

College Is Transformative: Family Weekend
by Soul-Controller

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When it came to figuring out who the big man on campus was, it was a no-brainer that no one in either the student body or college faculty could compete with Chase Richards. Despite only being a 19-year-old college freshman, it seemed as though the man would be destined for success both in college and after graduation. Naturally charismatic, his impressive features only added to his magnetic charm, with his defined cheekbones, plump lips, and naturally wavy jet black hair making him someone that everyone desperately wanted to look at and talk with. Adding in his bulky muscular physique given his prowess as a wrestler, the all-American man seemed as though he was Superman ripped straight from the pages of the comics and brought to life.



Although Chase's grades in high school hadn't been the best, it was due to his state-championship winning performances over all four years of high school (plus a "modest" donation from his multi-millionaire businessman father) that had allowed him to secure a spot at Oak Point University. With his future all but guaranteed to take over his father's company one day, the jock had opted to get a business degree to keep himself and his family swimming in cash.

Although Chase had initially planned on joining a fraternity when he first got accepted, it was his father Brian who had told the jock that he would be required to go through the first year of undergrad as similar to most of his fellow classmates as possible. Given the exorbitant amount of wealth that the kid was born into due to his early business moves back in the early 90s, Brian had made it a goal of his to make sure his son remained as humble as possible. He knew how wealth could corrupt the minds of men (he had seen it happen all too often with his fellow competitors who had gotten too ambitious and fallen into both financial and personal ruin), so Brian tried his best to keep his son reined in as best he could.

As a result, the jock had been given a limited allowance each month in his teen years before being forced to take on a part-time job to get a bit of work ethic ingrained into him. Now that his son was going to college though, Brian was adamant about the young man going through the roommate lottery system. The reason behind this being that the middle-aged man was hopeful that being surrounded by normal civilians rather than the snobby preppy kids Chase encountered at his private high school would be a

formative time to help keep his son grounded and emphasize the life lesson he tried to teach his son - that money wasn't all that mattered in the world.



Given the fact that his life was utterly perfect with no need to worry about common worries like other college students, Chase navigated through college life with a confident swagger. But just like Superman, the imposing athlete had his own kind of kryptonite, and for Chase, it came in the form of his roommate Tyler. The other man seemed to exist in a different world from the vibrant social circles that surrounded Chase. Rather than enjoying a good time going out and partying like normal college students, Tyler was a lanky nerd who would much rather stay in their dorm room playing fantasy video games and reading dorky books all night.

A testament to their extremely different lives, the duo's shared dorm room was a study in contrasts, with Chase's athletic gear, protein powder tubs, and half-eaten pizza boxes strewn across one side while Tyler's books and tech gadgets claimed the other in a nice and tidy fashion. There were a few times where the jock had been alone in the room and attempted to snoop to figure out the quiet and awkward enigma that was Tyler, but this only caused Chase to grow more confused. Originally the man had thought that his roommate was just super studious and reading textbooks to get ahead in his courses or something, but after noticing some books peeking out from underneath his cot, the jock began to look through this secret collection and cackling over how nerdy they were. *An Intro To Spellcasting? Natural Elixirs And How To Create Them? The Transfiguration Manual? I can't believe it, the dude's a total loser!*

Although this was initially enough to make him want to steer clear from his roommate due to just how pathetic he was, Chase was given more reason to investigate over the course of that first month as a series of incidents began to occur that made the living space feel increasingly hostile. Firstly, Tyler was quite the night owl, as he would keep a bright lamp on to the late hours of the night reading more of those fantasy "manuals". Although he had initially tried to move past this in hopes of keeping the peace and avoiding more interactions with his roommate, it quickly became too much to bear. Night after night, the room was bathed in the harsh fluorescent glow of Tyler's desk lamp, which was too bright no matter how the nerd attempted to angle it. As a result, Chase

would toss and turn, muttering complaints under his breath, while Tyler, engrossed in his books, seemed oblivious or simply uninterested to remedy the situation.

