

DILF FM: Tyler
by Aardvark

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The sun was just rising above the trees when the Honda pulled into Jensen's driveway. He'd never seen the car before, but he was waiting for it all the same.

Jensen locked his front door behind himself and slung his backpack over his shoulder. The old Honda's engine was thrumming like a drumroll, and he hummed a harmony with it as he slid into the passenger seat.

"Hey Tyler!" Jensen kept the greeting chipper, because he knew it was up to him to keep up the energy over the twenty minute drive. Tyler Gilliam was nice, but he was so introverted that it had come as a surprise when he'd offered to drive Jensen to their regional choir workshop.

Surprisingly, though, Tyler matched the enthusiasm. "Hey," he smiled.



"I slept like crap, I was just so excited for today," Jensen said. "Look at us, the only two guys from school to make regionals. And thanks again for the ride."

"Yeah, sure thing! I'm glad I offered. Is your car still down for the count?" Tyler adjusted his glasses as he backed out of Jensen's driveway.

"Yeah," Jensen said. "My dad has to give me the money to fix it because it's gonna cost so much, and then I'd pay him back, or at least some of it. I'd have to work so many shifts just to cover it. It's frustrating."

"I get you." Tyler nodded as his car made its way down the street. He fiddled with the knobs on his dashboard, then took a deep breath. "So, kind of a change of plans for today."

"Yeah?" Jensen asked.

"Yeah, so, I'll definitely be taking you to regionals, but I'm not going to be joining you. I'm going to be turning into a DILF, so by the time we get there, no one would know who I was."

Jensen hadn't really been listening until he heard the last few words. "Huh?"

"A DILF. Like a hot dad. I'm already starting to transform and I'll be done by the time we get there." When Jensen didn't respond - because he had no idea how to - Tyler kept talking. "When I left my house this morning I was just thinking about regionals, but then I happened to land on this radio station that told me I should become a DILF, and really, it sounds awesome so I'm going to. But I'm leaving the radio off so that you don't change too. I can turn into one on my own so don't worry about that."

Jensen was looking up 'DILF' on his phone while Tyler was talking. *Slang acronym meaning 'Dad I'd Like to Fuck.'* A sexually attractive older man, typically one who has children. He looked at the words on the screen, then back at Tyler. "I'm, uh...I'm confused," he finally said.

"Oh for sure, you will be for a moment. But then it'll make sense!" Tyler said happily.

"When you say 'DILF,' do you mean-"

"Dad I'd Like to Eff. I'm about to have kids, man, isn't that crazy?" Tyler smiled dreamily as he watched the road. "And big muscles! I'm gonna be HOT. I've always wanted to be hot."

"You're certainly a lot chattier," Jensen murmured. Before today, he hadn't heard Tyler say more than three sentences back to back.

"Heh, yeah. I can feel myself getting more confident. Do I look different yet?"



Jensen looked at Tyler and shook his head. “No. Well...maybe? I can’t quite tell.”

“It’ll definitely be obvious. The car will probably change too, because I’ll be wealthier. DILFs have a lot more money than high school seniors.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Is it making any more sense to you yet?”

“A little bit. Like...I can't explain it, but I can sort of understand that you'll be changing. Or already are.”

Tyler's grin broadened. “Exactly!”

“So you won't go to school anymore?”

“Nope. No need for me to. I'll be way past that stage. My kids might, though.”

“This is really crazy, Tylen.” Jensen tried to correct himself. “Tylen—uh, Tylen...”

Tylen chuckled. “Don't stress. That's just my name starting to change.”

“Your *name*?”

“Of course!” Tylen's bangs grew a bit longer as he talked. “It's not like I can be Tylen Gilliam anymore. I'll have a new name. New everything, really.” He pulled on the front of his shirt and motioned for Jensen to watch as the collar split down the center and grew two buttons, becoming a henley.



Tylen beamed as he pointed to his new clothes. “See? DILF-ing is already happening!” he said proudly. He motioned for Jensen to take a closer look, and Jensen saw that the shorts had grown longer, now hanging below Tylen’s knees. A look at Tylen’s feet showed that his shoes had changed too; the laces were disintegrating and suede texture was sprouting out of the canvas, covering the shoe like black moss.

“DILFs always wear formal clothes so they can show off their muscles properly,” Tylen continued. Though his voice cracked slightly, his tone was confident and unashamed, which surprised Jensen even more than the transformation itself. “It’s all part of the package.”

Jensen still couldn’t believe what was happening in front of him. Becoming a hunky dad was one thing, and he didn’t even understand why his mind could grasp it...but what seemed even crazier was the way the transformation had already altered Tylen’s personality. Could this really be the same kid who hadn’t been able to audition for a choir solo because his knees shook too badly?



