

GLITTER AND BE GAY

Part I

by Aardvark

linktr.ee/aardvarkia

“The herpes of craft projects,” Rudy Phillips chuckled to himself as he tore open the industrial size bag of glitter. “Perfect for those queers.”

Rudy didn't know if Yates Bass, Max Daugherty, or Forrest Marquardt were actually queer. They sure seemed like it, the way they were never apart and took all their classes together. That was some gay shit. But not even that was as gay as their excitement over going to a teen club night at fucking *Bullseye* of all places.

Bullseye was a small bar that hosted mostly local rock bands, but apparently that wasn't pulling in enough dough, because now one Friday night a month they opened their doors to teenagers, charged them a fat cover, served them marked-up mocktails and Coca-Cola, and let them dance to trash remixes of Taylor Swift.

Rudy couldn't think of anything gayer...except for covering Bullseye and all its socially tragic occupants with glitter. And thanks to Amazon's one-day shipping and his stepdad's keyring, he had the means to do so. Not that his stepdad would *ever* approve of Rudy turning a building he managed into a glittery mess, but hopefully he would never find out.

The metal fans surrounding the dancefloor were a thing of wonder in their own right. Rust-free and sturdy, they were not only capable of blasting sweaty patrons with Arctic air, but a necessary safety feature to keep people from passing out. They stood like mighty sentinels, standing guard over the dance floor where Yates, Max, and Forrest would soon be making fools of themselves.

The idea sparked in Rudy's mind during study hall, where he'd eavesdropped on Yates and Forrest discussing their upcoming night at Bullseye. Rudy had previously attended a rock concert there (using his fake ID) where the lead singer sprayed water into the fans, creating a refreshing mist that energized the crowd. This got him thinking: what *e*/se could be propelled into the audience? Suddenly, it hit him: glitter was the perfect way to christen those gaylords, and it was just inoffensive enough that people would think it was the venue's own terrible idea.

Rudy grinned as he carefully portioned the glitter into each fan. Swirls of rainbow settled inside each boxy frame, waiting for their moment to strike. “They'll be picking this out of their hair for days,” he chortled, brushing the last remnants of the bag into the final fan. Once he'd fully distributed the glitter, he stuffed the empty bag into the trash and headed for the bathroom, holding his glitter-stained hands away from his body so he didn't get any more of this crap on himself.

He jumped when he rounded the corner and saw a barback wiping down tables, momentarily panicking that his cover was blown, but the guy didn't seem to care that Rudy was there. If word somehow got back to his stepdad, Rudy formulated a cover story that he'd used the key to let himself into Bullseye because he'd needed to pee. Surely his stepdad couldn't get mad about

that. And he hardly looked suspicious - he was a wholesome All-American jock, not some loser nerd like Forrest or Yates or Max.



His hand left a glittery palmprint on the bathroom door as it swung open to reveal a labyrinth of dingy, dilapidated stalls that hadn't seen a lick of renovation since the club's opening. The faint hum of the air conditioner vibrated through the room, its metal blades sweeping clumps of dust and cigarette ash to the floor. Rudy quickly realized why they kept half the lights turned off when the public was there.

The first dispenser he tried didn't have soap. He rolled his eyes and walked to the next one, lathering up and washing his hands twice to fully rid them of glitter. As he flicked water off his fingers, he didn't notice that his hands had swelled to nearly double their size. Instead, he

scowled in disdain when he saw specks of glitter in his hair. After some hesitation, he leaned his head closer to the sink and used his wet palms to comb through his fluffy brown curls, determined to eliminate any evidence. He patted his head dry with his giant hands and strutted back out into the nightclub, ready to depart.



By chance, he saw a custodian on the way out. “Hey man, men’s room’s low on soap,” he told the guy.

“Then tell ‘em to order me more.” The custodian sneered as he thrust his mop into a sudsy bucket. “But you ain’t s’posed to be in here yet, kid, we’re not open yet.”

“Oh, er, I, uh-” Rudy sprouted an inch in height as he stammered. “I...work here,” he said, hesitantly. “I help out.” He felt a bead of moisture roll down his forehead and flicked it away, wondering if it was water or sweat.

To his surprise, the custodian seemed to buy it. “Yeah? Shit, ‘bout time they got us some more help around here. Got too many of these damn kids running around.”

Rudy shot up another two inches, ripping the collar of his thin white t-shirt. “Heh, yeah!” he said, clearing his throat at the sound of his raspy voice. “Damn kids!”

“Keep an eye out for ‘em,” the custodian chuckled. He wheeled his bucket away and began mopping right in front of the door that Rudy had intended to leave through, so Rudy changed course and began looking for another exit. There had to be more than one because of fire codes, right?



Rudy anxiously scratched at his chest, taken aback by the amount of skin that was visible. He quickly adjusted his jacket, releasing the aroma of new leather. The scent - an earthy musk - curled into his nostrils, and the long sigh it drew out of him finished with a low moan. He leaned closer to the jacket and inhaled deeply, smirking as an erection sprouted in his jeans. "Fuuuck," he moaned, kneading at his crotch through the denim fabric and reveling in the hardness that was forming under his touch. He shuffled to a dimly lit section of the empty club to rub himself and the leather with equal gusto. A stab of pain emanating from his manhood just made him proud; proud to have balls so big they barely fit in his pants. And his cock was always leaking, all that extra manliness soaking his old polyester jockstrap...

