

RAVENOUS

Chapter 2

(Surf's Up)

Written by Leo_Todrius and Mahler's PP

The long week of rain had let up, bringing with it a resurgence of autumn weather. It was a refreshing change, though most changes were refreshing for Noah. The growl of polyurethane wheels echoed through the skate park, interspersed with the scrape and clatter of a skateboard grinding along cement rises and metal rails. Levi had become a fixture at the skate park thanks to Noah's guiding hand. At six foot six and endowed with a fair amount of muscle, he was easily the largest skater there. His long black hair poured out from his beanie and cascaded just past his shoulders, its smoothness a contrast to the bushy sideburns he sported.

Levi's trademark red sweatshirt had been gifted to Noah to keep him warm while his boyfriend practiced, his long legs propelling him down the length of the park. In many ways he was like some wild beast, tall and graceful. The way he could sit on the ground, his legs bent and splayed, making ample room for Noah to snuggle into. That was, at least, when he wasn't on his board. The familiar pitter-pat-pitter-pat came as Levi snaked his way back to where Noah had been waiting, kicking the back of his board to flip it up into his hand as he came back over, towering above Noah as he sat.

Noah looked up at him, his near-permanent smile that hadn't disappeared since the day they'd got together plastered on his face. He had his legs huddled under the sweatshirt, pressed against his chest. Levi didn't mind, it made the thing baggy, and that was how he liked his clothing. But underneath, Noah had a raging boner just from watching his boyfriend's expertise on a skateboard. It was a peculiar thing to be attracted to, sure, but he didn't care - it reminded him of what a perfect man he'd become.

"My little roly-poly all bundled up in there... I hope you didn't get frozen out here watching me do my thing." Levi said, crouching down to give Noah a kiss. While they were both handsome, long haired young men, Noah still outclassed Levi in terms of his mustache and goatee - that, and Noah's mane of brown hair was far fuller and more voluminous. Still, eyes were drawn to their magnetism when they were together - or they would have been if the skate park wasn't currently empty.

Noah hadn't done anything to Levi in regards to temperature resistance, and so had postulated a bit in the past week. After all, when they were spending a good portion of their school hours at the skate park now, there *was* a lot of time to think about things. He had presumed in becoming a perfect skater, there must have been something additional that would always ensure that he could skate, rain, shine, blizzard, or heatwave. And that was why, on this chilly morning, with Noah having to be huddled up in an extra sweatshirt, they were the only ones inhabiting the park, with Levi wearing only his t-shirt and his baggy pants. But Noah liked it this way. It meant they were free to do as they pleased.

And so what better than to kiss? To publicly display their affection without having to worry about actually being public. Levi seemed to pull away from the kiss for a moment, but

Noah pulled him back in, wanting it to last just a few more seconds. "I don't know how many times I've said this the past week... but you are the hottest fucking skater boy. Ever."

"Fuck yeah, you're completely right." Levi said, waggling his eyebrows with a cocky attitude. He reached down and maneuvered his long arms into Noah's sweatshirt, adjusting to untuck his boyfriend and pull him upright to his feet. There was a foot of difference in height now, but that made it all the more rewarding when they both stretched to kiss again, Levi's lips radiating warmth and pouring it back into Noah's chilled body.

Noah wrapped his body into Levi's, arms and even to an extent his legs entwining themselves around the larger boy. He had to stand on his tiptoes to kiss him, but he didn't mind. It was hotter that way. He hadn't felt hungry all week either, a big change. His enormous meal on day one had made him feel more happy and satisfied than he had ever been before. And even if Levi sometimes checked in to see if he needed a feeding, Noah would reply that he was completely fine, though he wouldn't mind another cumshot down his throat. Consequently, transformations had been out of their minds. Levi was the same self they had got him to on their first date, and as gratifying as that was, Noah's mind had begun to wander to more ideas for what they could do with him. After all, even if he didn't need to, transforming Levi was *hot*.

"Look at that, fuckin sus' look in your eyes, bro." Levi murmured, kissing Noah's fuzzy chin, "What are you cooking up in there?"

Noah shuddered slightly at these words. Not an uncomfortable one from the cold, but that happy, aroused shudder when something really hot just trickles down your spine. Classic skater boy talk, definitely. But... as much as he adored his boyfriend, and what he'd become, somehow.. It just wasn't enough for him. Levi might occasionally call him sus or say bro, but he needed a mind fully occupied with being a skater.