Tylan was still talking as his grayish henley grew the spread collar of a white dress shirt. He pulled at the stiff collar, his hands running over the fabric as if to make sure it was real. "See? Formal. I'm sure my sleeves will grow next. I like wearing short sleeves, but that probably isn't very DILFy of me. I've still got some work to do to really get into character - I want people to take me seriously when they meet me."

"I'm sure people will take you seriously, Tylan."

Tylan smiled. "You think so?" he asked, voice suddenly a notch deeper. "I hope so. That's why I'll always be dressed up." He rested his left hand on his thigh, rubbing his palm across the starched crease of his dress slacks. As he did so, his sleeves grew down to his wrists just as he'd predicted. Tylan raised his hand up to the light and smiled as he watched the shirt cuff form. Then he turned back to Jensen. "How am I looking?"



Jensen had to do a double take. Tylan's face had changed - his jaw was stronger and his cheeks more defined, but what surprised Jensen most was the dimple that had formed in Tylan's chin. "You're...you got a cleft chin!" Jensen replied, wide-eyed.

Tylan smiled excitedly as he touched the new feature with his fingertips. "Wow! I think I might actually be pulling this off!" he said, more to himself than to Jensen. "I look like a DILF already!" He laughed in disbelief and shook his head at the idea of it all.

As he continued to take in his transformation, Jensen couldn't help but smile too. It was incredible how far Tylan had come in such a short amount of time. He looked like a completely different person - and he seemed to love every second of it. Even as Jensen watched, Tylan's jawline was starting to bulge, broadening into a rigid curve that balanced out his features and made him look like a genuine model. The new sheen of his dress shirt only added to his natural glow.



Jensen kept waiting for Tylan's hair to shorten into something tidier and more mature, but instead the waves kept lengthening and thickening, blowing out into a voluminous shoulder-length mane that Tylan ran his hands through at every stoplight. His skin, which had been dry and cracked before, was now smooth and glowing. He looked unrealistically beautiful -- like some kind of movie star or a fairy-tale prince in the flesh.

The most noticeable change of all, though, was the muscle mass that had begun to form beneath Tylan's shirt. He had always been a lean and lanky teen, but now his arms were beginning to flex with definition and the shirt began to hug his chest ever so slightly. Jensen could just make out the protrusion of a six-pack through the fabric.

There was a faint creaking noise as the bones of Tylan's face continued to shift, his jawline morphing into such flawlessness that it wiped away any memories of his previous features. The transformation written into his genetic code was birthing a hunk of such magnitude that Jensen had to remind himself he was looking at a human. At Tylan from school, no less.



“What happens if you want to change back?” Jensen asked.

The stud with the perfect face grinned as he rubbed one of his biceps. His voice gradually deepened further, like there was a knob controlling it, as he said, “I won’t. I *want* to change. I want to become the ultimate DILF. And I won’t want to change back, because I won’t know I was ever anyone else.” This statement was followed by a low, sultry chuckle. “Every part of me is transforming.”

Tylan reached down and rolled his seat back. “I’m taller now,” he said casually, like it was nothing. “I’m going through most of the physical changes first, and then I’ll start transforming mentally, to make me a true DILF.” He took a deep breath as a shift in his features masculinized them, a new surge of testosterone leaving his pretty boy status behind him.



“You must be close to done, then, right?” Jensen asked.

Tylan swallowed, his Adam's apple bulging bigger on his thickening neck. “Not a chance,” he said in a now deep and sultry bass voice. “I’m probably about halfway done. I have to get so much bigger - and OLDER-” His jaw locked then, the angles snapping broader to further harden him into a He-man. He happily grunted through gritted teeth, swishing his hair as it curled longer, spilling onto his bulging pecs. “I’m gonna be the biggest DILF on the block,” he purred. “All the other DILFs are gonna be jealous of ME. Look at how my pecs pop out of my shirt already. They never would’ve done that if I stayed what’s-his-name before. He couldn’t’ve grown into a total daddy on his own.” He blinked rapidly, then squinted, waving his hands around his eyes as he realized his glasses were dissipating off his face.

“Dude, your glasses-”

“Heh, yeah, they’re going away,” Tylan said in his rumbly man-voice. “I bet some DILFs look great with them, but they’re not my thing.”



“Talan, you’re—”

“Ooooh—” Talan interrupted, arching his back and pushing his swelling chest out toward the steering wheel. He rubbed one temple as the muscles in his neck tensed. “My brain - mmm yes - I can f-feel it starting—”

“Dude, keep your eyes open, you’re driving!” Jensen began plotting to grab the wheel in case Talan was pulled out of commission by...whatever was happening.

Talan slapped both his growing hands onto the wheel, the veins in his forehead bulging. “I’m starting...to remember...I-I...dude— I have a daughter!”

“Whuh?”