He pulled his leather jacket tighter around him, cocooning himself in its glorious scent, and wondered why he didn't remember putting it on or even owning it. He didn't have a lot of leather in his closet. Just a couple of jackets, some pants, several pairs of boots...the row of baseball caps he had lined up on his closet shelf suddenly looked more like a row of Muir caps in his mind. And they smelled so good - not only of leather, but of sweat, smoke, and sex. Of men.

He grasped his crotch tightly, the tension coiling and uncoiling in waves, and was suddenly struck by an intense craving for even more leather. His mind raced, thinking about the thrill of wearing the jackets, pants, and boots all at once, the way they strained against his skin and amplified his manhood. He loved to be in a room full of men in leather, their burly bodies pressed against one another, a symphony of scents and sensations filling every corner of the space.

A fetish, that was what it was. He had a leather fetish. The guys at school could never know, especially those queers whose names he couldn't quite remember. He didn't want anyone to think he was gay. He just liked leather, and he liked when men wore it, that was all. And since he was a man, he liked wearing it too. His hands gently ran down the sleeves of his jacket, feeling the leather mold around his biceps and the collar frame his face. The leather's aroma wrapped around him like a dense cloud, a potent aphrodisiac. Heat from his palms seeped into the fabric, making it even more supple, more alive. His fingers traced the outline of shirt buttons, twisting and turning in his mind, imagining them into existence as his cotton tee finished merging with his jacket, transforming the two garments into one: a leather dress shirt.

He reveled in the way the shirt hugged his toned physique, but it was almost unbearably warm. He undid the buttons over his chest, exposing beads of sweat that glistened on his smooth skin and rolled down his taut muscles like tiny rivers. With each droplet that joined with the rest, he grew more and more aroused, the scent of the leather suffocating his thoughts, forcing his mind to focus only on the feel of the supple material against his body. With each slight movement, the leather creaked and stretched, a symphony of enticing sounds that drove him wild. He couldn't get enough, and began walking just to hear the leather sing. The stomp of his heavy, shiny boots made for the perfect accompaniment.

As he strolled along, he happened to catch his reflection in the mirror and jumped at the sight.



He took a step closer to the mirror, boots thudding against the hardwood floor, and scrutinized his reflection. He barely recognized himself, but at the same time, he couldn't identify anything different. There was a voice in the back of his head saying he looked older and bigger, but neither of those were cause for alarm. What kind of teenager *didn't* want to look older and bigger?

No, he wasn't different. He couldn't be.

The thought of his family, though, sent a shiver down his spine. He couldn't even fathom explaining this to them. They were the epitome of Middle America. His parents would never understand the allure of leather, let alone his growing obsession with it. And how had he never

gotten in trouble for strutting out of the house with a Muir cap on his head and a cigar dangling from his mouth? Why was everyone okay with a teenager owning a Kawasaki motorcycle? Fuck, he loved riding that thing...feeling the raw power thrumming between his legs...it was almost as good as a hard, rough fuck.

Was that how he'd gotten here tonight? He could barely remember. Surely he'd recall the feeling of the wind whipping against his body, the roar of the engine beneath him, and the thrill of danger that came with every passing car? The open road was his sanctuary, and his bike was his beloved beast.

Concerned, he decided to go check on the bike, just for his own peace of mind. He took a step toward the entrance, then chuckled at his own foolishness. "Staff parking," he reminded himself with a snap of his fingers. He turned on his heels and walked toward the rear exit.



The leather shirt, crafted from supple but sturdy material, transformed his posture. Its structured design compelled him to stand tall, with a firmness in his spine and a proud set to his shoulders, as if he were ready for battle. His long, confident strides were punctuated by the clomp of his boots, which drew the attention of a bartender filling up a jug of water behind the bar. "Heyyy, look who it is!" the man said as Rudy approached. "Want a shot, big guy?"

Rudy had never been so casually offered alcohol before. It seemed too good to be true, like a test. "Me?" he asked, just to be sure.

"Of course you," the bartender laughed from behind his big red beard. He wiped his hands on a towel and grabbed a bottle of Stolli. "Gotta do this before this place is packed full of fuckin' kids."

"Fuckin' kids," Rudy nodded.

"Must make your job hell, huh?"

Rudy almost corrected him, then remembered his ruse. "Not so bad," he smirked, as his biceps quietly swelled in his sleeves. "I'm tough."

"You sure are, bro," the bartender smiled, raising his shot glass full of vodka and clinking it against Rudy's. "Down the hatch!"

"Down the hatch," Rudy echoed, his deep voice booming through the bar. The button over his chest released with a satisfying pop as he knocked back the shot of vodka. The fiery liquid spread through his mouth and down his chest, warming him from within. "Burns like hell," he chuckled, his voice now noticeably deeper. "Another!" He slammed the glass down onto the bar, feeling his inhibitions loosen.

The bartender laughed. "Sure thing, brother. I'll have another too." He poured two more shots. "You must've grown up drinking this shit like water."

"What, Stolli?" Rudy laughed. "I'm not Russian." With a swift motion, he downed the second shot of vodka and felt the warmth spread through his body, opening him up like a blooming flower. The path of the alcohol could be traced as his throat bulged, the muscles tensing and contorting in an almost inhuman way. His Adam's apple bobbed bigger as he swallowed, sending the vodka into his torso, which broadened with a forceful crack. The fabric of his shirt stretched and strained, tight and constricting against his growing frame.

A much, much bigger version of Rudy set the shot glass down. "Delicious," he growled in a voice a full two octaves deeper.

"You're not Russian?" the bartender asked, confused. "Always thought you were."

"Do I *look* Russian?" Rudy asked.



“Sort of?” The bartender said sheepishly.