"I wanna change you again." he said matter-of-factly. "It's been a week, and I've loved you the whole time and don't even feel hungry! But... I need more Levi. More change. More... Skater... I... I Want you to just... be the fucking greatest, most intense skater boy in the world. Double... Triple... Quadruple what you are now!" The thought was making him incredibly aroused as he attacked his boyfriend's lips once more - the touch to instigate the change. Before Levi could come up with a witty response, he shuddered and then groaned. For a moment neither of them were quite sure where the change had started, but as they held one another, Noah still felt himself being pushed away from Levi's lips... by his growing chest.

Muscles firmed beneath the skater's new green hoodie, ballooning outward and rounding, filling with muscle and meat. The pillows were supported by the growing architecture of abdominal muscles filling out along his stomach, taking the soft flesh and turning it into something someone could do laundry on. He rolled his head, revealing the muscles fanning out from his neck, gaining purchase across his shoulders, widening more and more. The arms that wrapped around Noah filled out and even though his grasp did not change, they naturally began to hold him even tighter from their immense strength. His legs seemed to gain a great amount of mass, as not only did they expand with enormous muscle, but they stretched longer, naturally changing the baggy pants that hung down around his calves to long shorts.

The skate shoes, a hallmark of any skater, had been used and abused over the last week, but even they could not take the assault of the suddenly growing feet within. The leather groaned, the metal ringlets strained, the laces tightened, and then in a tearing-pop, his left foot burst free to reveal one enormous foot. With the slightest flex of his right, the other shoe gave

way too. Both feet surged outward, toes lengthening forward, perfectly designed to work a longboard. His hands seemed to be affected as well. Moving them around to show Noah, as he had noticed his boyfriend gaining a growing interest in them in the past week, both young men observed his fingers lengthening and thickening, growing a few callouses and strength from front flipping. As they lengthened, the fingernails seemed to shift too. Light no longer reflected off of the keratin, absorbed instead into a chipped, slightly imperfect coating of black nail polish.

That had been the first unexpected shift. As Noah watched, Levi's already dark eyes gained a hint of guy-liner. The earrings hanging from his ears grew thicker and rounder while a hint of a skateboard logo began to etch itself into the skin peeking out from the collar of his shirt. He had been branded with his favorite brand. Levi's eyes rolled into the back of his head, his voice deepening again. His t-shirt strained and started to split along the collar, unable to hold all of his muscles. Levi started panting, one large hand slowly tracing up his stomach.

"Fuck... Oh fuck, I'm so big... Is my dick touching my knee?" he asked, almost looking light headed. Indeed it had, sliding down his leg, and pushing out the pant leg, the head hard and throbbing as it revealed itself to the world. From where it started, Noah guessed it surely must be around 15 inches by now, if not longer. It didn't take long for him to get a full look, as its thickness gave it a huge amount of mass, and thus in a moment flat, it burst through the confines of his pants, springing up into the air and dropping the once baggy pants on the ground. Noah stared at it in awe, before quickly directing his attention elsewhere, as his boyfriend continued to shift.

"Yeah... Fuck..." Levi continued to growl and grunt, the veins throbbing on his cock as it wobbled, his balls descending as they swelled larger and fuller. A ring of dark hair framed his mammoth, the dark fuzz inching up towards his exposed navel. Levi shuddered, panting, feeling his green sweatshirt grow tighter and tighter, constraining around his shoulders, squeezing his arms, pinching around his ribs. It was a discomfort, a nuisance, and he brought his dark nails up and grabbed at it before he tore. Full, round pectorals emerged from the splitting cloth, complimented by his rock hard abs. His biceps glistened from the sheen of sweat worked up while skating and tufts of dark hair peeked out from his deep pits.

Levi was beyond human, adding on dozens and dozens of pounds of muscle. His lungs and heart had grown, his ribs had parted, his spine had lengthened. Noah had wished for a skater four times his superior and in many ways that had been achieved. Bare toes flexed, calloused tips feeling the ground beneath enormous feet. His toenails had gained the same dark black enamel his fingers had. A faint dusting of dark hair wrapped around his arms like gauntlets and his freckles speckled his chest like constellations. Levi's chest continued to heave for breath before his dark eyes finally opened, looking back to where Noah had been standing. However, this catch of breath was only temporary, as the next stage began.

