

**A RECOMMENDATION FROM DR. RUPERT D. WESTINGHOUSE**  
**by Aardvark**  
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*Thank you to [Trav Ramsey](#) for helping punch up the opening!*

“*Rupert?* Where’d you get Rupert?”

“It’s the name of Stewie’s bear in Family Guy,” Jerry chuckled, typing away on his laptop. Two feet away, on the other side of the couch, Nick watched the words materialize on his own computer screen via the magic of Google Docs. Every few moments, the typing would stop and there’d be a click, as Jerry scrolled through the built-in thesaurus to find a pretentious replacement for a more basic word. ‘Respected’ became ‘venerable,’ ‘great’ changed to ‘superlative.’

“Rupert D. Westinghouse. No one’s gonna believe that’s a real name,” Nick laughed. “But whatever.”

“That’s where you’re wrong, Nicky Fitz,” Jerry grinned, as he swapped ‘institution’ in for ‘school.’ “It’s so crazy that no one will think to look it up. I bet it’s a better fake name than, like, I dunno... ‘Mike Smith’ or something.”

Nick nodded. “Yeah, I guess that’s probably right.”

“Okay, so... I’mma make up a thing for this guy to be a doctor of.” Jerry’s brow knitted together and he stuck his tongue out at an odd angle. Nick sighed.

“Biology?”

“Too normal.”

“How is that a bad thing?”

“Because we gotta sell it!” Jerry said as if it was obvious. “And I know what to put. ‘Perhaps most notably... the glorious art... of... masculine’...uhhhhh... ‘physical conditioning’ - yeah, there we go!”

“Dude, what does that even mean?”

“Fuck if I know, but Dr. Westinghouse sure does!” Jerry replied cheerfully. “And it sounds gay, and I’m sure college admission people love that.”

Nick looked the letter over and chuckled to himself. “This is so dumb. But it’s dumber that Mom is making me apply to schools when I don’t wanna go. So whatever.”

“At least they let you just send one application everywhere now, that’s nice. I remember my aunt said she had to look up schools in a catalog. Wild.” Jerry fixed a typo as he talked. “Your mom is never gonna think about it again once you send the application in, so let’s just get this done. How’s it look?”

Nick looked at his screen and read the fake letter of recommendation through.

*To whom it may concern,*

*The reason I am contacting you on this day is to make a heartfelt and enlightened recommendation for your fine institution to accept Mr. Nicholas Kirby Fitzgerald as a student. Mr. Fitzgerald is an A-student with a 3.9 grade-point average; a superlative record on his school's wrestling, football, and weightlifting teams with several championship wins under his belt; and is both charming and urbane in ways that make even a venerable academic such as myself seem positively uncultured! I have known Mr. Fitzgerald since he was but a mere tot, as his father and I are the most deeply intimate of colleagues. As such, I have no doubt in my mind that Mr. Fitzgerald's natural talents, combined with the instruction of your learned faculty, will take him far in life. He would make a brilliant addition to your roster and one day be a shining star among your vaunted alumni.*

*Indeed, I am one such alumnus myself. I graduated magna cum laude and returned for two of my degrees in my fields of expertise, perhaps most notably the glorious art of masculine physical conditioning. My own sons – Chadwick and Greyson – have also graduated from your institution. They will tell you exactly what I have. Given all this, I feel I am to be taken at my word on this matter. However, should such a pedigree fail to impress, please do allow me to elaborate upon myself.*

*You may have heard of Dr. Rupert Danforth Westinghouse – yours truly. High-ranking bodybuilder and celebrated powerlifter, often called the height of sartorial sophistication, a world-renowned sommelier of wine and tobacco, and possessing a ratiocination that makes even the most learned individuals weak in the knees, such is its brilliance. Though I must admit, such a body does make it difficult to find good clothing and fit through certain doors!*

*With that, I do believe I have made my case for Mr. Fitzgerald. I look forward to his surefire acceptance into your university and to meet with a member of your administration come the new semester. I will do my best to not come off as intimidating.*

*Yours truly,  
Dr. Rupert D. Westinghouse, MD, DPT, EdD, PsyD*

Nick nodded approvingly and clapped Jerry on the back. "It's crazy what a thesaurus will do. Reading this, I'd have no idea you got a D in English."

"Yeah, but that's just because I forgot about half the assignments," Jerry said proudly.

"Do you think he's talking too much about himself?" Nick asked. "I think he might be talking too much about himself. Like they'll know it's fake. Not that it really matters. I just don't want them to

like, I dunno, call my Mom or something,” Nick said with a shrug, squinting as he looked at the letter on the screen. “Don’t want her on my case.”

“Is your Mom EVER on your case? I don’t think they’d do that. And anyway, they’re not gonna be reading too closely. They’ll just be like ‘oh, he’s up his own ass.’ Which he is. If he existed. Also,” Jerry continued, “how are they gonna call your Mom? How’re they gonna get her number?”

“Yeah, true. I’m thinking too much.”

“Time for an edible then?”

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Jerry kicked his Vans up on the dash as a thought came to him. “Any word yet?”

Nick’s mouth was full of french fries. “Word?”

“From colleges.”

“Oh! I already forgot,” Nick laughed. “I bet they haven’t seen the application yet. It’s only been a couple weeks. But who cares, really.”

Jerry nodded as he stole some of Nick’s fries. “Yeah, was just wondering if I got away with that recommendation letter. Man, I think that’s some of my finest work. I’m proud of it.”

“That guy’s fuckin’ name,” Nick remembered, shaking his head as he laughed. “‘Rupert Westinghouse.’ Maybe that should be what *you* do instead of college. Write fake recommendations for people.”

“Way more fun than paying a hundred grand to sit in class,” Jerry agreed. His dream job was being a Twitch streamer - the cool part was that he was already doing it, the downside was that he was making no money. Which was fine, for now, because he could live at home, but as soon as he had to get his own place it would be an issue. He and Nick had a mutual buddy who worked at Casey’s General Store, so that was always a back-up option if he couldn’t find something a little cooler. When the stockroom at the Nike Outlet was hiring, that would be the move. Shoe discounts and no customer service.