“Well, I am not Russian,” Rudy said firmly, his jaw growing wider. “I am from...” Fuck, where was he from? “From-” What was the word for the standard all-American upbringing? He was blanking. “Suburbia!” It came out weird-sounding. He said it again, feeling his tongue roll the ‘r’. “S’burrria!”

“Serbia?”

“I am from Subo...surb...S’burrria,” Rudy insisted again, his brain hot with panic. “I am proud Sburbian man!”

“Well, I’m sorry man, I thought you were Russian all this time. I’m heading out for a smoke if you wanna join. Give you a cigarette to make it up to you?”

Rudy's lungs didn't crave the acrid taste of cigarettes, but the sight of a pack sparked an involuntary nod. Despite his better judgment, he found himself following the bartender out of the back exit. As they walked, the stale air of the bar was replaced by a cool breeze that carried the faint scent of gasoline and exhaust fumes. Rudy's eyes lit up at the sight of his beloved motorcycle nestled in the one designated spot for bikes at the rear of the building, crouched in the moonlight like a beast waiting to be unleashed.

“She’s a beaut,” the bartender said, seeing where Rudy was looking.

Rudy nodded as he flipped a cigarette into his mouth and lit it in a well-practiced motion. “That’s my baby,” he rumbled.

“So how’s a guy from Serbia wind up here?” the bartender asked.

“My uncle was here,” Rudy said between drags. “I was bodybuilding in Subotica but closest gym was more than two kilometers walk. So he invited me here, I got job at gym, and I stayed.”

“Subotica?”

“My hometown,” Rudy said, thinking of walking to the gym in the cold winter, when the sky was as gray as his cigarette’s smoke.

Neither man acknowledged, nor seemed to be aware of, the startling transformation occurring in Rudy's body. With each puff of his cigarette, his once slight frame began to expand and bulge with powerful muscles. The leather shirt he wore strained against his growing form, looking as if it would burst at any moment. Like a sculptor working with clay, every anecdote fueled Rudy's physical metamorphosis, turning him into a true bodybuilder before their very eyes. It was a mesmerizing sight to behold, and yet neither man said a word about it, too lost in their own world to notice the incredible change taking place before them.

Veins lurched across his gigantic chest as he told his new friend about his beloved uncle sponsoring him and getting him jobs, all the ones that huge men like him did: construction worker, personal trainer, security guard. Each one served to make him bigger, both in practice and in reality, as Rudy's frame stretched past twice the width of the normal man next to him.

As he grew stronger, the once delicate features of his face began to transform. His sleek nose and smooth brow expanded into a more robust appearance, with pronounced lines forming along his forehead and pushing his eyebrows into a menacing arch. The billowing smoke that surrounded him leached the moisture from his skin, giving it a weathered and rugged look. Every inch of him exuded an aura of power and danger as his muscles continued to mature, shaping his outward appearance into something far more intense than before.

“*Jebiga*,” he swore, seeing a telltale sparkle under his fingernails as he raised his cigarette to his lips. “Stupid glitter.”

“Why do you have glitter there?” The bartender chuckled.

“Long story,” Rudy grunted, stubbing out his cigarette on the side of the building. “Thank you for the smoke, friend.”

“Anytime, pal. Hit me for another shot if those kids get too rowdy for you tonight.”

“I will for sure.” Rudy turned to go back inside, and immediately bashed his giant shoulders against the doorframe. “*Jebiga*,” he swore again in his native Serbian. The hallway felt smaller than it had a few minutes prior - he could barely walk down it without turning sideways.

He walked inside the back staff area and headed to the employee bathroom to wash that goddamn glitter from under his fingernails. A mirror stopped him in his tracks.



He leapt back around with such force that the remaining fine hairs on his head fell away, leaving him with a shiny bald head fit for the brutish beast he now was. Rudy squeezed his eyes shut, refusing to look down at muscles that were so huge, he could *feel* them hanging off him.

Searing jolts of electricity shot through him, starting at the tips of his fingers and ending in a fiery explosion at the base of his crotch. Moments later, he could feel the physical manifestation of his arousal - his long, hard member straining against the unforgiving fabric of his tight black pants. A guttural groan escaped his lips as he reveled in the sensation of cool metal encircling the base of his cock, urging it forward against the weight of his enormous bull balls. And then, a wholly new feeling: his cockhead stretching free from the new, sensitive foreskin that had just grown back onto him.

The storage lockers around him, where staff would stash their coats and car keys before each shift, reminded him of his high school locker room. He wondered why none of his teammates had ever made fun of his big uncut dick, or the cockring he was always wearing, or the fact that he was fucking bald. The answer, he realized, was because they were intimidated by him. Why wouldn't they be? He had biceps the size of their heads, he sounded like an action movie villain when he talked, and he was old enough to be their dad. The mental image of a hulking Serbian bodybuilder daddy putting on his leather shirt in a high school locker room was getting stranger and stranger to Rudy. Nothing was making sense. Things felt...blurry.

He balled his large, powerful paws into fists, the muscles in his arms flexing and bulging beneath his skin. With a loud rip, his sleeves tore away, revealing his strong, defined biceps. The fabric fluttered to the ground like fallen leaves, leaving him with short sleeves instead of long ones. As he reached up to fondle his massive arms, his hand knocked into his chest, and the resulting shudder of pleasure all but made him shriek with joy. How could he have forgotten about his nipple piercings? The hoops, adorned with spikes, were one of his favorite things. They made his nipples swell and throb with sensitivity, visibly protruding through his shirt as a reminder of the pain and pleasure they brought him.

