

The Curse

Chapter 04

“For the Long Haul”

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It was said that the stages of grief were denial, anger, bargaining, depression and acceptance. Edward wasn't sure if he'd gone through them in that order and he was certainly sure he hadn't gone through them only once, but it was starting to feel as though he might have been standing on the doorstep of the final stage - acceptance. He still longed for his old life, of course... for a normal life with a job, with the ability to make decisions that would affect his future. In a strange way, though, the curse had given him an odd freedom. No matter what he did, he was going to bounce back... He had his apartment, he had food and shelter and... he was having more sex than he'd ever dreamed possible.

Even when Edward wasn't at the mercy of the curse, he found himself perpetually horny and with certain desires that were starting to transcend the other lives he was living. Had the person that cursed him intended for him to learn a lesson? If so, was that the way out of this? Did he even want out? The thought made Edward shake his head. Of COURSE he wanted out. He just hadn't found the way yet, although it wasn't for a lack of trying. At first his efforts had been clumsy and driven by instinct or fear. Running away from the curse just threw him right back into the center of it. This time, however, Edward had made it farther than he had since the changes started. In fact, he'd made it over two hundred and thirty miles from his apartment.

Sun shone down on the freeway outside, glittering off the collection of well polished cars, a smattering of motorcycles and a few of the trucks that filled the parking lot of the diner. The restaurant was the crown jewel of a trucking oasis. There was a commercial gas station, a truck parking lot, an interstate rest stop and a convenience store the size of a strip mall. It also served some of the best sausage that Edward had enjoyed in his life. He'd always been too busy to stop there before, and certainly too posh. He'd considered such places dirty and beneath him. Maybe that was one more lesson that the curse had to teach him. Still, there was no denying the food was heavenly.

“Here ya go, Ed.” the server said with a smile as she put down a slightly sloped plate. The reason for the raised edges became apparent as it revealed itself as a particularly thick and juicy looking chicken fried steak half sunk into a sea of potatoes and gravy that had merged into a soup-like consistency. The smell of the meat, and particularly the salt, was potent. Edward looked up at the server with a bit of a quizzical look.

“I didn't order this...” he said softly.

“You didn't have to, it's your usual! If you want anything else, just let me know, but I can't let my favorite regular miss out on your favorite meal!” She said with a grin. The words rang around Edward like a warning bell. She'd known his name, she'd brought his 'usual' meal... It was happening, it was happening again. The only reason he'd been able to get so far away from home was because the curse had wanted him to. He looked up and forced a smile.

“You always take such good care of me.” he said softly, “I'm good for now.” he said. She smiled, glad another customer was well treated and moved off to check on the others. Edward

turned and looked back, seeing more bowls than he'd recalled her putting down. There was some sort of apple dessert filling a bowl of cinnamon laced syrup as well as green bean casserole and a pitcher of apple cider. Edward was salivating, licking his lips, feeling his stomach rumble.

A few minutes ago he'd been foolishly thinking about the curse as not being that bad, but that had been while he still had a measure of choice. Now that it was slipping away again, it didn't feel all that good. He felt the tingle and then the trickle of sweat forming and running down his neck, but it soaked into new hair before it could reach the collar of his shirt. Edward reached out across the table for his water, jumping a bit as a metal ring clinked on the surface. Had he been wearing a ring? He was now, but it wasn't a wedding band. It was a sturdy stainless steel ring meant for thick fingers.

Edward lifted his glass and let the icy water soothe his nerves. The waitress had called him a regular, one that came frequently enough that he had a favorite meal. But how could he be a regular out here? It was in the middle of nowhere. It was the only oasis in a desert of society. Traffic came and went, but the commute didn't make sense. There wasn't really a destination worthy of a day to day job nearby. Edward racked his brain to make sense of it, but it seemed the blood was going elsewhere. Once more his stomach rumbled loudly, making Edward blush. Ed tried to remain calm, looking at the other patrons. None of them could see it, none of them could see him. He was already someone else to them, some other life, some other person.

Another rumble came as more pain radiated out from his stomach, traveling through his ribs, his muscle and fat. Edward's eyes clenched shut as he sat back in his seat, breathing heavily, trying to recover. He'd never had hunger pangs that strong before. When his eyes opened, he realized it hadn't only been himself that had been changing. The table was loaded down with food, far more than the waitress could have dropped off when he had his eyes closed. There were more servings of chicken fried steak, a pitcher of beer, a steak, a mountain of mashed potatoes, corn, and a pyramid of what had to be some sort of macaroon cookie.

