

Living the High Life

It wasn't that I couldn't get a man on my own, or that I wasn't attractive enough to find one to bring home for an evening of fun and frivolity. It was that I did not care to have an emotional connection with one, nor did I want to get entrapped by some young upstart who was only with me for my money. They would see my penthouse suite, the basement full of exotic sports cars, and the expensive designer suits and immediately see me as "daddy" but that was not a role that I wished to play. But that didn't stop the hungry sluts of New York from throwing themselves at me every chance they got. But who could blame them; I have a handsome face, buckets of money, and a dick that could make any bottom's hole quiver.

Now being a man of my stature and wealth couldn't just go to a normal bar or find a guy online. I had a woman who did that for me. She would hire out discrete men for me, that was already vetted and geared to my specific tastes. So when Friday night came, I couldn't help myself from staring at my assistants round ass or his thick thighs. My cock went soft and hard multiple times throughout the day and by the end of my final meeting, my balls ached with a need to be drained.

"Mallory!" I said over the phone. "I need a boy tonight. Preferably 5'10, blonde, tan, cute, a little brainless is preferred, and an ass that I can really punish." I listed my needs to my acquirer of boys. But from the hesitation in her voice, I knew something was wrong.

"Mr. Jeffrey," she began to say. "I'm sorry to say that most of our boys are already taken in the evening."

"Well then you will cancel one of their dates and make sure he is at my door by 8 pm sharp, or you will find your little business on the 6oclock news with a list of your most prestigious clients. I know you are known for your anonymity but even I have my ways." I didn't like to threaten Mallory, but my needs came before the needs of complete strangers. I could hear her pop her tongue in annoyance on the other side of the phone.

"You wouldn't," she said shortly. I could taste the rage in her sweet, alto voice. I probably wouldn't, but she only knew me as a client with expensive tastes. She didn't know the lengths I would go to someone that wronged me.

"Maybe. Maybe not. But you wouldn't want to roll those dice, Mallory. All you have to do is make sure a boy is at my door at 8. Do we have an agreement?" I asked. The silence was her initial

response. This was the game of chicken that I played every day with multi-millionaires. Whoever spoke first lost, and it wasn't going to be me. It was at least several minutes before Mallory finally answered.

"Have a town car at my place at 7:30." She said to me angrily, obviously trying to keep some of the control in the conversation.

"It will be there at 7:40 Mallory. Lovely doing business with you," I said to her, but her response was the sound of the dial tone. "I guess she had to leave," I said to myself as I slid the phone back onto my desk. My dick was already hard, anxious for the mystery boy to arrive. And the thought of my stealing him away from another horny older man only made me that much more excited.

Three hours later when the doorbell rang, I felt like a child running towards the tree on Christmas morning. Excited about what secrets were hidden beneath the finely wrapped boxes, but in my case; a jockstrap. I looked at the screen that acted as the peephole through the penthouse door and smiled at what I saw. Strong jaw but still feminine, big blue eyes, short, and from what I could see he had an ass for days.

"Hello?" He asked, his voice sounded like it belonged to an angel. It was soft and innocent. I wondered, was this his first night? But my better half told me that Mallory didn't whore out virgins. I adjusted my robe, shifting the opening to be slightly larger so I could show off my strong chest and the forest of dark curly hairs that covered it.

"Hello," I said, dropping my voice a few octaves. Younger males always seemed to fall for the masculine men with deep voices. Even though I knew that this whore would fake his way through the evening, it got me off knowing that he enjoyed the sex as much as I did. The way the boy's eyes lit up let me know that he was surprised by the sight of me, which made me puff out my chest just slightly. I wanted him to know I was in charge of the evening, and by the look of it; he was okay with it. "Do come in," I said as I stepped aside and welcome the stranger into my penthouse.

"Wow. You must be like, really rich!" He said, almost giddy. I watched from behind as his ass cheeks jiggled from side to side as he walked further into my house. His head was tilted upward the entire time, staring at the high ceilings, the artwork, and the large balcony that surrounded my residence. From behind, I have immediately attracted him. This tiny waist and ample behind were all that I 100% required of my boys, and Mallory, even in her bitchy attitude, came through as usual. He looked to be in his early twenties, maybe 22 or 23. Through his skintight jeans, I could see the lines of a jockstrap as they clung to the underside of his perky ass and lifted his cheeks which created the perfect shelf for which to lay my head.