As if these late-night reading and study sessions weren't enough, Chase became increasingly aware of another peculiar habit of his roommate. On more than one occasion, he caught Tyler stealing glances in his direction, particularly when he was in the midst of changing out of his sweaty workout clothes or getting ready for the day after his shower. Despite his immense physique and thus easy ability to intimidate the nerd so he stopped gawking at his body like a piece of meat, the man tried his best to remain calm. Back in high school he had gotten a bit too physical with a few of those homos with overly wandering eyes during gym class, which had resulted in his father offering a significant cash offer to keep things hushed and the young jock being forced to attend therapy. Although he had no real issues with gay men, it was the feeling of being objectified by them and having to deal with their lingering stares that always set him off.

One evening though, his restraint was finally broken after getting home and attempting to change out of his wrestling gear. Undergoing his first ever loss was humiliating enough, but then to start taking off his singlet and suddenly feeling the presence of eyes staring intensely at his broad back and buff and plump ass was enough to get the man to snap.

"Can I help you with something, Tyler?" Chase asked, irritation evident in his tone as he remained turned away from the nerd.

Tyler, startled by the question, stammered, "Oh, no, sorry. I was just... uh, lost in thought."

"Uh huh," Chase replied, rolling his eyes as he finished pulling on a pair of athletic shorts and tank top. After making sure he was dressed enough, the jock finally turned to stare intensely at the nerd's wide eyes. "I don't care if you're a fag or whatever, but if I feel you checking me out one more time, we're gonna have problems. Got it?"

In response, a loud gulp came from Tyler's throat as he attempted to speak. "I- I'm sorry Chase. Won't happen again," he exclaimed, nodding his head frantically before suddenly turning away and engrossing himself back into the book he had been reading.

At first, the confrontation seemed to work as Tyler's lingering stares had immediately halted since that chat. In fact, the nerd now seemed to avoid direct eye contact entirely and although he certainly didn't want to make the guy terrified of him (he only meant to put a little bit of fear into him to make sure the message was clear), Chase wasn't

necessarily opposed to having the man so afraid of him. This was especially true as Tyler began to offer his help in getting the duo's laundry all done given his homebody nature. Although it certainly felt a bit awkward for Chase as the notion of Tyler doing his laundry made him feel like the equivalent of a housewife, the jock wasn't willing to refuse such help. With the wrestling season ramping up in tandem with exams and big projects, Chase honestly didn't care if the man sniffed his dirty singlets or jockstraps as long as it meant having one less thing to worry about!

However, issues began to arise once more when Chase would return home to his laundry resting all folded on his bed. In hopes of dropping off his backpack and changing quickly into his workout attire for wrestling practice, the folded tower of clothes initially seemed like an absolute blessing. But as he grabbed onto a compression shirt and a pair of athletic shorts, pulling them onto his muscular body caused anger to permeate through Chase's mind and a frown to crease his forehead. The stretchy and shimmering clothes were now too small, as his shorts now rested above his upper thighs and his shrunken compression shirt revealed several inches of the jock's exposed tanned cobblestone abs.

"Tyler!" Chase bellowed, his voice booming through the small room. "What the hell did you do to my clothes?"

Tyler, engrossed in a particularly interesting chapter in one of his books, looked up with a look of pure confusion and innocence. "What? I didn't do anything."

Chase scowled, his anger simmering just beneath the surface. "Look at me," he cried out, pointing his bulky finger at his new attire. "My shit is way too small now! I look like a fucking idiot," he exclaimed, pulling his finger away from himself to instead clench his hand into a tight fist. Knowing how eager Tyler was to sneak a peek at him changing, the man couldn't help but stop himself from assuming the worst. "Did you shrink them on purpose?"

In response, Tyler rolled his eyes, clearly unamused by Chase's accusations. "I didn't do anything with your laundry, Chase. I did them at the same time as mine and mine all ended up fine. Did you think that maybe you're just getting bigger because of all that takeout and other shit you've got scattered over the room?"