Outside there was the constant rise and fall of cars and trucks passing by, the roar of tires on the pavement, the sound of life on the road. He could hear it through the glass, even through the walls of the truck stop restaurant. He could feel it. Edward closed his eyes, trying to remain strong, to fight it off as long as he could. It wasn't very long. His eyes snapped open, his hand stretched out, and in the span of a few seconds he'd cut into the chicken fried steak with the edge of his spoon, sopped up the potato and gravy mixture and brought it to his mouth. His lips closed to collect the contents as he drew the utensil out and in that instant his pain and suffering melted away into buttery, savory heaven.

It felt as if he'd made a promise to his stomach that he would satisfy the hunger he felt, like some sort of psychosomatic IOU. The growling ebbed, the contractions stopped, although there was still a gnawing, gaping emptiness that he had to fill... but how could he not? How could he hold back from his favorite meal? It was soft and yet crunchy at the same time, salty and buttery and so good. He took another bite and let out an audible moan, then another bite. It was a precarious line to walk, trying to savor each bite while still feeling so ravenous.

Despite the fact that Edward felt like he was starving to death, he could feel his clothes getting tighter with each bite. He moved from the chicken fried steak to the casserole, then some macaroni and cheese. Edward's fit body was slowly adapting, digesting what he was

giving it and extrapolating backwards through his life. The curse was sinking in, rewriting his history, punctuating every passage through this stretch of the highway with a stop at the restaurant.

Ever so gradually, Edward's collar grew a little tighter, the fabric molding itself over his pectorals as they rounded and filled out. It was more exaggerated around his midsection as the shirt pushed forward, rising up a little as his stomach expanded. Edward wasn't just getting fat, exactly. He still had most of his muscles beneath, but it was the body of someone that worked hard when he needed to and relaxed when he didn't. His shoes tightened, as did his shirt. Ed had always rolled his eyes when someone had described things as going pear shaped, but his body had done just that.

Macaroni, scalloped potatoes, and some fried peppers for good measure. Edward felt that emptiness inside him ebbing, bringing with it comfort - the comfort of a meal made by someone, made by hand, something far superior to fast food. While eating was hardly considered to be a high effort task, Ed was giving it his all. His brow glistened with sweat and he could feel it collecting on the back of his neck. It was collecting because, unlike before, his hairline was creeping further and further down. The well groomed and manicured neckline he'd maintained fizzled away as new hair emerged, descending downward from his scalp.

In addition to taking up more property, his hair was growing longer as well. At first it looked as if he'd missed a trim, but at the rate it was starting to grow, it wouldn't be long before he looked as if he'd never heard the term. Ed's hair slipped down over his ears, crept down the nape of his neck and even came down a bit over his forehead. A dull, gentle, rhythmical throbbing came from his scalp as all the follicles went into overdrive. Memories of calling people hippies faded from his mind, his hatred of slovenliness fizzing almost as fast as the coke in one of his glasses as he lifted it to his lips once more.

It was all so good, so hearty, so wholesome, so... cursed. He'd never enjoyed food that much in his life. That was why he'd always been so fit, so thin, so handsome. Edward had tried to go with the flow, but this was too much. How could he give in to all of this? With one last act of defiance, Edward slid out from the booth and stood up.

Running out of the restaurant would have been a losing battle, he'd learned that much from past experience, but maybe he could slow it down in the bathroom. Then again one of his first changes had been in a bathroom... Still, somehow it felt more private. Each step Edward took was a little heavier than the last. The door eased open and Edward stepped inside, letting the heavy portal swing shut behind him. He let out a deep exhale that he hadn't realized he'd been holding. The bathroom was alright, a solid seven on a scale if he had to place it. The tile floor was clean and the mirrors were clear. The air smelled like cleanser rather than piss. The blue painted metal seemed worn down, a little loose. Still, anything was better than nothing. Edward grabbed the stall door, swung it open and stepped through.

The sudden change in elevation made Edward topple forward, grabbing onto anything he could for support. What he managed to clutch onto was a steering wheel. He used his other meatier hand to push himself upright, looking around in confusion, eyes widening in terror. He wasn't in the bathroom, he was in a truck. The restaurant he'd fled from was just a few yards away, along with all the amazing food he'd run away from. Had the curse been flirting with him? Had it all been a prelude? Had he skipped the appetizers and now he was in the main course?