“Wanna come to Ace with me?” Nick asked. “Gotta get a bolt for my dad.”

“I have a stream I wanna watch,” Jerry said, checking the time. “I can walk over later though if you want.”

“Yeah maybe.” Nick turned on the car and chucked his Wendy’s bag into a backseat full of trash. “Just hit me up. Want me to take you back?”

“Nah, I’ll spare ya from having to drive that one entire block,” Jerry laughed. “You’d still be waiting to left turn onto Hatcher in the time it took me to walk home.”

“True that!”

“See ya.” Jerry hopped out of the car and scraped a wrapper off the bottom of his Chucks. He hit his vape pen as he crossed the street, cut through two backyards, and was walking into his house barely two minutes later. “I’m home!”

He kicked off his shoes, grabbed an apple from the fruit bowl on the counter, and headed up to his room.

His gaming chair greeted him, its ergonomic curves a welcome departure from the worn-out seats in Nick’s car. He’d never thought of gaming chairs as a necessity, but when he found one at a garage sale down the street, he quickly changed his tune. Like most guys his age, he had terrible posture, and the chair rectified that, along with its offering of plush cushions that made even his bony ass comfortable.

For an hour, he watched his streams, cranking the volume up so he could hear over the sound of the SunChips he was eating. When his phone buzzed, he answered it without looking so he didn’t miss any of the onscreen action. “Yo.”

“Good afternoon, may I speak to Dr. Rupert Westinghouse?”

Jerry’s mouth froze mid-chew. He quickly checked his phone to make sure it wasn’t Nick calling and playing a prank on him. “Um...uh...hold, please, just a second-” he stammered out, smashing the ‘mute’ button on his iPhone before the caller could agree to waiting. He put the call on hold and switched to call Nick - they never talked on the phone, so Nick would definitely know something was up - but didn’t reach him. Fucker was probably passed out on the couch...

...then it dawned on Jerry, Nick didn’t *want* to go to college. This didn’t matter. Might as well have some fun with it, then...

He unmuted the call and trilled, “Dr. Rupert Westinghouse speaking!”

Jerry nearly dropped the phone in shock when the voice that came out of him was not his own. Instead of his usual lazy drone, he spoke in a sharp Mid-Atlantic accent, pitched at the deep bellow of a bass. The effect was unusual and distinctive, like James Earl Jones doing an impression of Humphrey Bogart.

The lady on the other end said something about being on her way and looking forward to seeing him, then asked if she needed to bring anything.

“Bring anything where, my dear?” Jerry thundered, trying to keep his lips shut but failing. His voice was twice its regular volume, its masculine tone deeply affected. He sounded so pretentious.

The lady said something about his house and a meeting. He felt chills shoot through his whole body, compounding when he began to speak without thinking, “Oh, goodness no, your presence is gift enough...” as he looked at his caller ID and began searching through his inbox. The top email looked to be exactly what he was searching for.

*VICKERS, JULIANNE*

*Re: Re: Recommendation for Nicholas Fitzgerald*

*Wonderful! I agree it has been too long. Is it too formal to say I'm honored to be invited to your home? I'll be there at 3:30 today...*

The hairs on Jerry's neck standing on end. His *house*. She was coming to his HOUSE! Who even was this lady...he hadn't invited anyone over, and he didn't know a Julianne Vickers...

Still speaking to her in that strange, boisterous voice, he scrolled down and was surprised to find a thread below the latest email. The message Julianne was replying to was formally written - “My dear Julianne, Please forgive the belated nature of my response...” - and indeed invited her over for a meeting. Jerry felt a chill as he read the address, HIS address, on the screen, and saw the email signature: “Warmly, Rupert.”

Someone had written an email from his account pretending to be the pretend person recommending Nick. And speaking of Nick, he was the cause of all of it: Julianne's initial email, at the bottom of the thread, was in regards to the fake recommendation - although she was taking it to be authentic. She seemed to think she knew Rupert, making mention of “wonderful dinner parties” he'd once hosted, and said she wanted to discuss his recommendation of Nick, because any student who had Dr. Westinghouse's stamp of approval was someone she wanted at her school.

“Wonderful, I'll see you soon then!” Julianne said. “Bye bye now.”

“Cheers!” Jerry said, before throwing his phone across the room like it was a bomb. “That's not my voi- THIS isn't my voice!” He couldn't shake off the preposterous bass. Every word sounded like it was from a black-and-white movie with the audio pitched down.

With one hand over his mouth, Jerry scrolled through his inbox to distract himself from talking. But it *wasn't* his inbox. He didn't really use email, for the most part. It wasn't how he communicated with his friends. But this inbox had tens of thousands of emails going back years,

all written stuffily and centered around boring topics like business or investing. Jerry finally checked the accounts tab and saw the address: “rdw@danforthholdings.com.”

RDW...

“Rupert Westinghouse...” Jerry whispered under his breath, the bass reverberating through his ribs. “No way.” But sure enough, all the emails were signed by the made-up man. And if someone was maintaining that detailed of a fraud, that meant Julianne Vickers, whoever she was, knew exactly where he lived and how to get there.

Jerry tore out of his room and clomped down the stairs. “If the doorbell rings don’t answer it! Anybody here??” He hoped no one was. Less explaining that way, especially since he didn’t sound like himself. “Please ignore the...door...”

Jerry froze at the bottom of the stairs. His house...wasn’t his house. It was big and grand and filled with all kinds of expensive shit, like Turkish rugs and oil paintings. Classical music emanated from a large antique record player. The living room had a fucking chandelier. “Um...I...we...” he stammered, shellshocked. What the hell was in that vape? Acid? He had to be tripping...