The world seemed to wobble around Levi as if he'd taken a hard spill. A fog rolled across his mind, clouding his previous life until new ideas and thoughts and feelings began to pierce through like lighthouses. First one, then five, all of them increasing exponentially. Authority? Fuck that. Who needed school in the first place? He'd only go if it meant hanging out with his boyfriend, and even then, who'd go to class? He'd just do front flips and ollies outside on the bike racks. Hell, the whole world was his skate park. He didn't care what any goddamn police officers said, it was like his air - no wait, weed was like his air... He was quite a fan of it. In fact... he had a stash at home. He didn't know how he knew that, but he knew that even though

there definitely wasn't one when they left, when they got home one would be there. Reality had changed around them both and the ripples were making their way back.

The groove that had been worn down by inner-city slang was suddenly ingrained into Levi's mind like a cattle stamp. Bruh, yo, gnarly, sick... All these were now just naturally part of his speech. It was all like second nature to him now. As though he'd been a skater from the day he was born. Childhood memories were slipping away, replaced by new ones. Every photo showed him as a Raven haired beanpole that grew stronger and taller. Photos eventually depicted him scowling and sulking from attention unless they were candid photos taken by his friends at the skatepark, or Noah had taken them. Even the sweatshirt that Noah wore began to ripple, turning from the crimson red it had always been to a dark and dingy black, holding the acrid sour after aroma of copious amounts of cheap weed.

The last stage began, this time finally having no direct effect on Levi. His giant naked body looked like it was being wrapped in cloth, before they both realized that it was. A cheap band t-shirt covered his enormous torso, a pair of the classic baggy pants, held up by the loosest belt, revealing the boxers underneath. His shoes reformed, a pair of black Vans with seemingly no socks underneath. Rings grew on his long, sexy fingers just as the earrings had, metal extruding from his body. Thick leather, hemp, string, and metal bracelets of all colors wrapped around his wrists, and several necklaces of similar materials dangled between his thick pecs and baggy shirt, following the contours of his clavicle.

After such rapid fire changes, the absence of any new growth seemed to indicate that the metamorphosis had finished. One could definitely say that Levi looked like he'd been a skater since the day he was born, but Noah had the feeling if there were anyone else like that in the world, Levi's transformation had been even more extreme. And god was Noah hard. Did he seriously think Levi was sexy before? What a joke. Now he was something completely different. Something spectacular...

A sudden clatter seemed to startle both of them as Levi's skateboard suddenly warped, shuddering where it was propped up against the curb. The wheels bloated larger in diameter, widening as well. The composite that made up the deck seemed to stretch longer and longer, widening and thickening. The sandpaper-like grip on the surface grew coarser. The accessory grew from skateboard to longboard to something else entirely, something that could support such a behemoth rider. Much like Levi's cock, it was obscenely large.

"Fuck yeah..." he grinned, his ringed hand moving to grope his monster bulge. Just as Noah had wished, he was quite satisfied with the changes inflicted upon him. The feeling of satisfaction extended to his boyfriend, but Noah was overtaken quickly by another, familiar feeling. His stomach started to ache once more. The intense pains that had abandoned him for a week were now returning. He hadn't transformed Levi in that time, and he had not fed off him either. After a change as monumental as the one he'd just enacted, though, he felt like if he did anything more, he'd have to be drinking cum while making the changes just so he didn't starve to death... But he didn't feel like drinking it. It was the strangest thing. He felt hungry, but the natural human instinct to consume through one's mouth when hungry didn't feel like it would be enough.

"Levi... I need you to fuck me. Like, actually need you to. Please. Fill my guts... I'm so hungry for your cum..." Noah begged. His cocky, arrogant, mildly high boyfriend moved over with a grin, lifting a large hand, a thumb rubbing at Noah's fuzzy chin.

"You sure I won't break yah?" he asked, a tent forming in his pants that was as big across as Noah's forearm.

"I wouldn't care if you did, I just... fuck I need it..." Noah said, acting more feverishly aroused than he ever had before. His hands slid down the loose pants that laid around Levi's waist, and unveiled his cock, throbbing and around a foot and a half in length, drooling at it all the while, before getting to work right away, getting it wet and prepared for his hole.

As Noah sucked, large streams of precum from the large cock began to flow down his throat. As it seemed, any kind of substance from Levi's body would satisfy him, although not in even amounts. But it was enough to get his head thinking a bit straight. And what he realized was that perhaps one and a half feet of cock might be a bit too big. What if... *I wish that I could fit his cock no matter what* he thought to himself. He didn't feel anything change, but he suddenly felt a bit hungrier. He guessed it had worked - meaning not only could he change his boyfriend to be more perfect, but he could make himself even better for him - but he wouldn't know until the moment came...