Edward hauled himself up into the seat, looking at the mirror at himself as the changes continued to stack.

His hair had reached his shoulders, long and slick. A worn bandanna was tied around his head and earrings hung from his ears. He felt heavier, taller and stronger than he had in most of his previous incarnations. He wasn't just fat, he wasn't just big, he was everything. Edward reached down and lifted his shirt to see a muscle gut covered with a thick carpet of hair coming up in a triangle all the way to his navel. It was obscene and dirty, like an animal, and something about that thought gave him a thrill that stirred in his pants. A thick mass of manly meat began slinking down his pant leg. He was so focused on his body that when the other door of the truck opened, he jumped.

"You ready already boss man? I can't believe you passed on seconds!" A youthful face said as a nineteen or twenty year old hauled himself up into the seat. He looked as though he might have been a linebacker in high school with broad shoulders and a sturdy rib cage, but much like Ed he'd been packing on a few extra pounds. His t-shirt showed the protrusion of his chest and belly and an immature patchy black beard hugged his round freckled face. He'd tried to grow a mustache as well, although it wasn't nearly ready to be considered more than peach fuzz. A blue and white trucker's hat rested atop the young man's head, completing the look. It seemed that not only was Ed a trucker, he had an apprentice.

"Well, sometimes the call of the road is irresistible." Edward said. That, at least, was the truth after the curse had dropped him unceremoniously in his new life. His apprentice gave a lewd grin and reached over, resting a hand on Edward's groin.

"That isn't the only thing that's irresistible." he said with a hungry gleam in his eyes. Edward swallowed a bit and turned on the engine, feeling the rumble of the beast before him come to life. The vibrations were more powerful than anything he'd ever experienced. The vehicle felt amazing, like an extension of his body. Edward knew he couldn't fight the curse. The more he fought, the harder it fought back... but at least he could put on a few miles. Without thinking about it, Ed put the truck into gear and started to pull out, only realizing part way through the maneuver that he was using muscle memory that belonged to someone else. Soon enough that life would be his and the cycle would turn round and round like the tires of an eighteen wheeler.

It had been hard to ignore the parallels between the truck Ed found himself driving and the curse he had been forced to live with the last few months. It was always a laborious, resistant, hesitant start. As things got rolling, there was still a clunky awkward adjustment as things started to build, pulled back, then shifted gears... but as the momentum picked up, it all became one unstoppable object and an unrivaled force. As far as Ed could tell, he was still in the clunky awkward phase but he was gaining speed fast. How many times had he felt his life lurch and lunge from one reality to the next like a changing of gears? How much longer could he truly resist before his transmission gave out?

No amount of philosophizing could delay the inevitable as Ed felt the familiar sensations swimming through his body, bringing with him the intoxicating, euphoric tingling, burning, and throbbing. His skin hadn't quite been smooth since the truck stop diner, but it prickled with tiny

goosebumps as the growing follicles adapted faster than his skin before everything sorted itself out and a light fuzz blossomed across his cheeks, catching the midday light like a dusting of snow across the plains.

Ed's eyes slipped halfway shut as he felt the feelings swim over him, fighting his questions and his resistance. Before the curse, he'd always approached his appearance as if it was a tool or resource that had to be perfectly managed and utilized. It was a resource to shape and mold to achieve what he wanted, and honestly he'd gotten pretty damn good at it... but the curse had shown him another way. There was a pride in seeing exactly what one's body was capable of, going free range and wholly organic. Ed let out a soft pleasurable murmur as he leaned back in his seat, feeling a burning heat radiating from his chest as hundreds and then thousands of soft dark hairs emerged from across his chest, roped between his nipples but soon fanning outward to create a layer beneath his shirt.

"So, you ever think about how long we've been driving together, Tim?" Ed asked, breaking the odd silence when he realized his apprentice's name had come to him faster than the memories of this alternate life. Tim leaned back against the wide truck bench, nearly writhing as he thought back to their shared past.