He turned and walked back up the stairs to get away from the unfamiliar scene, but the stairs were different too: twice as wide, and winding their way up to a second floor that was just as opulently transformed as the ground level. Jerry darted into his bedroom for safety, but it was now an office, or a library - there were floor-to-ceiling shelves packed full of thousands of hardback books, and a large wooden desk with an old computer and a fucking typewriter next to it. It looked masculine, homey, wealthy, and completely unfamiliar.

Jerry stood in the doorway, his hands on his head, mouth agape. “Oh this is...this is bad...” he squeaked. “I don’t...get...” He didn’t have words. Or thoughts. His brain was like a crashed computer, completely frozen. Should he run? But this was his house...where else would he go...Nick’s, maybe. Would Nick be behind this? Not the house, that was too extreme, but at least the fake emails...but he couldn’t think of why...

His feet were moving backward toward the stairs before he even realized they were. He just needed to move, to get away. He’d somehow blinked his way into a stranger’s mansion and he didn’t want to get arrested—

“GUH!” He swore he saw a painting move, and it nearly made him jump out of his skin. The realization that it was a mirror - a large, heavy one framed with extravagant gold carvings - was small comfort as Jerry saw what it was reflecting.

He slowly raised his hand up his head, and his reflection did the same. His fingers dug into his long, unbrushed hair, and though it felt normal to the touch, the mirror showed a dramatic change: it was white. His hair had turned fucking *white*. Could that happen in a moment of

extreme panic, like he was feeling now? His entire head of hair just...poof, white? It looked like a fucking mad scientist Halloween wig on his head.

Thoroughly freaked, Jerry stepped out of the reflection and looked down the long second floor hallway. The walls were covered with a wide variety of art and frames; mementos from a life of travel and adventure. None of the pieces looked the same - there were tribal masks, drawings of horses, landscape photographs, peacock feathers - and yet they all fit together, each one telling its own individual story. Jerry hesitantly stepped a few feet down the hall just to survey all the treasures before he ran out of there, and found himself in front of another antique mirror. He leapt at the sight of his snow-white hair: no longer untamed, but precisely parted and slicked back against his scalp with shiny pomade. His forehead looked enormous and it dawned on him - in the form of a cold weight sinking in his gut - that his hairline started back by his ears, leaving three new inches of bare skin at the top of his head.

Trembling fingers reached up to inspect his receded hairline, but he snapped his hands away when he noticed their new swollen size. His fingers were thick as sausages, broad knuckles and wide fingernails, and as he clenched them into fists they seemed to expand even bigger, like a pair of toasters. "Wh-what is...what on *Earth*..." he stammered out, shaking his giant hands to get the blood flowing out of them, but only emphasizing their immensity and palpable strength. His index fingers and thumbs pressed together and moved on their own to the sides of his neck, where they met the knife-sharp points of the shirt collar that was blossoming out of the top of Jerry's t-shirt. The new collar was a white so brilliant that it made Jerry squint, and so tall it required him to raise his chin, even with the two buttons undone to allow the collar to sit open. It looked strange, this big, bold, aggressive dress shirt collar around his neck. Jerry's fingers gripped his collar points and gently guided them to their proper resting place on his collarbone, ensuring his collar stood tall instead of going limp.

Now he really needed to go. No more artwork, no more looking at his old-fashioned hair. He walked straight back down the hallway, shoes sinking into the expensive runner rug until they reached the stairs and made sharp clacks on the wood. Jerry stopped and looked down. He had beautifully polished brogues on his feet instead of sneakers, and their leather soles were a great deal stiffer than the rubber he was accustomed to. With a resigned sigh, he sat down on the top step to take them off.

That was when he noticed his calves. "Blast..." They were so big, they made his thighs look small. It was like he had footballs implanted under his skin. And they were shredding his ribbed athletic socks apart, revealing sheer hosiery underneath that was visibly strained by his monstrous calves. An attempt to pull them down was met by resistance, and he moved his hands upward to find leather sock garters buckled below his knees, holding his dress socks embarrassingly high. Jerry fumbled with the garters but, unaccustomed to his thick fingers, wasn't able to unclip them. "Blast!"

The compulsion to stretch suddenly overwhelmed him, and he extended his legs outward, counterbalancing them by leaning back. He was growing, he suddenly knew; he could feel his



formal hose shifting around his lengthening calves and his spine rubbing against the floor he was resting against. An erection popped up in his lap, the representation of his overwhelming emotions - fear, confusion, excitement - as he got taller far faster than he'd ever anticipated. His weighty brogues banged against a lower step as his legs finished lengthening, and he grabbed onto the stair banister to haul himself upright to his new five-ten, six inches taller than moments before. Reeling from dizziness, he pulled himself to the safety of the upstairs hall, moving himself away from the top of the stairs to ensure he didn't fall down them. This sudden vertigo made it impossible to walk in a straight line, and Jerry bumped into the walls, knocking books down as he stumbled back and forth trying to find his center of gravity. Finally, he braced himself against the back of an enormous wingback chair, his sausage fingers digging into the expensive leather. "Ahhhh."

He was trying to catch his balance, his breath, and his bearings all at the same time. It was a tall order. He spread his legs far apart and planted them firmly into the ground, leaning all the way forward against the back of the chair, feeling momentarily grounded. His thighs took the opportunity to swell and expand, quietly tearing out of his shorts as the fabric shifted up and caught between the engorged muscles. They doubled in size and kept going, his wide stance now a necessity thanks to the mass of his legs, which pressed together where they'd once been a foot apart. Jerry only had an inkling of what was occurring thanks to the feeling of his balls being compressed, before they popped free and rested on the top of his thighs, swelling up to the size of eggs. His cock thickened to the width of a soda can, spitting warm pre-cum into his tightening underwear. "I don't-" Jerry sputtered out, jiggling his thighs as each grew bigger than waist, "-d-don't wanna...don't want to be like...mmm..."

