

Las Vegas. The city was a million gleaming gold lights on the horizon as far as the eye could see, like a limitless spool of sequined fabric. On a night with the moon and stars obscured by clouds, it looked like the sky had flipped upside down - like the cars on the road were driving directly into the galaxy.

It was so much bigger than Isaac McDaniel realized. He thought Las Vegas was only the Strip - a stretch of casinos and debauchery you could drive right through. The metropolis in the distance proved him wrong, and he immediately switched to his mom's side of the current family argument.

"We don't have to stop on the Strip," Isaac's mother was saying in the front seat, "but we need to stop. Isaac is too tired to take over driving from you."

"It's expensive," his dad murmured, eyes on the road.

"Yes, but we're all exhausted."

"We've been driving for eleven hours, Dad," Isaac said.

"I know," came the snippy response. "I'm tired too."

Isaac pulled up a travel app on his phone. After a few minutes of scrolling, he'd already found a deal. "RoomsTonight has one for \$76, and I can get a connected one so I don't have to sleep in the same room as you and Mom...I'd just need your credit card to hold it."

"Probably a dump."

"No, it's at Oasis! It says four stars." Isaac didn't mention that it was on the Strip.

Silence followed. Isaac saw his mom and dad looking at each other, telepathically communicating in the way parents did. "Have you prayed over this, Isaac? Do you think the Lord is okay with us staying there?"

"Yes," Isaac said confidently. He was sure it was fine. They were always fine. He wasn't lying, because he'd thought 'please let there be a deal' and there was. That was definitely God answering his prayer.

"Okay, reserve it. But there will be no looking at the casino area, if there is one. No eye traps."

"Yes ma'am."

"Remember Philippians 1:27. 'Only conduct yourselves in a manner worthy of the gospel of Christ.'"

“Yes ma’am.”

“He’s been in there a while,” Isaac said, as they sat under the awning of the hotel and waited for Mr. McDaniel to return.

“Perhaps seeing if this is a wise decision for our family,” his mom said dramatically.

“I thought you wanted to stop too?”

“I did! I’m glad we’re here. But we also want to be careful of snares.”

“Right, right.” Isaac wanted to be good just like his parents wanted to. He just thought they were a little overly cautious sometimes. He’d seen the pictures of the rooms; it was a normal hotel. It wasn’t like there’d be harlots waiting for them at check-in. Did Vegas even have those anymore?

Isaac’s father hustled up to the car and opened the passenger door. “We’re checked in, but they didn’t have the double room they advertised online - they honored the price, but Isaac gets his own.”

Isaac’s face lit up and his father’s darkened.

“It’s on a different floor, too. You will go right to bed, young man, is that understood? Don’t even turn on your television.”

“Yes sir.”

“Now, get the bags, please. I don’t want to have to tip anyone.”

Isaac scrambled out of the car and got his and his mom’s bags, even saying “We’re okay, thanks!” to an approaching bellhop. He was so weighed down with his backpack and the suitcases that he was halfway through the lobby before he heard the squeals and bells. Without thinking, he turned his head and realized he was looking at the casino, where a slot machine was going crazy with activity as a lady in a minidress clapped her hands and screamed in front of it. Her breasts bounced up and down...up and down...

Isaac snapped his head away before his parents saw him looking, but he couldn’t get the woman’s chest out of his mind. It was wrong to think about it. One day he’d have a wife, but until then, breasts were off limits. And yet, they remained in his head all the way up to the room. Up and down, up and down, up and down!

“What’s your room number?” his mom asked.

Isaac looked at his keycard. "17-45," he said quickly, knowing the reason for the question was so his parents could call to check in on him. He felt sorry for Room 17-45 and hoped the call didn't wake them up, since he was actually in 17-48. This way, if the mix-up was discovered, he could say the '8' was smudged to look like a '5'.

The elevator stopped at 17, and Isaac got out.

"Do you want me to walk you to your room?" his mom asked.

"No, I've got it. Thanks. I'll see you in the morning."

"Goodnight. Have a sweet sleep with Jesus," she responded, and Isaac smiled and waved as the doors closed and his parents departed. Then he heaved out a big sigh and rolled his suitcase down the hall, thinking about how this was the first time he'd ever had his own hotel room. But he needed to behave. He was going to Bible college soon. He had ideals to uphold.

But he'd never been to Vegas, though, and he'd probably never go again. It wasn't the place that real Christians hung out. There wasn't even a Gideon Bible in his bedside table. And yet, the exhaustion he'd felt in the car was gone, replaced by curiosity about this strange town. He didn't even need to go outside to see what a casino was like. He could just walk through the lobby...and if one of his parents happened to see him, he could say he thought he'd lost something, and was retracing his steps.

But that would be a lie, and lying was wrong...

Isaac weighed all his options as he took off the t-shirt he'd worn in the car and put on a fresh white one with a gold cross embroidered on the front pocket. He swapped out his sweats for jeans and slid on a pair of New Balance sneakers, then looked at himself in the mirror.

No, going out was the wrong thing to do. He'd stay in the room. He plopped down on the foot of his bed and turned on the TV.

Immediately, he was assaulted by images of square-jawed muscle guys grinding against the air, set to a soundtrack of female screams. "'STUD FARM'," blared a deep voice. "Vegas's #1 Girls Night Out-"

Isaac turned the TV off, horrified, and suddenly remembered his dad telling him not to turn on the TV. He'd already sinned. Dang it! The inside of his room came with just as many traps as the outside!

He'd already been disobedient without even meaning to be, so maybe it would be good to take a walk around the hotel and clear his head. It wasn't even about the casino. It was just about being in a city he'd never visited. Of course he was curious, just as he'd be in any new city. It didn't matter that it was *Sin City*. He was just exploring...

“Just exploring,” Isaac whispered to himself as he left his room and crept down the hall.

Vegas hotels were so big. The night prior, the McDaniels stayed at a Hampton Inn, where the elevators, breakfast area, front desk, and parking lot were all about ten steps from each other. But this time when Isaac got off the elevator, he had a three minute walk to just reach the lobby, and another minute to walk through it and into the casino area.

He walked in wide-eyed, suddenly surrounded by fuzzy green tables and a haze of smoke. The action was more subdued than earlier in the evening, but there was still plenty to see: flashes of neon, stabs of sudden noise, and the most diverse array of people Isaac had ever seen. Some were done up to the nines and ready for a night out, others looked like they hadn't showered for a week.

There were no barricades to surpass, but Isaac still felt like he was breaking a shield as he walked off the lobby tile and stepped onto the soft carpet that marked the beginning of the casino area. He'd entered another world, one with fluorescent skies and questionable morals. But how would he ever heal the world if he didn't know what it needed healing from? This was research. He couldn't be ignorant to what people enjoyed if he was ever going to witness to them.

In one corner of the floor, away from the majority of the people, was a slot machine with angel wings jutting out of the back of it. Those attracted Isaac's attention, and he got a few steps closer before seeing the top of the machine sported devil horns. The screen said “ON YOUR SHOULDER” and flashed between a tiny angel on one side of a man's shoulder, and a tiny devil on the other. “ARE YOU GOOD OR BAD?”