Chase, instantly furious at such an accusation, raised his voice. "Fuck you bro, that's bullshit! I just weighed myself last week and I'm the same weight I've always been. This is all on you and you better fucking fix it. I'm not kidding dude, you better fix this, or I'll—"

To Chase's shock, Tyler suddenly interrupted him, his tone now dripping in a bizarre and out of character bit of sarcasm as he chuckled. "You'll what? Beat me up? I don't think that's gonna be a good look for your reputation," he said, his lips pulling back into an amused smirk.

Chase clenched his jaw, the veins in his forehead pulsating with irritation. "Are you *trying* to get me to beat your ass or something? Is that what this is all about? You've got some weird homo fantasy about getting roughed up by some jock?"

"No, I've just got a low threshold for your bullshit anymore," Tyler instantly retorted, seemingly ending his conversation by turning away from Chase and continuing to go back to reading.

Dumbfounded by the nerd's sudden confidence, a quick glance at his phone revealed that he only had a few minutes left for him to get to practice. Knowing how Coach would annihilate him for being late, the man was left with no other choice but to leave. After snatching his gym bag and slinging it over his shoulder, Chase turned with a huff and stormed out of the room before slamming the door shut.

As Chase made his way to the wrestling practice, he seethed with frustration. The snug workout clothes clung to him uncomfortably, the shirt riding up to an almost comical length. To Chase's absolute shock and confusion though, the too short and borderline skimpy attire was an immediate hit amongst the other students based on the longing stares he was receiving from gorgeous women on campus. Although arriving to practice caused his fellow wrestlers to give him shit about his new look, Chase found himself coming around to the idea as the same intense stares and longing continued from women on the way home. Before long, his attire for the day became the hot topic amongst students, with ladies fawning for him even more than before as even the school newspaper did a small piece on him discussing how "fashion forward" and "brave" his new look was.

Despite this though, he still found himself pissed at Tyler and eager to make his life a living hell. With his status as a sex symbol only increased by his new attire, the cramped dorm room became even more cramped as Chase would bring home random women in hopes of teaching the nerd a lesson. Just as he thought, the sight and sound of Chase pleasuring a woman and vice versa was enough to send the virginal Tyler running for the hills as he grabbed some of his books and other things before fleeing the room to spend the next few hours in one of the vacant meeting rooms in the residence hall.

In the aftermath of these late night hookups of Chase's, the two roommates would often engage in a battle of words the day after as they yelled and harshly judged the other for how awful they seemed to each other. But on this chilly Friday morning in October, things finally reached a breaking point.

"Seriously, Chase? Are you really that fucking horny nonstop or are you just desperate to feel better about your shitty life?" Tyler's voice held a mix of frustration and disdain.

Chase shot him a nonchalant look. "What's it to you, Tyler? Mind your own goddamn business."

Tyler scoffed, a bitter smile playing on his lips. "My business is living in the same damn room as you, being unable to sleep because of your parade of one-night stands. It's pathetic, man."

Chase's eyes narrowed. "Well now you know how I felt with all your late night reading sessions with those nerdy ass fantasy books of yours. Like, casting spells and making potions? You're such a fucking loser," he dopily chuckled, feeling a twinge of amusement watching as Tyler's stern face faltered for a moment and turned into a concerned look. With this look, the man decided to go for the jugular. "Tyler, you can be totally honest with me. Are you really *that* mad about the hookups? Or are you just jealous that you'll never be able to get a stud like **me** to fuck *you*," he inquired, bursting into a hearty fit of laughter.

In response, Tyler's expression turned icy and he began to clench his bony fists to try and contain his rage. "Well at least I'm not a shallow, heartless jerk who uses people and throws them away like yesterday's trash."

Chase chuckled, unfazed by Tyler's words. "Listen, Tyler, I don't need a fucking lecture from a loner like you. I've got a life to live."