But he couldn't get the words out. He was too confused, panicked, and breathless to assemble his thoughts. His ribcage was constricted by his t-shirt, which had already been tight and wasn't being helped by Jerry's shoulders and chest being pushed through the rest of their adolescence and broadening to their adult widths. The seams were being tested by his torso's new width even before a new roundness in his stomach began sneaking out of the bottom of his shrunken tee. With Jerry bent at almost 90 degrees over the chair, it was easy for gravity to go to work, pulling down on the small belly he now possessed. It hung like a cow's udder before it grew bigger and rounder, solidifying as his core muscles hardened to support it. Abs like stacked cinderblocks bulged beneath his skin.

He didn't want to stroke his fat cock for fear of losing his balance, so he propped an elbow on the back of the chair and used the freed hand to play with his right nipple through his shirt. The scratchy cotton of his t-shirt was changing to the material of an outrageously expensive dress shirt, stiff as steel but soft as a cloud, as his tiny nipple swelled between his thumbs until it was like the top of a baby's bottle, never to sit flat again. Jerry made a cry of pleasure like he'd never heard from himself before, the sensitivity of his chest a new and intoxicating sensation. Nervy waves of pleasure ricocheted down his spine. "Ah...AH..."

With the weight of his expanding belly pulling him lower, Jerry was relieved to feel his weight shift backward, rectifying his wobbly balance. His eyes rolled back from the feeling of his glutes

flexing together, tensing so tightly that a wave of muscle undulated out from between them and across his small butt. Jerry's pants had always sagged, his lack of ass a running joke in school, but now it looked pert and round, and the growth surging through it was making it bounce and jiggle as it swelled. His underwear tore open, elastic band twanging free as a beefy muscle butt ballooned out of his backside. Jerry reddened as he felt his dick tumble free and his shorts shred completely, leaving him naked from the waist down in a house he wasn't sure was his own. He'd been planning to escape outside but now he needed to get something to cover himself before he did that, provided he could even walk.

A groan and a push got him upright, his new belly heaving upward as it swelled another inch, now protruding out a foot in front of him. He put one hand on the nearby bookshelf as he shuffled forward, his naked thighs rubbing against each other, their friction producing leg hair that swirled around his shaking muscles. The immensity of his quads and hamstrings made him waddle, his meaty calves slamming downward with each step, but he was able to move without falling. And so he walked, out of the library and into the hall. "I can do this," he whispered, looking straight ahead to avoid looking at his belly or hands.

The first door he tried was a bathroom, but the second opened up into a grand bedroom with a huge four-poster bed. This seemed like a master bedroom that would have a closet attached, and sure enough, it did - the largest closet Jerry had ever seen, bigger than his own bedroom. It was immaculately organized, like one you'd see on a TV show, with all the clothes hanging in the same direction and sorted by style and color. Everything was formal, and everything was for men: suits, belts, shoes, ties, pocket squares, slacks, and dress shirts - at least two hundred of them alone. Jerry rummaged for a few moments trying to find a pair of sweatpants, but there was nothing casual that he saw, so with a sigh he selected a pair of dress trousers. They were a subtle gray and blue plaid, and they looked too big for him, though they didn't have a tag for him to check. Realizing he needed underwear too, he found a pair of white briefs as big as a pillowcase, the only size on hand.

Jerry was sure he'd have to hold up the oversized clothes once he left the house, and getting them on was difficult, because his body was so foreign and cumbersome. After nearly falling twice, he waddled out to the bedroom and sat on a bench next to the bed, shimmying into the huge briefs. They hung loosely on him as he pulled on the trousers, noting that the pant legs were just the right length for him, and sharply ironed. He clasped the pants over his belly, then held them up as he got onto his feet. "A belt, maybe," he muttered aloud, shuffling back over to the closet. As he let go of the trousers to look through the racks of clothes, his belly quietly swelled larger to fill his pants, while his butt ballooned into a big ass that pressed against the tight tailoring of the trousers. The fit of the pants started to change along with his body, altering to fit the new mass he was growing, especially once his waistline started to gain inches. Ever so subtly, the hem of his t-shirt crept back down, disappearing into the waist of his pants as it grew longer and longer to fully cover his belly and be properly tucked in.

Jerry selected a brown leather belt and began working it through his belt loops, shocked by how long it was - at least twice as long as any other belt he'd ever worn - but happy that it buckled.

He straightened the buckle over his belly button and hiked his pants up, wedging his big balls into a moose knuckle. He couldn't see it thanks to his belly, but there was no missing the shiny white buttons on his shirt. Jerry poked his finger into one, just to ensure it was real. He was wearing a t-shirt, it wasn't supposed to have buttons. But this one did, a row of them starting at his open collar and running down the center of his torso, straight into his trousers. The buttons held firm over his big belly, the white fabric stretched taut over its mass. Jerry was still processing it all when he noticed his sleeves now reached his wrists, and as he watched they crept even longer, all the way to his fingers. Jerry pushed his sleeves up, irritated at how overly long they were, and suddenly the fabric split open.

Curious, Jerry raised his hands up and watched as the ends of his sleeves folded back double and stiffened like cardboard, the white fabric shimmering like fresh snowfall. His cuffs grew as big as his powerful hands, the edges sharpening into square points as Jerry encountered his first pair of French cuffs, as aggressive and masculine as his collar. Out of the layers of fabric appeared sapphire cufflinks depicting the two halves of the globe. "What in heaven's name," Jerry muttered, running his finger over the oversized cuffs. He moved his hands up the expensive fabric of his sleeves and across his torso, examining his elegant shirt. He felt so silly in an outfit like this, but at the very least he was fully covered, down to the polished brogues on his feet. He remembered seeing them on the stairs, but then they'd been gone when he pulled his pants on, but now they were back again...

"Strange..."

That was how he felt dressed like this. Strange. Like he was wearing a businessman Halloween costume. If any of his boys saw him like this he'd have to pass it off as a joke. But no one would see him this way if he had anything to say about it...until he realized that in a few minutes, that lady from the college who thought she knew Rupert was going to be showing up. He needed to text Nick about that, but he patted his pockets and realized he had no idea where his cell phone was. He would certainly need that before he left.