No one was looking.

No one would see...

Isaac put in fifty cents and pulled the lever. His hand almost slipped off the knob because of the sweat in his palm.

The machine played the sound of an angel choir interlaid with an evil laugh, as the three wheels spun hypnotically before Isaac's eyes. He couldn't believe he'd actually gambled, but his guilt was eased by the fact that it didn't give him any sort of rush. Plus he didn't have more coins, so this was the end. Just a small experiment.

The third reel stopped first. It said 'JACKPOT.' Isaac's breath stopped for a few seconds, until the second reel stopped and didn't match. It read, 'BOY.'

“Huh,” Isaac muttered.

Then the first reel stopped.

‘BAD.’

“Bad Boy Jackpot,” Isaac said. He looked down to check if a fountain of coins were being expelled from the machine, but there was no activity of any kind. Either it was a jackpot with no prize, or he hadn’t won. He assumed it was the latter, though the devil horns on top were strobing red, which was kind of cool.

When a tall, fat man in a black suit appeared next to the machine, Isaac wondered if the guy was here to give him winnings - until he saw the man’s scowl. “You’re not old enough to play this,” the guy snarled.

Isaac shrank back when he saw the man had a name tag pinned to his jacket - ‘D. SOARES, Security.’ “Sorry, I’ll go,” he said meekly, turning to speed walk out of there.

“No you won’t. You broke the law. Let me see your ID.”

The law...he’d broken the law?! Oh crap...oh CRAP...Isaac could barely get his driver’s license out because his hands were shaking so badly. As he handed it to the man, he imagined himself behind bars.

The man looked at the license with a furrowed expression. “You’re 21?” He stared at Isaac, then back at the license. “Shit, you don’t look 21.”

Isaac didn’t answer for fear of saying something wrong. He just took his ID back while the man mumbled an apology. “Sorry about that. But damn, you don’t look 21.”

“It’s okay,” Isaac squeaked out, and the man left him alone. Isaac collapsed against a table, clutching his heart in relief. “Thank you God,” he whispered. A miracle had been performed, and because of it, Isaac knew he wasn’t doing the wrong thing. If God was mad that Isaac was at a casino, He would’ve let Isaac get in trouble, no question. Instead, He’d made the man read Isaac’s age as 21, even when it was clearly-

Isaac blinked as he looked at his license in his hand. Picture was right. Name was right. Address was right. But the birthday... It really did say he was 21. The man hadn’t misread the ID; the ID was wrong. And somehow Isaac never noticed they’d messed up his birthday at the DMV.

He put his license away right as he heard a female voice ask, “You playing?” Isaac turned to see an Asian woman and three middle aged men looking at him, and he realized he’d fallen against some kind of gambling thing. He’d played Blackjack on his computer a few times, before his

parents realized it had come with the computer and uninstalled it. But this didn't look like Blackjack. He just didn't know what it was.

"Are you playing, sir?" the dealer asked again, and being called 'sir' sent a chill up Isaac's spine. He didn't want to say no after that showing of respect.

"Uh, sure, but I don't know how."

"Just bet the Pass Line," one of the men said.

So Isaac did. He took a ten dollar bill out of his wallet and placed it on the pass line, his second bet of the night. He didn't know what he was doing, or even how he could potentially win, but when the dealer rolled the dice and the men all cheered, he had a feeling he'd won again. He couldn't believe it! And this time it came with real money, his ten dollars becoming twenty. He bet again, and once more the men cheered. He'd turned ten bucks into forty in the blink of an eye, and his whole body was tingling with excitement.

"Those are my first wins!" Isaac said excitedly to the man next to him, a short, bald guy whose bright red polo shirt and round face made him look somewhat like Santa Claus.

"No kiddin'!" The man smiled and clapped his hand on Isaac's back. "That calls for a cigar!"

"Oh, I don't-" Isaac started to say, but the man produced a little brown tube from his pants pocket and slapped it into Isaac's palm. "I don't smoke," Isaac said.

"Psh, it's barely smoking. You don't even inhale, you just enjoy the flavors. It's not like a cigarette. Don't be worried by all those scary ads they used to show ya in school, those are about cigarettes." The man took the tiny cigar and raised it to Isaac's mouth, and Isaac hesitantly let him place it between his lips.

"Is smoking actually allowed in here?" Isaac asked, not wanting to get in trouble again. The cigar bobbed up and down as he spoke out of the side of his mouth.

"Of course it is, kid! It's Vegas!" The man raised a lighter and before Isaac knew it, the tip of the cigar was smoldering. "Now don't give me that scared Boy Scout look," the guy laughed. "This is called a petit corona, it's barely a cigar at all. You might as well be suckin' on a lollipop."

That made Isaac feel better, so he took in a breath and held down a cough. The flavors were there, but so mild they were hard to describe, aside from the odd sensation of suddenly smelling the woods. Isaac's hand visibly trembled as he removed the cigar from his mouth and expelled a little plume of smoke.

"Name's Roy, by the way."

"I'm Isaac."

"A good Christian name for a good Christian boy," Roy smiled.

"How'd you know I was a Christian?"

"Because you look like a scared, lost little mouse in here," Roy laughed. "Don't worry kid, my wife and I go to church too. You ain't going to hell for smoking one of those."

That made Isaac feel better, although he hated being described that way, accurate as he knew it was. "Well..." he said, rolling the little cigar between his fingers like he did his pencil during English class, "I do...I do kinda like it."

"Kinda?!" Roy teased.

"I like it, how's that?" Isaac smiled, putting the cigar back between his lips. It felt heavier, suddenly. "Just don't let my parents see."

"Your parents?! You gotta be 21 to be in here, so I'd hope you weren't worried about them." Roy took a drag off his own cigar. "I'm gonna grab a drink, c'mon, let's get you one too."

"Oh, I don't..." Isaac started to say, but Roy was already walking toward the big circular bar in the middle of the casino, so Isaac tailed behind, relishing the taste of his cigar more and more. The smoke was pretty - so white and refined, plumes curling out from his mouth. His parents would be so mad at him if they knew. Good thing hotels had mouthwash. Otherwise he'd smell like cigars. And maybe liquor, too. Did liquor have a smell? He imagined himself sitting in the backseat of the family car, filling it with the smell of smoke and booze. Maybe he'd even smoke in there, ignoring his parents' disdain, spreading his legs and fondling his crotch while smoking a long, fat cigar...

Suddenly, he got hard. He tried to shake it off as soon as he felt that evil sweetness but his wickedness bloomed with such fury that his breath caught.

"You're not being bad," Isaac whispered to himself as he walked up to Roy's round form at the bar. As he sidled up next to his new friend, he angled his waist below the bar so his erection would be hidden.

"Here we go, kid, martini straight up." Roy slid over a triangular shaped glass full of clear liquid.

"Isn't this the James Bond drink?!" Isaac asked excitedly. He wasn't allowed to watch those movies, but he'd seen two of them at a friends' house once.