Soft, satisfied murmurs and grunts came from Levi's mouth as his boyfriend slathered his rod with saliva, wetting it down until it glistened, but as appealing as another blowjob would have been, they both wanted the same thing. Levi exerted his large muscles to turn Noah around, pushing him against one of the sign posts at the edge of the skate park. His large hands began to slip around Noah's waist, fumbling with his belt and trying to remove the impediment to the fun that would come next. Noah was squished chest first against the sign, hearing his belt whizz as it was yanked from the belt loops and cast aside, large fingers working on his fly next. In an act slightly more graceful than pantsing his boyfriend, Levi dropped his partner's drawers and murmured with satisfaction.

"Now that is a fine ass..." Levi purred, his large hand caressing the virgin globe of flesh before him. Noah blushed as his boyfriend complimented his body, a small growl in his stomach as his arousal grew. *Well, if I can change myself.. And I'm about to be fed... fuck it. I want my ass to grow for him.* He suddenly let out a small moan. He had no idea it felt this good! He felt weight pile itself on his hips as he looked back. His two asscheeks began to pile with muscle and fat, becoming thick, smooth, and round, curving his thighs and his waist with it, creating a sexy bubble butt, now waiting even more hungrily for its cock...

A drop of drool escaped Levi's lips as he watched his boyfriend's ass blossom. The firm, round, full cheeks, the way they tapered down, it almost looked like a big heart... The bubble butt was so full, his massive erection quivered with need. An almost animalistic grunt escaped the skater's lips as he grabbed onto Noah's hips, aiming the head of his massive member to gently slip up the crevice of Noah's cheeks until he felt that tight, pulsating ring of flesh that marked the entrance to the promised land. With one more satisfied grunt, Levi pushed forward, easing into his much shorter boyfriend.

If there were other people around, they would have turned their heads instantly from the sound that Noah cried out. It was high-pitched, slightly wavering, and full of intense sexual pleasure. His virgin hole was stretched by the skater boy's massive cock, filling him up. "**FUCK!**" He cried out, voice dripping with joyful intensity, "Fuck me! I love you so much... keep going baby..." The words were fuel on the fire. Noah could feel Levi's ringed fingers digging into his hips for a firmer grip before the massive skater gave a sudden thrust, slipping three inches deeper all in one go.

Feeling more confident, the towering six foot six raven haired athlete began to thrust forward again, adding in another two inches, sliding in more and more. He snarled with satisfaction at how tight his boyfriend's sexy bubble butt was, but he grinned with delight at the idea of hilling himself inside of Noah. He pulled back just long enough to regain his purchase and thrust deeper still. By some miracle of modified anatomy, Noah's body wasn't just accepting Levi's massive manhood, it was embracing it! It was as though in that moment they were not two boyfriends fucking, but as though they were sliding into one entity, bodies intertwining as Levi's cock began to slide in and out of his boyfriend's bubble butt more perfectly than either of them could have ever imagined. He was tight, but the tightness never seemed to resist the pressure. It conceded to the cock, keeping a grip around it the whole time. Their flesh never disconnected, and consistently created endless pleasure.

In and out, back and forth, pulsing and throbbing in a rhythmic unison that rivaled that of the tides. It was no lie to say that Noah's ass was hungry. It felt as if he had muscled that no other human had, rhythmically milking Levi's shaft as he tried to fuck him. Levi growled and growled, getting deeper and deeper until the power of his thrusts started to lift Noah up off his feet, forcing him to brace his hands against the skatepark sign just to stay upright. Heat radiated from his boyfriend's mega meat. The friction almost felt like electricity jolting from cell to cell.

Levi had been reshaped into the exaggeration of a perfect skater, giving him the strengths and weaknesses. While the majority of his time was spent doing the bare minimum, a unique hyper-focus allowed him to practice skating relentlessly and without tire. It seemed he was bringing that focus to bare on Noah as he fucked him, sliding in and out, back and forth with the precision of a well oiled machine. There was such a deep satisfaction to filling the smaller boy with a cock almost as big as his forearm. Levi nearly drooled at the deep satisfaction of it all.

Beneath the immense pleasure, the true root of all Noah's transformations, no matter on who, or what they were, was to optimize cum consumption. As much as they both adored the revelries that came with their first fuck, neither of them were quite ready for the intensity of what was to come next. It seemed as though their orgasms were building together simultaneously, as their moans echoed around the wet, curved surfaces of the skatepark. But suddenly, Noah seemed to relent, momentarily confusing his boyfriend. He looked back over his shoulders into Levi's eyes. "Turn me around.. I wanna look at you when we cum."