"Phone, phone," he mumbled under his breath. He had to fixate on it so he didn't get distracted, because everything was distracting at the moment. It was all so foreign, from his lumbering waddle to the swish of his trousers, and it disoriented him.

Despite his focus, he stopped anyway when he walked past a full length mirror in the hall. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed, taking a step back so that only his belly protruded into the frame. At least it didn't sag, he thought. He stepped forward and faced the mirror straight on, astonished by his breadth - the mirror only reflected the middle third of his body. He blushed at the sight of his nuts imprinted in his trousers, and reflexively reached to adjust them as he always had, but his muscle gut wouldn't allow for such a direct gesture anymore. He tried to reach around it, nearly bursting his buttons off as he hoisted the steel ball up. "Goodness me," he said, annoyed at the way his brain kept changing his words into old-fashioned ones. But it hadn't blurted out anything on its own, until he heard himself say "But it should be even bigger!"

Jerry straightened up in shock, and his belly blasted forward, pressing into the mirror with such force that he worried his buttons had cracked the glass. "I don't want a big...wonderful...handsome belly!" he said, his voice emanating powerfully from his gut, which was now as large and round as the same kind of globe depicted on his cufflinks. His brick-like abs were outlined in his shirt fabric, highlighting the immense power contained in his torso. "Perhaps it isn't so big," he said aloud. "It merely looks large because my chest has shrunk!"

Jerry's eyes bugged. He immediately felt a stirring behind his fat nipples and watched as his shirt buttons tightened across his pecs - what was he saying, he didn't have pecs - "I have worked very hard on my chest, and I want it to be spectacular!" he announced with a loud laugh.

He didn't want to be laughing.

He didn't want his chest to grow.

And yet there he was, chuckling as his pecs swelled. They started as solid flat plates already broad enough to keep his shirt tight, and then they ballooned, rounding outward without losing any of their firmness. "That's more like it!" he said with a bug-eyed grin as his buttons began popping open. "Bigger!"

Jerry's eyes lolled in their sockets as his nipples rubbed against his silky shirt, the pleasure overcoming him. His pecs just kept swelling, bigger and rounder and broader, each burst of growth pulling his shirt further open and baring more cleavage than he'd ever seen on a man before. He wanted to button his shirt and hide...

"And where is my chest hair? I haven't shaved, have I?!"

No no no—he didn't want a hairy chest...but already, he had one, as salt-and-pepper bristles fanned out from the valley of his pecs and formed his new pelt. Not overly hairy, but more than enough to show that this chest was a man's. It felt like a pair of sandbags in his shirt, heavy and firm and fighting with the remaining middle buttons. His whole body looked different now. There was a lived-in burliness that was missing before. His chest was to be his calling card, the keystone of his incredible physique. Even in a full suit, under a shirt and a tie and a jacket, his pecs would be unmissable.

He was hard as a rock thinking about it.

He tried to imagine how embarrassed he'd feel being at school, walking down the hall in a zillion-dollar bespoke shirt with his hairy tits bursting out of it. But he only felt pride. Cocky, masculine pride that other men weren't as big, muscular, and refined as he was.

"PHONE," he reminded himself, pulling away from the mirror. His walk was different yet again; now accommodating for a huge pair of pecs weighing him down. His chest propelled ahead like a battering ram, ready to clear the hall of any loiterers. It was still growing as he walked,

projecting out over his big belly, swelling further out of his shirt, which was tested further by his shoulders thickening. His collar rose up to his jaw when his traps bulked up and his delts inflated, creating a proper frame for his mammoth pecs.

Even *breathing* felt different. The natural rise and fall of his chest was like a pair of mountains in an earthquake, his huge tits hoisting up and down as he sucked in an oxygen tank's worth of air to fill his massive frame. He wanted to avoid looking at his body, a resolution made difficult by his chest forcing itself into his view every other second.

He arrived back in the library. It felt smaller now, which - when his stomach cleared a side table of its contents - he realized was because he was so large. On instinct, he started to bend over to pick up the knick knacks he'd knocked over, but moving was so awkward that he simply left them on the floor. "You're a wrecking ball," he grumbled, rubbing his perfectly round muscle gut. It felt like his dress shirt was wrapped around concrete. Perhaps this gentleman dressed elegantly to counter the brute force of his physique, Jerry thought. "Now where the devil is my--"

A noise like a tiny jackhammer drew his attention to the desk, where an iPhone was loudly vibrating across the surface.

--phone," Jerry finished, pounding over to his phone and picking it up in his big mitt. His beefy fingers required two attempts to accept the call.

"Dr. Rupert Westinghouse speaking!"

"Hi Dr. Westinghouse, it's Julianne Vickers. Are you alright?"

Jerry rolled his eyes at having to talk to this lady again. "Yes, just fine! Why?"

"Oh, you sounded out of breath, that's all!"

Jerry's loud exhale blasted into the phone speaker. "Ah, well, I'll admit I haven't...felt *quite* like myself today. But I'm fine, my dear."

"Good, good - I'm just calling to get the gate code?"

"Ah-" Jerry said before his jaw suddenly locked up. His iPhone suddenly pressed into his face hard enough to make his cheek throb. He adjusted his grip, the sharp edge of his French cuff scratching his face, before his jaw popped back open. "M-my apologies! The gate, erm, slipped my mind! The code is one-nine-five-nine-star."

"Perfect, thank you!"

“My pleasure. See you soon.” Jerry grimaced as he ended the call. “Why didn’t I tell her not to come!” he seethed to himself, slapping himself on his forehead. He’d need to figure out a way to chase her off when she arrived.

His palm rested on his head, rubbing it as he recalled that his hairline had succumbed - somehow - to pronounced baldness. The hair that remained was thin and smooth, affixed to his scalp with gel. And as he moved his fingers down, he noticed his ears felt larger...and his skin was rougher, thicker...

