

## Slutty

6:30 am

Imran Pulled into the empty gym parking lot of the gym as the clock turned over on his dashboard. The glowing green numbers shined in the dark morning as he pulled into the first parking space of the gym. Imran glanced at his watch as he pulled his Gucci gym bag from the backseat of his car and stepped out of his vehicle.

“Right on schedule,” he said, slamming his car door shut and began to walk to the front door of the gym. Imran watched as the usual male front desk attendant was unlocked the door as he came closer towards the building.

Imran Abbas was a man of habit, you could time your watch by his actions. Precisely at five in the morning Imran awoke and took a freezing cold shower to wake up his body. By five thirty he would be sitting at his table for one, enjoying a half of grapefruit and a bowl of flavorless oatmeal with a side of whole wheat toasts as he read the newspaper. He would read the entire business section, reading from one side to the other, and then complete the entire crossword puzzle by six. Then he would grab his designer bag and be out of his house by six fifteen in order to arrive at the gym as they opened. Imran had perfected the schedule. The overt control he placed in his schedule led no room for error but Imran was not the type of man to make errors.

Imran passed through the lobby of the gym giving a quick nod to the boy at the desk and continued to the back of the gym towards the locker room. He moved with a confidence through the long narrow hallway, a confidence that said he knew what he was doing and anyone in his way was going to move. He strolled into the locker room, going all the way to locker number thirty-six; his locker. Technically it was not his locker, but he had claimed it as his own. He even offered the owner of the gym money to buy the locker, an absurd amount of money, but he turned him down. Imran placed his bag on the wooden bench and opened his locker.

“What the hell?” Imran asked, his voice thick with a British accent. On the top shelf of the locker was a small red bottle with a spritzer on top. Imran took the bottle off the top shelf, reading the label aloud, “Slutty?” The black cursive letter was carved into the glass as opposed to the usual label that adorned most cologne bottles he purchased. He brought the bottle to his nose, inhaling a strong hearty scent of sandalwood, ginger, and possibly a hint of patchouli. It was not a bad smell, but Imran was a man of habit and had been using the same Tom Ford Grey Vetiver since he began college.

Imran placed the bottle on the bench and began to unpack his bag; placing his designer business suit into the locker and handing his crisp white dress shirt on the other free hook. His patent leather dress shoes sat at the bottom of the locker with a fresh pair of argyle dress socks sat within one of his shoes. Imran checked his watch one last time and exited the workout area.

8:00 am

Imran walked into the locker room thoroughly covered in sweat. His tight gray compression shirt clung to his pumped frame; his strong wide shoulders and toned arms stretched the shirt to his maximum capacity, especially after an intense workout routine. Imran wiped the sweat from his brow flinging it onto the ceramic tile of the locker room floor before pulling his towel and toiletries from his gym bag. He washed every inch of his hairless body within the large group shower. Imran was proud of his body was not ashamed to show it off. Imran would walk back and forth within the locker room naked. He knew men wanted to be him and women wanted to sleep with him, but who wouldn't? He had a great job, great looks, and was rich.

As Imran dried his body with his Egyptian cotton towel he searched through his shaving kit bag, withdrawing his hair gel, deodorant, but could not find his cologne. He packed his shaving kit the night before every night for the last six years and had never forgotten anything. He could have sworn that he packed the cologne, it was very unlike him to forget something so important. Imran, looked at his watch seeing that he did not have time to worry much longer or he would be off schedule, which would throw off the rest of his day. Imran dabbed his armpits with deodorant as his free hand ran gel through his black hair, slicking it back and away from his face. He returned to his locker, dressing quickly and efficiently. First slipping on his black low-rising bikini briefs and ending with his tailored suit jacket.

He stared at himself double checking the fit of his jacket, enjoying the way his suit showed off his body. His fitted trousers clung to his strong thick quads and his round muscular buttocks. Its belted waistline emphasized his wide shoulders and trim waist. Imran did a final brush off of his suit and reached for his cologne bottle readying to spritz himself with his signature smell, but the bottle was nowhere to be found, forgetting that it was not there. Imran turned around, readying himself to leave, and saw the foreign bottle of cologne sitting on the top shelf.

"Well it would be better than nothing," Imran signed, pulling the bottle from the shelf and spraying it over his chest and along his flat torso. The intense smell of sandalwood filtered through the air as he covered his body with the cologne. Imran sniffed the air, there was something underneath the many oils that combined to create the cologne but he was unable to place it. Imran recapped the bottle

and placed it into his shaving kit along and then into his gym bag. He checked one last time at the mirror, shaking his jacket and wafting the smell into the ear. "Pleasant." He commented on the smell before leaving the gym and to his job.