Once again, he was amazed none of his buddies had made fun of his pierced tits. Maybe they secretly turned them on. After all, he was thinking his friends were a bunch of curly-haired teenage boys, but when he really thought about it, all he could recall were other bald middle-aged bodybuilders. Big, brawny, sweaty, tattooed beasts who would tweak his nipples to congratulate him after a good set, then present their asses and mouths for fucking. He was excited for those little gay guys from school to turn up tonight - now they would get to meet a REAL gay man...

Rudy whimpered in confusion. None of this seemed right. He needed to remember who he really was. The musclebound Serbian leather daddy loomed large in his mind, but it was just a mix-up-

"Radomir, you in here? We're about to open!" yelled a voice through the door.



Radomir huffed and puffed as he tried to walk, his freakish muscles straining against the tightness of his clothes. His shirt was stretched to its limits by the bulging biceps and bloated pectorals underneath. With each step, he struggled to lift his heavy thighs, which rubbed against each other with a loud squeak. He couldn't help but feel an excited but painful twitch in his groin from the friction of the leather against his sensitive skin.

He needed to get out of here...get to his place at the door...no, he wanted to go home...but Serbia was so far away, and he liked America—

Radomir didn't think he wanted to be a bouncer. But with each laborious step, he felt more comfortable with it. It was a good job for a bodybuilder. Good money. Easy work. Nights like

tonight especially, when he made his normal rate to babysit a bunch of kids. He wondered if he'd know any of them, but of course he wouldn't, he was three times their age.

The world still felt blurry, like he was coming out of a high. He needed to ground himself. "Radomir Pilipović," he said under his breath as he found his stride and began to walk with limitless confidence, puffing out his gargantuan chest as he stomped toward the door. "Radomir Pilipović from Суботица..."

His name and heritage sank into him as he brushed past the gawking staff and took his place at door, ready to intimidate any pipsqueaks who tried to get cute with him. Hopefully none of them tried any pranks tonight.



Yates, Max, and Forrest always prided themselves on their punctuality. They were never late to class, always turned in assignments on time, and never missed a day of school. It was a habit they carried into their social lives as well, which was why they arrived at Bullseye promptly at 8 pm, expecting to find a long line of their peers waiting to get in the moment the doors opened.

What they found instead was a smattering of teenagers milling about the entrance, none of whom they recognized, and a couple of disappointed fifty-somethings who turned around the moment they saw the night's theme on the letterboard sign. The boys exchanged confused looks before hesitantly approaching the bouncer at the door, a massive man with a stoic expression and more muscles than his shirt knew what to do with. He smelled like leather and cigarettes.

"Hi there," Max said with a friendly smile.

The bouncer's face remained aloof as he scanned the trio with his piercing gaze. "I.D.s." It wasn't a request; it was an order.

Yates pulled out his driver's license first, followed by Max and Forrest. The bouncer scrutinized each one carefully before handing them back and nodding for them to enter. "Thank you, sir," Forrest said meekly as they passed.

"Have nice night," he said, in a thick Eastern European accent.

Inside the club looked like any other night - dimly lit with flashing lights and thumping music filling the air. But something felt off to Yates, and it wasn't just that the dance floor was currently empty. He couldn't put his finger on it but he sensed that this wasn't going to be their typical Friday night out.

"Did you see the *SIZE* of that guy?" Max gawked once they were safely inside.

"Oh, we all saw," Yates nodded. "Insane."

"Insane!" Max agreed.

"Insane," Forrest parroted.

"Should we, uhhh..." Yates looked at the empty dance floor. "Maybe no dancing yet. Drinks?"

They each clutched handfuls of bills as they walked up to the bar and perused the menu. "All drinks virgin," Max read aloud. "Guess that means Yates can't have one!"

Yates smiled as he took a good-natured elbow to the ribs. Forrest and Max admired him as the only member of their trio who had gone all the way with a girl. He didn't have the heart to tell them it was a lie; a fabrication concocted under pressure when jocks at school questioned his sexual orientation. And now, everyone believed that Yates lost his virginity to a girl named Maia - a name he'd conjured on the spot - during their Model UN trip.

Someday, Yates promised himself, he would come clean. He'd caught glimpses of shirtless male models saved to Forrest's camera reel, so he knew he wasn't the only one with a secret.

"What's a virgin drink mean?" Forrest, the most sheltered of their group, asked.

"No alcohol."

"Oh, right." Forrest squinted at the menu placard propped up atop the bar. "I don't know how any of these taste. I guess maybe a da- daqueery?"

"Daiquiri," Max corrected.

"Yeah, that. I like strawberry." Forrest ordered one from the ginger-bearded bartender and set five dollars on the bar. Max and Yates placed their orders too: a non-alcoholic negroni - or NAgroni - for Max, and a virgin mojito for Yates. They all watched with disappointment as the bartender glided right past the gleaming bottles of alcohol.

"Should I ask him?" Max asked.

"I'm gonna ask him," Yates said.

"Don't ask him," Forrest said nervously.

"If what you're gonna ask me for is alcohol, it's a no-go," the bartender said with a friendly smile. "None of you look remotely 21." When he saw all three boys visibly deflate, he added, "But someday you'll have one of these," and stroked his thick red beard.

"I don't think that's ever happening," Max sighed. He perked up slightly as he saw all the work that went into making his drink, just like it was a real cocktail. The bartender even sliced up an orange so he could garnish Max's drink with a twist. "Wow, thanks," he said as he received his prized beverage. It did, briefly, make him feel a little bit like a grown-up.

After the bartender served all three of them, they took their drinks to a lounge area tucked into the corner, where they settled onto a tufted leather sofa. Max took a sip of his NAgroni and immediately puckered. "Oh, that...that wasn't what I expected," he said. "I'll have to get used to it."

