

DILF FM: MIKEY

by Aardvark

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“What is UUUUUPPPPPP, guys!!”

Mikey Brownlee punctuated this greeting with a slam of the door of his trusty old Honda Civic. With a mischievous glint in his eyes, Mikey gripped the steering wheel and revved the engine. The familiar hum of the car filled the air as he backed out of his driveway.

The summer sun bathed the lush landscape as Mikey cruised down the open road, a gentle breeze tousling his unruly mop of chestnut-brown hair. Wearing his favorite denim jacket adorned with pins representing his favorite bands, he exuded an effortless coolness that both intrigued and endeared his audience. The rhythm of the road beneath him and the wind whipping through the open windows set the stage for what was about to unfold.

On this particular sunny afternoon, a sense of excitement bubbled within Mikey's chest as he hopped into his car, ready to embark on his craziest adventure yet. Adjusting the phone mount on his dashboard, he beamed at the rising viewer count for his latest livestream.



“Hope you guys are doin’ good!” Mikey said. “It’s a biiiiig day. Like, huge. The biggest. I just wanted to hop on here and say thanks for always tuning in and stuff. I know there’s not a lot of you but it’s fun to kick off days talking to everybody, especially before school. Blergh! Not gonna miss that!” Mikey rolled his eyes, then chuckled at himself. “Oops. Kinda broke the news there. Uh - yeah - soooo, big news, like I said! I really appreciate all the love and everything on these little livestreams, I know it’s not like I’m famous or anything but it’s been fun. Today’s is gonna be the best one yet! And the craziest! And also, uh, the last.”

A little puff of sad emojis rolled out from the bottom of the screen.

“I knowww. But it’s for a good reason! Drumroll, guys! I, Mikey Logan Brownlee, am gonna be transforming into a DILF!”

Mikey paused for dramatic effect, allowing all of his viewers to process this shocking news. He had to take a moment to stop and laugh at the flurry of confused messages that filled the screen.

“Nope, not a joke! Stick around because in a few seconds I’ll start looking a lot different. Maybe acting different too, I’m not sure! My clock radio woke me up this morning and told me I was going to be transforming into a DILF and honestly, as soon as I heard it, I just got so excited. I’ve been wanting to switch things up for a while and this seems like a perfect way to do it. I know it sounds crazy but I’m excited for my body to change. I’ve always been kinda small for my age, you guys know that, and maybe this’ll fix that and make me taller. I already feel like I’m the luckiest guy on Earth. To have this opportunity to become something completely new is such an amazing feeling. I can’t wait to see how it changes my overall look and attitude. Hopefully it makes me a lot less average. Maybe I’ll even go by Michael!” He took a breath as he laughed at the very idea. “Let’s not get crazy, I’ve never felt like a Michael.”

Mikey’s heart raced with anticipation as he continued his journey down the road. The suburban scenery, painted in hues of emerald and gold, seemed to pulsate with energy, matching his own electrified state. He marveled at the synchronicity of it all—the picturesque landscape serving as a backdrop to his imminent transformation. It felt as though the universe itself was conspiring to grant him this extraordinary opportunity. Maybe it was! After all, he’d just been waking up for a normal day when he was informed that he would be transforming into a DILF. He’d never heard the term before, but he’d instantly known what it meant: Dad I’d Like to Fuck. That didn’t seem like it would be his type of thing on the surface, but it was immediately all he could think about. A dormant desire had suddenly awakened, propelling him towards a destiny he never knew he craved. It was so weird, but so cool!

The anticipation in Mikey’s veins grew stronger with each rotation of his tires. He couldn’t comprehend why he was so excited about this transformation, but there was an undeniable thrill coursing through him. Thoughts swirled through his mind like a dizzying whirlwind, their frenetic

pace mirrored by the emojis popping up all over his screen. “I’m serious, guys! I know I’m not usually serious, but I wouldn’t joke about this! I really am going to become a DILF. I know I’ve never mentioned it to any of you before. In fact, I never thought about it before, but now it’s literally all I can think about - isn’t that weird?! Haha! But seriously, it’s gonna be so awesome. No more homework, no more nagging. I’ll be able to do whatever I want! Aren’t you guys pumped for me?”

The few comments from his buddies and classmates didn’t seem pumped. More perplexed than anything else. His friends were struggling to comprehend the gravity of his impending transformation. *Not like you man*, said one comment.