"Your wish is my command, dude." Levi grinned, using his impressive muscles to lift Noah up off his feet, maneuvering him around like a pig on a spit. Noah could feel the veined shaft rotating inside of him until his legs slipped down around Levi's waist to straddle him. In that position, gravity drove the skater's cock even deeper, so deep it felt like it nearly filled Noah entirely... but that was the goal rather than the current situation. Levi's sweat soaked hair spilled across his face, his lip all but trembling as he huffed and puffed, his muscles glistening as he fucked Noah with everything he had to offer. Avocado sized balls almost seemed to grow again as they swung and slapped beneath Noah's delicate taint. And so, with a crescendo of epic proportions as they moaned and cried out, their cocks erupted in tandem. Noah's sprayed across his chest and his face, coating it in the normal thin streaks of thick white fluid. But Levi's cock was something else altogether.

The optimization was in full effect. His balls were now designed to provide his starving boyfriend with as much cum as he possibly could - and boy did he overachieve that goal. Pump

after pump, one spasm following another until it was a steady stream. His cock was like a firehose, emptying his now grapefruit-sized testicles. It shot straight into Noah's guts, forcing its way into his stomach. Even with the layers of flesh and muscle and ligament and sinew, Noah could hear the sloshing inside of him. In a matter of seconds, he felt full and that fullness brought him the incredible vitality and energy he craved... but it didn't stop there. It kept going. And going. And going. Soon, Noah felt his stomach reach its true capacity, completely full - a feeling he didn't think he'd ever felt before, but Levi's tsunami of sperm didn't even stop there.

There was an odd stinging across Noah's stomach, a mix of mild pain and odd pleasure. He looked down and his flat stomach was beginning to distend, bulging out in front of him. Levi seemed none the wiser, his face still contorted with his unbelievably intense orgasm. Levi's thrusts became milder but more intimate, churning instead of pistoning. He eased his shaft forward and back ever so slightly, rotating his hips just a little, ensuring ample contact. Noah's stomach continued to bloat and stretch, storing more and more of the skater's cum as if he was saving up for winter. His unanticipated belly continued to round until it was the size of a melon, taut and tight as a drum over his incredibly full stomach.

"Fuuuuuck..." Levi drawled, eyes rolled back in his head as the fire hose became a garden hose, then a spurting sprinkler, and finally fell silent. He was still as hard as a rock, but the orgasm had at last come to an end. It was a miracle his large form was still standing - until it wasn't. After several seconds of panting and staring over each other, Levi finally found his legs beginning to fail him. With the strength he could muster, he made sure that his collapse was gentle, cradling his boyfriend still impaled on his cock onto the ground. It was cold, hard, and wet, but neither of them cared. Mostly because Noah's entire focus was on the giant belly that bulged from his midsection.

"Fuck Levi... it looks like you knocked me up, six months ago..." he laughed. The pain was only mild, and at some point he intended to make it not hurt, but he could focus on that next time. His focus was on just how much sheer energy and sustenance he felt within him. He felt like he wouldn't have to eat for weeks. Years even. Would he have to ever consume cum ever again? And how much could he change from what he had stored in him? He had lived with the hunger for so long it felt as though he'd never truly be able to escape it, but even if it returned eventually, right here, in this moment, the possibilities seemed endless!

"I'll knock you up any time you want." Levi said, kissing Noah's head, "But maybe I should get you somewhere you can rest. You really rode the bull on that one." he grinned. Noah agreed. After a few moments of rest, they managed to regain their strength. Or at least Levi did. When Noah finally tried to get up to fetch his pants, he lost his balance. His legs were not used to holding up the weight of both a newly thickened ass and thighs. Let alone a large cum gut. Thankfully, Levi's natural instincts kicked in to grab him by the armpits. The two staggered for a bit, before he managed to find a method that would work. They both slid on their pants (with Noah's fitting much tighter now), and with Levi's assistance, they both walked home... or at least what felt like where home was supposed to be.

Whatever it was going to be, it was a different home to the one they'd left from that morning. In fact, neither of them quite knew where they were going just yet, they only knew a strange instinct was guiding them. The journey was intimate and cozy. As they walked on further, they seemed to realize more and more about their surroundings, until finally, they reached their location - a small house within a stone's throw from the skate park.

In that moment, reality crystalized. Nebulous forces cleared and memories settled into place like puzzle pieces. Levi had his own house, or rather he had found an abandoned one and occupied it enough to call his own. He had moved out of his parent's home as a sign of rebellion and he hadn't looked back. The derelict property had become a paradise of stoners and skaters where wayward souls crashed and indulged in their corruption. Of all the young men to travel into Levi's den, Noah was perhaps one of the most innocent. Perhaps that was one of the reasons that Levi took such pleasure in fucking him and taking him as his own.

