

SWEET SIXTY-ONE
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It was an off year. That's what Kyle Jackson called them: off years. Those were the years when his family moved to a new place and he didn't know anybody again. When your dad was in the military, it was just a part of life. Every two years, a new house. There were a few boxes in the basement that hadn't been unpacked since Kyle was a kid; they just got chucked back into the moving van, untouched, and schlepped to the next place. Their sides were a running log of all the family addresses.

The good news was that it had been decided that there would be no more moves for Kyle. When his dad relocated in another two years, Kyle and his mom would stay behind so Kyle could graduate from the school he was now attending. The bad news was that the latest move plopped Kyle into a new town on the eve of his 16th birthday. Which was why, instead of a house full of friends, there was a house full of random adults who knew one or both of Kyle's parents. It was summertime and he hadn't met many kids his own age yet. There was one attendee, Ben, who was close to his own age, but they'd only hung out twice and Ben was just 13. Kyle didn't sense that they had much in common aside from living next door to each other.

Ben was probably there for the cake, anyway, Kyle reasoned. Cake and presents were the saving graces of the day, motivating Kyle to push through all the awkward interactions. Since his parents were new to the area too, no one at the party knew each other that well. The guests were mostly new colleagues or neighbors, and Kyle resented having to make small talk at his own birthday party. It was par for the course for a military brat, but he was over it. He kept retreating to the first floor bathroom for fifteen minute stretches just to be on his phone and have a breather before going back out and meeting someone else or forcing more interaction with Ben.

He was sitting on the toilet - seat closed, pants on - when someone tried the handle. Kyle was mid-game and didn't get up, but two minutes later there was a knock, so he stood with a sigh before remembering to flush the toilet and turn on the sink so that whoever was in the hall would believe he was really using the bathroom. After what seemed like a convincing amount of time, he opened the door.

"Well, you must be the birthday boy," said an old man standing in the hall. He was about Kyle's height, but bald and paunchy in contrast to Kyle's thick auburn hair and slim build. "I'm Frank Simmons, I live down the street."

"Hey, uh, yeah. Sorry to make you wait." Kyle realized he should introduce himself, so he added "I'm Kyle" onto the end.

"Oh no no, I didn't mean to rush you, I just wasn't sure if the door was sticking. Not as strong as I used to be."

"Right," Kyle nodded, unsure what to say. "Nice to meet you, sir."

Frank smiled and shut the door, and Kyle wandered back into the party. He hadn't gotten a chance to go to many teen parties, but he knew they weren't like this. Teenage parties probably had more junk food, for one, and loud music, and people kissing. That sounded like fun. Kyle hadn't had a real kiss before. And he certainly wasn't going to get one here, which was just a bunch of adults sitting around talking in polite voices. What a snooze. He wished something eventful would happen. Or that at least he could be surrounded by people his own age for once.

Maybe he ought to find Ben, he mused. The kid wasn't much fun, but Kyle was growing a little bit desperate for something to take his mind off how shitty this all was. Thankfully, Ben leaned out of the archway to the living room just then. Looking around, his eyes lit up upon seeing Kyle and he was at the older teen's side in an instant. With his phone brandished in one hand, he began to speak in a conspiratorial, yet undeniably excited undertone.

"Hey! Hey, Kyle, wanna see something amazing!?" he asked, bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet.

Kyle gave him a wan grin and nodded. "Yeah, sure. Whatcha got?"

"This!" Ben declared, shoving his phone into Kyle's face. Kyle recoiled from the ungodly bright screen with a low "agh!" He wondered how Ben had gotten high-beams installed on his Samsung Galaxy. Ben bit out a startled apology, pulling the phone back.

"S'fine, s'fine..." Kyle muttered, rubbing his eyes and blinking away spots. His eyes focused on the screen again and he arched a brow in confusion. "Uh, what am I looking at?"

"It's the new Fortnite dance!" Ben explained.

On the screen, some comic book character Kyle faintly recognized but didn't know by name was waving his arms in the air and then doing the Monkey before twirling into finger guns.

"Um...cool." Kyle looked at the screen a bit more before shrugging. "That's not my thing."

Ben looked crestfallen. "Oh." He tucked the phone back in his pocket. "Well you haven't really talked to me at all, so I dunno what you like."

Kyle bristled at this exaggeration, but before he could answer, Ben turned and walked briskly away. His face was tucked into his elbow, and he almost ran into Frank as he rounded the corner. The old man let out a good-natured "whoa there, kiddo!" that went ignored as Ben charged past him and into the bathroom. Kyle winced as the door slammed.

Frank looked down the hall, then back to Kyle, his brows knitted together. Kyle could already tell that his neighbor knew all too well the gist of what had just gone down. The birthday boy's shoulders slumped a bit and he knew he was probably red-faced.

"We, uh, had a little misunderstanding or something..." Kyle offered lamely. His hand was rubbing the back of his neck and he was focused on the lilac-colored throw rug beneath his feet.

"Always apologize if it's your fault," Frank intoned, then moved past Kyle into the living room.

Slumping back against the wall, Kyle let his head loll a bit. As it went to the right, he met the gaze of a man with a telltale high-and-tight haircut. Stifling a yelp, he was instantly upright, his spine ramrod straight. "Sorry, sir," he said. "I know better than to lean against the walls."

"I'm sure you do," said the soldier with a chuckle. "But I'll let it slide. You only turn sixteen once."

Kyle's posture slackened in relief.

"Alright, everybody!" his mother's voice trilled from the dining room. "It's time for cake!"