As they sipped their mocktails and made small talk, their eyes kept darting to the dance floor, distracted by the neon lights and glittering disco balls. "Do you think anyone's actually gonna dance?" Forrest asked. Both Max and Yates speculated that yes, eventually someone would, but there needed to be more people around first. They all felt too self-conscious to be the first ones out on the dance floor.

A cacophony of high-pitched squeals drew their attention towards the door, where a group of girls around their age were huddled together in a tight embrace. Among them was one familiar face from their biology class - Melisa. "It's crazy to see Melisa, like, dressed up," Max observed. "She's always in baggy stuff."

Yates nodded in agreement, his gaze lingering a little too long on Melisa's figure-hugging outfit. "She looks really good," he remarked admiringly.

"Don't stare, it's weird," Forrest said.

Someone somewhere bumped the music volume higher, a clear directive to start dancing. When that didn't work, putting on some Tate McRae did; the group of girls from their class headed out to the floor, "*whoa!*"-ing all the way. The place instantly felt more alive, and a few other teens overcame their shyness and began to dance.

"Let's wait for a few more people and then we can head out there?" Yates suggested.

"Oh, we were already planning on dancing?" Forrest gulped.

"Why would we come here if we didn't want to dance?" Max laughed. "Be brave, Forr."

"I *am* brave," Forrest mumbled unconvincingly into his drink.

Ten minutes passed as the boys sat near the edge of the dance floor, their eyes scanning each individual who dared to step onto it. As the minutes ticked by, the once sparse crowd grew thicker and more lively with each passing person who stepped onto the dance floor. The neon lights looked far more impressive when cast over a sea of bouncing teenagers instead of an empty dance floor.

Forrest tugged on the front of his t-shirt to fan himself. "It's warm in here."

"Yeah," Yates agreed, doing the same. "Now that it's getting crowded, it's hot."

"I think that's science," Max joked, sucking on one of the ice cubes from his drink.

Someone somewhere bumped the volume up several notches. The speakers blared: *I'M VANILLA BABY...I'LL CHOKE YA BUT I AIN'T NO KILLER BABY...*

"I don't really like this song—" Forrest was saying, and then suddenly the room exploded with sparkles.

The industrial fans had whirred to life to cool down the crowd, unleashing the tsunami of glitter that was hidden inside of them. Sitting three feet from one of the fans put Forrest, Max, and Yates in perfect position to get buried. The sparkling flurry coated them in a shimmering blanket of twinkling particles, coating their skin and clothing.

Forrest scrunched his face up as the glitter rained down on them, coating his dark hair and sticking to his skin. "What the—" He reached up to wipe it out of his eyes, only to have it stick to his fingers. "This is never coming off," he groaned, trying to shake the glitter out of his hair.

"Why are they shooting out glitter?" Max exclaimed, trying to brush it off of his shirt.

"Oh *nooooo*," was all Yates managed to say. Even his drink now had glitter floating in it. He took a sip to see if his straw could avoid the particles, but instead prompted a sneeze as he felt the grit tickle his nose and invade his sinuses. "Ruined," he sighed.

Max gazed out at the scene in front of him, perplexed and slightly irritated. His male peers were all brushing frantically at their clothes, trying to rid themselves of the sparkly substance that covered them from head to toe. Meanwhile, the girls stood nearby, unscathed and untouched by the glitter bomb that had just been set off. "How'd the girls manage to avoid it?" Max wondered aloud. "It seems like only us guys got hit. And it's not fair - girls actually wear glitter!" he huffed, feeling even more annoyed by the unfairness of it all.

"They must've set it off," Forrest reasoned. "They knew where to hide."

"But they weren't hiding! They were right next to everyone else! Oh well." Max shook himself like a dog after a bath. "Might as well dance now. We already look stupid."

"Feeling brave enough, Forrest?" Yates patted his buddy on the back.

"Yeah," Forrest said dreamily, looking at the lights. "Yeah, I could dance. We should."

The boys followed Max's lead, getting up from their seats and cautiously stepping onto the now-thronging dance floor. The music thumped and pulsed, a rhythmic heartbeat that resonated deep within their bones. As they danced, the glitter molecules clung to their bodies and clothes, catching the light in twinkling, swirling patterns.

None of them were great dancers by a long shot. Their movements lacked grace and coordination, like clumsy marionettes controlled by an inexperienced puppeteer. But despite their lack of skill, they were determined to have a good time and danced with wild abandon, laughing and twirling as glitter floated in the air around them.

Forrest couldn't believe how much he was enjoying dancing. As a short and chubby kid with glasses that bounced on his nose, he always felt out of place at school dances. But now, as he let loose and moved to the music, those insecurities faded away. He was having too much fun to worry about what others might think of him. Dancing was fun!



Maybe it was just because the song he was dancing to was called 'Flowers,' but Forrest suddenly felt like he was blossoming like a rose in springtime. It was as though he was a tiny seedling bursting from the ground, stretching toward the warm glow of the sun. His arms reached higher, absorbed in the vibrant glow of the neon lights. He was too caught up in the moment to notice his fingers elongate.

A deep, satisfying stretch ran down his spine, releasing a rush of tingling sensations that danced and shimmied through every inch of his body. The tingly feeling traveled up to his neck and into his face, where small, blonde whiskers began to sprout one by one - pop, pop, pop - tickling him enough to make him giggle with delight as he began sporting the beginnings of a beard. The laughter bubbled up from his soul, mixing into the music like an instrument. His heartbeat thudded in sync with the rhythm of the dance floor. The glitter that once frustrated him had now become an extension of him, a shimmering representation of his newfound energy.



