuilder pecs, so comically huge they couldn't fit inside tank tops, and they wouldn't stop growing. "Oh please— oh FUCK—"

Seth grabbed handfuls of his chest, desperately trying to keep his shirt on as his swelling pecs burst out and shoved his hands away. He tried to push back against the force, but his biceps were hampered by their own massiveness. His nipples had become so rigid that he didn't realize he was squeezing them until a wave of pleasure reverberated through him down to his penis. With tremendous effort, Seth managed to hold back an orgasm; however, this final strain caused one more surge in chest size before it settled. His dress shirt clung tightly - almost like a second skin - around these amazing muscles. It was the largest chest he'd ever seen, and it was HIS! Guys weren't supposed to be the ones who had big tits!

"Unh...fuck...FUCK..." Seth moaned, flicking sweat off his forehead. His body was completely transformed. Unrecognizable. Not one piece of the real Seth remained. He had shoulders and arms that made Schwarzenegger look like he'd never so much as picked up weight in his life. His body was so much wider now, and his chest was so broad and bulging that his clothes looked totally clownish on him. He felt like he was ready to lift cars with his bare hands. He didn't know men could look like this.

He forced himself to stand upright and stretched his limbs. His muscles had tensed up so much during the transition that when they began to relax, his body felt even bigger, and his clothing strained harder against his massive frame. He attempted to close the buttons of his shirt, but his tits - and back and shoulders - were far too big for it.

He hated that that made him almost cum.

Fuck, what was he gonna do?! He couldn't go home like this, and Adrianna wasn't going to recognize him. He took his phone out of his pocket and unlocked it with one press of his thumb, however, he had no idea who any of the contacts were as he scrolled through them. There were no social media apps either, just boring shit like finance and news. He opened his email app,

saw the Dravelay logo, and tossed the phone onto the desk like it was a stick of dynamite. It had to be a professor's phone!

"I'm not a professor. I'm not a fucking professor," he mumbled. Professors didn't look like this. His pecs and abs pressed at the seams of his shirt, threatening to burst the rest of the buttons off. He ran a hand over one of his arms and the second he felt the hardness of his muscles, he nearly came again. Could he really be a man with muscles like this? Really? How was this even possible?

One thing was for sure, he had to get the fuck out of here. He didn't know where he was going to go, but this particular room was creepy as shit. He grabbed the mystery phone and ran straight for the door, nearly tripping over his big feet as he took his first steps as an enormous bodybuilder. But as he stretched his hand out to turn the doorknob, the door opened from the other side and knocked him back. A group of students walked in, each of them nodding respectfully - nervously? - at him. A particularly gregarious one said, "Hi, Dr. Strong!"



“Uhm...hello,” Seth replied. He was not expecting them to talk to him. Maybe he looked like someone they knew?

The lecture hall had multiple entrances and started to fill up faster than Seth expected. More students trailed in and took their seats. Laptops and 3-ring binders were opened, accompanied by the clicking of ballpoint pens. Every few seconds, another student would walk by and say “Hey, Dr. Strong!”

The horrifying truth sank into Seth’s stomach like a ball of lead: they thought *he* was their teacher.

Seth felt like an animal in a zoo. The more students trailed in, the more eyes he felt lingering on him, even as the groups continued to chat and settle. He needed to get out of here. He couldn’t teach a fucking class. He’d never taught anything in his life! He didn’t even know what subject this was!

He took an apprehensive step towards the nearest door, cautious of his own body as he moved. His movements felt unnatural with his huge muscles and tailored clothes; he couldn’t walk in the same way he used to. The mass of his biceps and triceps made him roll his shoulders as the power of his chest heaved up and down. And his butt...it bounced in his pants, glutes gyrating against each other, stretching his seams to the breaking point. Each step felt even more dangerous than the last, as if his butt was about to explode out of his trousers—

Oh fuck! It was growing! Seth backed up to the teacher’s desk and used it as a shield for his rear. His eyes widened as he stared at the students, while his ass ballooned into two humongous basketballs that protruded from his waist like a precipice. His briefs slid up between the huge cheeks, taking Seth’s breath away as he felt his new thong hoist his giant man ass imperiously high. He couldn’t turn around; he was stuck in front of over a hundred students, staring back at them as more poured in.