The door eased open with a faint creak, the hinges in need of lubrication. The windows had a milky sheen on them that diffused the view of the overgrown leafy trees outside as if they were an oil painting. The furniture was threadbare and worn, a few springs and ample stuffing showing in places. The air was rank and musky, a mix of drugs and manly aroma. Levi settled Noah down onto the couch, letting him rest his weary ass and over-full belly.

"You want a beer or anything, babe?" Levi asked affectionately. Noah laughed in response. For a moment, Levi looked back at him, a dopey, clueless expression over his face. *Fuck was that hot*, Noah thought to himself, before patting his full stomach. "I'll be alright babe" he smiled back, before lying back in the large, worn-down armchair. He could smell everything - drugs, dust, age, a whole number of other things, but one thing struck his nose more than the rest. Some people have a smell you could just recognise. Levi was one of those people, and his smell was deep in this chair. *Of course it is*, said a memory sliding into Noah's brain, *this is his favorite chair, cause it's big enough for someone him-sized, to cuddle with someone me-sized...*

Levi disappeared into the kitchen, huge feet padding over faded and worn black and white checkerboard linoleum until he returned with a beer for himself. Setting it on the end table, he lifted Noah up out of the arm chair, sat down, and then set Noah on his lap. He pulled the smaller boy to him, nuzzling his face into Noah's wonderful, thick brown hair, inhaling his boyfriend's scent and wrapping one massive arm over his chest, resting it against the upper shelf of his cum belly. He closed his eyes and smiled, feeling entirely content to have his boyfriend right there against him.

While it had been a bit of a stretch, it hadn't been outside of the scope of Noah's abilities for his classmates to simply accept that the brown haired young man was walking around with a sloshing belly full of his giant skater boyfriend's cum. It was almost as if the couple had some sort of secret, that only they knew what Levi had once been before he was a six foot six, three hundred and fifty pound skater with a cock as big as most people's arms. Still, they hadn't been forced to put their classmates' suspension of disbelief to the test for very long given how infrequently they went to school. They spent most of their time out and about, and an impromptu road trip had taken the two to the coast.

The steady growl of Levi's skateboard had been replaced with the clitter-clack of it rolling along the boardwalk. The weather was still chilly, but the beach was far from abandoned. There were a few clusters of people flying kites in the high breezes, but the collection of SUVs and minivans with metal racks hinted at the true population that had flocked to the sea. While Levi and Noah were the long haired bombshells back home, it seemed that many of their kin had come to surf the waves. Tall, trim, fit young men with long hair rose and fell with the tide,

working to find a communion with nature as the sea spray flecked their well tanned bodies... bodies that seemed to be drawing Noah's eyes far more than his oblivious boyfriend.

Noah liked to think he wasn't shallow. He had been in love with the same boy for years, and had grown to love *him* as he was. At least, that was the case until they kissed. It was funny how access to the near infinite powers of transformation suddenly made you fine with not looking beyond the surface. And sure, Noah loved his new skater boyfriend, why else would he have kept him that way the past three weeks? Well, maybe to keep this sexy gut of his, but that was beside the point. He had perfectly accentuated all the points he liked, and if he was any ordinary guy getting this boyfriend as is, he would have been set for life. But... There was a world of possibilities at his fingertips. If he knew he had full access to whatever man he wanted, why on earth wouldn't he take that opportunity? And now, his magically shortened attention span drifted elsewhere.

Levi had stopped to try out some tricks on a series of small concrete blocks and Noah had learned that it was the best to allow him to do so. He found it pretty hot anyway, watching from afar. But for the first time, his eyes were not fixed on his boyfriend, but towards the beach where a small group of men were assembled. Each of them were wearing wetsuits or simply swim shorts, all with their bare chests revealed. Each was muscled, tanned, and sexy as fuck. He looked over their faces. Each had a similarly dopey expression to his boyfriend, only less focused almost, like they were lost in some light trance. They had similar jewelry tastes to Levi, only instead of anything metal, all was made of rope or hemp, and the multiple necklaces were replaced by singular shell necklaces. As he focused on them, noting them all putting their surfboards down after apparently a long day on the waves, he overheard their conversation, all with that heavy, sexy californian accent that characterized them;

"...Brah, that wave earlier? Fuckin gnarly..."