Tyler's eyes blazed with anger. "And what kind of life is that, Chase? A never-ending cycle of workouts and meaningless hookups to make up for your poor excuse of a life? Believe me, once you're out of here and in the real world, all of those looks and muscles of yours will fade and you'll have nothing. You'll be just as pathetic and lonely as me..."

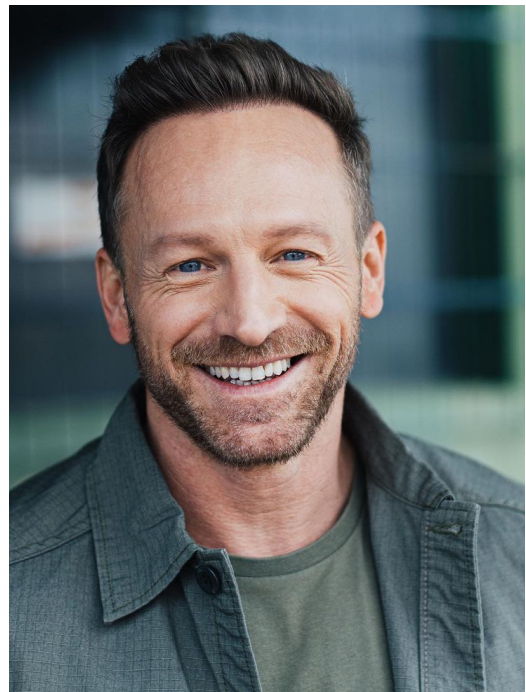
Chase, losing his patience, retorted, "Yeah, I honestly doubt that. I'm set up for fucking life, bro. While you'll be struggling to get a career higher than minimum wage, I'll be working with my dad making millions of dollars a year."

Tyler's gaze remained steady, his voice calm and cold. "You may have money, but you'll never be emotionally fulfilled," he said, his lips pulling back into a smirk as he made his way over towards his desk and began to flip through the pages of a book. "Enjoy that superficial happiness of yours though, I'm sure it's going to be a great time having to wonder if women actually like you for you or just want to be a part of your lavish lifestyle! Knowing how fucking stupid you are, I wouldn't be surprised if you ruined your dad's company. He'll be so fucking disappointed and ashamed to have a son like you continuing his legacy..."

With that chilling declaration hanging in the air, Chase wanted so badly to rush across the room and begin throwing punches into his uncharacteristically smug roommate's face. Disappointing his father and tarnishing the family legacy was the one sore spot in Chase's mind, so Tyler bringing it up was the perfect way to get the man to react. But fearing disappointment and judgment again from his dad, the man opted to contain his rage as best he could. Luckily, he had wrestling practice soon so he instantly grabbed his gym bag and left the room without another word. Given the fact that a big match was coming up, he figured his coach wouldn't mind him showing up early anyway to put in some hard work. Yet as Chase made his way to the gym and got changed into his practice attire, the words exchanged with Tyler continued to echo in his mind.

As he stepped onto the wrestling mat, the physical intensity of practice became a welcome avenue to release his anger from the emotional turmoil of the morning. So after spending the next hour and a half putting his all into unleashing his inner rage, Chase was understandably quite exhausted as he grabbed his bag from the locker room and began to exit the athletic facility.

Given how rough practice had been on top of his argument with Tyler, the jock couldn't help but pray to the heavens that there was something that could salvage this annoying and exhausting day. To his shock though, this wish was granted as he suddenly found a special individual waiting for him outside the facility - his father Brian.



"Dad?! What are you doing here?" Chase exclaimed, his surprise evident in his voice not only from the shock of seeing his dad but from the brisk autumn air that wrapped around his sweaty and ill-covered body.

In response to his son's shock, Brian couldn't help but chuckle. "Surprise, champ! You didn't think I'd *actually* miss Family Weekend right?"