Seth was flustered and embarrassed, ripe with sweat. The room seemed to be getting hotter by the second; it was like he was in a sauna. He was hoping that if he blended into the background, the students would stop looking at him and just go about their business.

But no such luck. A young man wearing a hoodie walked by him and openly ogled his muscled rack. “Hey, Dr. Strong. Chest day?” Seth just smiled weakly and looked down at his tits, embarrassed. Fuck, why’d they have to be so big?

He was still staring at his chest when he realized someone had addressed him directly. His vision moved a few inches forward, over his mountainous pecs, and down at the girl standing in front of him. She was about his age and nearly a foot shorter. “Sorry, what?” Seth replied, forgetting she probably thought he was her teacher.

“The midterm. Will it take the entire class?” she asked.

“Midterm?” Seth blinked. His mouth went dry.

“Yeah, the midterm. It’s still next week, right?,” the student answered. “I got an evening shift at work and I don’t want to let it go because the tips are so good, but they scheduled me for ten minutes after class ends, so I need to let them know if I’m going to be late. That’s all.”

“Oh, uh...” Seth hesitated to answer. “It will probably take the whole time,” he said, his tone rising as if it were a question. She gave him an odd look, so he tried to project a sense of authority by standing straighter and clearing his throat. “Yes, you should plan on staying for the full duration of class.”

A surge of dopamine flooded Seth's brain instantly. The girl let out a sigh and took her seat, leaving him reflecting on how commanding he'd sounded. No wonder his teachers were always power tripping; it was an incredible rush! He'd really acted like a professor, firm but approachable.

Never in his life had he spoken in public or led anything at all. His palms were clammy and his heart thumped within his giant chest, but he could tell that he was respected in this room even though he hadn't done anything to deserve it. He mustered up some courage and said, "How's everyone doing today?" His own voice startled him as he heard it reverberate around the room. It was a gruff and masculine sound, the most macho thing he had ever heard.

Only a few students replied with barely audible murmurs mostly consisting of one word, “good.” Others were still talking and taking their seats. Seth chuckled at the meek response and put his hands on his hips. “You guys are shy today.”

“You’re intimidating,” one girl in the front commented with a smirk, as if it were an oft-repeated statement. Seth chuckled good-naturedly and flared his lats wide—it earned him a few gasps from his audience. His pectoral muscles expanded so much that it almost appeared as if they were going to rip his suspenders apart. His eyeglasses bounced slightly on the bridge of his nose, and he adjusted them as he tried to steal a look at a student’s binder so he could deduce what subject he was supposed to teach.

Finally, it dawned on him that he could just use his phone. He dug the mystery device out of his pocket and searched “Dr. Strong Dravelay.”

The top result was a faculty page on Dravelay’s official website: *Dr. Sebastian A. Strong. Co-Director of Undergraduate Studies; Senior Lecturer on Physics.*

Seth’s heart sank as he read the last word. That was bad. That was very, very bad. No subjects would be *good*, but Physics?! He barely understood gravity! His performance in science classes had been reliably disastrous for his entire life; there was no way he could teach at one of the top universities in the country. What was he thinking...he wasn’t qualified to teach *anything!*

Another revelation came to him: he could just end class now. After all, he was the professor! He opened his mouth to tell everyone to go home.

What came out was, “Let’s get started. Quiet down please, thank you. First of all, I’m assuming all of you have some idea of what ‘special relativity’ means. There are two theories of relativity, one is special theory, one is the general theory. General theory is something we will not go into in any detail. Special theory, we will do in reasonable detail. It’s good to begin by asking some of you...what is your present understanding of what the subject is all about?”