“A martini, yep. Cheers.” Roy clinked his glass against Isaac’s and took a sip. Isaac, unsure of what else to do, followed suit. It felt like he’d poured rubbing alcohol down his throat. He gagged and hoped Roy didn’t see.

“Oh that’s...strong,” Isaac sputtered.

“Strong?! They water this shit down,” Roy chuckled. “So, Isaac, tell me about yourself. You’re 21?”

“22,” Isaac said.

“A third my age,” Roy laughed. “No wonder you look so young, you’ve got your whole life ahead of you. You from Vegas?”

“Yeah, I live here.” Isaac didn’t know why he said it. It was a lie. No, Roy was a stranger and he didn’t want Roy knowing too much about him. That was all. He was just being safe, like his mom and dad taught him to be. Gosh, he hoped they weren’t calling that random room. What would he do if they figured out it was the wrong room...would they go down to check on him? Or worse, call the front desk and find out his real room number. What would they do then? He’d be in so much trouble.

“You smoke that cigar really well for it being your first one.”

“Thanks,” Isaac smiled, looking at his cigar between his fingers again. “It looks thicker,” he observed.

“That’s a big momma for sure. What is that? A 60 ring gauge?”

“Uh, yeah,” Isaac said, because that number sounded big. Hadn’t Roy said the cigar was small? This one was not small. It looked an inch in diameter and stuck out half a foot from Isaac’s face when he held it in his mouth.

“Smelly, too.”

A pungent, earthy aroma assaulted Isaac’s nostrils. He saw a couple heads turning, looking for the source of the scent. The cigar stank of spice and dirt. He’d thought it was subtle, but now he could smell it and taste it all the way down his throat, up in his sinuses...

...and it made his erection pulse. “I like the stinky ones.”

“Nothing like a big, smelly cigar,” Roy agreed. “This your first one?”

“Yeah, but definitely not my last.” Isaac expelled a thick white plume of smoke. “Maybe I’ll be a cigar guy. I like seeing everyone looking around, trying to figure out what the smell is.” He took a

drink of his martini. It burned less this time. Or maybe his head was already swimming. He couldn't tell. He took a long drag off his massive cigar and filled the air with white smoke.

"You havin' a good night, kid?" Roy laughed, watching Isaac relish the process.

"So good. I just feel...I don't know, different."

"Everyone's different in Vegas. That's why my wife and I come here! The adventure!"

"Where is your wife, anyhow?"

"Asleep," Roy said with a roll of his eyes. "She had a lot of pasta at dinner and said she was done for the night."

"Women," Isaac joked.

"Ain't that the truth."

Isaac didn't know if it was. He cheered and took another drink nonetheless. His vision was blurry. He was getting tipsy off his first drink. Stupid inexperience. He focused on smoking his stogie in an attempt to sober up. "I dunno if this sounds dumb, but...I feel like a man smoking a cigar."

"Do you not usually?" Roy looked up at Isaac quizzically.

"No. I feel like a little kid the rest of the time. But tonight I feel grown up. Like I can do anything." Isaac glugged down more of his martini. "I like it. I like feeling like a man."

"Welcome to the rest of your life!"

Isaac hoped that was true. He'd never felt like a man living under his parents' thumb. Literally one night away from them had him seeing himself in a whole new light. He took in his deepest drag yet and blew smoke out of his nose and mouth, and the overwhelming aroma got him even harder. That was probably sinful, but he couldn't control it - he wasn't *trying* to get an erection, after all, he just had one. It was part of being a man. "Can I get you a drink, Roy? Since you got me one?"

"Nah, I'll get this next round too. I have so many drink tickets I don't know what to do with 'em. What'll you have?"

"Scotch." Isaac had never had it before. He didn't know what it was - he'd just heard it mentioned in movies. But tonight was his chance to try it. So when the bartender plopped down a hearty pour of amber liquor, Isaac gulped down a third of it in one sip. His throat burned, his

penis throbbed. It tasted like a liquid campfire. "That is...so good," he said, licking his lips. "Thank you, Roy."

"Any time, kid. But with how tall you are, I probably shouldn't be calling you that."

"I'm not tall," Isaac said with a resigned smile. "I'm five-foot-eight and I'm probably done growing."

"Did I hear you right? Five-eight? This music is loud," Roy said, leaning in. "Well, you might wanna measure again, because I'm five-seven, and..." He trailed off but moved his hand from the top of his head to the same height on Isaac's body: chest level. "I'd say you're six-one or six-two."

"No, that can't...be right..." Isaac looked down, the haze of cigar smoke around him obscuring his vision. He fought back a smile. He knew he wasn't tall. He just looked tall. But it sure was a convincing illusion, and the booze was easing his worry. He imagined himself towering over his dad and bossing him around. "...I'm tall? I'm tall! Cheers to THAT!" He clinked his glass against Roy's and drank another mouthful, swallowing with a whoop of excitement. "Vegas, baby!"

Roy laughed at the scene. "Well, if your parents are here like you mentioned, have them buy you some new clothes."

"I'm here alone," Isaac said, pushing his worries about being discovered down, down, beneath layers of cigar smoke and whiskey. "I live alone. I have my own place. My parents don't live in Vegas. I do whatever I want."

"Well, okay then," Roy said, chuckling at the insistent barrage. "And what do you want to do now, then?"

"Drink and smoke. 'Cause it makes me feel like a man." That wasn't all he wanted to do, he thought, as his gaze fell on a woman in a tight black dress, his erection tugging at him like a dog on a leash. But no, that would be really wrong - he was being bad enough drinking and smoking. And what would he do anyway, aside from make an idiot of himself the moment he opened his mouth. He didn't know anything about women period, let alone sex with them. No, he'd go back to his room alone - that was the right thing to do - but maybe he'd mix himself a Jack & Coke from the minibar and smoke cigars all night long to ease the loneliness.

"She's got a great rack, you're right."

"Huh?!"

Roy flicked his head toward the woman in the black dress. "She's got great tits. I see you staring."

“I wasn’t staring!” Isaac sputtered, tiny clouds puffing from his mouth. “And you’re married!”

“I have eyes. She wants people to stare at her tits, I’m gonna stare at her tits. Doesn’t mean I don’t respect her or my wife. It’s not like I’m cheating.”

Isaac had never heard any churchgoer talk like Roy. He wondered what the heck sort of church Roy went to. Couldn’t be a good one. “I just want to be respectful,” he mumbled awkwardly, turning his back to keep himself from staring more.

“You’re a good kid, Isaac. Don’t worry about that. Everyone can tell. I gotta take a leak, I’ll be back.” Roy slapped Isaac’s back and stumbled off toward the men’s room, leaving Isaac alone with his whiskey and cigar.

The bartender came over and dumped more Scotch into Isaac’s glass. “You seem tense,” he said, replacing what Isaac had already drank, and then some. “Relax. It’s Vegas.”

“You’re trying to get me drunk,” Isaac said.

“Absolutely,” the bartender smiled, and he walked away.