That, at least, was a welcome distraction. Kyle's face lit up and he all but ran towards the seat at the head of the table. Usually that was reserved for his father, but today Kyle was allowed pride of place. A large sheet cake with white icing was being placed there, with 'Happy Birthday' piped across the top in bright blue - Kyle's favorite color. The adults all made polite comments that mostly flowed over Kyle, who heard them but didn't listen. Ben had emerged from the bathroom and sat awkwardly close to Kyle, but Kyle didn't speak to him yet, opting to fill him up with sugar before apologizing.

But something wasn't right. Staring Kyle right in the face were two big wax candles in the shape of numbers, a "1" and a "6." That was fine. What wasn't was that they were in the wrong order, wishing Kyle a happy 61st birthday.

It sucked the air right out of the room for Kyle. Here he was at his own birthday party knowing no one and hurting the feelings of the one person close to his age, and now nobody was even paying enough attention to get his birthday candles in the right order. Kyle didn't want to point it out and make his parents feel bad, but at the same time he wondered why no one was reaching in to fix it. He was so deep in his own pity party that he only realized the group was singing "Happy Birthday" right when the song finished.

"Make a wish!"

Kyle leaned in, brushed his long bangs to the side so the candles didn't set them on fire, and wished for the same thing he always did: to finally feel settled.

The group clapped as he blew out the two candles in one blow, and then the cake was whisked away to be cut. Someone patted Kyle on the shoulder and said, "Great job, dick!"

Kyle snapped his head to the side in shock and looked at the smiling man. The guy had just called him a dick in his own home and nobody was reacting? Maybe he misheard. He hoped he

did. He scowled and slumped back in his seat, staring across the dining room at a string of pennants pinned on the opposite wall. "SWEET 61," they read. Kyle couldn't believe those had been put in the wrong order too. Were his parents messing with him?

The only positive development was Ben appeared to have gotten over Kyle hurting his feelings. He was sitting up and talking animatedly to the man with the high-and-tight. Kyle's brow furrowed when he noticed Ben was holding a wine glass and taking sips between sentences. Did his parents really not care that a 13-year-old was drinking wine in their house?

"Y'alright?" The man who'd called Kyle a dick asked. "Being awfully quiet."

"Fine," Kyle answered in a scratchy tone. He needed water, especially if he was going to eat cake. "Ben? Sorry to interrupt, but could you grab me a glass of water?"

Ben immediately stood. "Of course. Do you want wine too?"

"I mean...if you think you can get away with getting me one, sure."

Ben chortled. "Hopefully the bouncer doesn't card me," he said with a grin, and he swept off to the kitchen.

"He's so charming," the man with the flat top said to Kyle, about Ben. "I haven't seen him in years."

"I didn't realize you two knew each other," Kyle said. He sounded downright hoarse and cleared his throat as the man laughed. Before they could chat further, Kyle's mom returned with a large plate holding four pieces of cake on it. As she set it in front of him, he sat up with a big smile. "Looks good!"

There was an odd noise, like someone snapping a rubber band, and suddenly a button landed in the frosting of one of the pieces. It took Kyle a few seconds before he realized it had popped off his polo shirt. He hoped no one noticed-

"Still a growing boy after all this time!" the man with the flat top laughed, drawing everyone's attention to the button stuck in the frosting.

Kyle's cheeks turned cherry red. He tried to play it off. "Maybe I don't need all four pieces-"

POP! The other button on his shirt pinged off, soaring over the cake and clattering across the table, as if it wanted to make as much noise as possible. No one laughed - they could tell he was embarrassed - and instead polite conversation started up so as to leave Kyle alone. Mortified, Kyle looked down at his now buttonless shirt, surveying the damage. There were some strange black threads poking out from the frayed collar, which was pulled further open by the tightness of the shirt. Kyle pulled one free - and winced. His brow furrowed. He pulled the

collar away from his body, peering inside it, and the black “threads” didn’t move. Because they weren’t threads at all, but hair attached to his body.

“I’m gonna run to the restroom,” Kyle muttered, leaning forward to push his chair back. He heard a gasp from next to him, and quickly realized why: he’d somehow misjudged the distance of his chest, and smushed it into one of his pieces of cake.

Flight mode kicked in, and without any more concern for niceties, Kyle took off briskly for the bathroom, brushing by Ben. “Don’t want your wine?”

“You can put it at my place,” Kyle rasped, flicking at the blue and white frosting stuck to his shirt. “Thanks kid.” He didn’t break his stride until he hurled himself into the bathroom and locked it behind him. “Stupid...” he grumbled, turning on the water and grabbing the handtowel. He stuck it under the faucet and then wiped it on his shirt, but the frosting was stubborn, spreading bright white and blue across his chest. Frustrated, he kept trying, but it was like the fabric was absorbing the sugar, making the color impossible to clean off. Kyle angrily threw the towel down and stuck his hand under his shirt to scratch. Holy crap, he was so itchy. It felt like there were ants crawling on his torso. Finally, he wrenched his hand out and pulled his collar out again - and let out a ragged gasp.

His chest had dozens of tiny black hairs poking through the skin, with the heaviest patch in the center right where the missing buttons were. Kyle pulled open the drawer beneath the sink, but all it had was air freshener and matches for candles - there wouldn’t be any razors or shaving cream down here in the guest bathroom. But he needed to shave his...

...upper lip? Kyle’s eyes widened at the sight of a wispy mustache above his mouth. It was soft to the touch, but dark, which made it noticeable. And his sideburns were longer than usual - the barber normally chopped them off, but now they extended an inch past his earlobes. Kyle stood staring at himself in shock. Were his eyebrows a little bushier too? He looked so weird, that round, pale babyface with fuzzy hair dotted across it. But this was part of growing up, he supposed. He was 16 now. He knew there’d be awkwardness, he just didn’t know it would happen so fast.