“What’s your name?” I asked as I came up from behind him, and wrapped my hands around him. He giggled mindlessly as he arched his back and pushed him as into my boner. I nuzzled my stubble chin into his hairless neck.

“Franky,” he laughed as his delicate hands were placed on my sides and pulled me even closer. I kissed the edges of his neck and moved up towards his face. He smelled so fresh and clean, like a summer morning or fresh laundry. My hands moved around his flat stomach and inside his shirt. They searched for chest and found two dime sized nipples. I tweaked them and pinched them while he moaned and groaned within my hands.

“Well Franky, you are exactly what I wanted to see tonight. If you make sure I feel great, then there will be a big tip in it for you,” I whispered into his ear before I nibbled his earlobe.

“Oh, only a big tip? I feel like the whole thing is massive,” he said as he clenched his butt cheeks my dick. I growled in lust into his ear and pushed him to the nearest wall. The artwork and pictures responded to my aggressive movement by bouncing away from their spots. I pressed my thin lips against his own voluminous pair. His mouth slid open and accepted my tongue while his hands went to the front of my pants and massage my growing boner. His skilled hands worked up and down my shaft while mine went around his waist and squeezed his melon sized cheeks. I felt him melt in my hands while I played with his cheeks; I squeezed them, I kneaded them, I groped them. Both were like two perfect mounds of ice cream that I couldn’t wait to full taste. All the while I could feel my balls begin to churn out a steady stream of pre into my pants. I pulled away from our kiss and grinned at the flushed cheeks of my callboy.

“Bedroom. Now!” I ordered him. I grabbed his thin wrist and pulled him away from the wall and towards the back of the house. We moved silently towards my master bedroom. I kicked open the door and threw Franky onto the California King. I took his pants into my grip and pulled down. Franky lifted his legs into the air to help me pull his pants over his large cheeks, and as I had thought; he was wearing a jockstrap. “Turn over.” Franky once again obeyed. He turned over and I gasped at the sight of his two perfect golden cheeks. He took both of his cheeks in his hand and pulled them apart and revealed his hairless puckered asshole. I could feel my cock burp out a shot of pre into my pants just at the sight.

“Fuck!” I grunted as I fell to my knees and pushed my face in between his cheeks. I scent of his slightly sweaty intoxicated me. I bathed in the scent of his ass as it wrapped around my senses. I took several long, sensual hits of his hole as he pushed his ass into my head. My entire face was swallowed my his massive cheeks. I nibbled on the inside of his crack and moved my mouth towards his hole.

“Eat my hole daddy! Please!” He groaned as he pulled his cheeks further apart and I pushed my tongue into my hole. I swirled and probed his hole with my tongue and lubricated the first few inches

inward. Franky pushed his face into one of my many pillows and bit down while I continued to eat his hole. His legs wrapped around my body and pulled me as close as possible to his hole while we both moaned in delight.

“Fuck! I can’t handle this anymore,” I grunted as I pulled away from his hole and began to undo my robe and drop it to the floor. He looked over his thin shoulders and whistled in delight at the sight of my cock as I slapped it onto one of his bare ass cheeks, which flung cum onto his lower back. “You sure you only wanna give me a tip?”

“Mmm, I think you deserve so much more for an ass like this,” I taunted as I lined my cock with his hole. He opened his mouth to give another smart remark but before I let that happen, I pushed my cock into his asshole. His words were lost in a series of moans and purrs of pleasure as I sank my dick fully in between his pillow like cheeks. And when I finally hit the base of my cock that was when the real fun really began. I pounded them both with all the pent up sexual frustrations that I felt throughout the day, even envisioning my secretary’s perky buttocks while I fucked this equally beautiful ass. Franky, the entire time, did nothing but moan and groan while I fuck him, and did not touch his cock once.

We fucked well into the night, and in several different positions; he rode my cock, I fucked him doggy style and felt his hard cock slap against my balls, and my favorite was the hour that I fucked Franky with his legs up in the air and my face pressed against his. I lost the number of times that I came in his hole and in his mouth, but whenever I attempted to pleasure him he would push away my hand and go back to my cock. Or even eating out my hole, which was a new experience that was confusing and enjoyable all at the same time. I was delirious with pleasure by the end of the night I didn’t know what was up, down, top, or bottom.

The next morning when I woke up I felt like I had been hit by a ton of bricks. Both my head and my body ached, I stumbled into the Kitchen in search of Advil and water.

“Can I help you?” A voice asked from behind me. I turned and saw the head of the house, Bryant. He was too awake, and too loud for me at this point in time.