Isaac swirled the ice in his drink and thought about the conversation. How did the bartender know he was nervous...was it that obvious? Why didn’t he come off like a Vegas guy? People knew he was a goodie-two-shoes churchgoer with one look, even after he’d started drinking and smoking. He knew his posture was bad - his parents were always telling him as much - so he stood up as straight as he could, which made him dizzy thanks to how tall he was. That had to be the booze making him feel like he was floating, but he did like the feeling.

He was gonna be in so much trouble.

No he wasn’t, they weren’t going to find out.

Isaac set his glass down on the bar with an annoyed sigh. There he went again, worrying about his parents. It was never even about God judging him, it was about his mom and dad. They were always holding him back. He wanted to break free. And it felt un-Christian anyway, to hold them in more regard than God. If he needed correction, God would issue it, wouldn’t he?

As Isaac weighed these philosophical questions, he didn’t notice he’d rested both his hands on top of cocktail napkins, and the napkins were starting to curl inward like wilting flowers. They wrapped around his slender wrists as he wondered what his dad would even do now that he was almost off to Bible college. There was nothing to ground him from, no fun privileges to take away that the Lord hadn’t already forbidden...

Isaac took a sip of his drink, missing the white napkin that had encircled his wrist like a bracelet. As he set the glass back down, the fabric around his wrists began to flatten and extend outward,

ironing itself crisply against his forearm, until it covered three inches of skin. The casino's emblem on the napkin was perfectly situated to rise out of the heavy, starched fabric and take on a new shape as it became shiny and solid. Isaac raised his cigar to his mouth, hypnotized by the burning tip and not the detached French cuff he was sporting around his wrist like an odd bangle, with a gleaming gold cufflink the size of a 25 cent piece. The cufflinks made an audible clink as he set his hands back down on the bar.

Where the heck was Roy anyway? Maybe lost somewhere - it was easy to get turned around in a place this big, where the only real marker was which slot machine you last saw. Isaac was getting tired of waiting, so he sat down in a plush chair and enjoyed his cigar, his French cuffs growing in size with each drag. After a few moments of leaning back, he rocked forward and rested his elbows on his knees, revealing that the paisley pattern of the chair's cushions had imprinted itself on the back of his t-shirt like a tattoo. Instead of fading off, the tracing intensified, lines darkening and thickening as the swirls spread across Isaac's t-shirt, up to his shoulders and under his arms.

The white tendrils of his cigar smoke mirrored the curled teardrops that formed his shirt's new paisley pattern. He realized whenever he moved his cigar away from his mouth, he instantly wanted it back between his lips. That probably wasn't a good sign. Almost like he was developing cravings. He knew he was enjoying the cigar far more than a good Christian boy should, but he couldn't help himself.

Cigar smoke cleared from his vision like a curtain going up, revealing a woman in a minidress standing two feet from him. She had a blond bob and curves like Isaac had never seen before, not even in his fantasies. Two symmetrical breasts commanded his attention. "Buy a girl a drink?" she asked, her glossy lips barely parting to form the words.

"Oh uh, um, uh--" Isaac stood up, teetering as he continued to adjust to his new height. "I'd - sure - yeah, sure," he stammered.

"I saw how long your legs were and knew I had to talk to you; I just *love* tall men," she said. "I'm Veronica."

"I'm Isaac." He almost asked Veronica what drink she wanted, then thought it would be more impressive if he ordered for both of them. When the bartender walked over, he said, "Two martinis, please."

"Oh I just *love* martinis," Veronica said. "How did you know?!"

"Martinis and tall men, you have good taste." Isaac leaned against the bar and stretched as long as he could, basking in his height. "What do you like about us tall guys?"

"Bigger dicks," Veronica smiled, her angel face and white teeth at odds with the naughty statement. "And I see you've got a big one for me."

Isaac's boner puffed even bigger in his pants. He felt his cock head throb purple. "You can see my..." he squeaked, voice cracking in surprise. When the martinis mercifully arrived, he tossed back a long swig of his. "Ahh, that's good - man, my voice..."

"Something wrong with it?"

"It's not usually this deep."

"Oh, that's too bad. I was just thinking how sexy it was. I love men with deep voices."

"Then I meant, uh, it's usually...*deeper*." The last word emerged a full octave lower than the rest of the sentence, a silky bass that turned heads around him. Surprised by the depth, he stuck his cigar in his mouth and suckled it.

"Can I have a little taste of that?" she asked, batting her eyes. Isaac nodded and handed the cigar to Veronica, who didn't break eye contact as she took a drag. "Mmm...I love how long and hard it is." She blew a little smoke toward Isaac, then leaned into the cloud to dissipate it just before she kissed him.

"Mm!" Isaac lurched in shock, but the kiss lasted long enough for him to shut his eyes and stroke Veronica's arm with his hand. His first kiss.

"You have nice lips," she said. "And I love that scratchy little mustache."

"M-mustache?" Isaac said, his fingers poking barely discernible bristles above his mouth. Where had those come from...

"Kiss me," she said. So he did, harder, his hand resting on her hip before sliding around to his lower back and then, in an action that surprised even Isaac, grabbing a handful of her ass. She moaned into his mouth. "Fuck, you're sexy," she purred, hanging off his lips.

"I am? Well, uh...I like kissing you." Isaac grinned, drawing attention to the new scraggly hairs protruding from his cheeks. As his face flushed with arousal, his white shirt suddenly skewed pink too, a rosy hue spreading between the paisley swirls as they formed. The cross emblazoned on his chest slowly faded from view, covered by the loud pattern.

"Yeah? What else do you want to do to me?" Veronica smiled, her baby-doll voice making Isaac's dick so hard he had trouble breathing. She gently pushed her rack against his body, and he looked down at the biggest breasts he'd ever seen.

"I...I-I..." He fought back a smile and licked his lips, staring intently at the beauty before him. This was wrong. He was being bad, and he didn't want to be bad, he wanted to be good. But God made women... "I-I want to touch...touch these."

“Touch these?” She asked, cocking her head. “Oh you mean *these*?”

“Yes, your...your, um...” He whispered the word: “Breasts.”

She giggled. “You are so cute and shy. Call them what they are, they won’t be offended.”

“Your...your...” Isaac had to shut his eyes to say the word. “Your tits. I want to touch your tits.”

“So touch them.” She held his hand and gently guided it up to the underside of her breast, over her dress. Isaac sucked in a breath as he made contact. It was perfect - so big, round...a little hard, actually...fake. She had breast implants, which turned him on even more. He moaned.

“I want to...t-to...kiss them.” He leaned down and blew cigar smoke over the top of her cleavage, like morning mist on a mountaintop.

“Not here. Do you have somewhere we can go?”

“Yeah,” he nodded, hypnotized. “Yeah...I wanna be alone with you...”

“Mmm, your voice is so deep. It might be the deepest voice I’ve ever heard. It’s getting me wet.”

“Wet?”

She took his hand again and led it down between her thighs. She wasn’t wearing underwear, and suddenly Isaac was touching...his first...

“Oh...” Isaac exhaled and the stray peach fuzz on his face darkened. “You’re...wet...”