“It’s nothing, I’m sure,” he said in a confident voice that betrayed nary a hint of his inner anxieties. “I’m quite young!” He prodded his eyebrows as he hesitantly walked to a nearby mirror mounted on a closet door. They felt bushy and heavy, not like he recalled. And were those wrinkles around his eyes? “Nonsense! I’m young!”

He thought of his jaw locking up on the phone and rubbed it. It was a big, dense box of a thing, girded by thick pads of muscle and tendon that smelled of aftershave. His hand sat there, covering his face like a mask as he stepped in front of the mirror just in time to see deep wrinkles fold onto his smooth forehead. Furry silver brows bulged out over his eyes, which were deep blue and framed by regal crow’s feet. His nose had grown bold and broad.

Jerry lowered his hand and stared at the stranger looking back at him. It was a face that demanded to be taken seriously. Handsome and imperious. He shifted his massive jaw back and forth and stared at his jutting chin that replicated the shape of his belly. His lips were thin and stern, curved slightly downward. It was a manly face. Even the jowls were muscular.

“I’m still young,” he insisted aloud to himself, the depth of his voice now matched by the seriousness of his features. “64 is not old.”

64...

*One-nine-five-nine*...the gate code was his birth year.

“I wouldn’t want to be a minute younger!” he said aloud, and he slapped his hand over his mouth, wanting to avoid changes like the one he’d triggered back when he grew his chest. He looked at his big, weathered hand and the gorgeous French cuff below it, his cufflink sparkling as if to say hello. His cock stiffened in his trousers. Keeping one hand over his mouth, he unzipped his fly and awkwardly heaved his fat dick out between his legs. It was difficult with his belly, and he had to bend slightly, which made his boulder ass stick out and almost rip open his pants.

He was so fucking big.

Jerry shut his eyes, hiding from the handsome older man in the reflection. His back arched further and he pushed his big tits forward, moaning into his palm as he felt them burst further out of their confines and pop open the fourth button on his shirt.

He was hard as a rock now, already spewing pre-cum into his hand. Just needed to take care of business quickly before his guest arrived...he was a man, after all, and men had needs. Especially men like him. Huge, strapping men. That was the best kind of man to be. There was no OTHER kind, really. He needed to be the kind of hulking hunk who made the world's best tailoring fight for its life. That would inspire young Nicholas to be one, too.

His belly pressed against the glass and he growled with joy, moving his hand from his mouth to his muscular neck. All 375 pounds of him was burning with lust. The sexuality of his body seemed to fill the whole room - it was nothing like Jerry's old body, which no one ever noticed. This new body was built to fuck and to fuck hard. He could pin a body down with his big belly, have them motorboat his pecs and suck his nipples, grab his huge ass, hold his meaty hands, then get jackhammered by his thick cock. And even when dressed up like a genteel blueblood, not a single one of those features was hidden.

"Finally!" the deep voice erupted out of Jerry. "Finally, I'm waking up! Finally I'm becoming Rupert!" He moved his hand to one of his bowling ball pecs and twirled his chest hair between his fingers, overwhelmed with joy. "This is how...I've been wanting to feel...my entire life!" Jerry wondered if that was true - he didn't recall being discontented with his old, lazy, chill self - but he couldn't deny how centered he felt now, letting his imagination run wild with fantasies involving boarding school and Ivy League educations, lifting weights with his chums and peeling off their letter sweaters to see and enjoy the fruits of their hard work...he and his friends growing big and strong and beefy, popping buttons off their shirts, having new ones made, wearing custom suits at each others' weddings and sneaking off to fuck...

And he quite enjoyed how smart he felt now. His affected way of speaking...his magniloquence - ah, what a divine word that was!

The doorbell rang.

"Just a moment!" Jerry boomed, although he guessed he was too deep into the house to be heard. "I'm getting changed!" He broke into boisterous laughter at the pun. "Yes, yes, I'm practically done changing!" He wanted to imagine Jerry acting like this or dressing like this, putting on his cufflinks and combing back his hair, but he couldn't remember what Jerry looked like, or how much he weighed, or even how old he was. It was all Rupert now. Sweat dripped from his chin into his pecs as he stroked his cock and relished in his change, feeling each part of himself adjust just as he wanted, as he actively transformed himself into the man he'd unwittingly manifested. The haze was lifting as if he was rising from a long nap, knowledge of his businesses and travels and family all filing into place...

It took him longer to cum than it used to, back when he was a young, muscular buck, but he liked that. Sex was the best thing on Earth, why not make it last longer?

When he realized he was finally thinking fully like a man of a certain age, he came. Long ropes of white heat shot out of his cock and hit the mirror as Rupert pumped his hips forward and felt his transformation lock in. Having blown a load standing up, his balance remained admirably stable for a man of his age, pushing out an orgasm as easily as a thought. He straightened up, still expelling his sex, shutting his eyes and grinning as his shirt buttoned itself over his chest and a pair of horn rimmed glasses appeared on his nose. His arms stretched out as if to hug his new self in the mirror, allowing a perfectly tailored blazer to materialize around his mammoth torso.

Rupert opened his eyes when the doorbell chimed again. He looked at the clean mirror, puzzled, then at his crotch, where his fly was firmly zipped and preserving his modesty. But hadn't he just... Wasn't he... "Hm," he said, adjusting his pocket square. "What a peculiar fantasy."

He eased his way down the stairs, waistline brushing the banister as he appraised himself to make sure he was presentable. He could still recall his buttons bursting open and his cock expelling several loads worth of cum all at once, but that couldn't be real - it was the middle of the day, and what was he, some oversexed schoolboy? Not anymore! Rupert Westinghouse was a dignified elder statesman, and he reached the bottom of the stairs and opened the door quite sure of that fact.

"Ah, Julianne!"

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Nick looked up from his phone at the vast brick manor before him. It seemed foreign to him, even though Jerry was his buddy and they'd been going to each other's houses for years. Something told him this wasn't Jerry's house, because Jerry's house was modest and average, while another part of him said that of *course* this was Jerry's house. It was chock full of beautiful furniture and artwork, and it was on the Parade of Homes every year, along with the city's historic registry.