Blossoming. He liked that word. Life was about growth, and he wanted to grow out of being that nervous kid that everyone thought they knew. Forrest looked at his buddies, lost in their own dance, and wondered if he should tell them he was gay. He wanted them to know, but he was

scared - not of how *they'd* react, but how everyone else would. Being gay was fine if you were some floppy-haired teen dream that girls could fawn over; it was different when you were short and pudgy like Forrest.

But he wouldn't always be short, he thought, as he sprouted another inch, and he was damn certain he wouldn't always be pudgy. Being gay, though, was never going to go away. He would always be attracted to men. Maybe someday he'd even marry one. And he'd still be friends with Yates and Max even then, so might as well—

"I'm gay!" he said over the music, shooting up another two inches.

His friends just smiled at him, unfazed by his announcement. Max wrapped an arm around Forrest and yelled in his ear, "That's awesome! Being gay is great!"

"You guys don't care?!"

"No!" Yates exclaimed, grinding against Forrest as they danced. "We think it's amazing!"

Forrest loved feeling his friend's dick rubbing against his thigh. Yates and Max were such good guys, and their acceptance instantly made Forrest feel better. Lighter. The weight off his shoulders made his awkward dance movements more fluid and graceful. The blooming feeling increased, tapping him into his breath, his heartbeat...his inhales and exhales drowned out the music surrounding him, as if he were submerged in a sea of his own emotions.

That was all Forrest heard: his breath. In, out. It was filling him up, quenching a deep thirst he hadn't known was there. The realization hit him that being in the closet had not only been emotionally suffocating, but physically. Now he could breathe. Now he could *be*.

The sound of his breath was so sensual, too. He let out a long, labored breath as his dick perked up, stiffening as he dared to imagine another man in his bed...a man with big muscles and a beautiful smile, slowly lowering himself onto Forrest's long, thick cock...

Forrest shut his eyes and rolled his hips, gulping down more air. He scratched carelessly at his face - it was so itchy! - then ran his hand down over his chest, which felt harder than usual. There was a solid layer of...well, *something* underneath the soft flab he hated so much. His palm rubbed against his stomach. It was flatter than he remembered, but his bulge certainly wasn't. He heard his friends laugh as he briefly fondled his nuts before he remembered he was in public. He just felt so different all of a sudden. And he was sweating. Between the moisture and the glitter, his overshirt looked shiny, and it was swaying in one unit with his t-shirt. He tried to pull them apart, but they were stuck together. Whatever. They weren't stopping him from looking good. And that was what Forrest wanted: to look good. He liked when people told him he did. He liked when people *noticed* him. Was he an extrovert? He'd never thought of himself that way, but right now, on this dance floor, he really felt like one. Nothing would be better than everyone staring at him and telling him how sexy he was.



He was starting to feel sexy, too, which was entirely new to him. His silky, shiny shirt made his nipples hard as it rubbed against them. He moved to cover them by cupping his hands around the pectorals budding on his chest, but that just made him moan with joy. His dance moves instantly became sensual and aroused. He fucking loved to dance. Usually when he did, he was wearing fewer clothes and more body oil. The only problem with that job was that most of the clientele were women - bachelorette parties - and Forrest liked men. He wanted to dance in front of other men and amaze them with his beauty, be a big cocky muscle slut who loved to shake his ass.

Forrest arched his back and grinned as he stuck his butt out, wiggling it proudly as the unused muscles tightened and flexed and ballooned into a high, round shelf straining against his pants.

He let out a loud "ooooooooohh!" that resembled a whistling tea kettle as he felt his g-string slide up between his ass cheeks. Guys loved when he slid out of his pants to reveal the skimpiest, skankiest little party in existence - tonight's was a red lace pouch around his cock, held up by skinny black strings. He couldn't wait to show it off. He loved to show off.

The music grew louder, pulsating through Forrest's growing body as he continued to dance with a newfound sense of freedom and sexuality. His pelvis undulated to the beat, his movements continuing to become more fluid and sensual, a testament to his newfound confidence. He felt the eyes of others on him, and he reveled in his own power. His body was a canvas for their admiration. Every sway of his hips, every pump of his fist, served as a silent invitation to join him in his world of wild passion and desire. He really knew how to bring the fucking party.



Because really, at the end of the day, that was his job: to entertain and make others feel comfortable. He'd been doing it since his days as an exotic dancer, a gig he still took on occasion; however, now his focus was more on being an escort. The money was a major perk, but even better was the fact that it allowed him to escape the usual girls-night-out crowd and instead be embraced by men who adored him completely. These were the type of men - usually wealthy and mostly older gay gentlemen - who genuinely appreciated what made a man beautiful. They'd take him on vacations, introduce him to interesting people, and buy him designer clothes that showed off his muscles. And then, when those clothes came off, they'd worship him as the sex god he was.

As Forrest's glasses transitioned into tinted aviators, he felt a flash of anxiety about being a gigolo. It seemed like something his parents would get mad about. They hadn't even wanted him to go out with his buddies tonight. But they weren't blind, they could see what a stud he'd become. Every morning he woke up taller, buffer, and hotter than the night before, and they weren't going to hold him back. So Forrest tried to dance those thoughts away, as his hair became blonder, his whiskers thicker, his pecs and jaw squarer.