“What’re you gonna do about it?” she whispered.

“I’m gonna...I’m gonna...” Isaac grunted. His teeth set on edge, Adam’s apple bulging as his voice deepened even more. He put his arm around Veronica and pulled her away from the bar, leaving a trail of cigar smoke behind them as they hurried to the elevator. “I’m gonna...do...do...you.”

“Fuck yeah, baby,” she moaned. “That dick - I have to see that dick, it looks like the biggest I’ve ever seen.”

“It is.”

“I won’t even charge for it.”

“Charge?” It hit Isaac like a slap in the face. “You’re a prostitute!”

“Not for you. I’m a pure, proud slut for a stud like you.”

“A stud?” Isaac heard his rumbling bass in a different way now. He stretched another inch taller, shirt and pants hopelessly small on him even as their material and patterns morphed. The patches of growth on his cheeks and chin swirled together, and as he smiled with pride, his face shrouded itself in five o’clock shadow. Veronica reached up and stroked the whiskers, making Isaac purr like a cat as his stubble got thicker and darker by the second. “I’m a stud,” he grunted.

“You sure are. What’s a stud like you gonna do to a girl like me?”

The elevator doors opened, and Isaac pulled Veronica in, slamming the door close button to ensure they’d be alone. His cock was throbbing to the point of pain. He hit the 17 as Veronica massaged his dick through his jeans, but after two floors, he hit the emergency stop and the elevator shuddered to a halt. “I want you here...right here.”

“You can have me.” Her breasts were out of her dress, and Isaac stared at them in wide-eyed wonder, palmed them...and then leaned down to kiss them, lick them, suck them. He didn’t know if it was the correct thing to do, but judging by Veronica’s sultry moaning, he was doing something right.

Even though this was wrong. So wrong. He was being so bad...but he couldn’t control himself anymore.

“There’s security cameras. People will see,” she said, clearly unconcerned.

“Good,” Isaac grunted, as the button of his jeans burst off and he wrenched his belt free. “I want them to see. I want everyone to see me...me...f-f...fff...”

“Say it.”

“...ffffFUCK you!” Isaac chuckled after he said it, a low reverberation like distant thunder. His shirt shifted to violent shades of pink and purple, the garish paisley pattern finally completing. “I wanna fuck you...I gotta fuck you...” He’d never said the word before. It felt so good to say it. “I want to fuck your...your vagina...no...”

“My pussy!”

“Yeah, I wanna fuck your pussy. Your wet pussy. I wanna cum all over you.” What was cum? He had no idea. But it sounded right. He advanced forward, standing over her as she leaned against the corner of the elevator. “I wanna cum on your big fake tits...I wanna cum inside of you. You’re getting a creampie right here.”

“Fuck, you *are* dirty!” Veronica said gleefully. “I knew you had it in you...”

“And I'm gonna give it to you.”

“Fuck yeah, baby,” she cooed, wrenching Isaac's pants down - they didn't move easily, thanks to how small they'd gotten, and it took two pushes before his enormous cock fell out into view.

The sheer size of his dick shocked Isaac. He'd had no idea it was that big. “Is this gonna fit in you?” he asked, suddenly reconsidering his excitement. What was he doing? He couldn't have sex with a prostitute in an elevator, he was out of his mind - he would be in trouble with his parents, with the hotel, heck, maybe even with the police...and most of all, with God...

And then Veronica pulled her skintight dress up an inch and exposed her slit.

“I'll make it fit,” he growled. “Or I'll tear you apart. Now get on your knees. I'm gonna fuck you doggystyle.”

She did so, and he hunched down over her, running his hands over her body and cupping her breasts. “Fuck,” he grunted, cock demanding so much blood that his brain was fogging over. “You ready for me?”

“Fucking do it!” she squealed, the words elongating into a loud, cooing moan as Isaac thrust inside of her. “You're so BIG-”

“I'm so fucking big,” Isaac rumbled, pumping frantically as he found his sexual rhythm. His hands slammed palm first into the floor on either side of Veronica, and gravity pulled his short sleeves longer and longer, the paisley fabric twirling down around his arms until it met his brilliant white cuffs and sewed itself inside them, beginning the switch from a short-sleeve tee into a long sleeved dress shirt. The fabric was silky but thick, and Isaac enjoyed the feeling of it rubbing against his back, which suddenly felt confined by the tight seams.

She turned her head. “MORE!”

“Fuck-” he grunted, thrusting all the way in. “You like that. Yeah, you love my big cock.”

“I feel it in my stomach!” she shrieked with joy. “OooOOooOooooh...”

He rested his cheek against her bare back, scraping his stubble over the skin. “I want you to fuckin' squirt for me, baby. I need you to cum like you've never cum before.”

“I'm gonna cum - I'm so close - I can feel it -” she groaned, voice rising in pitch. Isaac repositioned himself, sitting upright on his knees and thrusting directly forward so he could see the hooker writhing on his dick. She had such a hot, juicy pussy...Isaac gripped her waist and pulled her deeper, grunting as he gnashed his teeth together - he took a deep breath -

RRIPP, the front of his former t-shirt went, exposing his pale chest. Isaac shut his eyes and arched his back, his shirt tearing further open, now beginning to grow bright white buttons down the center. He shifted his hips back for a stronger thrust, and his jeans tore open across the seat, revealing a muscled butt that was getting thicker and rounder with each pump.

“Mmm...I’m gonna...I’m GONNA-”

“Mmmm yeah!” He felt her pussy tighten around his cock - he was giving her a fucking orgasm! Isaac beamed with pride, and his whole body shoved against the confines of his small clothes. His head snapped upward, and with a final thrust, a collar erupted out of the crewneck of his t-shirt. Razor sharp points stretched up to his cheekbones and then folded back down to touch his shoulders, the vibrant white fabric forming into a stiff, ultra-high spread collar that made Isaac’s head resemble a turtle’s poking out from its shell.

Veronica fell forward and rolled onto her back, her face as flushed and sweaty as her pussy. “That was...so...holy fuck...” she panted.

“That good, huh?”

“Did you not cum?!” She looked at his rock-hard cock.

“I held back. I wanted to go longer.”

“I can’t,” she said with a laugh. “You go back out there and find a girl to finish you off. I gotta go sleep for twelve hours.”

He helped her to her feet, slipping his fingers between her legs so he could lick them clean. “You taste good, baby,” he said, offering his thumb for her to suck on. He maneuvered her breasts back into her skimpy dress, while she pulled his pants up and buckled his belt. As Isaac tucked his shirt in, he looked at himself in the mirrors on the elevator walls. “Was I always wearing this stuff?”

His extravagant dress shirt was impossible to look away from. The fabric seemed to be getting shinier as he stared at it, a blend of silk and polyester that made the purple and pink paisley shimmer like jewels. In contrast to the loudly colorful body of the shirt were his cuffs, solid white and big as gauntlets, with garish cufflinks even sparklier than the shirt. A row of white buttons lead up to the crowning glory of the dress shirt: its massive collar that sat open around Isaac’s skinny neck, its three buttons all going unused. The points were sharp and starched.