What he wanted to do was ask one of his parents, but that would require entering the room with all the guests - the same room that currently held his phone, which he’d inadvertently left on the dining room table at his place. So, he took the only course of action he could think of: he stuck his head out into the hall to make sure the coast was clear, then he crept toward the stairs so that he could sneak up to the second floor bathroom and get some razors. It was a journey he made multiple times per day, but today it felt like it was miles long.

He was halfway to the stairs when he suddenly couldn’t breathe. Kyle groaned and bent over to loosen his belt, but it was already at the last notch, so he unbuckled it just in time for the button of his pants to pop free. “Unnnhhhh...” he moaned under his breath, and a bead of sweat dripped off his forehead and hit the ground between his feet. He was so dizzy that he knew he

needed to stop, so instead of going up the stairs, he positioned himself around a corner, where he'd at least be out of sight if someone came down the hall. Just needed to catch his breath...he took in a deep one, and his polo shirt ripped downward from the collar. "J-just a growing boy," Kyle told himself, using his hand to pull the tear together. His chest was knocking against his fist, and he could feel the sides of his shirt straining. Why were his clothes so small all of a sudden...

All the jostling got his nipples erect, and he used his free hand to thumb one through his shirt, noticing that the protuberance was as big as a gumdrop. His mouth dropped open and sweat rolled into it, salty and warm. "Unf..." He pulled one hand free from his shirt to wipe his face, not noticing that there was a new mother of pearl button where he'd been holding the torn sides together. His other hand remained firmly clamped on his nipple, and the stimulation was jangling nerves all over his body. He slumped against the wall, a small smile on his face despite how off he felt. Maybe he'd eaten something spoiled, and that's why he felt so itchy and sweaty...or maybe he was just a teenage boy and was turned on for no reason, because that was how his brain worked.

He let his arms rest at his side, head tilting back to use the wall as support. That felt better. Allowed him to catch his breath and get his heart rate down, but not before his fingernails had left scratch marks in the house's old wallpaper where he'd been bracing against the wall. Kyle looked at his hands and picked bits of wallpaper out from under his nails, hoping his mom didn't notice. Then, to not damage the wallpaper more, he rested his palms on his chest instead, gently rubbing his huge nipples and wondering when they'd gotten so big. They were so pert and destined to poke through every shirt he owned, no matter how thick the fabric was. And his chest was kind of...rounder than usual. He cupped his palms and felt its shape, smiling as it seemed to blossom at his touch - as if pecs were budding out of his torso - but he knew that was silly, even as he felt the weight building outward in front of him, nipples shifting to point sideways as the new button of his shirt began to strain again. "Mmmm..."

Footsteps coming down the hall jolted him from his fervor. His spine stiffened, and he held his breath until he heard the bathroom door shut. Now that he was a bit calmer, it was time to head upstairs, he decided. He started his journey back up, quickly shuffling toward the stairs, finding movement quite difficult with the current state of his clothes. His pants were so tight he couldn't really bend his knees, and both his navel and ankles were fully exposed. When he finally made it to the stairs, the very first step tore open the seat of his pants.

Undaunted, Kyle kept easing his way up the stairs, but it was a slow process. He had to stay close to the wall because the dining room would see him otherwise, and there were creaky areas that he needed to navigate around. Not to mention, by the time he was halfway up, his chest was bouncing and jiggling, like it was trying to get his attention. The button struggled harder as the two round shapes beneath grew too big to ignore, the fabric hugging them like a pair of gift-wrapped basketballs.

Kyle ignored all these sensations, and the sound of his pants steadily ripping further - they were splitting down the sides now, too. He couldn't think about that right now. He needed to shave. He finally reached the summit and staggered to the family bathroom, smacking a wrist against the door as he threw himself in. "Yowch-- oh SH..."

He stared stupefied at his reflection. His sideburns had grown down his cheeks and now connected to his mustache, and a new patch of hair had sprouted on his chin. There was more hair now, too - it didn't look nearly so wispy anymore -

PLINK!

The button on his shirt snapped free and bounced off the mirror, and his chest burst free like a jack-in-the-box, shoving its way out into the open as if it couldn't wait to show itself off. Kyle whimpered in shock as he stared at it, and though he didn't want to, he pulled it further open so he could look at the new pecs he sported, and all their hair. The short bristles were no more, replaced with long wiry curls that covered all of his chest except his oversized nipples, which stuck out proud and pink from the dark thicket. "Wh-what's happening..."

It seemed impossible that anything could distract him, but as he surveyed his new chest hair, he realized his shirt had changed too - it was softer now, at least in parts, and the sleeves were down past his elbows. The blue and white stains, the same exact colors as his frosting, were looking more and more like a bold vertical stripe pattern. The floppy collar of his polo was stiffer now, and taller around his neck. Kyle reached up to touch it, but his arms were guided away as his back suddenly widened, lats flaring out and changing the shape of his torso to a distinct V. He felt his nipples tingle, his pecs warm, and then they grew again, swelling larger and rounder and pushing up closer to his chin. Kyle didn't want to enjoy it, but he did - he stifled a moan by biting his lip, filling his mouth with the new whiskers that had grown around it. His chest was so solid and thick, and it wouldn't stop growing - every time he glanced down, the stripes on his shirt were a bit more warped, the shirt a bit further open to show more of his chest.