8:45 am

Imran worked in high rise building in downtown Charlottesville. His building was one of the tallest in the skyline and his office was on one of the highest floors. He sat at his desk precisely fifteen minutes before his first meeting, to ensure that he was ready. Imran shook his jackets, shaking free any wrinkles that were being created from sitting in his car for too long. The deep hearty scent of the cologne wafted through the air and hung around his desk.

As Imran moved around his desk he felt his suit tight more and more with his subtle movements; every time he reached for a file or leaned over to look into his desk cabinet he felt the seams of his suit tug further and further apart. Imran attempted to adjust his body to the suit but there was little space for any adjustment. He considered changing into his spare suit but before he would go to his closet his meeting was beginning.

"Imran my good man!" An older gentleman announced as he entered into Imran's office. He looked to be in his mid-fifties and graying. The hair on his scalp looked to be thinning while the beard that covered his face looked thicker than ever. He portly body was wedged into a suit that Imran assumed was a knockoff. Mr. Robinson, his boss, wouldn't know good taste if it bit him in his fat ass.

"Hello Mr. Robinson, on time as usual," Imran said as he, standing from his desk and reaching out his hand. Although as Imran stood he could feel the seam between his cheeks tug against each other and finally give way to a long audible ripping sound. Imran's tanned skin grew a deep crimson as he realized the rip didn't just stop at his pants, his underwear also ripped. Both of his hands shot to cover his bare ass cheeks, forgoing the handshake. "I'm so sorry Mr. Robinson. I think the dry cleaners got my trousers mixed with someone else," Imran lied. Mr. Robinson laughed.

"Make sure you stay away from the donuts." Mr. Robinson patted his overinflated gut a few times and laughed again causing his belly to shake up and down.

"If you would excuse me for just one moment. I need to see the damage," Imran said, attempting to keep himself calm and collected. Imran quickly excused himself from the bathroom. He locked himself in the handicap stall and looked at his ass. "Holy crap."

The tare went directly down his cheeks from his belt all the way down to the seam where the legs were sewn together. Imran looked at the meaty cheeks that were revealed in the tare of his

trousers. Both of them appeared rounder and beefier than they should have been. Imran knew his ass should be tight and muscled, but this one was round and covered in layers of fat. He grabbed one of his cheeks feeling a softness which was a foreign feeling for him. Imran unbuttoned his pants, dropping both his underwear and trousers to the floor.

“What the . . .” Imran was in shock looking at his robust ass cheeks. His upper body looked normal while his hips flared out to the sides and his ass looked like it belonged to a woman. Both cheeks had enlarged and pushed out forming a pseudo shelf on his backside. Imran moved his hips from side to side watching both cheeks jiggle and sway with his movements. “This cant be real?” Imran smacked one of his cheeks hard and felt a flare of pain radiate from his fat cheek. A faint red hand began to appear on his cheek indicating that they were, in fact, his cheeks.

Imran didn’t know what was happening but didn’t think he truly had time to worry. Imran ended up chocking it up to an allergic reaction to the cologne he sprayed earlier on his body, and after the meeting, he was going to take a closer look at that bottle.

10:00 am

Imran finished the meeting as quickly as possible with Mr. Robinson, but not without a few jeers to his growing behind. As Mr. Robinson exited Imran’s office he quickly found his gym bag located in his closet and found the mysterious bottle of cologne.

“What are you?” Imran asked as he read the label on the bottle. He looked around the base, meticulously examining the carved glass and the letting of the label as scoured the bottle the curve of a letter underneath the spray nozzle. Imran grasped onto the topper, attempting to pull the two pieces apart but it was firmly attached to one another. “Al. . .most. . .got. . .UGH!” Imran shouted as the top flew off the bottle and doused the liquid of the bottle over his designer suit.

“For the love of all that’s holy!” Imran shouted as his senses were overwhelmed with the scent of the cologne. He could feel the liquid soaking into his clothes and onto his skin. He looked at the clock on the wall, and let out an aggravated sigh. He didn’t have time for this fucking nonsense. He went and locked his door and began to pull off his soaked clothes and gathered his spare suit from his closet. It wasn’t his first option but he needed something. As Imran stood in his underwear in the middle of his office he looked at the bottle. He saw minuscule letters decorating the neck of the bottle.

“Use with caution, less is more,” Imran read. “What the fuck does that mean?” Imran threw the bottle in anger into his nearby trashcan and began to dress in his spare suit. Imran attempted to wipe the cologne from his body but only seemed to spread it across his muscled form. He was looking more

like a Greco Roman wrestler than a businessman. He tried to gather some of the excess cologne with his other suit but it was too far gone to really soak any up.