Isaac ran his hands down over his shirt and looked at his dress trousers, solid grey sharkskin with a shimmer more subtle than his shirt. Beneath them were black dress shoes with pointed toes so shiny, Isaac could see his face looking back from them. “Wh-what happened to my clothes?”

“What’s wrong with them?” she asked, smoothing down her dress.

“They’re so...bright.” The aggressive nature of his shirt and cufflinks was bringing Isaac back to himself - he was realizing he’d just lost his virginity, sworn like a sailor, gotten drunk, gambled, smoked...in fact, a fresh cigar was sitting in his hand, an even bigger gauge than before, with an aroma so intense it covered the smell of sex that had permeated the elevator. Where did that come from...

The elevator reset and lowered back to the ground floor, opening with a pleasant ding. Isaac rolled his shoulders back and swaggered out. He didn’t like his flashy clothes, but at least they fit him. Finally his ankles and waist were covered again. And the tailoring of his shirt emphasized his shape - he’d always thought of himself as skinny up and down, but in this shirt and these pants, he looked well-built, with broad shoulders tapering down to a slim waist and firm, high ass. Uh, butt.

“Good night, stud. Good luck on your quest,” Veronica giggled, standing on her tiptoes to French kiss Isaac goodbye. He used the opportunity to stuff a wad of cash down her tits. As she walked away, he wondered how much he’d given her. Whatever it was, she deserved it after letting him fuck her pussy raw. It made Isaac sad to think he couldn’t brag about the sex to anyone he knew. All his friends and family would look down on him for banging a hooker in an elevator.

Holier-than-thou assholes, he thought.

Fuck, he was so horny. He felt guilty for thinking that way - he felt guilty for the new foul mouth of his internal voice, even - but the guilt wasn’t making his boner shrink. His chic trousers looked like they were smuggling a soda bottle. He needed to get it in. He needed to get off.

“Gotta fuck,” he grunted under his breath, followed by a sensual drag off his huge cigar. “Need to fuck...”

His arousal made him walk differently: hips tilted forward, leading with his bulge. He walked cock-first back onto the casino floor, feeling completely different than the last time. He’d felt like the prey then. Now he was the predator.

He’d loved fondling Veronica’s giant tits, so he started his search looking at chest level. His first pass produced nothing to his liking, so he bellied up to the bar and ordered a dirty martini.

“Can I see some ID?”

Isaac produced his driver’s license with a sneer.

“Sorry, sir,” the bartender apologized when he looked at it.

“That’s what I thought.” Isaac gave the guy twenty bucks anyway. He leaned against the bar, took a drink, and then noticed a great pair of jugs on the other side of the circular bar. They were big and tan and spilling out of a white button-down shirt, and as Isaac moved his eyes up the body they belonged to, he saw a muscular neck, a strong jaw, and smoothly gelled blond hair...

A man.

Isaac stared at the guy through the white cloud curling off the tip of his cigar. The man was young - probably mid-twenties - and a bit on the short side, but completely stacked with muscle. He was wearing the tightest dress shirt Isaac had ever seen, showing off the pillows of muscle on his chest. Isaac enjoyed the sight of football-sized biceps straining at the guy’s sleeves.

He couldn’t believe he was checking out a guy. At least when he’d had premarital sex, it’d been with a woman. Now he was being tempted by the mere sight of a bodybuilder, and that was a twofer: out of wedlock *and* homosexual. But the more daring part of Isaac, the part that was being so loud tonight, wanted to know what it would be like. What would it be like to hold those big muscles, to feel them flex and ripple, and to feel a muscle ass squeezing his giant cock. Fuck, it’d be so sexy. The guy was probably straight - like Isaac thought he himself was - but as Isaac walked closer, he saw how carefully styled the bodybuilder’s hair was, and how smooth and tan his skin looked, and he wondered if he could at least convince the man to kiss him a little.

Isaac leaned up against the bar next to the guy, their six-inch height difference instantly filling him with confidence. As he set his drink down, his cufflinks clinked against the bartop and attracted the stud’s attention.

“How’s it going?” the guy asked. His teeth were really white.

“Good,” Isaac smiled, gazing down at the young stud. Up close, he noticed something familiar about the man’s face. “I feel like I’ve seen you somewhere.”

“Probably there,” the guy said, pointing to a big advertisement hanging near the casino entrance. It was a picture of him shirtless, wearing a cowboy hat and jeans, with a sprig of wheat in his mouth as his eye-fucked the camera.

“‘Stud Farm’?” Isaac read aloud from the ad. “You’re a stripper.”

“Yes sir.”

“That’s fucking hot, to be honest,” Isaac said.

“Thanks, bro. I bodybuild too.”

"I can tell. Nothing fat on you except for these." Isaac rubbed his thumb across the man's left nipple, which was protruding through his white shirt and as big as the head of a baby bottle.

"You like those?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I like a man who knows what he likes."

Isaac's mouth went dry. Fuck. "I'm Isaac."

"I'm Brett."

"You're fucking sexy, Brett."

"Thanks. So're you." Brett reached up and opened the next button on Isaac's shirt. "I want to see more of you." He slid his hand upward to stroke Isaac's five o'clock shadow.

Isaac smirked down at him, but Brett's hand was warm - really warm - for a moment, Isaac felt like his jaw was made of putty, and then suddenly it grew...and grew... Isaac shut his eyes and clenched his teeth, the angles of his jaw growing to immensity. "I like when you do that," was all he said about his new superhero jaw being fondled.

"I have a thing for jawlines. Yours might be the best I've ever seen. It's like..." Brett tapped his finger against the jaw's angle. "It's like a shovel. Does that make sense? I'm not good with words."

"Good thing you're cute." Isaac made a show of thrusting his huge jaw forward in tandem with his hips. He squeezed Brett's thick bicep. "I love your muscles."

Brett took Isaac's cigar from his hand and smoked it. "This is a strong one, shit," he coughed. "Must be made for a strong man."

"It is," Isaac smirked, hoping his muscles were showing through his shirt like Brett's did. "I wanna show you how strong I am. Come up to my room."

"Yes, Daddy."

Isaac moaned at the sound of the word. People were doing what he said now. He felt so...influential. Powerful. It was flooding him, and it felt so good. He wanted it to pump his muscles and radiate through the room. He wanted everyone to admire him like Brett and Veronica did.

That was why, as Isaac pulled Brett toward the elevator, his back was suddenly a bit too wide for his shirt. The white buttons were struggling to hold over his chest. His ass filled the seat of his pants to bursting. "We're gonna have fun tonight," he rumbled, staring down Brett's half open shirt at the slabs of muscle on his chest. "Something's happening to me...making me...lose control of myself."

"I think that's just called 'Vegas.'"

"I'm bad here. Guess that's why they call it Sin City. My mom and dad tried to warn me and I didn't listen." Isaac smirked. "I'm glad I didn't listen."

"Your mom and dad?" Brett asked a little incredulously, as the elevator doors opened and Isaac all but shoved him on.