He pulled the shirt off and hung it on the bathroom door handle so that he'd be able to shave his chest unencumbered, but his muscles reacted like they'd been unleashed. Suddenly his biceps had peaks, his delts were capped, and his chest was barrel. Kyle looked down at his arms and the veins that criss-crossed their way up to his shoulders. Simply balling his hand into a fist made his biceps grow again, the entirety of his arm swelling with mass as hair bristled out beneath it. "Mmmfff." He leaned against the counter and watched his hands expand - fingers thickening and palms widening - as his shoulders and back and flared out wider, wider, until they spanned the entirety of the shower behind them. And when the itchiness returned and Kyle had to scratch at his pecs, he saw just how hairy they'd become: curls as dense and dark as steel wool, covering his chest from collarbone to ribcage.

Don't do it, his brain said. Don't do it...

But Kyle did it: he threw his arms out to his sides and hit a classic double bicep pose, admiring his new muscles. His biceps bulked huge and solid, pushing past twenty inches. More hair puffed proudly out of his broadening chest, and as he leaned back, he saw his abs push against the skin - thick and distended, like the track of a tractor tire. He ran his hands down them - they had hair, too - not as much as his chest, but enough to highlight the ridges of muscles. Then he moved his hands back up toward his chest, wedging his thumbs under the overhang of his prodigious pecs. When he looked down, he couldn't see his hands...actually, he couldn't see the rest of his body. His vast chest filled his whole vision. He couldn't believe how big it was. Couldn't understand it. It was enormous. And it kept growing. He thought of the men downstairs and tried to recall if any of them had a chest like this. There was no way any of them did; he wouldn't be able to forget it. A couple of them had man-boobs, but that wasn't what these were. "Pecs," Kyle whispered to himself, his muscle tits swelling in agreement with his appraisal. Another round of glistening dark hair emerged from his skin. He had big, mighty, Herculean pecs, and he was completely in love with them even though they were so hairy.

When he smiled at his chest in the mirror, the sight of his teeth shining through whiskers shocked him back to consciousness. "Buh...BEARD?!" he said, looking at the thick, dark beauty on his face. The creep of his fuzz hadn't abated while he was distracted by his chest, and all the areas were fully connected now. Calling it 'fuzz' wasn't right either. These were whiskers. They were scratchy, not soft like before, and they covered his skin. They'd grown in all the same length, short and trim, squared off on the neck and cheeks like a barber had just tidied him up. It was a stunning beard, the kind that all men want. Like Kyle's body hair, it was the wrong color, making the ruddy auburn hair on his head look out of place despite having been there first.

"Let's clean you off," Kyle mumbled, grabbing his dad's electric shaver and turning it on. The buzz turned to a dull roar as it touched his chest hair, followed by a noise that reminded Kyle of when he ran over a rock with the lawnmower. He pushed the razor through his pelt, but nothing happened. The hair refused to be cut. With a frustrated grunt, he dropped the shaver back in the drawer and slammed it. "Probably broke it, just my luck," he said, rubbing his throat. Voice sounded deeper...

He picked up a razor, but he knew it was hopeless. His chest hair was too long and thick. A single swipe of a razor would be excruciating, let alone his entire chest, which looked a mile wide to his eyes. He was stuck. He had a beard and chest hair and there was nothing he could do about it.

With a sigh, he reached for his shirt on the doorknob, but stopped when he saw how his muscles moved - bulging and rippling under his skin. He was so huge now. Gigantic arms, doublewide back, popping delts and that chest that defied description. He turned to the side and surveyed the meaty ass jutting out a full foot from his backside - he tensed it, and laughed as it bounced. Then he grabbed his shirt and began the ordeal of getting it on his body. It took work, because he was so muscular. He'd lost a lot of range of motion.

The shirt was halfway buttoned when Kyle remembered it had once been a polo. Now it was a dress shirt, suitable for a formal occasion, with long sleeves and an elegant spread collar. The fabric was soft and silky, bearing bold blue and white stripes the color of his cake frosting. Kyle buttoned himself up and was relieved to see the shirt fit - it was even a little big. He tucked the shirttails into his pants and realized those were new, too: a pair of pressed tan trousers with a nice brown belt that matched the brown leather shoes on his feet. He pulled the belt tight so his shirt would stay tucked - his dad was a stickler for that, thanks to the military - then wondered what else he could do. At least with his shirt buttoned up, his chest hair was hidden, but there was no covering the beard. The group had to be wondering where the hell the guest of honor was, and Kyle had a feeling he was already gonna be in trouble for disappearing for so long, so he opened the door and walked out of the bathroom with all the enthusiasm of someone heading to the gallows.

He paused at the top of the stairs, briefly, feeling grateful he'd found...or grown...these well-fitted clothes. He didn't know what was happening, but it couldn't be the first time something like this had happened - someone at the party was bound to have encountered it before, right? Kyle wondered if this was just part of being an adult and no one ever talked about it, but that didn't explain the clothes.

Whatever.

He stood up straight, like his dad always made him, and took a deep breath. His gargantuan chest filled with enough air to blow up a mattress, bursting open the top half of his dress shirt to create a window for his hairy pecs. Kyle didn't notice, though he did feel them hoist and heave as he lumbered down the stairs, as more weight piled onto his frame and filled out his shirt and pants to the brink. New inches on his arms strained his sleeves enough for him to stop after a few steps, pop open his cuffs, and roll them up to his elbows to expose his hairy, massive forearms. He inspected his hands - huge and powerful - and used them to stroke his beard, just to feel the whiskers. Each individual follicle was tough and prickly, but together, they felt soft. He liked having a beard. He liked being a man.

A man...that was a funny thought, Kyle mused as he eased back down the stairs step by step. He'd never thought of himself as a man before, but right then it felt so natural as a descriptor for himself. He was a man. Or at least he was becoming one. Either way, it excited him.