“You’re totally right, it’s not like me, but really that’s the point!” Mikey said. “I’m gonna be different now! And honestly, I’ve always wanted to be taken a little more seriously...like, I know I like to joke and have a good time, but it’s always nice to be respected, and when I’m a DILF I will be. I don’t think I’ll really miss being a kid. We’re always asked what we wanna be when we grow up anyway, and now I have the answer: I wanna be a DILF! And I’m getting to be-”

A small, hard object collided with the windshield. For a second, Mikey thought it was just pebbles being kicked up from the road, but as it happened again, he realized something else was at play. Looking down, he saw one of his prized band pins - a Clash one gifted to him by Kate Riordan - being pulled on by some unseen force. With a loud pop, the pin ripped off and flew across the car, hitting the windshield and then seemingly vanishing. Mikey felt for where his Misfits and Grateful Dead pins had been affixed to his denim jacket, only to find frayed threads in their place. Before he could even react, his Nirvana pin exploded off next. “I-I-I think-” he stammered through a manic smile, “I think it’s starting!”

Mikey’s heart raced as the mysterious force continued to tear away his cherished band pins. Each one flew off with a force that seemed otherworldly, leaving Mikey in a state of awe. His eyes widened as he watched the remnants of his denim jacket begin merging with his t-shirt, the threads dancing in a macabre celebration of his impending transformation. As the last pin—his prized Ramones emblem—soared across the car and disappeared into thin air, Mikey couldn’t help but feel a strange sense of liberation. “Guys, you can’t really see, but this is so crazy! It’s...it’s really happening! I’m about to become a man!”

He didn’t know if the tingles he felt all over his body were some kind of magic at work or just his own excitement, but he enjoyed the feeling either way. His fingers wrapped tightly around the steering wheel as he stared at them, pondering how they were about to grow.

A comment scrolled up his screen: *why are you excited about being old with a job lol*

Mikey read it out loud and laughed. “That’s the problem with you kids today, nobody wants to work anymore,’ that’s what an adult would say – whoa, look at my jacket!” He pushed his bangs out of his eyes to get a better look at the rapidly changing garment. “I think it’s becoming a shirt? Look, it has a collar!”



Mikey watched in fascination as the gray denim of his jacket rapidly sharpened to white. His fingertips brushed against the fabric of his transforming jacket-turned-shirt, marveling at the smoothness that now greeted his touch. The once rugged denim was rippling like liquid as it gave way to a finer, crisper material. He felt his new collar graze his skin as it folded up around his neck. "Well, my mom will be happy I'm dressed nicer," Mikey joked.

Judging by the stirring in his jeans, something else was happy too. "Oh..." Mikey whispered, rubbing the growing mound in his lap. His underwear tightened and pulled his equipment close to his body. He swore he felt his balls swell. "Ohhh...that's a good change - that's a - ow - OW!"

A sharp, searing pain shot through his feet, causing him to wince and groan. It felt as though someone had lit a match on the soles of his feet, creating a fiery sensation that spread throughout his body. Suddenly, with a loud rip and tear, the front of his sneakers split open, revealing his toes and the tattered remains of his socks. "Whoa!" he exclaimed in shock, staring down at his nearly bare feet. "My shoes just burst open! My feet must be growing!" He wished he could show his friends, see the amazement on their faces. The sensation was almost overwhelming, like a tidal wave rolling through him.

A ping from his phone signified a new comment. *Sounds painful*, it read. As Mikey looked at it, he also saw himself on the screen and grinned. "Wow! Check out Business Mikey! Man, I normally hate wearing shirts like this, but this one...I really like this one!" The erection in his tight briefs attested to the truth of this statement. "And I like changing. I wanna change more!"



Two comments popped up, both about his jaw. *Is it a filter*, one asked.

“No filter here! I’m just turning into a man and getting a strong, manly jaw to match!” Mikey could barely keep his eyes on the road in between glances at the new angles developing on the back of his mandible. The once soft curve of his jawline was now contoured and defined, a testament to his journey into manhood. He swore he could feel the bones shifting and rotating outward beneath his skin, solidifying his new chiseled appearance. With each passing moment, he felt more like a man and less like a boy.