But as he ascended the stairs to the front door and walked across the wraparound porch, Nick couldn't shake the feeling that he was trespassing. He paused at the top of the steps and wondered if he should bother going further. Surely Jerry was fine. Nick was just a little puzzled by his texts not going through. He'd even tried calling Jerry - something he never did - and was told by an automated voice that the number was disconnected. So - wanting to get some fresh air anyway - he'd walked over to Jerry's house. Or, apparently, Jerry's mansion.

But curiosity, and the need to quell his own uneasy thoughts, got the better of him. He rang the doorbell.



A few moments passed, just long enough for Nick to assume no one was home. But as soon as he was gearing up to leave, he heard some motion from deep within the house, and a low voice call out something like “just a minute.” He couldn’t make out the exact words, but he could hear the footsteps. They sounded heavy.

Really heavy...

The door opened, and Nick jumped in surprise. Instead of his friend, he was looking at the biggest man he’d ever seen. The belly was the first thing he noticed - broad as the front door and round as a beach ball, with ab muscles visibly taut across its curved projection. It made him think, briefly, that the man was fat, but a few more seconds of appraisal showed he clearly wasn’t. He had shoulders like a set of football pads, with big traps bulging out from his thick neck, and his chest was composed of two hairy boulders each the size of Nick’s head. He was dressed like he was going to a wedding, in a beautiful white shirt that hid none of his size, its buttons so tight they threatened to shoot off like bullets. His cuffs had those fancy baubles that rich guys wore instead of buttons. He was in the process of unbuttoning the top half of his shirt when he answered the door, allowing extra space for his huge pecs to hoist out another inch. “Nicholas! What a pleasant surprise!” the man thundered, his voice knocking Nick back.

Nick looked up at the man’s face. He made wrinkles manly and a receded hairline handsome. He had the chiseled, rugged features of an actor who always played presidents and CEOs. “Um...sorry, I...” Nick squeaked out. “I was looking for Jerry?”

“What do you mean?” the muscleman asked. “And what are you wearing?! Goodness, Nicholas, what happened to putting your best foot forward.” He clicked his tongue as he ushered the younger male inside. “I just had the pleasure of catching up with an old acquaintance of mine, Julianne Vickers. She’s an admissions officer now and saw my name on your recommendation, so she personally came by to ask about you. Isn’t that marvelous? You’re certainly getting into her school, my boy, and many others. The only question is where you’ll go that excites you the most and nourishes your spirit!”

Nick stood trying to process all the words that were just thrown at him. “You met with...sorry, college? Wait, recommendation...you wrote - Rupert? RUPERT?”

“Goodness, my dear boy, what happened to your prodigious elocution?! You can’t be stammering like that on the Senate floor. I simply won’t allow it!”

Confusion froze Nick’s tongue. He stared helplessly at the hulking gentleman in front of him. “Sorry, I...don’t quite know where to begin,” he said. “I came over because the phone wasn’t working.”

“To look for someone aside from your Uncle Rupert?” Rupert put his hands in his pockets and stared directly at Nick. “You haven’t been partaking in any illicit activities, have you? You know how I abhor drugs.”

“No! No,” Nick said quickly with a wild shake of his head. He was proud that he could tell the truth. No weed yet today.

“Excellent. It wouldn’t be cause for me to rescind my recommendation, knowing you as I do, but it would give me cause for concern.”

“I’m sorry, Uncle...Rupert,” Nick said, his head swimming. Something was strange here.

“I’ll get you a glass of water and we can talk. Have a seat.” Rupert headed off to the kitchen, the walls vibrating as he walked.

Nick didn’t sit. He walked around the room and tried to familiarize - or re-familiarize - himself with the mysterious man he was calling his uncle. Of course, Rupert wasn’t really his uncle, not biologically. Just a really good friend of Nick’s father’s. Nick remembered being in this living room when he was really little, bouncing on Rupert’s knee and covering his ears when Rupert laughed. Everyone thought that was cute. When Nick was a little older, Rupert bought him his first bow tie before a school dance and taught him how to tie it. Uncle Rupert was always a fount of information, a gateway to the world exemplifying how many places there were to see and things there were to do. Uncle Rupert seemed to have seen and done all of them. He was such an interesting guy.

Nick turned around at the sound of Rupert’s footsteps and accepted the glass of water. “Thank you,” he said, taking a drink. “Were those for your meeting?” he asked, gesturing to Rupert’s cufflinks.

Rupert chuckled. “When have you ever seen me *sans* cufflinks?”

“Never, I guess,” Nick said. There was some hazy memory of a guy in Rupert’s place who was scruffy and goofy. But Uncle Rupert was certainly neither of those things.

“On that note,” Rupert purred, with a hint of disapproval in his voice, “when did you begin to favor casual dress?” He fingered the sleeve of Nick’s t-shirt as if it were a roofing shingle. Nick couldn’t help but notice the contrast between his sleeve and Rupert’s, which was glossy and beautiful, tight over the man’s huge arm.

“Well, I...I wasn’t really doing anything I needed to look nice for today...” Nick said, chugging the rest of his water.

“Neither was I, until it dawned on me I had a meeting with a college admissions officer. Thank goodness I was already attired formally. A gentleman always puts his best foot forward because

he never knows what the day will bring. And you have always strived to be a gentleman, Nicholas! That is one of the qualities that has forever made me so proud of you, as I know it does your parents.”

“A gentleman? Me?” Nick had no idea what Rupert was talking about. Nobody was ever going to confuse him for a wealthy, successful, charming guy. “How?”

“You were born with every quality you need, you simply have to capitalize on them! Take your styling, for example - you look rumped today. But if we just unroll your sleeves...” Rupert grabbed Nick’s arm and pulled a long sleeve with a buttoned cuff down to Nick’s wrist, smoothing out the wrinkles with his palm. He did the same with Nick’s other sleeve. Nick looked at his arms, confused, but had no time to think before Rupert exclaimed, “And good GOD, boy, your collar is folded inside your shirt!” He yanked on the top of Nick’s t-shirt so hard that Nick coughed, and suddenly Nick could feel a tall, scratchy shirt collar around his neck. “You can leave your tie loosened, however; it gives a young man of your standing a rakish, devil-may-care quality that is quite charming.”