"Three amazing months..." Tim said with a happy sigh, "I just wish you'd picked me up sooner so we could have had more time together and I could have started growing this bad boy out earlier." he said, rubbing at his modest beard with sheer appreciation. At the moment Tim had a fuller beard than Ed did, though he had little doubt that wouldn't take much longer to correct. The driver reached out, his fingers grazing the young man's cheeks, petting the hair as a stirring filled his loins. Yes, this felt right... They were both embracing their masculinity, their manhood. It was natural, it was perfect.

"It's just going to get longer and fuller and thicker until all the other drivers mistake you for bigfoot." Ed said with a parental pride, reaching down to give his own swelling package a squeeze. It already felt so fat and full, but he could feel it slinking longer and longer in his pants. His back nearly arched as he felt the tickle of stubble growing down his throat and the sides of his neck. Tim groaned as well, though more at the mention of bigfoot.

"You know what they say about truckers with big feet, don't you? Well, I don't have to tell you, you're living proof!" the apprentice said with a lewd grin that lingered a long moment before he returned his gaze ahead.

A sheen of sunlight stuck to the windshield like condensation, glimmering off of the truck's chrome elements. The hood ornament was a viking sigil, a fact that seemed oddly appropriate to Ed before he felt his changes accelerate even further. The knuckles gripping the steering wheel shifted as they grew wider and thicker, bristling as hair erupted from the skin. The back of his hands darkened as the hair spread like a creeping shadow, connecting to the darkening hair on his arms.

Ed winced slightly as his skin stung and seared, a tattoo of an antlered deer like elder god surfacing from the hairy flesh. The well worn collar of his shirt wasn't enough to hide the hair that had grown beneath it. Ed suppressed another moan, feeling himself sink deeper into the bench seat of the truck as his bones grew longer, muscles thicker and a bit of fat softened the edges of his figure. He'd lived several lives since the curse, each one unique and exquisite. It seemed that this trucker was confident, large and in charge, and very comfortable in himself... but Edward knew he wasn't himself yet, at least not yet. He looked in the mirror, seeing the

darkening hair spreading across his face, willing it to come on more and more. There was no fighting the curse, he wanted to embrace it and let it take the wheel.

It felt almost like a crime not being able to touch himself as his beard filled out, but keeping one eye on it and one eye on the road was almost as good. He nearly shivered as his upper lip blurred, the smooth skin disrupted by the finest fuzz like the skin of a fresh peach. The hairs pushed out centimeters at a time, darkening and growing, tentatively brushing the upper edge of his lip before curving down over it like some sort of soft shield. The hair was wavy and thick but largely uniform over the lip, but the hairs sprouting on either side seemed to be different, as if the oscillation of the waves in the hair were wider and allowed the hair to grow longer, descending down on either side of his mouth, straining and stretching.

Yes, this was what life was supposed to be about... becoming yourself, embracing yourself, and sharing that gift with others. Ed glanced over at Tim, licking his lips a little. He'd fought the curse so many times and lost himself in thought, but it was often selfish thought. What of this apprentice who truly didn't realize what was coming? Ed didn't just live this other life, he passed it on to someone before he reset, and there was no doubt that Tim would be the beneficiary. He would become the horny, hairy, bearded trucker of both of their dreams. It was only a matter of time now.

"We didn't get to stay very long at the diner..." Tim said after a long moment, "In fact, I think I need to top up my gas tank right now..." he said softly before he slid over and began to lean down. Ed's eyebrows rose as he watched the younger man's pudgy fingers working his apparently well used fly. He drew it down, popped the button, folded the denim back and took a heady whiff of Ed's all natural aroma. The smell was wafting up from an ample, plush forest of hair that was plumping up from the opening in Ed's pants, filling out across his lap as even his balls sprouted with a thick coating of hair. He was a beast, a bear, and he loved it.

Edward's mouth opened into a bit of an O shape, accentuated by his handlebar mustache as it crept down even further to start meshing into the scrub brush that was manifesting from his chin. Ed knew that he shouldn't have been able to feel the hairs. There were no nerves, the hairs were technically dead, and yet each one was like a live wire into his brain. It was an extension of him and each and every one made him feel bigger, prouder, and more manly. He growled, his cheeks tensing enough that he could feel the stiffness and resistance from the hairs in his cheeks, filling in the gap from his goatee to his sideburns.