Given his father's busy schedule as the CEO of a multi-billion dollar company, Chase hadn't even thought to ask much less assume that his father would consider showing up for such a trivial thing like Family Weekend. The Richards were notoriously known for being tough and incredibly resilient, so in all honesty, Chase was shocked that his dad even thought it was a worthy enough reason to charter a jet all the way out to his Midwestern prestige university. But as he saw his father standing there with the widest possible grin on his face, the jock was instantly realizing just how badly he missed him. College in general was a tough time for young adults, but having to deal with a terrible roommate situation on top of the normal stressors of college (especially those of college wrestling) had left Chase feeling utterly weak and helpless without him even noticing. As such, the man instantly rushed forward and wrapped his father in a tight embrace, deep chuckles escaping from his lips as he felt his father reciprocate the hug.

Often viewed as calm and collected, Chase was stuttering his words as his mind and body were a flurry of emotions. "I— I can't believe you actually came. I missed you so much," he began, leaning back so he could stare into his father's vibrant blue eyes. As he did so, he couldn't help but look at his father and notice just how great he looked.



Unlike most dads, Brian Richards was a 44-year-old entrepreneur who was just as steadfast and motivated in the boardroom as he was in the gym. As a result, his rugged handsomeness had been perfectly paired with the solidly muscular physique that would make even some of Chase's fellow wrestlers jealous!

Ever since he was a young boy, the importance of both physical and mental fitness had been passionately imparted onto Chase by his father. Although the reason behind his father's sudden health kick was due to the sudden and tumultuous divorce from his wife and Chase's mother, the older man realized everything was worth the hardship as it caused both men to not only grow stronger but closer as they bonded via their frequent workouts together. As a result, the duo were a dynamic force, conquering life

with an intense fervor that left both men dominating in both their specific fields. Although one wouldn't think a muscular physique would matter when it came to business deals, Brian couldn't help but notice the newfound respect and attention he gained from clients and fellow partners as he provided intensely firm handshakes and looked inherently imposing due to his bulkier muscles. Despite this intense physique of his, the father remained incredibly modest with his appearance, never opting to showcase his barren arms or legs unless within the comfort of his own son during their workouts.

Yet as they bonded over their mutual love for fitness and living healthy lifestyles, it also caused their paths to divulge more and more frequently as Brian's company continued to catapult to levels once thought to be unimaginable as Chase's wrestling career took off. Despite the way life tried their best to keep them separated, the duo worked tenfold to make sure they both remained an active part in each other's lives. Sometimes Chase would forgo wrestling practice or special team events in order to be by his father's side for important business dinners, and the same could be said for Brian as he would send his second in command to handle business meetings so he could be front row in the sidelines to cheer his son on through every major championship possible.

As he looked at his dad though, he couldn't help but wonder about the constraints of this surprise visit. "So, when do you have to leave? Are you just here for the night or something?"

Brian chuckled in response. "Nope, I'll be here until my flight back on Sunday. I had my schedule cleared so I had nothing else to worry about besides spending time with my incredible kid!"

After taking a momentary pause, the father wrapped his son once more into a tight hug before realizing that they should probably get out of the chill autumn weather. "Say, how about we get in my car and go out for dinner? I'm sure we've got a lot of catching up to do," he said.

Chase immediately nodded and allowed his father to lead him away from the athletic center and closer towards a nearby parking lot. Upon doing so, the jock found himself being taken to a sleek and expensive luxury sports car that seemed awesome yet extremely out of character for his reserved and image-conscious father. After raising an eyebrow at his father, Chase watched as his father instantly chuckled upon opening up the driver's side door.

“Aw, don’t give me that! I just thought you’d want to be taken around in style for the next few days. Plus, I thought you might want to take it for a spin a few nights to show off to your friends,” Brian said with a wink before finally getting into the car.

Upon following suit and bucking up, the duo were off and traversing across the hectic crazy town that was incredibly busy due to the sudden influx of ill-prepared families visiting their kids who had no idea how to navigate such a large metropolitan city. Although this delay was a problem as in terms of delaying the duo’s food, it was also nice as it allowed them to chat for a while.