His shirt helped with that too. Sunlight danced off the pure white fabric, creating an ethereal glow around him. There was no evidence the material had ever been denim - it was smooth as silk now. The collar stiffened and stretched higher around his neck, adding a sense of elegance to his overall look that had never been present before. “Dudes, this shirt is so nice. I know I keep talking about it, but seriously, it’s like...I dunno, it just feels so good. I never wanna take it off. It makes me wanna look better, and BE better.” Mikey’s eyes flicked upward. “Man, I can feel my hair moving. Feels like it’s being combed. You guys ever think I’d have combed hair? Man, I look different! I barely recognize myself! My jaw got so square...”



Mikey couldn't help but touch his hair, running his fingers through the strands that now felt thicker and more luxurious. Each stroke sent a ripple of pleasure down his spine, fueling his growing confidence. The once unruly mop of hair now fell effortlessly into place, framing his transforming face with a newfound sense of purpose. A tingling sensation cascaded through his scalp as more styling product soaked into his hair. He grinned with satisfaction as the gel worked its magic, eradicating his natural part and sculpting his locks into a flawless slicked-back style. In his mind's eye, he could almost hear the soft hum of a blow dryer and the subtle rustle of a brush gliding through his hair, perfecting every strand. A sense of pride swelled within him as he admired his reflection in the mirror, satisfied with the results.

"Slick," he said, relishing the word on his tongue. "Slicked back. I slick back my hair now." He loved saying it. "Bet you guys never thought goofy Mikey would wear nice shirts and slick back his hair, huh?" He held his neck high and proud as he gazed down at the phone screen. "It's starting to really happen, guys. I can feel it. Look at my hair!" He patted the top of his perfect slick-back and felt the wetness of the pomade. A glance down brought a flash of recognition to his eyes. "Goes with my new shoes. I wish you guys could see them. I'll show them when I can." He rotated his ankle back and forth and admired the black oxfords on his feet, cut from a single piece of flawless leather and polished to perfection. The inch-thick heel added to their authority. "These bad boys make me want to drive faster. They make me feel..." Mikey thought for a moment. "...powerful." He smiled. "I like feeling powerful."

The surge of confidence that had initially centered around his jaw and hair now radiated through his entire being, causing something deep within him to stir. It was as if every cell in his body was awakening, pulsating with a vibrant energy. His joints popped - first ankles, then fingers. "Taller. Good," he said, breathing carefully. "I need to be taller..." His eyes flicked over to the screen. "Jake, my dude, if you're watching, you had a good run, but I'm gonna be the tall one now," he said. "Look at me go - no, look at me *grow*." As he continued driving down the road, he relished in the delicious feeling of becoming taller, of his body stretching and elongating. "Wow, my shirt's tucked in. Didn't even realize that happened. But that makes sense, a DILF would always tuck in his shirt. Maybe Mikey wouldn't, but the new me does."

Without extra shirt fabric puddled in his lap, he had an unimpeded view of his bulge, which was pumping bigger within the folds of his pants. The once loose, teenage-appropriate jeans he had been wearing were now morphing before his very eyes, and of course they were - they had to match his dress shirt and shoes, he reasoned. The fabric tightened around his thickening thighs, hugging them snugly and accentuating their new strength. He'd never worn pants that were tailored specifically for him, and they molded to his body with a precision that turned him on.

The material of the trousers was exquisite, a blend of fine wool and silk that felt luxurious against his skin. The inky black color exuded an air of sophistication and maturity that Mikey had never associated with himself before. The pleats along the front added a touch of class, while the creases running down the legs gave them a crisp and polished appearance. A surge of adrenaline coursed through Mikey's veins as he realized the implications of this transformation. No longer confined by the limitations of his youthful attire, he now possessed the

power to command respect and admiration with every step he took. The previously hidden bulge in his pants grew more pronounced, his pants tailoring around it to ensure it was as unmissable an accessory as a belt or a watch.

A comment arrived: *I think u looked better before tbh*

“You think I looked better before? Well that’s too fucking bad. Oh, sorry for cursing,” Mikey said, petting the cock in his lap like it were his pet snake. It was getting so hard, and talking like a man made it harder - as did *looking* like one, which is what he saw depicted in his phone screen. There was no longer a boy looking back at him.



"I'm starting to really look like a man. If you guys just ran into me on the street, you'd have no idea I was Mikey Brownlee!" Mikey said, narrowing his eyes as he itemized all the changes he was undergoing. The once soft contours of his face were now chiseled and defined, his cheekbones carved with the precision of a sculptor. His gaze settled on his cheekbones as they pushed outward, taking on the same razor-sharp precision as his wardrobe. They rose high and proud, casting bold shadows across his newly angular jawline. His lips, once plump and innocent, now took on a subtle sensuality as they thinned slightly, becoming the perfect canvas for a smirk or a frown.