Talan let out a joyous laugh. “I have a daughter! I’m a real DILF now!”

“But how is that possible, like—” Jensen whipped around, momentarily worried there’d be a baby in a car seat behind him. He turned back around, relieved, but then saw whiskers popping out one by one across Talan’s huge square jaw. “...are you growing a beard, too?”

Talan beamed. “I bet I stopped shaving because I had so many sleepless nights taking care of my baby girl. A man like me will look great with a beard. It’ll go with my long hair.”

“Sorry, just trying to figure out how all this works...how can you have a daughter? And like, where is she? There’s no baby in the car.” Jensen felt dizzy as he watched the outline of a full beard spread across Talan’s lower face.

“Baby?!” Talan chuckled. “She’s in middle school.”

“Come on, man, you aren’t old enough to have a kid in middle school.”

“But I’m going to be. I’ll be old enough to have a family, and support them, too,” Talan said, as his nascent mustache connected with the growth on his cheeks. “Ohhh my head...it’s throbbing...I can *feel* myself becoming a man!”

“H-how so?”

“Can’t you feel something too? The change, affecting everything...do you remember what my name used to be?”

“No...”

Talan’s thickening muscles rippled inside his shirt. “And do you remember how I used to dress?”

“Like you are now? Dress shirt and dress pants every day?”

“Good! It’s really replacing it all...changing me completely...you’ll always remember me as the hot DILF I’m gonna be!” Talan narrowed his eyes and inspected his budding facial hair in the mirror.



“But you...we go to school together, don’t we?” Jensen asked.

“Nope!” Talan’s voice was changing further, getting rougher and manlier, the type of seasoning a man’s voice gets with experience. “I’m old enough to be your father! We can’t have gone to school together. We—OOH—” Talan’s back pressed against the seat, propelled by the force of

growth in his face. In a matter of seconds, his beard completed, bursting full and beautiful onto his jaw. Its darker blond shade leached into his long hair and spread rapidly through it. "Fuck, I can't believe this is happening to me...and that in a few minutes it'll be all I've ever been..."

He rambled on while Jensen tried hard to think about school - specifically, Talian *in* school. Chorus was their main class together, but his memories of Talian in it were all blurry, like two rolls of film overlapping as they played simultaneously. Talian, nervous and shaking as he auditioned for his solo, his hair growing longer down his back as he sang, his voice changing from tenor to baritone to bass, his chest swelling into a bodybuilder's rack and popping the buttons of his Italian dress shirt...had that happened? It didn't seem like it was possible, but looking over at Talian now...



...he was exactly how Jensen remembered him. A tall, confident stud swaggering around their school, giving bodybuilding tips to the guys and showing off pictures of his kids to the girls.

“Wh-what are you gonna do now that you don’t go to school?” Jensen asked.

“Go to work and provide for my family like a true DILF!” Talian trumpeted. “I have three children and I love setting an example for them.” He raised his hands off the wheel and looked at them as cufflinks popped into place at the ends of his sleeves. Jensen noted that cufflinks made Talian look wealthier, more successful - and that thought prompted another realization.

“Holy crap, the car!” Jensen said, his hands resting on the black leather seats of the luxury vehicle Talian was driving. He looked back at Talian, who was piloting the car with the cockiness of the successful businessman he now was. “What job bought you this?”



"I'm an advertising sales executive," Talian said smoothly, giving his beard a stroke. "I stand in front of lots of boardrooms and make a lot of people look at me while I sell them things." He bounced his huge tits with a smirk, their size and weight nearly bursting out of his shirt.

"But you're shy, aren't you?" The image now in Jensen's mind - Talian's muscles popping out of his unbuttoned dress shirts, strutting down the hall with his glorious mane trailing behind him - did not seem shy. But he was fighting his brain's insistence that Talian was an overconfident stud.

Talian's laugh was deeper and richer than ever. "How can a man be shy when he has *these*?" he asked, thrusting his gigantic chest outward. "And they're still growing...*I'm* still growing! You ready to watch me grow, bud?"



“You aren’t done?!” Jensen said, and right then Talian’s bulbous pecs swelled further out of his shirt.

“Doesn’t look like it to me!” Talian said, his voice impossibly deep now. “I put on muscle easily, look.” His shirt was now stretched to its limits, the buttons straining and ready to burst. Jensen could only gape in shock as Talian’s muscles continued to swell and grow, stretching the fabric to its breaking point. Talian looked down at himself with wild-eyed glee as his body transformed into a fantasy. His biceps were now nearly as big as Jensen’s head, his chest so large and defined that it seemed like it might engulf the whole car. He even bobbed up higher on his seat as his ass ballooned underneath him. “I get all my shirts made - started taking my boys with me, because their muscles are blowing up now too - but even so, I’m growing so fast, I can’t quite keep up. I’ll put on a shirt before work and I’m popping the buttons by the time I’m pouring my coffee. My muscles don’t want to be covered,” he chuckled. “So I just let ‘em grow and grow...mmmm...”