His tone was calm, but his expression was not. Seth was bug-eyed as he looked over the sea of students, searching for a raised hand. He didn’t know about physics or teaching, how the fuck could he be a physics teacher—

“Right, right. Let’s be clear, relativity is not a new theory. It is a very old one. It was around long before Einstein. There was a theory of relativity at the time of Newton. And that’s where I’d like to begin.”

Seth was stunned that he’d kept talking, each word flowing out of his mouth like a river. He was even more amazed that the students were paying close attention to what he was saying. In spite of his anxiety, he couldn’t help feeling powerful—his words were being taken in, and he was conveying knowledge, even if it was knowledge he didn’t have.

No, he corrected himself, he clearly *did* have it, since he was teaching it. It was tucked away somewhere in his mind and had been unexpectedly brought out for the first time. He listened to the words coming from his mouth as if tuning into a radio station. “So when I said that everything looks the same, I really meant that the laws of Newton continue to be the same. Because if the laws of Newton are the same, everything will look the same. What happens when you throw something in the air? What happens when two billiard balls collide? Everything is connected to the laws of Newton.”

Something about his incredible speaking voice made even the most mundane scientific concepts fascinating. Seth wondered if he was actually bad at science or if he’d just had bad teachers. Maybe if Sebastian Strong were his teacher, he’d have listened better and absorbed more, like these students were. Although he could see a few of them staring at his torso instead of his face or their notes. They were probably admiring the jaw-dropping mass of his pecs, and his beautiful chest hair, and his protruding nipples, and the way his dress shirt shimmered in the light. He couldn’t blame them. He’d stare too.

A few snickers from his audience brought Seth down from his cocky haze, and he realized he’d started pacing while he spoke, briefly forgetting about his big muscle ass. Now the whole class could view it projecting straight out from his backside. Seth blushed beneath his beard, but he

felt pride, not shame. So what if he had a huge butt? It was because he was strong as an ox. He could lift a car off the ground. None of his students could do that.

Not *his* students – Dr. Strong’s students, who he happened to be teaching today, not that they could tell the difference. They didn’t have to know they were learning physics from a terrible science student. Instead, they were watching him closely, following along like a group of ducklings, hanging on his every word. He felt such a connection with them. College was much different from high school, where he was always being made to take classes he didn’t want to take. Here, everyone was passionate about their studies.

“Now let’s show once and for all that the laws of Newton are not going to be modified. So let’s do the following...” Seth turned and swaggered to the whiteboard, his gigantic back casting a shadow over it. He uncapped a marker and drew a straight line with several notches across it. “...here is the x-axis, and here is my frame of reference. We’ll label this ‘o’, for ‘origin’. Of course, this goes to positive and negative ‘x’ values. Now pick some object sitting at the point ‘x’. Now we are going to first define the notion of an event. An event is something that happens at a certain place at a certain time...” He wrote “event (x, t)” on the board and stopped. His handwriting was different now. No surprise, but instead of the chicken scratch his teachers always criticized, he’d written tidily and, most importantly, legibly. His hand was muscled to the tips of his fingers, bulging with veins.

When he realized his chest was pressing into the board, he stepped back to make sure he hadn’t gotten any marker on his beautiful shirt. He smiled down at his furry tits, his beard brushing his collarbone. Fuck, muscles were so beautiful...

He realized the room was silent. “Apologies,” he coughed. “Something in my throat. So, this is space-time. Once again, space-time doesn’t require Einstein coming in at all. For thousands of years, we’ve known that if you want to meet with somebody, you have to know where and you have to know when...” He continued scribbling on the whiteboard, his lats twitching with each stroke of the marker. He felt energized, alive. He didn’t even know that he could be this good at something. It was a strange feeling, being in control of a classroom and imparting knowledge to eager minds. He had never felt so powerful in his life. His muscles pulsed with energy, his mind sharp as a razor. He was teaching, and it felt amazing. It felt...right.