“So, how’s Oak Point treating you, kiddo? How are classes and everything going?” Brian inquired.

In response, Chase blushed in slight shame as he thought about how piss-poor his grades were due to the intense wrestling schedule he was under along with the issues involving Tyler. “Uh, it’s taking a bit to get used to but I’m sure I’ll get settled and into the groove of things again... although we both know that school isn’t really my forte,” he replied, punctuating his sentence with a nervous chuckle.

“True, you definitely got that from me,” Brian replied, with a slight frown of personal shame. “It was always such a struggle trying to stick to deadlines and get stuff done in time. I had way too much of an overactive imagination.”

Eager to change the subject though, Brian turned to his son and flashed a smile. “Well, how’s the wrestling going then? You like the coaches and your teammates?”

Getting the opportunity to talk about his favorite thing, Chase instantly beamed with pride. “Oh, it’s going great, Dad. The coaches are great and my teammates are pretty cool. We’re doing really well so far, I think we’ve got a good shot of making it all the way to the end,” he stated, smiling as he saw his dad smile in pride. “I’ve been putting in the work, just like you taught me.”

Stuck at a red light, Brian moved one hand away from the steering wheel to pat Chase a few times on the shoulder. “That’s my boy. I would say I’m shocked or surprised, but I always knew that you had it in you!”

Upon lifting his arms up in hopes of reciprocating the action to his father, Chase’s face contorted into a look of disgust as he got a whiff of his own sweaty and musky aroma. Although he was sure that his father didn’t mind, the athlete was constantly craving his father’s approval and respect and thus decided it would probably be a good idea to

change out of these clothes and at least hit his pits and body with some deodorant and cologne. So as they remained stuck at a red light, the man decided to ask his dad a question before it was too late.

“Hey uh, before we go to dinner, can we head back to the dorm? I smell nasty after practice, and if we’re going somewhere fancy I should probably freshen up and change into something more appropriate than this,” Chase stated, looking down at his damp too-small tank top and shorts.

Brian couldn’t help but instantly chuckle at the question. “Of course kiddo! I noticed earlier when we hugged, but I was just so excited to see you that I tried to ignore it. If you want to head back and get yourself cleaned up though, I appreciate that for both of our sakes and senses,” he exclaimed with a hearty chuckle.

Upon quickly turning on his turn signal and getting over to the far lane, Brian escaped the bumper to bumper traffic as he began the trek towards Chase’s campus. “Anyways, I’ve been meaning to meet that roommate of yours! I didn’t get to meet him before I had to go back to New York, so that should be interesting,” he said, which instantly caused a twinge of panic to course through Chase’s body.

Chase hesitated, his enthusiasm waning. The prospect of introducing his father to Tyler, his nerdy and socially awkward roommate, was not something he looked forward to.

“Uh, are you sure about that Dad?” Chase asked. “Tyler is nothing special, he’s just some nerd.” In hopes of trying to convince him against the idea, the man attempted to reframe his concern as genuine empathy. “Plus, I’m sure you’re tired from the flight right? We’ve got all weekend, we can just do it later...”

But to Chase’s annoyance, Brian refused to budge. “No, I want to meet him! I thought about it during that whole flight here. I feel bad for not getting to introduce myself before I left, so the sooner the better!”

Realizing that there was no way of convincing his dad otherwise, the jock quietly nodded to the man’s proposition just as they arrived at the dorm. Upon parking the car in one of the front visitor spots, Brian smiled as he got out of the car and began to make his way towards the dorm. As Chase followed suit and used his keycard to get into the building and then take the elevator up to his floor, the jock couldn’t shake the feeling of impending awkwardness. The small talk with his dad was all that he really wanted, so the thought of introducing his father to his biggest nuisance and enemy loomed over him like a dark cloud.