He needed to get his own place. A sick penthouse in a doorman building where he could work out and fuck and party as much as he wanted. The rent was pretty high, but he could afford it thanks to all his daddies, and he got so much space for the price, plus the place had a luxury gym. Everyone in the building knew the gorgeous blond with the huge muscles and mysterious income. They'd stare, mesmerized, at his big ass sticking out of his tiny shorts while he did squats, or his chest bouncing as he ran on the treadmill.

Forrest looked down at his pecs. They weren't big enough yet, but they'd get there. None of his clients seemed to care - it felt like the only time they *weren't* showering him with compliments was because they were too busy sucking his cock.

"Chad!"

Forrest turned at the sound of the name being hollered over the music. His sunglasses hid his look of surprise.



Next to him on the dancefloor was a robust, masculine figure he recognized as...Carson Neubauer, from school? That didn't seem right. The man's body - broad and burly, with brown-and-white chest hair curling out from the neck of his skin tight muscle tee - was clearly not Carson's, and a moment later the face wasn't either. Carson didn't have a thick white beard that signified his status as a muscle bear. Forrest would've remembered going to school with such a hot daddy.

"Sorry to sneak up on you," not-Carson yelled into Forrest's ear. "I'm Roy Thurman."

"I know!" Forrest smiled back, turning on the charm. "Just took me a second. The flashing lights were playing tricks on me." He had no idea if Roy heard him or not, or if Roy was even listening.

"You look so fucking hot," Roy smiled, resting a thick hand on Forrest's hip. "You've gotten bigger!"

"And I'm still growing!" Forrest said, as his chest swelled larger.

"Can I steal a free kiss?"

"Of course, stud," Forrest said, obligingly leaning in to take Roy's mouth in his. He always had a good time with Roy. Roy was never awkward or insecure like some of Forrest's johns. He was the ideal client: a wealthy guy who just wanted a hot piece of ass to take around town and show off like it was a new sports car. He always showed Forrest a good time, kept the conversation flowing, and ended the night with great sex.

"Take this shit off, we gotta see the baby blues," Roy said, removing Forrest's sunglasses. "No hiding, Chad."

Chad...Forrest had told him his name was Chad. That was what he told all his clients, actually. Chad Wylde. Clearly a fake name, but a hot one. The kind of name a man who lived to lift, party, and fuck would have.

"I'm not hiding-" Forrest started to protest, but Roy slid his hand inside Forrest's shirt and squeezed his nipple. Forrest moaned loudly, the music barely drowning it out. His hard cock pressed into Roy's leg, making the older man grin. Forrest wiped the smile off Roy's face with another long, aggressive kiss.

Roy broke free for air. "Easy, boy."

"I'm not a boy," Forrest grinned, and hearing himself say it shocked him. If he wasn't a boy, that meant he was a man, and he'd never thought of himself that way...but when he thought of his bulging muscles, and his thick stubble, and his prized penthouse, and a face so handsome that men came in their pants at the sight of it, he realized there was no other descriptor for him than

'grown fucking man.' He danced proudly and shamelessly for Roy, running his hands through his beautiful blond hair and grinning as he felt Roy's fingers on his neck.

"Of course. That's a man's jawline," Roy said, with obvious admiration.

Forrest smirked. "And a man's body," he whispered, more to himself than to Roy, running his hands teasingly down his torso to grab his bulge. Roy's hand moved to the same spot.



"What's it like knowing you're the hottest man everywhere you go?" Roy whispered in his ear.

"Fun," Forrest said. It was *fun* to be Chad. Cracks spiderwebbed across Forrest's memory, opening up chasms in his recollections of awkward interactions and nights home alone.

Chad didn't have memories like those. A man like Chad Wylde was built on a foundation of athletics, parties, and fucking. He hadn't been a bookish, shy kid, but a tall and dashing jock who got along with everyone. He'd never studied. Didn't need to. No need for college, either. He'd gone straight to the big city, finding photographers who went gaga over his strapping frame and Nordic good looks. And the larger his muscles got, the fewer clothes he wore. He loved to be naked, he loved to fuck...and he loved getting older, because getting older just made him sexier, and bigger, and more of a man.

Chad Wylde was the epitome of masculinity, a walking, talking, fucking billboard of virility and desire. He would never be confused for an awkward boy who got teased for his boobs and uncoordinated body. No, Chad Wylde was a beast of a man, with muscles upon muscles and an insatiable appetite for life.

...teased for his boobs...

Forrest looked down at his pecs and watched as they ballooned bigger under the flashing lights. His ridiculous shirt - neon purple satin? Where had he gotten this, Escorts-R-Us? - was straining around the mass of his swelling tits. He...why did he want a big chest? He'd always been teased for having boobs. He didn't want them to get bigger!

But they were getting...so fucking big...Forrest pressed his thumbs into the sides of his pecs, measuring their density. He was awestruck over how far they stuck out. They were so wide and so solid. Roy's hands crept into view, sliding across the smooth globes bursting out of Forrest's shirt. Forrest shook his head no, his long blond hair whipping around his face, but he couldn't make himself say the word. He could moan, and coo, but not speak. All he could do was clench his jaw, making it squarer as his chest grew in mass like a pair of balloons being inflated.

"Fuck, this chest..." he saw Roy's mouth say, though the music drowned the words out. And that was exactly what he wanted Roy to do: shove that big daddy cock between his two giant himbo tits and fuck them.

No that wasn't right-

Maybe he needed to go home. Something weird was happening, and he felt so strange. He was going to get in trouble, there was no doubt. But did he always have to be good? Couldn't he misbehave sometimes? Being a hot muscle jock was what life was supposed to be like. Not being picked last for sports teams, not being the one worried he'd have to sit alone at lunch. This was life as the most attractive man in the room...