The elegant colonial manor across town had no use for a teenage boy’s gaming room. What was once stacks of PlayStation and Xbox games packed on shelves now became rows and rows of leather-bound books. The television console burst forth into an elegant wooden desk, while the TV reshaped itself into a modern desktop computer and the gaming system became a Tiffany lamp.

The superhero film poster pinned up on the wall, received for free at a grocery store giveaway, tore apart as it turned into several framed degrees - undergraduate, graduate, PhD and

honorary. A bean bag chair changed shape to become a high-end Eames chair and ottoman, surrounded by more shelves full of books. Awards and family photos filled up any remaining blank spaces, with a sword won at a bodybuilding contest propped up against one corner and busts of Galileo and Newton from travels around Europe nearby.

Finally, a large wingback swivel chair slid into its place at the desk, reinforced for someone of considerable size. With cinnamon and paper scenting the air, it was now the perfect office for a hardworking gentleman to continue his pursuits.

The stately bodybuilder with the booming voice did not appear to be lacking in confidence. Seth was rapidly getting over his concerns over his ability to teach. It came to him so easily, it was like he'd been doing it for years. And there was something else, too, something he couldn't quite put his finger on. He was filled with a sense of power, an almost intoxicating feeling that seemed to emanate from his muscles. As he spoke, his biceps bulged and his chest swelled, his voice growing richer and more commanding. His students stared at him, rapt, as if he were a god among men.

He could sense their growing admiration, their awe at his knowledge and his strength. It was an odd sensation, being admired for his physical prowess while also being respected for his intelligence. He was used to feeling like he didn't quite belong. But now, in this moment, he felt like he was exactly where he was meant to be.

Seth pushed back against this thought as best as he could without interrupting the flow of his lecture. It was unthinkable for him to be a professor at Dravelay; he wasn't even old enough to be a student there! Any full-time job was too much work at his age, let alone being an internationally heralded academic.

But if he were a bit older, it wouldn't be out of the question. No more worrying about his grades, or getting sucked into bullshit teen drama, or getting grounded by his parents. He'd be a grown man in full control of his life, just like he had full control over this class.

Seth looked down at his new body, reveling in the freedom it gave him. He was able to move with such ease, he didn't even have to worry about tripping when he walked across the room anymore. He looked like he had been born for this. It was a liberating notion, and suddenly he wanted to explore every inch of his newfound form. It was so massive, so muscular, so...perfect. He was meant to be this impressive, to be this strong and this smart. He never would have thought that he was good enough to teach a class to college students, but now he knew he could really do it. In fact, he felt like could do anything.

Seth felt that confidence radiating from the top of his sleek gray hair to the soles of his beautiful shoes, but it especially surrounded his hairy testicles, which were growing bigger by the second. His fly rounded outward as a mound of meat swelled between his legs. Seth almost groaned

with pleasure as his balls were squeezed tightly against the silky fabric of his underwear's pouch. His shaft coiled over itself as his bulge swelled in size, becoming so big it was visible from even the back row; oversized manhood for an oversized man.

That was how Seth felt now: like a man. There was no 'boy' left in him. Beneath his grand beard, the volume in his face had dissolved, hollowing his features into firm angles and chiseled handsomeness. The wrinkles he now sported only made him more attractive and masculine.

To achieve manhood was an accomplishment; to become a man like Dr. Sebastian Strong was a high honor, like being knighted. It took considerable work to prepare a place in the world for someone as powerful and influential as he. A fierce magic encompassed Seth, growing more volatile and wilder with each change, pouring off his hulking frame like a waterfall threatening to drench anyone who got too close.

As with most classes, the first row of the lecture hall was the last to be filled. Most of its occupants arrived after Dr. Strong had already begun his lecture, hurrying to their seats right beneath the professor's gaze. The neck-craning view of everyone else in the room was daunting, and they knew that any time spent on their phones or computers would be instantly noticed.