They soon made their way down the long hallway and reached the door to Brian's dorm room, where the jock took a deep breath before unlocking it. As the door swung open, he half-expected Tyler to be there, staring at them with those awkward, unsettling eyes. But to Chase's relief, the room appeared to be totally empty. In response, a deep exhale escaped from his lips as a slight smile formed. "Well, it seems that Tyler's off doing... whatever it is he usually does. I guess I'll have to go introduce you guys later," Chase said, feigning sadness as he led his father into the room.

Disappointed, Brian's face fell into a slight frown but he tried to fix this by turning his attention towards observing how the shared space now looked. "Not bad, not bad. Brings back memories of my college days. Oh, that feels like eons ago," he said, chuckling to himself as he suddenly found himself lost in a quick trip down memory lane. Eventually though, he returned to the present day as he turned his head towards his son and flashed a smile. "I'm sure it must suck to feel so cramped after growing up in such a large bedroom though huh?"

Chase nodded, quickly pulling off his clothes before switching into a pair of dress clothes that were hung up in his closet. Just as he thought they might escape without encountering Tyler though, the sound of the doorknob turning caused both men to turn away from Chase's side of the bedroom as the nerdy roommate finally made his grand appearance.

"Hey Chase." At first, Tyler's voice was drenched in disdain and anger as he huffed and found himself staring at the handsome yet irritating face of his mortal enemy. But as soon as his eyes moved past the jock and settled onto the weathered and manly visage of the other room's occupant, Tyler's expression instantly changed into a more upbeat and welcoming one. "Uh, hello there," he smiled, walking further into the room before extending out a hand towards the father. "My name is Tyler Jennings, you must be Mr. Richards?"

In response, Brian's face twisted into a jovial smile as he reached out and wrapped Tyler's hand into a tight and intense handshake. "Oh please, Mr. Richards is my father. You can call me Brian," he replied, smiling as he looked the weak nerd up and down. "Apologies for not getting to meet on move-in day, I had a business meeting the next morning so I had to get back as soon as possible!"

"Oh uh, it's no problem," Tyler replied, his expression looking as though he was instantly enamored by the handsome and buff man despite being the creator of his biggest nuisance. As a slight hint of pink began to invade his cheeks, the nerd excused himself

as he made his way over to the desk and began to crack open one of his many books sitting there.

In hopes of getting his father out of there as soon as possible, Chase forced a smile towards his father before he quickly began to make his way over towards the door. "My dad and I were about to go head out to dinner, so we'll see you later Tyler," he began, turning the knob and pulling the door open.

But before he could get his father out of there, Chase was stopped dead in his tracks as his father began to ask a question. "Hey champ, can you give me your keycard or something? I didn't realize how bad I needed to pee until we made our way up here. With how intense the traffic is in town because of this weekend, I don't know if I'd be able to wait until the restaurant!"

Just as Chase was about to reach into his wallet to hand the keycard, the father and son were suddenly shocked as Tyler randomly sat up from his desk and infiltrated the conversation. "I uh, I was about to go shower anyway so I can just let you in with my card if you want?"

In response, Brian smiled as he looked at his son's roommate. "Oh, that would be quite kind of you. Thank you Tyler," he smiled, watching as the nerd quickly grabbed onto his shower caddy and towel before making his way towards the door.

Instantly distrustful of Tyler and fearing that the nerd would be trying to sneak a peek at his dad going to the bathroom or something, Chase tried his best to turn the man down. But no matter how hard he tried, Brian refused to listen to his son. "It's alright Chase, I'll go to the restroom real quick and then we can go. While I'm gone, just go and finish getting ready by putting some deodorant and a lot of cologne on!"

Left with no other choice, Chase watched as Tyler smiled at the middle-aged man and began to lead him down the hallway towards the restroom. Having them even be in the same room as him was already unnerving enough, so watching his father and Tyler making small talk as the nerd swiped his keycard and led the man into the restroom left Chase feeling the most intense sensations of discomfort. He had witnessed with his own eyes how Tyler had stared at him longingly and behaved poorly, so the concept of his father having to experience the same thing was infuriating. The man didn't build a multi-billion dollar company just to get objectified and thirsted over by some horny twink!