“My whuh...” Nick looked down at his bright blue Oxford shirt, his eyes landing on the polo player embroidered on the left chest. He was wearing a repp stripe tie composed of bold green and gold, its perfect half windsor knot jauntily loosened just enough to show the undone button of his collar.

“Now tuck it in, goodness, I know you know better!”

Nick nodded obediently and unbuckled his belt, shoving the long tails of his button-down shirt into the top of his...khaki chinos? He didn’t own pants like this, did he...and why were they ironed, he didn’t even know how to USE an iron. But he tucked his shirt as tight as he could, using his brown leather braided belt to hold it in place.

“Much improved already,” Rupert nodded, placing a hand on Nick’s back. “Stand up straight, young man. Slouching doesn’t become you.” Nick straightened up as best he knew how, but Rupert wasn’t satisfied. “No no, goodness, haven’t you watched your father and I all these years? Stand like THIS.” He pulled back Nick’s shoulders with his hands, and Nick groaned in joyous pain - it felt like several years of spinal adjustments all at once - suddenly, he felt so very tall. His tie looked so long down his front, and his khakis seemed to take forever to touch his leather loafers.

“I’m...tall!” Nick exclaimed, holding his neck high.

“See! A whole new perspective when you carry yourself as a gentleman,” Rupert said proudly. “How tall are you now?”

“Six-foot-four and a half,” Nick said, and he couldn’t believe it as he said it. Was that right? That couldn’t be right...

“Perfect for water polo!”

“W-water polo?”

“And rugby!”

“Rugby?!” Nick never thought of himself as athletic. He was lazy. He’d only played rugby and water polo because his dad wanted him to. Only lifted all those weights to get his old man off his case. He hadn’t meant to grow a thick, powerful chest, broad shoulders, bulging biceps, and a big butt that made it hard to buy pants since he had a small waist. Uncle Rupert was always the muscle guy, not Nick, but all the athletics seemed to accelerate Nick’s puberty into lightspeed. He sprouted hair on his chest and started talking in a pleasant baritone voice, and his parents kept having to have new clothes made for him as his chest widened and his thighs swelled. “I guess I do play rugby,” he said, rubbing his throat when he heard his deep voice.

“You guess?! Didn’t you play it all through your undergrad? Not to mention your wrestling and football, of course. And, needless to say, your weightlifting.”

“Yes, I...my undergrad? Didn’t you just write me a recommendation for that...”

“It feels that way, doesn’t it? I can’t believe you’re getting your Masters already either.”

Nick’s muscles ballooned. His shirt buttons drew tight over his pecs as they projected out into a firm, bulging shelf. Thirty more pounds of pure brawn piled onto every spot but his waist, forcing him to widen his stance as his thighs pressed into each other and his bubble butt hurtled outward. His long neck thickened with muscle but maintained its elegance as the changes shot up to Nick’s face. He was already sprouting the stubble of a twentysomething man as his jaw shaped into chiseled perfection and his chin grew sharp, sprouting a dimple as it did. “I feel strange, Uncle Rupert...I think I look different.”

“Yes, the wait seems interminable for our self-perception to catch up to our physical form,” Rupert nodded, patting Nick’s chest and unwittingly cupping his hand as the thick slabs of muscle grew round like a bodybuilder’s musculature, allowing Nick’s tie to sink down between his two mighty pecs. “I myself can’t believe you’re the same little boy I once held! You’ve become such an impressive man, Nicholas.”

“A man,” Nick said, his mouth spreading into a perfect Colgate smile that would make a Kennedy envious, with Hollywood perfect teeth lined up behind his pillowy lips. He looked down at his thick erection throbbing in his trousers. “I guess I am a man now...can I tell you something, Uncle Rupe?”

“Of course!”

Nick's cheekbones were so sharp it was a wonder he didn't cut his fingers as he traced over them. "Sometimes I can't control myself...I get so worked up, I just..." A small wet spot spread across his crotch. "Unnghh...I mean, my muscles! I love my MUSCLES!" Nick raised his arms as his cannonball biceps swelled large, their peaks stretching toward the ceiling. His cuffs burst open as his forearms enlarged, exposing thick veins pulsing in the rhythm of his cock.

"Yes, Nicholas...the wonder of being a man does it to us all," Rupert whispered.

"Mmmmgrrrrhhh, every guy wants to be me! It turns me on, I can't help it-" Nick shot up another inch, his pecs plumping further out, muscles engorging themselves with testosterone as his stubble and eyebrows thickened. "I'm sorry Uncle Rupe, I-I think I'm gonna-"

"You never have to apologize."

Nicholas was groping his big tits through his shirt as he shot his load into his chinos, his newfound ego basking in the glory of his transformation. He humped the air and groaned happily, his chestnut hair styling itself into a fluffy side part, a perfect crown for the wealthy prep he now was. Rupert stared in wonder at the youthful god before him. Young Nicholas, the most handsome young man he'd ever seen, rippling with muscle and dressed like a Ralph Lauren fantasy.

He stood still for several moments, his broad chest heaving up and down as he caught his breath. His crotch was miraculously dry, as if it hadn't endured the weight of Nicholas' orgasm. "My apologies, Uncle Rupert," Nicholas said, his voice now sporting the same affected accent as his elder. "I don't know what came over me."

"It happens to us all, my dear boy. And let me let you in on a little secret..." He leaned in, allowing Nicholas to stare straight down his hairy cleavage. "...it never goes away."

"I'd certainly hope not!" Nicholas smiled, buttoning his cuffs. "Thank you, for everything - the recommendation, and your hospitality...and most of all your guidance! I hope you know I cherish our relationship."

"I do too, my dear boy, I do too."