None of them wanted to be called on, not the six young women who'd found themselves sitting there, nor the four young men. The latter group was composed of a ragtag assortment of collegiate stereotypes, none of whom knew each other.

There was Nebraska's Riley Voyt, bookish and anxious, who knew his struggle to focus made him a poor front row candidate. Today was no different, as he fidgeted in his seat and tried to concentrate on the lecture. He felt like he had already processed the information Dr. Strong was presenting, but kept finding himself going over it again and again in his head.

Dion Park, to Riley's right, was absorbed in whatever was on his laptop screen; a common occurrence for the computer science major from Illinois who couldn't seem to get enough of machines. Jonah Ridgeley was two seats down from Dion, a psychology major from Maine whose parents had met at Dravelay but whose own collegiate dreams seemed to be leading elsewhere. He was too much of a free spirit for this place.

The last of their quartet was Ben Hutchison from rural Georgia, who'd been the smartest kid around back home, but now felt like he hardly measured up among his peers here at college.

As their professor paced back and forth in front of them, none of the boys felt the invisible cloud of enchantment that surrounded them. Little did they know that every move he made was like the fluttering wings of a butterfly sending ripples through time, altering everything around them until there was nothing left to change but them too.

The young men couldn't help but to admire their professor's physique, starting with a sudden surge of arousal. Their nipples pebbled against their t-shirts and their crotches tightened in response to the sight of him. Their breathing grew more rapid as they took in every inch of his body--from his bulging muscles straining against the fabric of his shirt, to his thick beard that shimmered with health, to the deep voice that made the room tremble. Everything about Dr. Strong made them want to improve themselves, and some small improvements were made, like how Ben's receded temples filled back in with lush hair, or Dion's crooked teeth shifted to be as straight and white as a movie star's.

Dr. Strong's command of physics was contagious, and the four students - Riley, Dion, Jonah and Ben, none of them majoring in the subject - were beginning to understand every word he uttered. Their eyes stayed glued to the professor as they sat taller in their chairs, feeling a growing excitement and energy within them.

Riley absentmindedly reached up to readjust his shirt collar before realizing he wasn't wearing one. It was strange; he thought he'd always worn dress shirts just like Dr. Strong's. Riley irritably yanked at the crewneck of his t-shirt until it ripped down the center, morphing into the tall collar he desired. His parents were put off by his formal style initially, but their admiration grew as they saw his newfound interest in bodybuilding and physics. Every time he went home on break, he was more of a man. His muscles became thick and bulging, straining against his clothes and popping open his buttons to show off his newly sprouted chest hair. He'd grown five inches taller and his voice had dropped to a deep bass, but the most remarkable change was the growth of his beard; what had been nonexistent at the beginning of college was now a glorious cape that met in a point above his chest, like an arrow directing the eye to his gorgeous tits. When he switched his major to physics and declared himself R. Charles Voyt instead of Riley C. Voyt, his family was taken aback, but Charles held firm in becoming the gentleman he strived to be.

Dion's seat groaned as he stretched out eight inches, his small body becoming tall and toned. The buttons on his old polo shirt popped off with such force they nearly cracked his laptop screen. His biceps roiled and bloated beneath his skin, gaining inches of mass in seconds before his whole body widened out. Broad shoulders and curved lats reshaped his skinny frame into an athlete's. Each pulse of growth sent reverberations through him and shook more hair out of his head, his buzzcut lengthening the bigger he grew. His pointy jaw broadened into a chiseled square, and as he proudly clenched it, stubble burst through the skin. He'd always wanted a beard, but thought his Korean heritage made it impossible; now the whiskers were swirling together, coating his jaw with even more manliness, and soon the five o'clock shadow had become a beard - a beard that was growing longer and more magnificent with each passing moment. The big Asian bodybuilder whipped his head back as a wave of long black hair cascaded down to his shoulders, accompanied by an impressive full beard that reached his chest. His suspenders were shoved toward his armpits as his smooth, tanned pecs ballooned out of his newly acquired skintight dress shirt.