"I know! And did you see that hot babe! She was *totally* rockin' my style brah!" A series of cheerful agreements went around at this, encouraging their friend. Well, usually Noah might have been dismayed at finding someone attractive, then instantly finding out they were heterosexual. But he had another ace up his sleeve - one executing a perfect ollie on the concrete block beside him. It was time to change his boyfriend again. *I wish Levi was a hot surfer boy. One with the ocean and nature. Tanned, sleek muscles, beach-blonde wavy hair, much longer than it is now, and the classic dress and nature that goes with it. And fuck it, turn it up to eleven like this skater form.*

An odd, heavy clatter came, nearly startling Noah. Levi's board had tumbled out from beneath him as the wheels disappeared from it. The sandpaper turned to sand and caught in the wind, blowing off the now smooth board as it surged and stretched, growing outward and wobbling along the boardwalk as it grew. A large foot planted itself to regain balance, though where Levi's foot had once been encased in a large skate shoe, they were now completely bare.

Levi's breathing was shallow as he felt the strange warmth spreading over his body like the rays of the setting sun. His large chest rose and fell very slightly, though as he tipped his head back, the sun seemed to ignite in the fiber of his hair. The dark black pigmentation was bleached away, the straight and smooth mane becoming wavy, then almost curly as each strand caught up to a lifetime of salt water and sun. The golden rivulets cascaded down over shoulders no longer scarred from tumbling across asphalt and cement, but instead well weathered by the merciless sun.

The wild sideburns that Levi had once been sporting became more subdued, pulling back while remaining present in their new wheat colored hue. Levi even gasped as his waist seemed to taper a little, his shoulders and arms remaining defined while the life of a surfer eroded a bit of weight he carried around his midsection. He still dwarfed the other surfers that were walking up the beach, but in moments he appeared to be a superior version of their very same kind. Remarkably, as Noah briefly glanced over to compare his improving boyfriend with the small group, they didn't even seem to notice what was happening to Levi, despite his transformation being completely in the open. However, one did appear to be looking at him funny - as though he wasn't sure if he recognised him.

Unlike his change into the perfect skater, Levi was retaining most of his mass - though his torso did seem to be tapering more. The heavy, worn out skater clothes seemed to slink off of his body, falling to the ground as seams and stitches merely gave out. No longer obscured, it was easy to watch the massive man's body shifting. His muscles had redeveloped, though not by much. There was a lot of overlap in how skaters and surfers used their bodies. But while Skater Levi had been almost bulkier, Surfer Levi had a more refined development to his muscles. Each was perfectly carved as though Michelangelo himself had been creating a perfect man. This made up for the decrease in bulk, though Noah knew full well that he'd make him bigger later. He just liked his men that way.

The tan that had covered Levi's feet began to spread up his legs, through his golden-brown pubes, even seeming to cover his cock and ass - was this new Levi fond of surfing nude? - and spreading up his smooth, deeply muscular chest and down his arms, the only place seeming to lack the tan being his wrists, where his long strand of bracelets constantly protected them from the powerful coastal sun. With this tan, a coat of body hair seemed to follow. There wasn't much of it, he needed to be as sleek as possible. But while he only had a thin smattering of chest hair, thick bushels of straw-coloured hair blossomed from the base of his cock, and in the deep crevices of his aromatic, muscular armpits. As the rich sunkissed tan spread over Levi's face, it triggered a whole new set of transformations.

His softly boyish skater face began to morph, still remaining relatively young, but with what might be described as a youthful maturity and handsomeness, like being one with nature made him wiser beyond his years, and somehow more handsome (the last bit may have not been entirely related, but Noah didn't care). His eyes turned from a cool green of his skater self to the most vibrant blue Noah had ever seen. His lips seemed to grow even softer and more kissable, with a pearly white, sun bleached, charming smile behind them. But the most remarkable thing was the short sideburns that still remained grew down his face, spreading sparsely across his cheeks, before meeting in the middle. Here they had their fun, thickening into a light, blonde scruff, almost like a goatee, concentrated on his chin and his mustache.

The sun started to glow in the golden Adonis's hair, showing the rivulets as they stretched out from his scalp and in the wispy mustache and beard that framed his jaw. This was a man who had left himself to nature in both body and soul. Having been standing on the boardwalk naked, the slick ripple of material began to slink around his body. No shirt for him this time, or at least not on his person. To his surprise, Noah suddenly felt one of the items of clothing appearing in *his* hand. He spread the white cloth out to find a well-worn tank top that smelled of salt and sand, and unmistakably like his boyfriend. He must have been given this to hold so that Levi could be shirtless. He looked back up at Levi, to see the remainder of the

clothes appearing on his form, although they were few in number. Still barefoot, and as it seemed, he went commando now. Around his waist, a loose pair of swim shorts appeared, and wrapped themselves snugly around his snake, and his thick tanned asscheeks. Finally, two small pieces of twine appeared around his neck, one with a sharktooth on the end, the other a small, beautiful shell. As Noah seemed to recall, the shell had been found by him, and Levi had turned it into a necklace to remember him by. God, he was *already* getting memories from this new life? It seemed one drop among many as they didn't stop there.