"Heh, speaking of my parents," Isaac said, looking at the elevator they were now on, "they'd be so mad at me if they knew I creampie'd this hot slut right on the floor here."

"Shit," Brett mumbled, massaging his bulge, "you're not scared of getting girls pregnant?"

"No worries there. I've had a vasectomy." Isaac had never heard the word he'd just used, but he did have a vague recollection of going to a doctor's office, being concerned he wouldn't cum anymore, and then quickly learning he needn't have worried. "Learned my lesson a while ago."

"Yeah? You got a girl pregnant?"

Isaac chuckled. His brow bone jutted further forward, broadening his forehead, while his cheekbones flared out prominently. He looked at himself in the elevator mirrors, a handsome and masculine face staring back at him from above that big shirt collar and broad shoulders. He couldn't help but think he looked different - why was his face so unfamiliar? That broad, stubbly jaw...those deeply set eyes, burning with manly intensity...he didn't even look that young anymore. Wasn't he young? But he had lines on his forehead and no fat in his face, enhancing his impressive bone structure while making him look rugged and weathered. This was a man who knew himself and what he wanted. No wonder Brett called him Daddy.

Daddy...fuck yeah.

"I got *five* girls pregnant," Isaac smiled, still staring at his reflection. Shit, he was fucking hot. Like a goddamn Marlboro Man. He looked like he sweated testosterone.

"You've got five kids?! Jesus, why is that so hot to me," Brett groaned, his back arching as he looked at Isaac's incredible handsomeness.

"*Six* kids," Isaac grinned, his bass the perfect addition to his manly visage. "Got a set of twins in there. That's why I had to get snipped. You know how much fucking child support I pay? Thank

god my two oldest boys are taking care of themselves now.” Isaac pushed his thick hair back from his forehead. Was it longer? Well, longer on top, at least. The sides were short, buzzed down, while the top was long and lush so he could slick it back. If he was still gonna have hair at his age, best believe he’d make sure everyone noticed it.

“You know what’s funny?” Brett moaned, so aroused he was sweating. “You look like my workout partner-”

“Eddie?”

“Whoa, yeah.”

“That’s my oldest.”

“Wow! Really?! That’s crazy. Fuck, no wonder he’s so hot.”

“Of course he is, he came from me.” A cocky laugh emanated from Isaac right as a button burst off his shirt. His flat chest suddenly popped out into a firm ledge, as a new layer of muscle rippled across his shoulders and rounded out his traps and delts. But underneath the arrogant display, he was wondering how he was going to break it to his parents tomorrow that he couldn’t leave Vegas because of the custody arrangements - let alone that he had six children he hadn’t told them about.

The elevator chimed and opened onto a hallway with only one room: a towering pair of double doors depicting a gilded dragon.

“I think we’re on the wrong floor,” Isaac said hesitantly, but he scanned his card against the lock anyway. The light went green, and the door clicked open.

They stepped in together, but Isaac froze as soon as he was through the door. He saw a stranger in the hall - almost apologized to him, in fact - before he realized it was a mirror, and the man in the reflection was him. He was so tall and broad, so handsome, so...mature. The man in the reflection was not a young man. He had visible mileage on him. “Brett?” Isaac called out, his deep voice laced with uncertainty.

“Yeah?” Brett appeared back in the hallway.

“How old are you?”

“25, why?”

“I think I’m older than that.”

"I assumed, considering I'm friends with your son, who is also 25," Brett smirked. He walked forward and put his palms on Isaac's chest, which lurched forward at the touch, pecs burgeoning broader and thicker. "Age doesn't matter when you're this fucking hot, Isaac. Or should I call you Mr. Fontaine, to be respectful?"

"Mr. Fontaine?"

"Is that not your last name? I just assumed because it's Eddie's..."

It didn't feel right to Isaac, but he couldn't think of anything else. "No, it's Isaac Fontaine, right," he muttered, realizing he was killing the mood. "Let me get you a drink."

He walked down the hall and into the room, expecting to see a standard king bed and minibar. But his dress shoes clacked against marble instead, and he slowly raised his head to see a two-story foyer, plush white couches, giant televisions, an indoor hot tub, a massive bed...

"I can't believe you live here," Brett whistled.

"I...live here," Isaac repeated as he surveyed the penthouse. It was a level of opulence he didn't know existed in the world. Why would he live here? Didn't he live...somewhere else? Yeah, he had a bigass house a few miles west of the Strip, in a double-gated community. But he also owned this penthouse. It was good for entertaining on these kinds of late nights. "Does it turn you on?"

"Everything about you turns me on."

"Good boy. Take your clothes off." Isaac walked over to the large marble bar set into the wall, stocked with what he imagined was every liquor in the world. He reached for a bottle of champagne, and his shirt ripped open across the back. His lats spread wide and thick as he got out two glasses, then as he struggled with the cork of the champagne, his biceps ballooned from the strain. Twenty inches...twenty-one...twenty-two...his sleeves shredded and the rest of the buttons burst off his shirt, pulled too taut by his expanding chest and broadening frame. His abs hardened into armor that gave him a thicker, stronger core to support all the mass he was gaining up top.

"Big fuckin' tits," he grunted between pours of champagne, as his pecs continued to swell, showing no signs of stopping as they grew as big as Veronica the hooker's and past that, more projected, wider, rounder, a dusting of salt-and-pepper bristles popping out across their breadth. "Giant fuckin' muscle tits." He tweaked his nipples, noticing how big they were now, spread wide across the base of his giant jugs. Fuck, that was hot. The remains of his shirt fell away as he turned around with the two glasses of champagne, facing Brett, who was now stark naked.

"You got an amazing body, son," Isaac rumbled, stepping forward as his thighs grew, his calves bulged, a pair of bodybuilder's legs stretching through his trousers and tearing them apart. He

handed the champagne flute to Brett, clinked the rims together, and as they tipped them back to drink, his underwear exploded too, a big muscle ass and magnificent cock tumbling free to leave two naked men in the middle of the penthouse.

Isaac put his hand on Brett's neck and pulled him in, kissing him, loving how Brett had to stretch his neck to clear Isaac's pecs. Their hard cocks knocked together as they broke the kiss and rested their heads against each other, breathing, looking down at their huge chests. They drank more champagne, kissed more aggressively, mouths mauling each other now as they moved toward the bedroom.

"Your balls are so big," Brett said as he sat down on the edge of the bed and stared at the trophy between Isaac's legs.

"Big Daddy balls," Isaac said proudly. "Eddie came from those."

"Fuck..."

"Wanna know what kind of man you're dealing with?" Isaac said, bending down to kiss Brett some more. "Eddie lived with his mom until he was 15. But they weren't getting along as well then, and he asked to move in with me. A boy that age needs his pop, you know? He didn't know how to throw a football or lift a weight. His mom was raising him vegetarian. Fucking stupid, if you ask me. I mean, I got nothing against vegetarians, but a Fontaine boy...we're carnivores. So I started feeding him Porterhouse steaks and taking him to the gym. Got his ass right into shape in school and at home. He learned to not talk back real quick. 'Yes sir' and 'no sir'. But man, did that boy grow."