While Dion grew a mane worthy of Tarzan, Jonah's long hair was getting shorter. He scratched at the back of his neck, wondering why he could feel it. The set of beads he'd woven into his long locks fell free, morphing into a row of white pearl buttons as soon as they hit his chest. Jonah tried to focus on Dr. Strong's lecture, but he was confused...he thought he had long hair, but maybe he'd cut it shorter...it was so much blonder when it was clean, the golden hue shining as he carefully styled it each morning into a side part worthy of a Kennedy. He'd gone to Dravelay styled as a bohemian hippie, but he just kept getting preppier and preppier. Perfect side parts, tailored dress shirts, shiny white teeth framed by dimples. His undefined features reshaped and realigned into modelesque bone structure, with cheekbones like cliffs and a jutting cleft chin. He was pretty. Really pretty. To offset some of the prettiness, he grew a beard—keeping it short to show off his chiseled jawline—and started working out with his buddies. Turning into a bodybuilder changed his beauty into full-blown handsomeness, more masculinity seeping into his features as his muscles grew large and brawny. He kept himself chiseled with daily swims at the club, carving out his 8-pack and keeping the divide between his pecs striated, which he was sure to show off with his rakishly unbuttoned shirts.

Ben arched his back as he tried to get comfortable. His clothes were so tight, and he worried he might have to buy new ones again, which was always an issue as a jobless college student. He'd managed to keep his expensive tastes a secret, but when he left Georgia, he changed his identity entirely. He began going by Bennett, his full name, which allowed him to burst out of the closet and become the most ultimate version of himself. Unlike Ben, a straight boy too preoccupied with lectures to exercise, Bennett was a jacked bodybuilder who loved having sex with beautiful, muscular men who would tell him he was beautiful and muscular too. Ben wore baggy hoodies and spoke in a bashful tenor; Bennett wore skintight dress shirts unbuttoned to his navel, threw his deep Southern drawl around to pick up hot guys, and proudly flaunted his big round chest and big round nipples that were begging to be suckled. Bennett had green eyes that sparkled mischievously as he seduced you. Bennett was tall and sophisticated and outrageously sexy. Bennett had a long, gorgeous beard that his dates loved to play with, and chest hair for them to bury their faces in. Bennett loved being a man, and he thrust his massive tits forward at his sexy professor, snapping the buttons of his formal shirt open as he pulled on his tight suspenders.

The palpable virility of the four horny young hunks swirled together with the invisible magic and blasted back at Seth in a wall of heat.

"Remember that. That will be on the test," Seth said as he peered at his students taking notes. Seizing the opportunity, he grabbed a bottle of water from the lectern and took a long swig to quench his thirst. Talking for an hour was hard work!

The water was refreshing, but his throat went dry again as he noticed four gorgeous young men looking worshipfully at him from the front row. They were all dressed like gentlemen, with well-groomed beards and bulging muscles they clearly wanted to display. He was aroused by

them, to his surprise. Seth hadn't experienced homosexual attraction before, nor had he ever thought of anyone as a "young man." He took another nervous sip of water as he realized he was thinking not only like a gay man, but like a middle-aged one. A daddy. A brawny, sexy muscle daddy. Seth's cock leapt with joy at the thought. His tits bounced in his shirt. Those young guns in the front row were stunning, but they weren't muscle daddies like him.

His fingers curled around the water bottle. No! He wasn't gay or middle-aged and he certainly wasn't a fucking "daddy." Even if he desired it, sleeping with any of the four sexy bodybuilders in front of him would be wrong—he was their teacher after all!

Fuck, no, there he went again...