To Kyle, the identification of himself as a man was the reason for the tingles he was feeling. The real source was his hair retreating into his scalp, vanishing inch by inch, darkening to match his beard as it became a short, tidy side part. There was less of it, too, and by the time Kyle's dress shoes clicked onto his first floor, a good portion of his scalp was visible through his thinning hair.

He looked toward the dining room and listened for any mention of his name, then turned to take the long way down the hall so he could stall a bit more-

“OH!” Turning on his heels put him face-to-face with Ben. They immediately started talking over each other.

“Sorry, didn’t mean to sneak up on you-” Ben started to say.

“Dude, it’s me!” Kyle said at the same time. “I know I look diff...is that my VOICE?” He clutched his throat, hands covering his bulging Adam’s apple. “What happened to it!”

“You okay?”

“My voice!” Kyle kept saying, in a rich and resonant bass that rang through the house. “M-my voice!”

“What’s up with you?” Ben asked, cocking his head.

“Nothing! I mean...no, not nothing...I know I look kinda funny, but I can explain. Sorta-”

“You don’t look funny,” Ben shrugged. “You’re just acting funny.”

“But I have a beard!” Kyle thrust his huge chest forward. “And muscles!”

“Oookaaaay...” Ben’s bemused expression turned to one of genuine worry. “Do you feel funny?”

“Of course I feel funny,” Kyle said, gigantic muscles jostling inside his shirt. “I’ve turned into some kind of...” He looked down, and back up. “Why are we the same height?”

“Hm?”

“How tall are you?”

“What is UP with you?” Ben asked. “I’m six-two, but I don’t see why-”

“No, you can’t be...I’m only five-eight.”

“Where’re you getting that from? We’re both six-two.” Kyle squeezed Ben’s shoulder. “Seriously, are you okay?”

“There’s something weird going on,” Kyle said. “You look different...I gotta figure out what’s going on...” He pushed past Ben, who called after him, but Kyle ignored him. He was in a daze. His body was so big. He was walking down the same hall he’d just been in before he went upstairs, but now it felt small and constricting. A big man like him needed more space. He needed to stop thinking like that - he wasn’t supposed to be a big man yet - but just feeling like one made his beard thicken, his shoulders widen, his chest expand. His dress clothes struggled to hold in his mass. There was a word for what he was: a bodybuilder. Big everywhere except

the waist. It was decently big now too, 36 inches, but he'd built out his thighs and back and chest to keep that X-shape. "Big hairy bodybuilder," he said under his breath, and when he felt his voice rumbling out of him he added, "with a really, really deep voice..."

Those words were the last ones he managed before the party spotted him. "Where ya been, dick!" someone said, and Kyle scowled. Why were these people so comfortable insulting him? Why did his parents let them? He went into the dining room with a face like thunder, until he looked on either side of him and realized he was the biggest man in the room.

"Say, that is one beautiful shirt," one man said, admiring the expensive fabric straining over Kyle's monstrous frame. "Where'd you get it?"

"Made custom for me!" Kyle smiled, his deep voice turning heads. "I haven't been able to buy dress shirts or trousers in stores for years," he bluffed. "Big chest and small waist makes it impossible."

"I'd imagine. How's the business going?"

Kyle had no idea how to answer that, so he paraphrased a few go-tos he'd heard his dad use: "Same ol', same ol'. Can't complain."

"I hear that!" the man said, cheersing his beer bottle. It reminded Kyle of something.

"I have a glass of wine somewhere with my name on it, let me track that down if you don't mind."

"Man's got his priorities in order!" the man laughed, and Kyle did too, shaking the man's hand with a crushing grip. Then he peeled away, feeling relief that he'd successfully made small talk with one of his parents' friends without being identified. The guy really thought Kyle was some well-dressed businessman.

Well, he was partly right, anyway: Kyle was beautifully dressed. His tight shirt was the perfect balance of formality and sex appeal, showcasing his favorite feature: his huge hairy chest. And his trousers fit his long, thick legs and propped out his ass. He could feel his parents' friends admiring him. It was like a drug. For the first time, he felt like the life of the party. He was just having trouble enjoying it.

Kyle let the party separate for him to reach the head of the table and retrieve the glass of white wine Ben left for him there. A few sips were a welcome break from the confusion. He picked up a plastic fork and got himself a bite of cake, licking crumbs and frosting out of his beard with a contented smile. Even though everyone was looking at him, there was no way they knew the tall, hairy muscleman was the same kid whose birthday it was...there was some freedom in that anonymity, even though he didn't understand why it-

"Your pecs were always your signature," a man at Kyle's side said, interrupting his thoughts.

Kyle bounced his massive rack up and down with a cocky chuckle, nipples nearly hoisting themselves free from his shirt. "You better believe it," he said.

"And you've kept your waist," the man complimented, clinking his beer bottle against Kyle's wine glass to make a toast. "Really impressive for a guy your age."

Kyle didn't know what that meant. Didn't everyone have a waist? Or maybe the man was talking about slim waists, since he had a belly that made him look square instead of a taper like Kyle. "Yeah, well, I got these kids nipping at my heels," Kyle said, not having a clue what he was talking about. "This is a rare treat," he said, motioning to the bite of cake on his fork, which he then made a show of depositing in his mouth. "Mmmm."

"Well, you've more than earned it," the man said, slapping Kyle on the back. "Damn, it's like touching a brick wall. Happy birthday, big fella. Never thought you'd be this old, huh? I sure didn't."

Kyle had spent a long time fantasizing about his sixteenth birthday, so he wasn't sure how to respond, but with his mouth full of cake he had an excuse to just nod and smile.