“I’m fine Bryant. I know where the medicine is,” I muttered back to him and returned back to the cabinet.

“Excuse me. Please step away from the cabinet sir. Mr. Jeffery doesn’t appreciate a nosy guest,” he said as he placed a hand on my shoulder and pulled me away. That was the last straw.

“I am Mr. Jeffrey! Bryant, are you blind!?” I shouted back to him, staring at him confused aged face.

“No. That is Mr. Jeffrey. You are a whore that was hired for the evening.” He said as he pointed towards a man that stood in the doorway. He resembled the twink from the night before older, larger, and more self-confident. I looked back to Bryant, feeling myself mirror his look of confusion. If he was Mr. Jeffrey. Then, who the hell was I?

“But...but...but I’m Mr. Jeffrey,” I stuttered feeling like my world was turned on its side. I stared at Franky as he walked towards me, walking with a grace that came with a wealthy lifestyle.

“That will be all Bryant. You can be excused. I will call if I need anything,” Franky said to Bryant. He gave a subtle bow and then walked off from the kitchen and off to the opposite side of the house.

“What did you do to him?” I asked as I Franky too a seat on the long white couch that occupied part of the living room.

“Sit. Allow me to explain.” He gave a wave of his hand, indicating to me to go sit down in one of the seats that were stationed across a small glass coffee table. I obediently did what he asked, knowing nothing else to do at this point. “And just to be clear, I didn’t do anything to Bryant. It was you that I did something too,” he said casually as if he were ordering something from a menu.

“Then what the fuck did you do to me?” I snapped, slamming my hands onto the glass table. Luckily, not hard enough to shatter the glass. His initial response was a laugh, one that was full and real.

“Well, when you were such a bitch to my mother what did you think was going to happen?”

“Your mother?” I asked, raising an eyebrow. Then it hit me. “Mallory is your mother?”

“Ding. Ding. Someone is a winner. Yes, she is not just my employer but also my mother. It’s a nice mother-son business that we have running.”

“What the hell is wrong with you? You let your mother whore you out for money?” He once again responded with laughter.

“No. It’s not that simple. She doesn’t just “whore me out.” As you so quaintly put it. I am more of the muscle of the family. Someone steps up and wrongs my mother. She sends me out to fix it. That little twink that I was last night. Isn’t what I actually look like.” Franky placed his hands in front of his face and pulled away, like an adult playing peek-a-boo with a child, but when he removed his face it was the perfect angelic one of the twink from the night before. Then he covered his face once again and returned back to the older man that I woke up to this morning. He did the trick multiple times, shifting features of his face; younger, older, feminine, manly. It was like I was looking at a different person every time.

“What the fuck are you?!” I shrieked in fear, standing from the chair and towards the kitchen counter as he stepped towards me.

“Let’s just say reality for some of us, isn’t as stationary as it is for most. And if I concentrate hard enough I can not only shift my face but reality surrounding other people. Have you gotten a good look at yourself since you woke up?” He asked, his voice was giddy with excitement with his question.

“No,” I said softly as I ran towards the master bedroom. On the edge of my vision, I could see the images that were once of me and other socialites and celebrities had been replaced with Images of Franky in those same scenarios. I burst through the bathroom and flipped on the light, fearful at what I would find.

My mouth fell open at the sight of the muscled brute that stared at me from in my reflection. I had been quite athletic at one point in my life, but this was just obscene. My muscles had muscles, and those muscles were bulging from my body. I dropped my robe to the ground, faintly noticing the tightness of the fabric around my frame and waist. My chest hung heavily from my chest as if they were huge implants. I raised my arm and flexed in the mirror seeing my bicep swell to the size of a melon. I laughed like a dunce at the sight of my muscles and flexed my other arm. The longer I stared the more I felt the need to pose and flex my transformed body. I bounced my pectorals back and forth, enjoying the way the heavyweight felt when it was lifted and fell. I turned to the side and saw the engorged basketballs that stretched out the back of my underwear, to the point where they seemed ready to rip.

“Seems like someone is enjoying themselves,” Franky said from behind me. I looked and saw the more masculine version of Franky staring at me, casually rubbing the front of his underwear. “I know I sure am. You can speak freely,” he said, and I felt the spell that was cast by my muscles break and I broke down.