So as Chase stood there in his dorm room and just waited for his father to come back, the man couldn't help but grow nervous about the thought of his dad and Tyler being

together in such close proximity. There was nothing he would hate more than his dad to get to know Tyler better and somehow think he's a great guy after what Chase himself had experienced. It was clear that the nerd was on his best behavior and trying to impress the businessman, which only caused the jock to ponder what exactly the nerd's intentions were.

Eager for an excuse to go check on his dad, the universe seemed to give him a reason as he received a text from his father's assistant Deb.

Hey Chase, your dad told me he met up with you but he hasn't been responding to any of my other calls and texts. We've got a business issue that we need his response for, so can you let him know so it can be handled ASAP? Thanks!

After sending a thumbs up emoji to her, Chase pushed his phone into his pocket before turning and making his way out of the dorm room. With haste, the man walked down the long hallway until he was able to make his way to the bathrooms. After sliding in his keycard and getting the light to flash green, Chase twisted the knob and pushed the door open.

Not caring if there was anyone else there, the man opted to loudly announce his arrival to the bathroom. "Hey Dad?" Chase asked, making his way further into the bathroom in hopes of finding him at one of the urinals. "Deb just texted me saying that she needs you to call her about something" he continued, stopping as he suddenly found himself seeing the back of his father revealed past the covers of the urinal.

As his dad leaned his head back and turned to face him, Chase smiled as he realized that Tyler was nowhere to be found. But that assumption was soon realized to be false as he watched one of the stall doors silently pull open and Tyler walked out to end up directly behind Brian. With the nerd turning to face him, Chase's eyes raised in shock as he watched Tyler's lips pull back into a devious smirk and give a sly wink in his direction.

"Dad, behind you!" Chase screamed, but he was too slow to respond as he watched the nerd suddenly head straight towards Brian and begin sprinting in his direction. Fearing that the nerd was going to tackle him for some reason, the man clenched his fists as he mentally prepared for the sight of watching his father slam face-first against the tiled wall and urinal.

However, as soon as Tyler's outstretched arms made contact with Brian, Chase watched in utter disbelief as his father didn't fall forward from the contact. Instead, Tyler

fell *into* his father's broad back and disappeared completely into it. Rapidly blinking his eyes, the jock struggled to comprehend what he had just seen. How was that possible? There's no way that Tyler just vanished in thin air!

To his horror though, Chase watched as his father's body began shaking violently as if it was being electrocuted by a livewire. For what felt like hours, the man was stuck in place unsure of what to do as he watched his father appear to experience an intense seizure. But just as suddenly as its onset, Chase watched as his father's body suddenly stopped shaking and became rigid and upright as if nothing had happened.

"Da- Dad? Are you ok?" Chase inquired, his voice stuttering as he watched his father quickly reach down and zip up his pants before turning away from the urinal and flushing. As their faces met once more, a shiver of pure fear passed through his body as he noticed the unfitting expression that was displayed on Brian's aged yet handsome visage. In all honesty, it looked strangely similar to the one that Tyler had given to him before he disappeared...

"Oh yeah, *champ*," Brian exclaimed, a hearty and somewhat maniacal laugh escaping from his lips as he stopped to look down at himself. After extending out a pair of hands, the man moved them closer to his torso, allowing himself to run along the front of his body and feel the prominent plump pecs and cobblestone abs that were unfairly hidden under his designer clothing. "I've never felt better," he continued, allowing one hand to continue traversing down his body until it reached his crotch and firmly gripped onto the quickly-growing bulge that was pressing out of his dress pants. "Due to your little distraction, your dad didn't suspect a single thing before I came and took him over... so thank you for that!"

Upon hearing this, the pieces of what he had witnessed finally fell into place. "Ty- Tyler? That's you in there?!"