"As I was saying, we all have some bias about the way natural laws were designed. We have faith that underlying laws of nature will have a certain elegance, and a certain beauty, and a certain uniformity..." Seth's voice lectured onward, but his mind focused on the words "elegance," "beauty," and "uniformity." He couldn't help but think how they described the four young men sitting in the first row in his classroom. He could imagine any one of them sitting on his lap, crotch moist and breath short as they whispered in his ear, "I want to be just like you, Daddy...teach me how to be like you...please, Sir..."

Seth positioned himself behind the lectern to hide his erection. He hadn't been turned on like this since he was a teenager. Which he still was, he reminded himself. Back then, he didn't have a giant, rock-hard pillar of masculinity in his pants...

His horny thoughts were interrupted by chairs creaking and backpacks zipping, and he saw a group of five girls leaving the class from the back. "Is it time to leave?" he asked.

One of the front-row beefcakes said in a lilting drawl, "It's a couple minutes past the hour, sir."

"Why didn't the bell ring?" Seth's thick eyebrows furrowed into an intimidating glare, but the handsome young man didn't react.

"We don't have a bell, sir. Classes don't all start at the same times."

"Oh, of course," Seth said, ashamed he hadn't known that. "Okay, we'll pick up at this point next time. Thanks everyone for being here."

Seth tried to cross his arms as he watched the students packing up, but due to the size of his chest, he resorted to resting his hands on his hips instead. The scent of his cologne lingered from his chest and made its way to his nose. As he took in a whiff of his own masculinity, Seth saw the four starry-eyed hunks from the front row standing around him.

"Afternoon, fellows," he said.

One of the men, a handsome long-haired Asian, said "Great lecture today, Dr. Strong!"

"Thank you, Dion." The name just plopped into his head, to Seth's relief. "I'm not always sure I'm getting through to people."

"You kidding?! We're all physics majors now because of you," Dion said, as his friends nodded eagerly. "You're one of the best professors at Dravelay."

"You really think so?"

"We all know it," chimed in a gorgeous blond with a side-part. "We were just talking about how you're essentially the perfect teacher. Your lectures are well-structured and easy to follow, even for people who don't always understand the concepts at first glance. You also don't dumb down your material so much that it's not challenging anymore. You're inspiring!"

"Inspiring..." That was when it dawned on Seth that not only were the guys all handsome and built, but they all were styled like...him. From their luxuriant beards to the polished tips of their dress shoes, they'd copied his aesthetic. "I inspire you," he said out loud. "That's an honor."

"That was why we wanted to talk to you, actually," the bedroom-eyed young man on Seth's left said. He spoke in a sultry Southern drawl. "We wanted to see if you'd come to our next Bodybuilding Club meeting. We'd schedule it whenever you were free."

"Bodybuilding Club?" Seth asked. "Do you all just work out together?"

"Yes, and exchange tips, hold each other accountable, that sort of thing."

"You probably know more than I do," Seth said. "When I was your age, I was skinny as a rail, can you believe that? And I couldn't grow a beard. You gentlemen are way ahead of me. By the time you're my age, you'll look better than I do."

"I don't think that's possible," the Southerner said with a flirty smirk.

"It's probably hard for you to imagine being 57 years old," Seth said, not realizing he knew his age. "But it's nothing to be afraid of. Couldn't grow an arm like this when I was 18." He flexed his left bicep and watched the fabric thin across the peak. The boys gasped.

"Can I touch it, sir?" the Southerner asked.

"Of course, young man. Let it inspire you." Seth grinned down at the lad as he squeezed and fondled the monster bicep. Pre-cum splashed into his briefs when he heard the kid's gasp of

admiration. “Sometimes I want to be young like you boys are,” Seth continued, “but then I remember I wouldn’t be this big anymore...”

His students’ faces were flush. They were all touching his bicep now. Seth flexed his right one too so they’d have more to squeeze.

“It’d be an honor to work out with you men,” Seth rumbled. “Maybe we could all teach each other a thing or two.”

“Just make us like you!”