Imran decided that he wasn't going to get any more from his body and needed to get dressed. Imran pulled an undershirt over his glistening body, feeling the white T-shirt cling to his body. Imran attempted to shift the shirt over his body but it seemed like it was many sizes too small for him. Imran's continued to pull on the rest of the suit and every piece just didn't fit; the jacket was too tight around his shoulders, the dress shirt's buttons were about to burst across his chest, and his pants seemed even tighter around his ass but somehow loose in the front. Imran looked at himself in the mirror adorning the back of his closet door and laughed at his reflection.

"I look ridiculous. What the hell is happening?" Imran asked himself. The suit just didn't fit him. He looked like he was a man wearing a child's suit. Imran turned to the side and saw his ass jutting out from behind like he had implants with his chest offering the same time of counterbalance. Imran jumped slightly and watched both sides of his body jiggle and bounce with the subtle movements. He placed his hands on his bulkier form feeling the hard beefier muscle underneath his thin dress shirt. He squeezed the muscle, his nipples growing hard against his palm. A soft moan of pleasure erupted from his lips as his other hand explored his ass.

"Am I interrupting something?" A voice asked from Imran's door. Imran turned toward the individual finding one of his other business partners standing at his door. "Don't we have a meeting at 10:30?" He asked looking down at his watch.

"Fuck," Imran muttered, dropping his hands from his body. He looked at his watch and saw that it was 10:35. He was late. He was never late for a meeting. "Yes sir, I am very sorry. I have been having a very weird day so far today." Imran walked back to his desk, staggering his footsteps within the tight trousers, attempting to keep himself from ripping his only extra pair.

"Yes, seems like you are a little out of sorts today Imran. Are you okay?" The man asked as he came into Imran's office, shutting the door behind himself. "Whats that smell?"

"It's just a new cologne I got recently. Sorry, I spilled it all over my suit and had to use my spare one. Apparently, I had grown some more since I last switched out the suit. Go ahead and take a seat and we can get the meeting started right now. Just give me one moment and I will get the numbers pulled up." Imran gingerly sat into his seat, feeling the seams of his pants stretch once again. Imran anxiously sat his enhanced glutes into his seat without any rips. He let out a sigh of relaxation as he pulled his seat into his desk, but it was that quick movement that ripped his bulkier cheeks free of their cotton prison.

“What was that sound?” The man asked standing from his seat and walking towards Imran’s desk.

“I ripped my pants, sir,” Imran said, his face glowing red with embarrassment. He couldn’t believe that he ripped through the second pair of pants. How was he growing so fast?

“Let me see the damage,” the man ordered. Imran pulled himself from his desk and turned around, turning his ass to his boss. The man walked around Imran’s desk and got down on his knees and taking a closer look at the rip of Imran’s pants and underwear.

“You really did some damage to these.” The man said as he took a deep inhale. “Wow, that cologne is really strong. It just, it just smells so good.” Imran could feel the man press his face against his ass cheeks and inhale once again. “Ughh smells so good. Bet it tastes even better.”

## Slutty Part 2

10:30 am

“Micheal we can’t do this here!” Imran shouted as he attempted to push his business partners face from between his wide ass cheeks.

“It’s so intoxicating. I cant pull away.” Michael took another long whiff between Imran’s cheeks, pressing his bearded face deep enough until his nose was pressed firmly against his hole. Imran squirmed as his partner took repeated hits of his hole.

“Oomph,” Imran moaned as he was pushed against his desk like it was some sort of 60’s porno. “Michael stop! Somethings wrong. Lord Jesus!” Imran shouted as he felt Micheals’ tongue press against his hole. Michael licked and chewed on his on his hole, sending waves of pleasure through Imran’s body causing his dick to inflate on the front of his dress pants. Imran felt his dick continue to grow against the desk, stretching the front of his pants to the point of ripping. He looked down at the front of his trousers seeing a wet spot growing larger and larger. “Please Michael stop.” Imran’s eyes grew wider as the seams of the pants finally popped and his dick slammed into the front of his desk. “Nooooo,” he cried as the stream of cum continued onto his paperwork.

“God I can’t stop Imran. I’m so sorry I just need it! I promise I will be gentle,” Michael said as the sound of his pants unzipping filled the room. Imran could feel his partner’s dick position itself against his lubed hole. Imran pulled his ass away from his partner’s eager cock, attempting to slip away but was thrown aggressively onto his desk.