"Kyle," hissed a strangled voice on Kyle's left. Kyle's blood chilled - he thought it was one of his parents asking him why he was dressed so strangely - but when he turned, he saw Frank, the guy who'd used the bathroom after him. The old man seemed nervous, and he'd positioned himself a little behind Kyle, as if trying to hide.

"It's...Frank, right?" Kyle said, projecting his voice like a businessman. "What's...why are you wearing a wig?"

"It's not a wig," Frank whispered, touching the thick gold tresses pushed back from his forehead. A few strands dangled over his right eye. "It's grown back."

"Why would...huh? Why are you..." Kyle tried to piece together his thoughts.

"My stomach is in knots. I feel so strange," Frank said, and Kyle noticed the man's voice was smooth now, not hoarse and feeble like before. "And I was over there trying to hide out when I saw you over here, and realized something's happening to you too-"

"Shhh," Kyle interrupted. "I know. There's gotta be an explanation. I came down to ask an adult."

"YOU'RE an adult now," Frank said.

"Me?" Kyle chortled and flicked his fingers directly toward the hair standing proudly from his chest. "I'm just a kid."

“No. No!” Frank said, shaking his head wildly. “You gotta see, you’ve changed-”

“I know I have,” Kyle said, putting his hand on Frank’s back and guiding him toward the door when he saw heads beginning to turn their way. “Let’s go figure this out, okay pal?”

“You gotta help me, I don’t get what’s going on,” Frank whimpered, a rather pathetic display for an old man. “I don’t feel good.”

“I am helping you, buddy, it’s okay,” Kyle said, his deep voice broadcasting complete control over the situation. But as soon as they’d made their way out of the dining room and away from all of the adults, reality sank in, and Kyle realized how mature he was acting, and how odd it was that an elderly man like Frank had sought out the youngest guy at the party for help. “I’m...I’m so much bigger than you now...” Kyle stammered, putting his arm around Frank’s shoulder and pulling the old guy close to support him. “Maybe you could help me understand what’s happened to *me*-”

Frank shook his head. “I don’t know how I even recognized you. You look nothing like yourself. You’re an entirely different person.”

“Same face!” Kyle corrected. “I just have a beard now.”

“And less hair.”

Kyle touched the bald spot on the back of his head and groaned. “No...NO...” But at the moment, Frank doubled over and gripped onto Kyle’s shirt. Kyle caught him and pulled him back upright, but Frank moaned in pain, folding his hands over his stomach. “Let’s get you laid down,” Kyle said softly, and they began the laborious journey back up the stairs, Frank clutching onto Kyle for support.

“You are...the biggest person...I have ever seen...” Frank huffed between steps. “What happened to you...”

Kyle shrugged, traps pushing through his unbuttoned collar and squeezing up around his face. “I can’t think about that right now. Let’s get to know each other better, huh? My name’s Kyle, I’m sixteen, uh...my favorite color is blue...” He got distracted by the sensation of his muscles roiling within his tight clothes; the sight of his veins squeezing up inside his shirt sleeves and his chest hair covering pecs so wide he had to angle himself to walk up the stairs. An erection grew inside his trousers. “Y-you go,” he said, hoping Frank didn’t notice the boner.

“My name’s Frank, I’m seventy-one, my favorite color is...I don’t know, haven’t thought about it in a while.” Frank put a hand on the stair in front of him and wheezed, then kept climbing. Kyle looked at the man’s thick blond hair with envy. Why did an old guy like Frank have movie star hair, while Kyle was a teenager going bald. It wasn’t fair.

"You're doing great, buddy, we're almost there," Kyle said, patting Frank. "What's wrong with your stomach?"

"It's just twisted up. It feels like it's moving around - like the muscles are alive."

Kyle nodded. That was how he'd felt before he'd turned into a total muscle freak. Maybe it was contagious...he needed to figure it out, but his main concern was Frank. The poor guy was sweating, so Kyle whipped out a handkerchief from his trouser pocket and dabbed it against the man's face. Frank looked at him gratefully, and Kyle smiled back.

"Here we go," Kyle said as they got to the top of the stairs. Frank was walking at a 45-degree angle, his frail body hanging off of Kyle's enormous one, as they walked into Kyle's bedroom. "This is my room, you can lie down here," Kyle said as he eased Frank onto the bed.

Frank groaned and pulled his knees up to his stomach as he flopped onto his side. "Something's wrong with me..."

"Nah, you're fine, don't worry," Kyle said, kneeling down to stroke a few strands of hair from Frank's face. "I'll get you some water if you'd like."

"Yes please," Frank said feebly.

"Alright bud." Kyle had trouble getting up - he had to use the bed as leverage, and laughed at his predicament. "I'm so damn big," he huffed as he got to his feet, giving Frank another kind smile before he walked out of the room to get his new friend a cup of water.

His erection was bigger than ever, an unmissable lump stretching down the inside of his pant leg, as he walked down the hall to the bathroom. It gave him a few moments to relish the view of his monumental tits - they stuck out so far that even when he held his head high and looked straight ahead, he could see them peripherally. He grinned and imagined them getting just a little bit bigger, and he swore they actually did, ballooning further outward. His nipples worked themselves free from his shirt, so Kyle stopped to cover them back up, adjusting his pecs and noticing he had some silver in his chest hair.

"Holy shit," he said at the sight of his reflection. He was a *monster*. Muscles everywhere, popping out of his clothes, rippling even when not moving. Covered in hair from the neck down. He put his hands on his hips, standing like a superhero as he looked at himself with a cocky smirk on his face. The expression didn't go away even when he observed that his beard was now salt-and-pepper, and his hair - his thin, short hair - was noticeably lighter, like it was turning gray. It all contributed to him being a force of seasoned manliness. This man was a protector, a provider, and a caretaker.