As he looked at his reflection, Mikey was taken aback by the way his eyes seemed to deepen in color. They had transformed from an ordinary shade of hazel to a mesmerizing blend of emerald green and golden honey. Their intensity drew others in with an irresistible magnetism. He imagined locking gazes with someone - their breath hitching, heart pounding - as they succumbed to the captivating power emanating from his stare. No longer wide and naive, his eyes held an allure that would mesmerize anyone fortunate enough to meet his gaze.

With one eye on the road, he reached up and prodded the new lines between his eyebrows, like an 11 carved into the skin. "Why would anyone get Botox?" he wondered aloud. The permanent furrow of his brow suited the new him. Always analyzing, always calculating...always watching.

Mikey's gaze shifted back down to his body, taking in the sight of his broadening shoulders and chiseled arms. He had a man's body, not a youth's. Square and forceful. The crisp white dress shirt hugged tightly against his chest, outlining the defined contours of his pectoral muscles. With each deep breath he took, he could feel them expanding and contracting with strength and power beneath the smooth fabric.

A comment popped up on his phone: *Dude how're you doing this? You're turning into a whole new person!*

Mikey chuckled at the comment as he flexed his bicep. "I am turning into a whole new person," he said confidently, admiring the way his arm bulged with muscle. "And I'm loving it. Now watch me change, boys and girls." His jaw popped as his chin extended longer and stronger, pushing him further into manhood. He leaned back in his seat and stretched his lengthening legs beneath the steering wheel, admiring his beautiful footwear, then grazed his fingers over his chest as he undid a button on his shirt. When he felt the cool brush of metal against his skin, he held out his hand to find a wedding band on his ring finger.

Instantly he was hard as a rock. The lump in his dress pants grew so tight that he unzipped his fly to give it room. Him, Mikey Brownlee, a husband...a handsome, hunky husband – coming home after a long day of work to his waiting, wet wife, filling her up night after night even after her belly began rounding out because she was...she was–

"I'm going to be a dad!"

A wave of emotions washed over him - jubilation, fear, and a sense of overwhelming responsibility. He wanted nothing more than to celebrate, but the gravity of the situation hit him like a ton of bricks. In that moment, he realized just how much his life was about to change. Suddenly, he had a whole new set of obligations and expectations placed upon him. As he leaned back in his seat to ponder it all, his clothing seemed to shift and swell along with his thoughts. His shirt collar stretched wider, the fabric gleaming with a newfound opulence as if reflecting his rising status. And beneath his clothes, his muscles thickened and expanded in preparation for the roles he was going to play: provider, protector, and leader.



Mikey felt an explosion of ambition coursing through him, and every muscle in his body seemed to echo the sentiment. The confidence that now effortlessly radiated from him was nothing short

of intoxicating. Waves of testosterone surged through his veins, heightening his senses and making him feel alive in a way he never had before. He could feel an unrelenting desire to grow and expand, to conquer the world around him. "I wasn't thinking big enough..." he said, as much to himself as to his viewers. "I just thought I'd work in an office, but I think...I think I might be the CEO, or something! I'm the boss!"

Images of his grandeur flashed before his eyes. He saw himself in a boardroom, a fierce and intimidating leader of men, his every word carrying the weight of authority. He saw himself in the gym, his muscles rippling as he lifted weights with ease, his veins bulging from the sheer power coursing through his body. He saw himself at home, the epitome of success and masculinity, preparing his sons to follow in his footsteps, inheriting not just his name, but his looks, style, and business acumen.

"Everyone will want to be me, you guys just wait," he said proudly. "You'll all know the name Mirkey Logran Brownlon!" As soon as the words left his lips, he laughed triumphantly. "My old name's finally changing! I'm becoming a new man...a powerful man." He watched his hands swell bigger on the steering wheel, and realized his knees were pressing against the base of it. "I'm getting so big, I'm going to need a bigger car. A man like me needs a big, expensive, luxury car."

The rumble of the engine grew louder and more intense as Mikey's car sped down the highway. As he drove, Mirkey grinned at the thought of everyone moving out of his way. No small, shrimpy little compact could compare to his massive luxury vehicle. They'd move out of the way for him just like they did when he strutted down a hallway, forcing everyone to the side with his breadth and might. The image got his cock so fucking hard, it was leaking pre into his briefs. "Move out of my way," he muttered under his breath, almost daring anyone to challenge him.

