

The Man of His Dreams (Part Two)

By Soul-Controller

With the clock finally striking 5 AM the next morning, Rick found himself immediately sitting up upon hearing the first ring of his alarm clock. Upon turning off his alarm and getting to his feet, the bulky man sauntered his way into his bathroom where he quickly dropped his boxers and took a moment to relieve himself. Tilting his head back and yawning while using the other hand to scratch one of his hairy ass cheeks, the man couldn't help but think of the bizarre dream that he had. Instead of being the hunky red-blooded American man that he always knew himself to be, his dream involved him being some pathetic gay man who was an absolute loser in love. The concept was laughable, especially given the fact that Rick was well-known for his heartbreaker lifestyle and thick cock that left every woman he fucked quite satisfied according to their loud moans.

The weirdest part though was the fact that his dream self wasn't Caucasian but rather some Latino man named Ricardo Lopez. It was quite funny how his brain was able to pick a new identity so similar to his real name (Rick Lohman), but it was also somewhat bizarre to think about why he had dreamt that. Thinking more about it, he thought it must have been due to that queer that he had told off after getting home from his



construction worker job. It was absolutely disgusting to see some man flaunting around in some skin-tight crop top, which led to him saying that exact thing towards the weirdo. As he recollected further, the redneck had an aha moment as he recalled the man saying that Rick would feel differently if the shoe was on the other foot. That must have been it! His brain must have thought about how funny it was and thus gave him a nightmare about how that life could have been!

Just as he finished pissing, the man pulled up his boxers before opting to move past washing his hands. As he sauntered back into the bedroom after flushing the toilet, the man took an opportunity to look around his apartment and compare what it really looked like in comparison to the dream he seemingly had.

Upon looking over towards his living room, Rick slowly observed the room and found solace in recognizing the farm art that adorned his walls rather than the contemporary art pieces of gay lovers embracing he recalled from his dream. He was a rather simple man, so art that resembled his old home on the farm while he was stuck doing construction in a more “urban” city was a great way to prevent him from being homesick.

As he continued to think about his upbringing on his large farm, his eyes looked down at his coffee table to take note of the large magazine collection haphazardly displayed. Seeing the *Guns & Ammo* magazines along with his *Men's Health* copies led him to smile as he recalled working out with his pop or spending their weekends out hunting or shooting at the local gun range. It was definitely a far cry from the pop culture girly magazines that the dream version of himself seemingly read frequently! Rick wouldn't be caught dead even looking at one of those magazines let alone holding it and reading it!

After getting the relief of knowing that his dream was nothing more than some bizarre nightmare, the man was suddenly surprised as he felt a clump of clothing next to his feet. Upon looking down and grabbing the clump of clothing, the man was oblivious to the fact that the flannel and jeans that he was now holding were the old torn up crop top and skinny jeans that he had worn the previous day during his transformation. In this new life though, they were now reformed into Rick's favorite flannel and trusty (yet quite ratty) pair of jeans.

Thinking that they could be a good outfit to wear to work, Rick did a quick test to see whether they were clean enough by lifting each article up to his nose and giving them a quick sniff. While his pants weren't smelly, the slight dirt stains around his calves and knees indicated that they had already been worn. Despite this, they passed his clean test and thus were decided to be suitable for work. His flannel on the other hand was in pristine condition yet slightly smelled due to the ripe musk of the man's hairy armpits. While most people would find this to be a problem, there was nothing hotter to Rick than savoring his natural scent so both items were deemed worthy to wear for work. Luckily, his job was at a construction site anyway so the slight odor wouldn't be too out of place with his rugged co-workers!

Now eager to get ready so he can begin his day being the manliest man around and putting his body to grueling work, the man began to quickly pull on the jeans along with a random baseball cap he found on the couch due to him opting not to shower or fix his bedhead. The man was just able to finish buckling his jeans when a loud knock on the door interrupted him. Upon grunting in annoyance, Rick began to make his way over

towards the front door. Once he reached the door and turned the knob, the man's face turned into a sneer as he took a look at the random man standing on his doorstep.

"Can I help ya?" Rick growled, putting his hands on his waist as he pushed his bulky chest out to appear even more intimidating than usual. To his amusement, the move did the trick as the random stranger, who introduced himself as James, began to stutter while speaking.

It was through several attempts in which the strange man was finally able to state that he was here to check on Rick and find a way to change him back. This final statement caused the man's eyebrows to raise as he talked out of the side of his mouth. "The fuck do ya mean changin' me back?"

At this type of response, James' eyes widened upon realizing that the spell had seemingly reformed not only his friend's body but also his mind. "Ricardo, this isn't you dude. You're not some white redneck, you're a gay Latino man and my best friend," James exclaimed, realizing that he needed to further explain what was going on. "We were both depressed about not finding the men of our dreams so I made these dope-ass potions that would help us find our dream men. I misread the spell though because it was a spell that just turned us into our dream men. It turned me into a hunkier dark-haired version of myself, but you've completely changed *rac*es somehow and become some redneck!"



Immediately, alarm bells sounded in the gruff white man's head at the man's declaration of him being a straight man. Although the dream that Rick had the night prior was a perfect replication of what James was telling him his old life was, the hard-headed man was too caught up on his toxic masculinity and homophobia to pick up on that coincidence. Instead, he angrily stated that he wasn't "no queer" and thus said that James better get off of his property before he regrets it.

Upon seeing just how severely the potion had fucked with his friend's mind, James was growing increasingly frustrated by how far gone Ricardo had gone. In a last ditch effort, the man reached out into his pocket to pull out the potion vial that he had created. "Alright, I'm sorry bro, I didn't mean to offend you. I'm just going to leave this here and if

you want to drink it, you can and everything will go back to normal,” he said, his voice turning calming as if trying to tame the angry redneck bear in front of him. To James’ relief, it seemed as though the tactic worked as Rick extended out his open palm for the man to place the vial in. Once he dropped it off into the man’s hand, James began to take a few steps back as he awaited Rick’s response.

Unfortunately though, Rick’s seemingly eagerness to take the potion was just a ruse as he grabbed the fragile glass vial and chucked it towards the floor. James could only gasp in horror before the quick journey was over and the glass shattered upon impact, allowing the potion to spill all over the man’s front doormat (which had changed from a gay pride mat to an American flag mat). “Now get the fuck off my property before I chuck your queer ass down the staircase,” he angrily said, his nostrils flaring and eyes narrowing.

With no other options beyond getting assaulted, James made his leave, tilting his head down in shame as he made his way onto the elevator and began to return back to his own residence. As the elevator descended down to the ground floor, the man made his best plan to try and find a different way to get his friend to turn back to his old self.

Unfortunately for James though, it seemed as though he hadn’t picked up on the fact that his mental changes were already well underway. Throughout his conversation with

Ricardo, his phrases were slowly shifting to become more “bro-like”. With the changes well underway, the man wouldn’t be able to make it back to his apartment to make a new potion before the changes into a total himbo were in effect. At that point, he’d be far too dumb to understand a cooking recipe let alone a detail-specific reversal spell.



This worked out well for the new Rick though, as he had no desire to live a different life, especially since this one was so perfect already! As he finished getting dressed and began to make his leave towards the worksite, his recollection of taunting James had left the man’s cock eager for release due to his intense kink towards humiliating weak men. Luckily, with his hairy and beefy body along with those

rugged good looks of his, it would surely be a walk in the park to chat up some big-titted blonde at his favorite bar after work and lead her back to his place for some rough and kinky fun...