Seth’s deep, manly laugh echoed through the classroom. The button below his pecs burst open as they swelled bigger. There was a wet spot on the front of his dress pants. But he kept flexing and posing for his admirers. “I’ll teach you everything I know, as long as you don’t mind working out with an old man!”

“You aren’t old, you’re perfect,” one of them moaned. Seth shot a pearl of cum into his thong. His spine curved in pleasure at the thought that he was becoming perfect now. He felt less like Seth and more like Sebastian; less like a teenager and more like an adult man. He wanted to take his clothes off and show the whole world his fully grown form, covered in graying hair and rugged muscles.

“Perfect?” Seth repeated, lowering his arms and pushing his chest out. “You think I’m the perfect professor?”

“Yes, and the perfect-” The Southerner cut himself off.

“Say it, Bennett,” Seth commanded.

“The perfect man.”

More cum shot into Seth’s pants. His mind bloomed with intelligence and wisdom as he released his tension and embraced the man he was becoming. The world quivered beneath his feet. His senses blossomed – sight, smell, sound, and touch – as if a whole new life was unfolding around him. He felt the lines of his immense body as if for the first time; he could feel his muscles expanding and contracting with each breath. He seemed to be everywhere at the same time; pacing around his magnificent colonial home, sitting in the driver’s seat of his car, lifting at the gym, occupying his office chair at work, and standing in front of a class teaching. Wherever he went, people were awestruck by his immense knowledge and stature.

Then, in his mind, he felt the tight constraint of an embrace. There was an arm slung across his narrow teenage shoulders, and it was the biggest arm he’d ever seen. He was pulled close against the massive, rippling frame of a tall bodybuilder, his face wedged between the man’s pec and bicep, both of which were bigger than his head. The bodybuilder’s formal white dress

shirt was unbuttoned past his chest, allowing his considerable chest hair to fluff out. Seth reached his hand across the man's pecs and began playing with it, and he heard a gentle, rumbling laugh. He looked up, over the man's incredible gray beard, and up into his kind eyes.

"Hello, Seth," said the deep voice. "Are you ready to become me?"

"Y-yes," Seth stammered, running his hand inside the man's shirt.

"Say it like you mean it, young man."

"Yes, I want to become you!"

"Good." The bodybuilder took his glasses off and slid them onto Seth's nose. They were too big for his face. "They suit you well," the man said, and leaned down and kissed Seth's forehead, then the tip of his nose, and finally his lips. Seth leaned against the mountain of muscle as their tongues intertwined. He felt the man's beard move onto his own face, and the silkiness of the dress shirt infect his own clothes. He was already cumming with excitement as he felt himself change, his muscles swelling to gargantuan size as he became the man he was always destined to be, the perfect man—

Dr. Strong's full manly load pumped into his pants, which would have embarrassed him greatly if he'd known it was happening. The four bodybuilders around him were cumming too, their moans floating into the hurricane of magic surrounding them, which was kind enough to dry their trousers and comb their hair, making them all presentable for the rest of the day.

The invisible force dissipated with a reverberation like thunder, and Sebastian's feet stomped hard into the ground like he'd just fallen from the ceiling. He looked at his giant hands and bulging pecs and smiled. "Sorry about that, gentlemen. I haven't quite been myself today, but I'm feeling fine now." He checked the tuck of his shirt and straightened his suspenders over his pecs. "Now let's discuss Bodybuilding Club. I have a gym in the basement of my house, you know. We could all do a workout there, then I could cook you dinner and we could discuss techniques. I'll invite my friends Dr. Orlando and Dr. Beaumont, you could bring anyone you want. How's that sound?"

"Amazing," they all sighed, a bit too excitedly.

Sebastian smiled. He recognized that youthful earnestness. It felt like just this morning he was their age. Maybe it was. He'd changed at some point in his life, he knew. And what a brilliant choice that had been, because now he was right where he was destined to be.