The driver's eyes threatened to roll into the back of his head, but Ed seemed to be a seasoned professional. Even as his apprentice fished out his fat, uncircumcised cock and peeled back the fleshy protection, he didn't waiver in the slightest. Even as Tim leaned in, his tongue batting, lapping and then slurping at the edge of his cock, Ed didn't drift. Then he felt that hot, wet embrace slip over his manhood. Tim sucked on his mentor like a kid with a huge lollipop. His tongue maneuvered with a precision worthy of the finest auto detailers. It was exquisite, but Ed could feel it was just the beginning.

The more that Tim worked on his cock, the more Ed could remember as if the young man's tongue was wiping away grime from his memory. Ed had taken pride in being the biggest, hairiest, manliest trucker in the Cordon Fleet, but being a gay man he couldn't exactly leave behind a lasting legacy, so he'd decided to find an apprentice, someone to learn from his ways (both good and raunchy) and impart to him the title that he so enjoyed having. Finding Tim online had been a stroke of luck. There weren't many young men these days that had such a

fixation on facial hair, such a love of the male body in all its glory, or such a sophisticated palette to enjoy the flavors and aromas of a long haul trucker after several days. Every part of that would have revolted Edward before he had been cursed, but to Ed they were the hallmarks of true achievement, and seeing Tim get hairier and dirtier by the day made his cock quiver almost as much as that talented tongue.

There was no stopping the truck now that it had hit its cruising speed and the same went for Tim. The apprentice bobbed his head up and down, his round hairy cheeks taking in inch after inch of Ed's manhood in all of its raw glory. Ed was impressed with how much he was able to focus on his task despite getting a blow job and succumbing to another life. His shoulders creaked as they expanded out to their full width, his back now a wide canvas for the hair to spread across. He grunted, gritting his teeth before letting out another guttural sound, watching and feeling the hairs filling in across his face. There was no more peach fuzz, no stubble, no grow out. It was all clearly and indisputably a beard - his beard.

While the truck continued on steadily, Ed was writhing and shifting in his seat. He lifted his hips up to fill more of Tim's mouth with his cock, tolling his head back just enough to feel the waves of his lengthening hair crash over his shoulders. It was so long and thick, a little greasy with its own marinade of manliness. Ed's tongue emerged to lick his lip, though all he got was mustache instead. He willed it to stretch out more, longer and fuller and thicker. He was an animal, a monster and he loved it. One hand remained on the wheel, the other dropping down to guide Tim's head. He tangled his fingers in the scruff of hair beneath the strap of his trucker hat, getting a good grip before he shoved it down, feeling his plump lips against the base of his cock.

"That's it my piglet, eat your slop..." Ed grunted before he inhaled sharply, letting out a smooth sigh as he started to cum... and cum.... And cum. It wasn't a spurt or even a geyster, it was like a fountain. One continuous orgasm started in his brain, conducted through his beard and down his spine to his cock as he started to feed Tim his trucker's crude. To his credit, Tim suckled and gulped at it, letting it fuel his already ample belly. Ed groaned and growled, riding the pleasure. He wasn't sure why it was lasting so long but he didn't care. He rode the wave and embraced it all.

Mile after mile passed them by, farmlands becoming tiny outskirts of towns, then untamed brush. Every mile brought more length to Ed's beard. He felt the tickle of the hair as it surged out of his face, creeping to six inches, then eight, then ten. He wished he had four arms so he could drive, hold Tim there and fondle his beard all at the same time. Instead he leaned his head forward, lifting it up and down a little to feel the plush hair crush and billow as it brushed across his chest, stretching out more and more and more until it finally reached the top curvature of his belly. His hair and beard were equally long, complimenting his massive frame.

Edward's last recollections of his old life floated around the back of his head like a quiet echo. He was twice the man he had been before the curse in nearly every way; he was taller, wider, stronger, heavier, fatter, and most certainly hairier. He felt damn proud of himself, and he felt comfortable in his own skin. He knew this was the high of the curse, the pleasure and acceptance and physical prowess. He pushed questions from his mind, intent on living in the moment as long as he could before the curse inevitably switched gears again. For the moment he was in this life for the long haul.

The highways seemed different at night. The sun was beyond the horizon but the faintest glow kept the dusty expanse faintly visible with its scrub brush and cacti. A much more saturated glow came from the yellow and orange backlit panels of the gas station canopy. The truck had been refueled and so had its drivers, the vehicle now parked off to the side and out of the way for the night. The engine still popped and ticked as the heat dissipated and the metal settled. Ed leaned against the side of the cab, running his fingers through his luxurious beard, feeling how full and thick it was. He'd reached his host's natural length, but as long as he was living this life, he saw no reason not to grow it further.