He grabbed the cup he used to rinse after brushing his teeth, wiped it out, and filled it with cold tap water. He recalled how it normally felt when he held it. It didn't feel like that now. In his big mitt, it was like an inconsequential little dixie cup, despite being made of plastic.

When Kyle got back to his bedroom, Frank was stretched out on his side with his hands clutching his belly. "I didn't realize you were so tall," Kyle said, looking at Frank's feet hanging over the edge of the bed. "Here, brought you some water."

"Thank you," Frank said, sitting up to chug the whole cup. That was when Kyle noticed that Frank's clothes didn't fit. His Oxford shirt was too tight around the shoulders, and his old-fashioned khakis didn't even reach his socks.

"Are you...growing?"

Frank looked up at Kyle. His eyes were vivid blue, their sparkling clarity brightening his whole face. "I don't know," he said, flopping back down on his back. "I don't know anything anymore."

"What's going on in here?" asked a deep voice.

Frank leaned his head off the pillow and looked in the doorway. "Hey Ben!" he said, a twinge of excitement in his voice. If he hadn't said Ben's name, Kyle wouldn't have known who was at the bedroom door. Ben had changed clothes, for one; his baggy t-shirt was swapped out for a tight navy dress shirt tucked into stylish white jeans. His bushy blond hair was now a sleek, Beckham-caliber coif. And he was tall.

Kyle gasped as he swept into the room. "BEN?"

"What's up," Ben smiled. "I thought I heard furniture being moved up here, but then I realized it was just you walking around." He punctuated this joke with a slap on Kyle's back. "Something wrong?" He asked, turning to Frank.

"Wh-what's happened to you-" Kyle stammered, but Frank was already talking over him.

"I don't feel good, man," Frank said to Ben, his voice smoother after drinking his water. "I just feel so strange..." He arched his back in an attempt to stretch, an 8-pack abdomen pressing firmly against his shirt. "Can you tell if I'm sick?"

"Well, I don't have my stethoscope, but I'll try," Ben said with a smile, sitting down next to Frank. He put the back of his hand on Frank's forehead, and Kyle noticed how big his arm was - it was bulging out of his shirt sleeve - was it getting bigger? "No fever."

"I'm so warm," Frank said, sucking in breaths. "I haven't felt like this in so long."

“Take in a deep breath for me?” Ben asked, demonstrating one at the same time Frank did. In unison, the buttons on their shirts burst open, exposing the center of their chests. Frank arched his back again, and two slabs of muscle rose from his chest, gray hairs falling away to leave smooth, tan skin. “Good job, dude,” Ben said, patting Frank’s leg as he stood back up. “But it’s just as I feared.”

“What is it?” Frank asked.

“You have...” Ben hung his head and shook it from side to side, an act convincing enough that Kyle started to worry, until Ben finished the sentence: “...The Horny.”

“Oh, is that it?” Frank moaned, his hips rolling up and down on the bed. “I’m just horny? I forgot what it felt like, I guess. It’s been so longgguhhh...it feels so...good...”

“He must be all the time, right?” Ben said to Kyle. “At his age.”

“Why’re you asking me?” Kyle said, but he was cut off by Frank’s grunts as the old man fondled his crotch. Except Frank didn’t look that old anymore - his wrinkles seemed to fade as Kyle looked at him, the skin around his neck and jaw suddenly tight and supple as sweat dripped down them. He rolled his head to the side and looked up at Ben and Kyle standing over him. His face flooded with admiration. “You’re both so big,” he slurred, eyes dreamy and unfocused. “I wanna be big like you two.”

“You will be someday,” Ben smiled, and he rolled his shoulders back as his shirt filled in with two wide, round boulders that pumped out to hang over Frank’s bed. Kyle watched with astonishment as Ben grew his pecs, as the mass seemed to flood his torso and stretch out his clothes, his shoulders broadening and arms thickening.

“You look so grown-up...” Kyle muttered, watching Ben change.

“I am grown up,” Ben asserted, as his physique shifted into full blown hunkiness, a wide back tapering down to a slim waist and bubble butt. His clothes looked ready to explode off him. He flipped open another button on his dress shirt to alleviate some of the strain, but Kyle could tell he was turned on too. The room smelled like testosterone.

“What on earth is happening to you two,” Kyle asked, taking a step back to survey the scene. He looked at Ben and watched Ben’s young face extend, the baby fat dispersing as Ben’s jaw lengthened and squared. His forehead pushed out along with his cheekbones, stubble blossoming across his face. Then a loud moan from Frank drew Kyle’s attention to the bed, where he saw the formerly old man now bursting with youth and vitality, his muscles pumping up and his face chiseling itself into the blueprint of a hot young jock.

Kyle backed up against the wall, watching Ben and Frank's bodies expand and swell just as his own had. Ben's muscles were big and solid; Frank's were tight and twitching, as if he was ready to explode off the blocks at any moment.

"You guys look so much alike," Frank grinned, eyes darting between Ben and Kyle. Kyle shook his head but felt something shift beneath his beard, his own jaw flaring as his bone structure built itself into a masculine ideal. His hands flew up to his face, patting the skin - it was thicker, he was sure - he felt it getting rougher, felt the creases fall into place.

"What's going on..." Kyle groaned.

"I'm feeling a lot better," Frank said, rolling up and onto his feet. He stumbled for a moment before finding his footing, muscle shaking out across his large frame. "Hey, look!" he said to Ben. "I'm taller than you!"

"Yeah, well, I'll always be older."