“Why would you do this to me? Please change me back!” I pleaded. “I’m a monster! I can’t go back to the office like this. What will people think?” I looked back and my grotesque build and my enhanced features. It wasn’t just my muscles that were changed but my face. I could still see the features of my original face, but this we’re also shifted; my jaw was wider, my forehead larger, my face longer. I couldn’t even imagine the size suit I would need in order to cover this body. It was then that Franky burst into a long fit of uncontrollable laughter. He laughed so hard, that he cried. “What’s so funny?” I growled, noticing that my voice dropped several octaves. I stared at him for several long minutes, waiting for him to gain control of yourself.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry, honestly. I forget that this is most peoples the first time.” Franky wiped the tears from his eyes. “You don’t honestly think that you could work in an office looking like that, do you?” I honestly didn’t know the answer. Could I still live the same life, looking like I did? I didn’t even think about the fact that I probably didn’t even have the job I spent my life working to get. “I didn’t think so.

Follow me.” He said shortly to me and walked away. I followed him through me, well I guess his, house towards the back side where I had kept my small but adequate fitness center. But when Franky opened the door the gym was anything but small now.

It was filled to the brim with hundreds of weights and several different types of machines, some which I had never seen before but somehow knew how they were used. I could feel knowledge of the gym filling my head; proper squat form, how much I could lift, and how to use every piece of equipment that filled the room. It felt like I was floating as I moved towards possibly the largest set of dumbbells I had ever seen and lifted them with ease. I watched Franky in the large mirrors that surrounded the gymnasium while I did multiple dumbbell curls. My eyes scanned the room and noticed these were the smallest weights in the room and they weighed in at a massive 75lbs. I wondered how long it would be before I maxed out with the weights that occupied the gym, but in the back of my head, I felt like I already knew that answer.

“Mmm. So big and muscular,” Franky said as he placed his smaller hands on my robust backside. He squeezed the mounds of muscles that overflowed my boxers. “But I think these will be much better for your new persona.” With a snap of his fingers, I watched my boxers shrink and shift color until my skintight boxers had transformed into a bright red thong; a poser as bodybuilders called them. “much better. Who wouldn’t want to see this massive body, at all hours of the day.” His hands flowed over my body, rubbing my abs, my thick quads, and then moved down to my cock. I wanted to pull away from his eager hands but my feet would not move, and my arms would not stop lifting.

“See you couldn’t even stop if you wanted to,” he teased as he slipped his hands into the front of my underwear. I felt my cock immediately begin to grow within Franky’s hands. The already large pouch begin to swell as he worked his hands up and down my shaft. I let out repeated grunts of enjoyment as he fingers worked their around my pouch. I watched as my cock began to stretch out the pouch and point towards the mirror until the moment came where Franky pulled the pouch underneath my cock and balls and I recoiled at the sight of my privates.

My once perfectly sized cock and balls had also grown inside to the point where they were beyond obscene. My balls were the size of oranges and my cock looked like a tube of meat with an engorged mushroom. I wanted to cry. I wanted to scream. Franky had transformed me into a horny, big-cocked, monster. But even in my disgust I could not but be attracted to my huge muscles, and my boldly form.

“Ugh,” I moaned as his hands took either side of my cock and pistoned his hands up and down my shaft. “So huge,” I grunted while still lifting those same dumbbells. Every time my arms biceps flexed

I felt my cock push out more precum. His hands like minuscule as he stretched his fingers to their limit as he attempted to encircle my circle.

“You like that? You like me playing with your cock my big dumb gorilla?” He teased as my cock grew even more rigid. “You like being a big muscle head? So much easier than worrying about running a company.” I grunted a yes in response.

“Come on big guy. I want you to cum for me. I want you to shoot the first of many loads that you will wring out in this place. This will be your home, this will be your work, this will be your church. Men will come here to worship your body. Seal your fate with this load.” He rubbed his own hard cock against my massive thigh, humping my huge body like one would ride a pole.

“UGHHH!” I roared as my cock shot my load out like a shotgun. Several hard thick globs of my cum splattered against the mirror and then covered the weights that sat beneath it. My pectorals jiggled and bounced with each string of my cum. “So manly! I’m an animal!” I shouted at myself as I lifted quicker and more intensely as my cock drained onto every available surface. Franky dropped my cock which only grew partially soft but kept most of its size. It would not fit back in the pouch as it did before.

“That’s my beast,” he said with a slap of his hand on one of my rock hard ass cheeks. “You better keep it up. You have your first appointment tonight.” He left me alone in the room, with my cock hanging loosely at my knees and an undeniable urge to lift.