His nipples were so hard it felt like they were being suffocated by his shirt, and he could see even through the fabric that they were bigger than they'd ever been - beacons of sexual energy, beckoning to every man. His pecs were becoming the centerpiece of his newfound virility, the chiseled pyramids of muscle swelling to the point that they were bursting out of his buttons.



Chad Wylde was the epitome of athletic perfection, the kind of man who could hold his own in any room, in any city, anywhere in the world. He was testosterone personified, bigger and stronger than the men around him, and as his pecs continued to grow, his confidence and ego did the same. Even as he danced, the biceps on his arms bulged with the effort, his shoulders rolling and heaving with each movement. It was not just his pecs that grew, but his entire body seemed to be getting bigger, more muscular, more virile.

His massive size made the people around him seem all the smaller, Roy being the exception. Some of these guys looked so...young? Forrest was confused by their hairless faces and slender frames. He wasn't jealous of their youth, but he remembered his own fondly. He thought

of his first time, and how confusing and exciting it was...he'd been at state football, at the hotel, sneaking into his buddy Sammy's room...

He'd always suspected Sammy liked guys too. He'd *hoped* he did. That night was such a blur. The wrestling, the sudden switch to kissing, and before he knew it he was taking Sammy from behind, two buff young jocks fucking like cavemen. He'd had a hundred guys since then, but none were as thrilling as that first time, when it was all new. Forrest remembered standing in the bathroom doorway, wearing his letter jacket and nothing else as Sammy sucked him off and worshiped his muscles. He'd loved how the mirrors made it possible to see Sammy gagging on his cock from every angle. He could even see himself from behind, his lats already too wide for his jacket, "Albers" stretched tight across his shoulder blades.

Albers?

Was his last name Albers...?

That's what everyone at school called him - "Yo, Albers!" - because he wore his letterman jacket every day, and that's what it said on it. But Forrest Albers didn't ring a bell. He'd gone to school with a Brad Albers, though - guy was such a fucking jock, and he'd gotten way bigger after high school, blown right the fuck up and started doing porn and shit. Fuck, was that...him? *He* was Brad Albers...pseudonym Chad Wylde...Brad and Chad, his two sides...

"UH!" A pearl of cum shot into the silky pouch of his g-string as it rolled between his massive thighs. He had to hold back from creaming himself right there on the dance floor. He felt so different all of a sudden...so much better...

A button burst off his shirt. The sight of it flying into the crowd got more cum leaking out of him. "I need...I need...oh FUCK-" he grunted, throwing his head back as his hair got longer, wavier, its gorgeous blond hue glimmering like gold. Not wanting to fully ruin this shirt - he loved how shiny it was, like liquid poured over his perfect body - he began to unbutton it the rest of the way, though he paused for a minute when he remembered his belly...

No, he'd never had a belly. From the moment puberty hit him, when he shot up to 6'3 and became beautiful, he'd had rippling abs, and he loved to show them off every chance he got. His abs had always been his pride and joy, a testament to the countless hours he'd spent at the gym, each muscle etched into his taut, golden skin. As his body continued to evolve, they seemed to carve themselves into his flesh even further, each ridge more prominent, each groove more defined.

As he teasingly unbuttoned his shirt - a practiced skill from his years of stripping - Brad felt the air on his torso, the sweat and glitter catching and reflecting the lights of the dance floor. His abs flexed and rippled with his heartbeat, each muscle fighting for its turn in the spotlight.

"Mmmmm..."



With each lustful stare aimed his way, Brad's sense of self grew and solidified. Thoughts of Model UN and AP classes leaked out of him into his g-string. This was correct. This was who he was. He'd never been anyone else. Why would he ever think that? He was Brad fucking Albers! Chad fucking Wylde! And Brad and Chad wanted to dance, drink, and fuck.

The music pulsed and the lights flickered, the final components of Brad shifting into place as his ego swelled. He was in his prime, his body sleek and massive, perfect in every way. He felt invincible, like the world was his playground and he could do anything he wanted. And right now, as with most evenings, he wanted to give and receive pleasure.

Roy would fill that role just fine. Brad locked his come-hither gaze onto the older man.



Roy was no fool. He chuckled as he wrapped a hand around Brad's waist and pulled the stud in for a kiss. "Tonight?" he asked. "Can I have you?"

"You can have me," Brad purred, massaging Roy's crotch.

"I can pay."

“We can talk about that later,” Brad said casually. He didn’t really care about the transaction tonight. He just wanted to fuck this hot daddy, but if the guy was gonna throw some money at him regardless, it wasn’t like he’d turn it down. “Just buy me a daiquiri for now.”

“If the bar is even serving booze,” Roy said, smoothing down his beard as he led them off the dance floor. “They said something about a teen night.”

“Teens here? The fuck?” Brad laughed, but right then he bumped into a shaggy-haired kid in a plaid shirt who immediately proved Roy right.

“Sorry,” the kid said, eyes going wide when he processed Brad’s size. “S-sorry!” he repeated.

“No worries.” Brad’s eyes narrowed. “Don’t I know you?”

“Yeah, I...you look familiar too.”

“I remember you being way bigger,” Brad said. “Like, huge. You may have even been bigger than me.”

The kid rubbed his forehead. There was glitter all over it. “I was?”

“Too much dancing, he burned it all off,” Roy said. “C’mon, stud.” He pulled Brad away, and a few seconds later they were making out against the bar.

Yates watched them go. That was weird. But the guy was right, they definitely knew each other somehow. Yates couldn’t think of how he’d know a gay bodybuilder gigolo.

And how’d he know that hunk was a gigolo, anyway?