Kyle shook his head over and over. Ben wasn't older than Frank. Ben was a kid and Frank was an old man. But now in Ben's place was this full-grown muscleman, and in Frank's was a well-built jock with so much energy he bounced on his heels instead of standing still. And the more they interacted, the more they were looking alike...sharp chins, chiseled jaws, big white smiles. A couple of 10/10 hunks. Kyle wanted to pull them apart and tell them something crazy was going on, but something else in him loved watching them interact...he could sense Ben's deep affection for Frank, and Frank's endless admiration for Ben, and it was so beautiful to see...

Frank's whole body jolted, and he sank back onto his bed with a big smile, murmuring about how amazing he felt - "I'm gonna - I'm sorry, I can't help it - I..." and then a big wet spot appeared on his chinos as he slumped back, now sporting a skin tight white polo shirt that showcased his incredible build.

"Oh, JEEZ, Finn," Ben snarked, as the handsome jock on the bed fell onto his back with a sleepy grin, proudly displaying his cum-covered crotch. Ben turned to Kyle. "Remember what it was like to just lose control like that?"

"That's...you're..." Kyle sputtered. "It's not like you're some old man."

"Sure, I'm just 31, but 31 is miles away from 17."

"You're 31?" Kyle asked meekly, looking at the stunning stud.

"Crazy, right?"

Kyle's brain was swimming. Ben was 13, not 31. And Finn was 71, not 17. And wasn't his name something other than Finn? And, wait, their ages had reversed--

Kyle flashed back to the dining room, and the candles on the cake...oh *SHIT*.

"Keep an eye on your little brother," he bellowed as he hurled himself out of the room and ran down the stairs. Little brother? Finn couldn't be Ben's little brother. They had different moms. That was why they were fourteen years apart. But they still looked so much alike. Such a handsome pair of young men. Finn just worshipped Brian. Always had, since he was a baby. And Brian never got impatient with Finn, even when he was in high school and Finn was a toddler who wouldn't leave him alone. Wait, wasn't Brian's name...something else with a 'B'...but Brian and Finn sounded right. The Patton boys.

Kyle made it down the stairs and pushed his thoughts to the side as he caught sight of himself in the mirror. He looked like an older Brian, handsome and wildly masculine. He could imagine Brian looking like this someday, with the same gray hair and salt-and-pepper beard bristling with sheer virility. Why did he look so much like Brian and Finn...

...oh fuck. Fuck fuck...

Kyle lumbered to the dining room where the guests continued to mingle, his pecs entering before he did. He needed to find his folks. Figure out what was going on. But they weren't there. Or maybe they were, and he couldn't remember what they looked like. Either way, Kyle knew it was up to him to figure out what had happened. It was his birthday party, after all, and his house. He'd bought the place 26 years ago, when Brian was a toddler. He hadn't wanted Brian to have the upbringing he'd had, moving around constantly, never having enough time to make real friends. He wanted to put down roots. He wanted to be settled.

The man with the flat top sauntered up. "You alright, dick? Look like you've seen a ghost."

"Why's everyone calling me that?" Kyle snarled.

"Calling you what?"

"A *dick!*"

"Your name?"

Dick's spine straightened. "Oh..." he said, sheepishly, as the man laughed.

"Think you're the last generation that can have that name, for that exact reason!"

"Yeah," Dick chuckled. "Brian always thanked me for not calling him that." He puffed up with pride at the mere thought of his oldest son - the bodybuilding doctor, the kind of son Dick always

dreamt of having. A bright, fun boy who'd grown into a good and accomplished man. And Finn was turning out the same: smart, funny, handsome, kind. All the good stuff.

Fuck...he was their *dad*. But he couldn't be their dad, he was only 16!

But the banners on the wall said 61...and the candles on his cake said 61...and the gray in his hair and the creases on his face *definitely* said 61. "What's happened to me," Dick mumbled, looking at the decorations. Sweet Sixteen was forty-five years ago. He didn't want to be 61, but when he thought about it, he didn't particularly want to be 16 either. He was so powerless at that age. At least at 61 he had a family of his own, and a house he owned, and gigantic muscles, and so many friends. He was loved and respected, brimming with confidence, and...settled. That was the word. Settled and content.

Being a 61-year-old man was wonderful. It was the life Dick had always dreamt of, and now it was here. He wasn't a kid anymore, he was a man! A big, strong man. It didn't feel strange to call himself that anymore. He was mature now. He'd raised children and run a successful business.

Dick didn't realize he was going to cum until he already was. He stood tall and broad as he felt his potent seed soak his underwear. He loved the sensation of literally overflowing with manliness. It was all he needed to embrace the man he'd become, sixty-one years young and damn proud of it. Maturity sank into his muscles, hardening them to match his weathered face.

He saw his sons chatting in a corner. Finn had changed pants, thankfully.

Dick turned and handed his phone to his buddy Garth, the man with the flat top. "Mind taking a picture of me and my boys?"

"Not at all!"

Dick strutted over and interrupted their conversation, throwing his arms around his kids. "I gotta commemorate us all being in the same place."

"Augh, Dad, not the face," Finn protested as his father planted a big wet kiss on his cheek while Garth snapped away.

"Got some whiskers there," Dick boomed. "I think our little boy is growing up!" he joked to Brian.

"Half grown. He's got a boy's brain in a man's body," Brian teased, and Finn shot him what could only be described as a loving glare. Then they stopped bantering and smiled for the camera. For a couple shots, Finn dropped his head onto his dad's shoulder, which caused Dick's smile to broaden. The kid was a buff, cocky jock now, but he still loved his old man. And that made Dick feel so happy, and so settled.