His foot smashed down on the gas pedal, sending the paint job of his old car peeling off in strips to reveal shimmering silver beneath. The car was getting bigger, just like his own body. The tires grew, the hood stretched longer. When the roof pushed up higher, Mirkey let out a happy sigh as his own body stretched further to 6'3, allowing his long legs a comfortable stretch. His thighs were still getting thicker, so it was good to have a wider seat. And he was getting a nice, thick, muscled man ass. He could feel it rounding out and straining against his dress pants - fuck, it turned him on. So did his shirt struggling to curve around the new projection of his big chest. He loved the idea of popping a button off in a meeting...his giant pecs demanding attention and worship...that was one reason why he wore his shirts so tight, so everyone could see the shape of his chest and the hardness of his nipples. His arms, once scrawny and weak, now bulged with the might of a warrior. He flexed them, and while he was happy to see them push against his sleeves, he decided he needed them to be bigger. Everything about him needed to be massive: muscles, salary, car, cock, ego.

The car kept getting bigger as Mirkey drove, the interior now a luxurious leather that felt soft against his hulking frame. He loved how it molded to his body, making him feel like he was sitting on a throne. With a satisfied smirk, he puffed his chest and checked himself out in the

mirror. His reflection nearly made him cum. He looked nothing like his old self anymore. Instead, he saw a man in the process of becoming a titan, someone all lesser, weaker men would envy.



His dick throbbed uncontrollably at the sight of his own power, and he could feel his balls tightening in anticipation. He slammed his foot down on the accelerator, sending the car rocketing down the highway at an alarming speed. The wind howled past his face, and he felt like a god, taming the very elements as he barreled forward.

In his mind's eye, he saw himself as he had always dreamed—a powerful financial tycoon, with an empire spanning the globe and a team of faceless lackeys scurrying to do his bidding. He would have the most expensive suits tailored to his massive frame, with broad shoulders and

wide lapels, a visual testament to his dominance over the weak and meek. Every business deal was a game of chess, with each move calculated and carefully crafted. His opponents would soon realize too late that they were outmatched by the sheer power of his mind and ambition.

He flashed his pearly smile at the symbol in the center of his steering wheel, a distinctive badge he knew well. "I drive a Porsche," he chuckled as he commandeered the massive vehicle with a six-figure price tag. "I drive a PORSCHE, you guys! Any of you ever driven a Porsche before? Of course you haven't. You can't afford a car like this. And you can't drive this one either. This one is all mine. I earned it. I earn so much...more than any of you can imagine or even understand. You can't even fathom what it's like to live like this," he said as he glanced down at his perfectly manicured hands resting effortlessly on the leather-wrapped steering wheel. His hands - a symbol of his dominance, his power, his control. Each finger was a testament to his ability to manipulate the market and bend it to his will. "Does anyone remember what job I used to have?"

One comment: *grocery store i think*

"A grocery store! Imagine me...working at a grocery store!" He let loose a loud, coarse laugh that deepened the more it emanated out of him.



“That’s so casual,” he smirked, thinking of a scratchy uniform polo with a floppy collar. He didn’t wear stuff like that. His clothes needed to be structured - stiff. Like his body. He would’ve stomped out of his grocery store job in his \$2,000 shoes, deposited his last paycheck, and watched the pitiful number grow into millions of dollars as it landed in his bank account. Then he would’ve bought the place. “Of course, I’m not against entry-level work. It’s important for kids like you. But I’ve aged out of it.”

A sentence from a viewer rolled from the bottom of his screen: *guys like you have to get employees somehow lol.*

“You *wish* you worked for me,” Markey said, curling his lips into a smile. “I take care of my employees.” And his employees certainly took care of him, he thought evilly, especially his assistants. Every couple years he’d get a new one, some absurdly chiseled Ivy League fantasy who was always jaw-droppingly handsome but usually far too skinny. They’d be stuck at their desk unless they wanted to work out, so they’d work out a *lot*, and Markey would watch with supreme satisfaction as their asses slowly got too big for their dress pants and their arms outgrew their shirt sleeves. He’d smile as he’d offer to relax the dress code for them, allowing them to remove their ties and open their collars around their newly thick necks. He’d set them up with his personal trainer, get them cycling properly, and relish watching them get bigger, hornier, and gayer by the day, until they were strutting around the office looking like fetish models, giant balloon muscles bursting out of their comically tight dress clothes. He’d take them out for expensive dinners, bring them along on business trips, and then finally seduce them in his hotel suite. After that, it was open season. He’d fuck them anywhere: the office, the car, any one of his houses. Shit, he wished one of his roid boys - as he called them - was in the passenger seat so he could fuck them right now, in the middle of his transformation. He was leaking just thinking about it. Seeing a muscleman desperate and needy, begging for his cock like a working girl, dressed to the nines in expensive clothes that fit his taste, thrilled him in a way sex couldn’t replicate.