Talian was blowing up like a blimp, growing so big that Jensen pressed himself against the passenger door so he’d have room to breathe. He watched Talian’s deltoid through his shirt sleeve, the fabric clinging tightly to the expanding muscles as they became distinct in their separation. It was the biggest shoulder Jensen had ever seen. With each passing second, Talian’s muscles seemed to become more and more superhuman, as if he was some sort of mythical demigod come to life. He looked as if he was made of steel, with an aura of invincibility radiating from him. Jensen noticed how huge his legs were - thighs spilling off his seat - but averted his eyes when he saw the bloated bulge straining at Talian’s dress trousers.

“Tabian, I-”

“I was thinking, bud,” Tabian interrupted, “you should probably call me Mr. Breckenridge now. Seeing as I’m a dad and all. It’s more respectful since I’m so much older than you.

“Mr. Breckenridge?” Jensen tried to think of Tabian’s real last name. But it was gone. In fact, his first was almost gone too - Jensen knew it was Tabian, but it felt strange to him, like it would to address an aunt or uncle by their first name only.

Tabian’s eyes were twinkling, his chest expanding with each deep breath. He flexed his arms and grinned. “Yeah. Mr. Breckenridge,” he said again, his voice low and imposing. Jensen felt a chill go up his spine as he watched Tabian’s massive body sprout even more muscle before his very eyes.

Jensen looked away, feeling intimidated by the sheer size and strength of the man in front of him. He didn’t like being jealous of Mr. Breckenridge, but he was. It was small comfort that every other guy he knew was too.

As if reading Jensen's mind, Mr. Breckenridge said, "I know it's a lot to take in, seeing me turn into a DILF like this. But this is the way it's supposed to be. And I'm already feeling so much more like myself. Don't you think I'm better like this?"



"Yeah, you're really..." Jensen searched for the right word. "...inspiring."

"Then you should let me fully change," Mr. Breckenridge said.

"Me?"

"Just let your memories fix themselves so everyone knows me as Fabian Breckenridge."

“Uh...okay...” Jensen shut his eyes and focused. In that moment, the car became still and time seemed to stand still. He imagined reality shifting and reforming to fit Mr. Breckenridge's new identity as a DILF. He could feel his memories of a mysterious schoolboy fading away and Fabian Breckenridge's presence taking its place in his thoughts. He pictured Mr. Breckenridge with his strong arms crossed confidently across his chest, broad shoulders stretching the seams of whatever shirt he was wearing, and legs like tree trunks leading down to feet planted firmly on the ground. He pictured all those huge muscles growing further in size until they were almost too big for his clothes to contain. He saw a strong jawline emerge and an aura of confidence develop around the man, as if he had always been this way.

It didn't make any sense that he'd gone to school with Fabian Breckenridge. Fabian Breckenridge was in his forties and had four children...actually, odds were good that he had more than that...he could probably get a woman pregnant just by looking at her...

Every man in town wanted to be Fabian Breckenridge. Jensen had heard stories of guys in the gym trying to copy his workout without him noticing, in the hopes of looking a fraction as good as he did. He'd wear low-cut tanks and short shorts, proudly showing off his huge body, then in the locker room he'd change into his custom dress shirt and trousers, which showed off just as much of his physique even if they had more fabric.

The steady drip of memories into Jensen's brain were interrupted by a low rumble of a voice, manly as it could be. “You fallin' asleep on me, bud?”

Jensen opened his eyes to see Fabian Breckenridge driving the car, his shirt struggling to contain his muscles even with so many buttons undone. “Sorry, Mr. Breckenridge, I don't - I spaced out,” Jensen said.

“All good. We're almost there. I dunno why they make you guys wake up so early for these kinds of things. Feels crazy to do on the weekend.”

Jensen craned his neck as the performing arts center came into view. “I really appreciate the ride.”

“It's no problem at all. I wake up at 5:30 every morning whether I want to or not,” Mr. Breckenridge chuckled. “So, I'm happy to help out.”

“Is that when you work out?”

“A lot of the time, yeah,” Mr. Breckenridge said. “Especially after I had kids. I didn't want to lose my size.” He popped his arm to the side and flexed his bicep.

“You didn't,” Jensen said enviously.

“Thanks bud.”

The car pulled up and Jensen hopped out, thinking about how cool Mr. Breckenridge was. He hoped he grew up to be like him—

“Have a good one, Jensen!”

At the sound of the deepest voice he’d ever heard, Jensen turned around to see Mr. Breckenridge waving him goodbye.



Man, I hope I look that good when I'm his age, Jensen thought.