The scuff of shoes echoed across the parking lot as Tim returned from the convenience mart with a case of beer bottles. Ed watched him approach, admiring his scruff, the meat on his bones, and knowing just how skilled his mouth was. He was a perfect horny, hairy trucker in training... but Ed could feel in his bones it was time for graduation. He gave his apprentice an appreciative nod as he came up closer, offering the beer to Ed. Ed took the case and hoisted it up onto the hood of the truck.

"I've been thinking about getting you ready to take on your own rig, I figured I better show you something over there." Ed said, gesturing to the other side of the truck. Tim gave a nod and a smile.

"Sure, boss." he said, moving around. Ed followed after as they fell into the shadow of the truck, the only light coming from the rise and fall of headlight spillover from the road beyond as cars rushed past in the blink of an eye. Tim was looking at the truck, trying to guess what Ed was going to show him when the trucker reached out, a hairy hand landing on the young man's hips. The apprentice purred, "Oh, I see..." he whispered in surprise and delight. Ed reached around to unclasp Tim's belt buckle before his grimy jeans slunk around his ankles. Tim turned, bracing his hands against one of the huge, beefy black rubber wheels as he felt the rough brush of Ed's pants against his ass cheeks before the telltale zipper was drawn down.

"I've wanted this for so long..." Tim panted, blushing rosily beneath his uneven sideburns. Ed grinned.

"You're going to become a whole new man." he whispered, bringing up his manhood. He gave it a few good taps like a gas nozzle before he guided it into Tim's hole. He wasn't quite gentle, though he was careful as he began to spread the young man's pucker before he pushed in faster and deeper. Tim let out a lewd moan, unaware that the space between his patchy beard was already starting to darken. Ed lingered for a long moment before he pulled almost all of the way out and then thrust in, making more progress. Feeling satisfied in it, Ed tried again, then again, then again, building up his pattern.

Tim's body ratcheted forward with each thrust, soft moans growing louder. It was one thing to see the spreading shadow of manliness in the mirror, but to watch it claim the cub's cheeks was intoxicating. Tim's growing beard looked even thicker in the shadow of the truck, his pale skin darkening with each hair that broke through his cheeks. Unlike some of Ed's other conquests, he could feel that Tim's life wasn't rewriting exactly, more it was refining itself. The life that this trucker Ed had taken him on was cementing and advancing as Tim's hair grew out longer, taking on a mullet that descended behind his trucker hat.

Ed groaned, loving how lecherous he had become, how much he was getting off on feeling the curse ensnare another and become more complex. It even felt as if he was getting

better at guiding it, planting seeds that would blossom into the new reality. He pictured months of doing everything he could to guide Tim into the trucker life by getting his beard oil, showing him the best haunts and teaching him to drive on his lap with a cock buried in his ass. Mere hours of knowing him became days, weeks, and as Ed watched his beard grow and grow, he could feel their bond reaching a year.

The curse ensnared Tim's life and history, reshaping his past just as Ed's had altered. No longer had he merely let his beard grow, he'd cultivated it, treated it and coaxed it as much as he could. While his mustache wasn't as thick or long as Ed's, Tim felt it slip over his upper lip. The breeze of the passing cars whipped and teased the sides of his beard as they curled and stretched out from his cheeks, growing out completely horizontally by an inch, then two, then three. It extruded out like oil paint from a tube, creating a work of art that Ed and Tim both could appreciate.

The thick fingers gripping the tire grew hairy and rough, calluses forming on the fingers. More hair sprouted from Tim's arms, growing with a remarkable speed and thickness. Tim let out moans as he thrust his hairy ass cheeks back around Ed's huge cock, riding his mentor's cock, letting it fill him deep. It was like a dipstick checking his levels, but he knew he needed more cum. He rolled his head forward, squirming with subconscious bliss as he felt the resistance of his own thickening beard push against his chest. The exertion brought perspiration as a salty, spicy tang began to infuse the air. The sweat soaked through Tim's shirt, staining his chest and pits as his longer hair grew moist as well.