The wedding band on his finger shimmered and morphed into a different style, and Markey rolled his eyes as he remembered his first wife getting all bent out of shape about him fucking his male assistants. So, it ended, and he got a new lady who knew about his roid boys up front. She’d make a fuss about it every now and then, so he’d buy her more diamonds or send her and the kids to Lake Como. Shit wasn’t cheap - he had three sons and a daughter now, and his wife would always want to bring her fucking mother too, plus the nanny, but he’d forget all about the price once he was balls deep in some Princeton jock that he’d grown to 250 pounds of muscle.

Fuck, he was leaking bad. And his nipples were hard as concrete. Instead of his libido lessening with age, it was intensifying. “I’m already a dad...now I’m becoming a *daddy*,” he said, watching a streak of gray shoot through his slicked hair. “I am what every man wants to be. I am what every man *should* be.” His heart throbbed with excitement, its beats visible within his tight shirt. He marveled at the newfound wisdom that had settled upon his face. He looked more powerful, more magnificent than he had ever felt in his life. His hands, once slender and nimble, now had

a look of gravity and strength that betrayed their true capabilities. His fingers, now thick and with a grip like a bear's paw, could crush a man's hand in victory or in punishment, depending on what the situation called for.



Years pulsed across his handsome face as the metamorphosis continued. Markey watched his skin become more radiant, his cheekbones more pronounced, his eyes more captivating. His laugh lines deepened, and the corners of his mouth curved into a more seductive smile. His once-thick, dark hair was rapidly turning silver, but its luster was unmatched. "It should go without saying," Markey purred, "that there is no greater gift a boy can give himself than allowing himself to become a man. The best decision I ever made was to embrace my manhood; allow it to change every single thing about me."

He smiled. "Listen to my voice. It is becoming deeper." Teeth gleaming in the sunlight, he flexed his jaw muscles and relished the growl that followed. His voice, once soft and wiry, was becoming a weapon, a tool of dominance. "Deeper," he insisted aloud, hearing the pitch slip further down...and down...lower and lower as he spoke... "My words are taking on a new weight, a new power. No longer am I the boy who worked at the grocery store. That's a life I left behind. No longer do I play video games. I've won the game. I *am* the game."

Comments flooded the livestream.

Corny!
easy bro
just change back dude, enough business talk
yeah but tell us how you did this once you do

"Change BACK?!" Markey's voice cracked and plummeted into bass depths as he laughed. "Change back to what? A nobody? A wimp? You're all kidding yourselves if you think I'd ever go back to that life. This is the best life. And you're only seeing a fraction of it. I control my destiny now. I am the manifestation of power and dominance. I am the epitome of what societal norms fear and revere. You can't even begin to comprehend the extent of my possibilities. This is only the beginning. Marken Legrin Brouton is just getting started."

The buttons popped off his cuffs and Marken smiled as he watched cufflinks appear in their place. He raised one to the camera, speaking in a sharp monotone cadence. "I bet you children don't even know what these are. The old me wouldn't have known. These are what powerful men wear. I wear these every day, even on weekends."

As he ran his hand up his abdomen, feeling the rugged definition of each muscle, he grinned at how his shirt clung tightly to his chest. His thighs strained against his pants, threatening to burst through the seams.

His gaze shifted to the button nestled between his pecs, its strain testament to his burgeoning physique. Marken growled with determination. He longed to see that button surrender under the pressure of his expanding chest and demonstrate his dominance over weakness. "The changes are coming faster now," he smiled, baring a mouth of perfectly aligned veneers. "Finally, the real Marken is coming out!"