As he watched the skateboard finally finish its growth, revealing itself to be what they'd both expected - a finely crafted surfboard - more memories came back to him. He turned around to look across the beach, where a small shack stood by the water. It had always been there, he knew that for a fact, it was a small surf shop. Only... Now it wasn't just *there*, it was *Theirs*. That was Levi's house, right on the waterfront, with the shop connected to it. And as a frequenter to the beach... Their commute had just become considerably shorter. As they left, those that had been on the boardwalk had returned to seeming oblivious to what had just happened - all save for one. One of the smaller surfers, his reddish-brown hair pulled into a man bun over long scruff watched as Levi's discarded clothes dissolved into sand and caught on the wind. His eyes shifted slightly in recognition as to what had happened before he pulled his friends closer in a hug, trying to mask his insecurity at seeing another like himself by relishing the coven he had carved.

The rise and fall of the ocean waves roared like the beating heart of the planet. As the tide crashed against large smooth rocks that broke up the surf, sheets of white foam shot straight up into the air and glowed bright in the sunlight before raining down onto tide pools and beach. Levi led his boyfriend down to the structure they both innately knew was their home, waving and yelling at a group of other surfers running down to the shore. He seemed to know everyone in the coastal town, which didn't surprise Noah in the slightest given the fact that he'd had a hand in reshaping this reality.

Down where the sand was still wet from fresh and frequent waves, Levi walked up the few steps that led up to the platform the house was on, preventing it from completely flooding at high tide. If Noah remembered the architectural styles from back home, it somewhat resembled a Queenslander - though he had a feeling his himbo of a boyfriend wouldn't have even known what that word meant when he was building it. The structure was built from what looked like driftwood and leaves tied together, though in a more complex style than what you might expect from a castaway or the like, though still simple and seemingly one with the nature around it. The door didn't even seem to have a lock as the surfer guy's large hand swung it open graciously for his boyfriend.

As they entered, Noah was immediately struck by the subtle similarities between this house and the last one the two had lived in. The laid back nature, the decorations dedicated to his sport that looked like they had been bought in the early 2000s, and of course, the lingering smell of pot in the air. It was noticeably small, clearly built for the purpose of staying in when you weren't surfing, rather than having a permanent base of operations. There were only two other rooms other than the main one, a bedroom with a large bed (perfect for cuddling and 'feeding',

Noah thought), and a small, rudimentary bathroom. Past the small kitchen there was a wide open deck, which looked like you could jump right off it to surf at high tide. Noah loved it. Unlike the last one, this felt less like a den that had been inhabited, than a home that had been carefully cultivated, built for living and loving in. It was more organic, more... them.

"I can't believe how great those waves were, I was right in the pocket!" Levi said, one arm wrapped around Noah's shoulders like a comforting shawl. The beach house wasn't just comfortable, it was dripping with an atmosphere of guilt free pleasure. There was no ambition, no planning of the future. It was a locus for living in the moment, but it showed signs of months, even years of happiness. Sun bleached pictures, sand worn mementos and milky sunlight catching in frosted windows and scattering through fish floaters and blown glass strung up in nets. One wall was nearly covered in an armadillo shell of surfboards, though Levi had brought in his most trusty board, the one that had transformed twice already. Levi's hand traced along Noah's shoulder before eventually letting go, freeing it up for him to get them both some sun tea, adding just enough sugar to make it palatable. The two crossed the short living room, moving back out to the porch that overlooked the ocean.

"Are you ever going to join me out there, brah?" Levi asked with a bright grin.

"Some day perhaps" said the smaller man as they sunk down onto the couch that had been relegated to outdoor fixture. It smelled of salt and brine, but it was comfortable and cozy and theirs. Noah leaned against his boyfriend's immense shoulder. "Perhaps some day I'll go out there with you. I think I get a better view watching you from a distance though." he said with a grin, moving an arm under his boyfriend's backside with a giggle, as they watched the glimmering ocean before them - a view that already felt as if they'd been gazing at together for years.