So many cars and trucks went by, but no one saw them just a few feet from the side of the highway. One of Ed's hands slipped down to Tim's neglected cock, wrapping his fingers around it as he guided him into the man he was becoming. He drew his hand from the base to the tip, then slammed it back down, quickly working into a frenzy that made Tim writhe and buck. The newly minted trucker was quickly becoming the hairy, horny, proud trucker who lived in the moment and earned just enough to support his life of debauchery and pleasure. The two looked like something out of the early stages of a werewolf movie, their large, hairy bodies nearly busting out of their clothes.

Tim basked and relished in the moment, lifting his head up, feeling his hair grow long enough to start spilling down his back as his beard curved out in front of him in a crescent of pure manliness. Ed had become the experienced mentor, the trucker that embraced who he was and Tim had become the young prodigy with the body of a twenty something and the beard of someone twice his age. He all but purred as Ed got a grip of his beard and began to pet and stroke it, coaxing it to its full length until it rivaled his own.

A soft exhale escaped Ed's lips as he came again, giving Tim yet another load of his spunk. He could have sworn he'd given him a few liters of sperm, but he never had enough. Tim slid his hairy ass back to wedge it around Ed's rod, wanting to feel it spill into him. The two embraced against the side of the truck at the edge of the parking lot, hearing the comforting white noise of the cars passing by. The highway was an artery that kept the country alive and they were vital parts of the process, living moment to moment. Ed leaned down, holding Tim, feeling the man he had given a new life to... and knowing he'd go on to inspire others long after the curse had shifted into another gear and another life.

Night had come and gone, then day, then night again. Ed couldn't remember a time when the curse had let him linger quite so long. They'd crossed through three states and made deliveries and pickups. Every pit stop had been rewarded with glorious, raunchy, sticky sex. He'd started alternating driving with Tim since he had matured into the part, both of their beards nearly long enough to hit their belts. When Ed was driving he was in the zone, but as a passenger it was hard to resist the siren song of the road; the white noise, the gentle vibrations, and as morning rose in Idaho, the fog...

There weren't many other vehicles so early in the morning. The sun hadn't quite crept up over the horizon, though it had risen enough to cast a faint glow across the heavens. The fog swirled around in a comforting blanket that muffled reality. There was just the truck, the road, and the truckers. Ed found it harder and harder to keep his eyes open until, at last, his head lowered. The comforting stillness of the truck cabin faded and for a moment or two, he slept.

Edward's body relaxed until he felt something firm pressing against his forehead and sounds started to leak into his dreaming. There were phones ringing somewhere, and the gentle swish-swish-swish of a laser printer extruding paper seemed to continue endlessly. A dull chatter carried and there was an all too familiar burble from a water cooler. Rapid typing seemed to come with the frequencies of cicadas in the heat of summer. Edward's eyes snapped open in an instant and he sat back up, nearly falling back in his chair with how much lighter and easier his body was to move.

A few more blinks cleared the sleep from his eyes, a strange mix of nostalgia and shock coursing through his veins. He looked out across the vast honeycomb of cubicles that made up the thirteenth floor of AlphaHex industries. Edward looked back at the screen of his computer, momentarily dark in idle mode. He looked at a clean cut face with perfectly maintained hair, his skin perfectly moisturized and barely tanned. There wasn't a blemish, a callous, a freckle or a hair out of place. After the last few months, Edward's reflection looked more like a mannequin than a man, but there was no denying it: he was back.

Edward slowly rose to his feet and looked around, his heart racing in his chest. He'd tried to come back here several times but it was as if he'd been erased. There had been no record of him, no history, no memory. Everyone had acted as if they didn't know him. Edward reached into his pocket and withdrew the Employee badge with the embedded security chip to allow him access. It showed his name, his picture. No one seemed alarmed by his sudden return, nor particularly perturbed by his power nap. Then again, people not 'seeing' him had been an artifact of the curse before.

As he stood there, a thought occurred to Ed; was there any way that it all could have been a dream? But he'd felt everything, smelled everything, touched and even tasted everything. He could feel how salty and savory the cum of another man was, especially if it caught in a thick burly mustache... If it hadn't been a dream, why had he been brought back to his old life? Was it going to change and warp? Was the curse over? Was that bearded man outside waiting for him? Edward's stomach squirmed before he lowered himself down into his chair. He looked around at all the other workers, at the life he'd been leading for years before he'd been cursed. It seemed so sterile, so dry, so... hollow. The curse had lingered for so long Edward had started to assume he was in it for the long haul, but now that he had been unceremoniously dropped back in his old life, what was next?