Marken stared into the camera like it was a mirror. The muscles in his arms rippled as he flexed them, adding density to his already impressive biceps. The veins on his forearms began to protrude like ropes. The definition in his abdomen deepened, his six-pack turned into an eight-pack, and a line of muscle ran down his torso like a river. He took a deep breath and forced his chest to expand, his shirt barely containing the power housed within. The fabric had draped beautifully over his torso, but now it was far too tight, and Marken sneered with pride as a button popped off to bare the perfect twin hemispheres he sported. The button grew back on but remained open. He recalled something bursting off him at the start of his change - pins,

maybe? - but couldn't remember exactly what, to his pleasure. Nothing he would wear now, of course. It was dress shirt, dress pants, and slicked hair every day.

And cologne...it was wafting up out of his half-open shirt, spilling forth from his pecs to remind him and everyone how a wealthy man should smell. It was yet another way he intoxicated people to get them to do his bidding.



“Are you ready for the grand finale?” he taunted, pulling on his shirt collar. “I can feel my youthful naivete draining away...all my experience replacing it - fuck, it feels so good! I was born to be successful! I was born to be Marren Boughton!” He flexed his gigantic body and felt a wave of muscle ripple through him from his neck to his calves, his clothes tightening further. It

felt like reality itself was puckering around him, stretched as taut as his shirt buttons. “Change me!” he roared. “Change everything about me!”

His muscles swelled in agreement, the fibers of his flesh becoming harder and more dense. His physique had become a living monument to his own ego, a testament to his unyielding ambition. The seams on his shoulders were stretched to the breaking point as he grew broader, and bigger, and thicker. And his arms, oh his arms! No longer just arms, but tools for him to shape the world around him. They pulsed with power, the veins beneath his skin twisting and contorting like snakes.

The metamorphosis accelerated with unyielding force. Marren sat still and stern, a terrifying vision of strength personified. His muscles were built to conquer. The gray streaks in his slicked hair were now replaced with a shimmering, silver sheen that resembled a living aura around him. His captivating eyes held a primal intensity that could make men quiver with fear.

It was those eyes, summoned by irritating chimes, that fell on his phone. “What the fuck is this? What are these...am I being recorded?” He ripped his phone off the dash and looked through the comments. “What is this shit? Is this some Chinese surveillance? Who the fuck are you people?”

The comments moved too quickly for him to read while driving, so he snarled in frustration and tried to think of an explanation as to why there was some TikTok FaceSpace on his phone. He only knew a couple people who were addicted to that shit, and he was related to both of them. “My grandson must have installed it when I let him borrow my phone. Shows how trustworthy he is.” He flipped the phone face down on the passenger seat so he’d no longer be recorded, but the words he’d said aloud continued to marinate in his brain, bringing with them more age on his face, more size in his muscles, and many more memories. He had a grandson! That had to mean his older children were grown. The mental image of the handsome boy he’d been visualizing as his oldest son suddenly sprouted into a broad, muscular man flanked by his own two sons, who were nearly the same age as the fifth and sixth children Marren had with his third wife. The man was tall and stern, like him...dressed just like him...acted just like him...Marren smiled with satisfaction. He looked in the rearview mirror, and the glint of determination in his eyes mirrored the hooded gaze of his oldest son. He could see it now, the whole plan laid out before him like a map: his family, his wealth, his power. Now, he was ready.

With a final, triumphant flex of his arm, he willed the transformation to be complete. The air around him crackled with electricity, and he felt the weight of his body increasing, the joints grinding and shifting, and his muscles bursting with immeasurable power. He clenched his jaw and began to laugh.

As the final pieces of his transformation fell into place, Marren pushed the last trace of his former self away. His mind had become a whirlwind of enterprise and ruthlessness, fueled by a hunger for power and a burning desire to dominate the world around him.

Warren Cedric Houghton, Sr. - now fully transformed into the ruthless bodybuilder investment banker he was meant to become - felt an insatiable fire burning within him, a hunger that could never be satiated. He emerged victorious from his transformation and instantly forgot he'd ever been anyone else.

He squeezed his colossal bicep, feeling the hard, dense muscle beneath his skin, the sinews that had become an embodiment of his unparalleled strength and dominance over others. His chest heaved with each breath, his body a living testament to the demands he placed upon it. He looked in the rearview mirror, greeted by the reflection of the man he'd always wanted to be: a fearsome patriarch.



“Hello Siri,” he said, low voice rumbling out of his giant chest. “Text Warren Houghton III and tell him to not install any more apps on my phone.”

Then he hit the gas and drove toward the gleaming office building that sported his name.