Isaac took a break to kiss Brett and drink more champagne. "What...what happened to him?" Brett asked.

"You know him, you know what kind of man he is," Isaac smiled. "I did that. I took a little boy and turned him into a man. He grew three inches and gained forty pounds in a year. By the end of high school, he was buff; by the end of college, he was a bodybuilder. Grew a beard. Heck, his voice even got deeper. I'm so proud of that boy. I taught him how to be a man and he taught me how to be a father. Corny but true."

"Isn't he...Edward Junior? How's that work if your name is Isaac?"

"His name's not Edward, it's Edwin. My dad was Edwin Senior, I'm Edwin Junior, he's Edwin III."

"But you go by Isaac?"

"I go by Win. My dad was Edwin, I'm Win, my son's Eddie." The former Isaac pushed Brett back on the bed and straddled him. "I remember the night we conceived him. I fucked his mom like I'd never fucked anyone before. So deep and so hard. And now I'm gonna fuck you like that."

“Fuck-” Brett grunted, staring up in wonder at the god looming over him. “Fuck me, Daddy - fuck...”

Win grabbed Brett’s legs and swung him around onto all fours. Brett moaned with excitement, his back breaking out in a sweat. “This isn’t your first time,” Win chuckled, looking at Brett’s hole. It didn’t dawn on him that it was his first experience with a man - how could it, when he had muscle memory of what to do. As his cock slid inside Brett’s muscled ass, it felt right. And the sound Brett made - the indescribable mix of pain and pleasure - was music to Win’s ears.

Win pushed his hips forward and let his head fall back to look up into a mirror on the ceiling. His muscles rippled and tensed, and he smiled at himself, this big strapping man with a hot young stud under him, begging for his cock...it almost looked like the bed was shrinking, but it was just Win getting bigger with each thrust, more muscle working its way onto his chest, his shoulders...he thrust, and grew, and thrust, and grew...

Bigger...

Win was all the way in now, his balls slapping against Brett’s thighs as his growth picked up speed. His muscles pushed up against each other as they expanded, as Win obtained a dense musculature seen only on pro bodybuilders. No longer would there be a gap between his thighs, or room for his arms to swing freely. He was to be impractically muscular. With the changes happening to his body, his environment needed to adapt too. The doors in his penthouse widened. Inside his closets, his dozens of dress shirts and suits - his daily uniform - grew off the charts in size, like tents on the hangers until they would wrap around his mass and show off just how goddamn huge he was. Even his accessories had to grow, as Win’s hands thickened and his head got bigger.

Win doubled his speed as he admired his huge arms. He imagined them straining at his dress shirt’s sleeves when he shook someone’s hand. He imagined his shirt buttons popping off during a board meeting - it had happened before, and it got him hard as a rock. Bigass bodybuilder who barely fit in his clothes. A muscle beast prowling the Las Vegas Strip. It took him every one of his 48 years to get this big - something inside Win was whispering that he was supposed to be a lot younger than that, but he didn’t want to be. He didn’t want to be a single pound lighter, either. He loved when young men’s jaws dropped as he walked into the gym, or when a business partner gasped at the sight of his half-open dress shirts showing off his giant muscle tits. He wanted everyone to notice him and respect him. He wanted everyone to know who he was. His parents didn’t like this town, which was why he needed to fucking run it...needed to be everything they didn’t want him to be...

The room brightened as the new sign beneath it lit up the entire side of the building: FONTAINE. The word appeared on everything in the hotel: coasters, cocktail napkins, room keys, menus. It was a word synonymous with many things in Las Vegas - luxury, sex, but most of all, power. And at the top of the Fontaine, in the middle of the glittering penthouse, was the man who

embodied that power, a 48-year-old musclebound Goliath fucking a young hunk senseless. Win felt an intoxicating rush, and the next thing he knew he was cumming harder than he'd ever cum in his life, dousing Brett with his manliness. His dick popped free and he rolled onto his back as Brett curled up next to him, smelling of sweat and cum. Win grunted a "nice job, kid" and kissed the younger man before they dozed off intertwined.

The sun cut through the window coverings that were timed to automatically turn transparent at sunrise, and Win's eyes fluttered open. Brett was nestled under his arm, sleeping on his chest. It was a bit coupley for Win's taste, but the kid looked so cute and peaceful like that, so Win let him rest and admired the beauty of his youth. Not that Win was doing badly himself, he thought, as he looked down toward his chiseled 8-pack, which was blocked from view by the two throw pillows he called pecs.

"Morning, Daddy," Brett mumbled groggily, after a few minutes. He moved his head to Win's shoulder, and Win responded by kissing the younger man and playing with his hard penis.

"I'd fuck you, but I have a meeting soon," Win said, his bass voice thick with the fog of morning. "One of my assistants is texting me frantically asking where I am."

"I can go," Brett said as he sat up. "But just promise you'll fuck me again sometime."

"Of course. I love this fuckin' body." Win buried his face in Brett's chest. "You're welcome anytime," he said between kisses.

They got up and showered quickly, and Win cut his morning cigar before he got dressed. He had Brett select his clothes: a pair of maroon trousers, and a glossy white shirt with big, stiff French cuffs. Brett helped him into them, buttoning up the shirt too far before Win corrected him. "Leave a few more open. I wanna look like I'm on businessman Baywatch." And he did, with two mountainous tits heaving out through the shiny white fabric, nipples only just covered up. He gifted Brett a cavalcade of smoky kisses and then left the young muscle slut in his penthouse.

Win stepped onto the elevator and checked himself out in the mirror, making sure his hair was properly smooth and his gold crown cufflinks were facing the right direction. His stubble was about a day away from becoming a beard, so he texted his assistant to set up a time for the barber to come to his penthouse. There was nothing like a straight razor shave.

The elevator stopped, and Win rolled his eyes before the doors opened. On stepped a mousy couple, beige in every capacity, from their clothes to their shoes to their demeanor. They looked at Win in visible wonder and, if he was reading it correctly, judgment, which he liked.

"Win Fontaine," he rumbled, extending his hand to the man next to him, who didn't even come up to his shoulder.

“Jerry McDaniel,” the man said in a quiet voice.

“Fontaine as in...this hotel?” the woman asked.

“Yes, I own it,” Win smiled, his porcelain veneers as shiny and white as his shirt. He casually flexed his arms, which were as big around as Jerry McDaniel’s head. “Did you have a nice stay?”

“It was very nice, yes.”

“I don’t think Vegas is for us,” the woman added, taking a look at the cigar smoldering in Win’s big hand. “We’re Christians.”

“Interesting you say that,” Win said. “I feel closer to God here than I do anywhere else.”

The McDaniels didn’t have an answer to that, and stepped off the elevator as soon as it reached the lobby. Win hung back for a second and checked himself in the mirror again, pulling the points of his collar a bit wider. “Fuckin’ repressed Puritans,” he tutted.

Thank God he’d never been like that.