“That ass is so delicious. I don’t know how I never noticed before.” Michael pushed all of his weight on top of Imran’s body, pinning him to his desk as he pushed his dick into Imran’s hole. Imran screamed as his partner’s cock plunged deep into his hole, sliding easily all the way to the hilt. “So tight! So much better than the wife’s snatch.” Michael pulled his dick out of Imran’s ass slightly and then pushed it all the way in again. Imran’s hole felt like it had a mind of its own, even as he thrashed on his desk; his hole instinctually squeezed and milked Michael’s cock like it was meant to be used.

“God pull it out!” Imran begged not fully understanding the pleasurable feeling that was coming from his hole. Underneath his pinned body Imran’s cock was continuously leaking between his torso and the desk. Imran could feel his desk continue to grow past its normal length, growing until it was pressed against his lower chest. His swollen balls slapped against the the desk as his body was thrust repeatedly against the edge of his own desk. Imran’s mind was screaming for him to break free, screaming for him

to escape, but his body turned against him. His back arched and his cheeks spread allowing his partner's cock to push as deep as possible into his body.

As Micheal's cock rubbed against Imran's prostate it was like his brain was slowly turning off. The world around him began to grow fuzzy, while the pleasure from Imran's hole grew to be the only thing that mattered any longer.

"Oh god, fuck me harder Michael," Imran pleaded as he began to thrust his robust ass against Michael's cock. He could feel the cum leaking from his hole and down his leg as his hole began to overflow with his partner's precum.

"Are you my big dumb muscle boy?" Michael teased, pulsing his cock inside of Imran's tight fuck hole.

"Ugh, I'm your muscle boy," Imran repeated.

"No my big DUMB muscle boy. So fucking stupid. Just a big meathead. God knows that you only got this job from shutting it up with upper management. I know they probably loved worshipping this massive cock of yours." Michael snaked his hand around Imran's body and grasped onto his endless cock. "Fuck it's even bigger than I thought it would be." Michael squeezed Imran's cock, pushing out the excess cum that was lodged within his long shaft. "God your so tight. I'm gonna fuck you every time I come into this office Imran. I want this ass on your desk ready for me every week."

"Yes, sir!" Imran moaned, his brain and better judgment completely turned off at this point. "I'm gonna be your fuck toy! Fuck my big bubble butt! Grab my huge cock! Milk my dick sir!"

"I'm gonna cum!" Michael hollered as he pushed one final time into Imran's hole and let loose his load. The sensation of fullness pushed Imran over the edge and his dick exploded onto his desk, covering his chest, desk, and torso in his own hot sticky load.

"Ugh!" Imran shouted as his partner's load was lodged deep into his hole. Almost immediately after Micheal's balls emptied he withdrew his cock from Imran's ass and zipped up his pants. Imran turned around and looked at Michael's face; his eyes looked partially glazed over like he was in a daze.

"That was a great meeting Imran. I'm glad the projections are higher than expected. I look forward to another successful meeting with you next week." Imran took note of his business partner's zombie-like tone as he finished dressing and left Imran's office. Imran could feel the haze lifting from his mind as he lifted himself off his desk; his dick slapped against his thigh as it began to soften. Imran looked at his desk as his load seeped through the papers and folders that were strewn across his desk.

"What the fuck," Imran muttered as he stumbled to the mirror, not feeling even close to himself any longer. He stared at his massive uncut cock that was hanging from the hole in the front of his pants,



and the overly muscular thighs that his massive sausage laid between. His body looked like an over-inflated sex toy; his pecs were like two overly inflated balloons, two balloons that were easily overshadowed by his two beefy ass cheeks that burst through his pants. Imran knew that there could only be one reason why this was happening, the cologne.

Imran dove towards the trashcan, pulling the glass container from the bottom of the trash receptacle. He turned the cologne in his hand looking at the instructions and the ingredients of the cologne, reading the caution label once again and finding a small pasted over slip. Imran pulled at the edge of the label, revealing another longer paragraph.

“Use with caution. Less is more. If overused please contact 1-800-864-Love or return to one of our local establishments.” Imran read aloud. “Thank god! A phone number,” he shouted as he reached for his phone. Imran dialed the number quickly, pressing buttons to get through the prompts, hoping to get ahold of someone who would be able to explain what was happening to him.

“You have reached us outside of our normal business hours. If this is an emergency please visit one of our local establishments. Thank you and have a great day.” The female’s voice said before the line was disconnected.

“What the fuck!” Imran shouted, angrily throwing his phone onto his desk. He looked back to the bottle hoping to find some sort of answer written on the label, but it was no help. “God damn it! He shouted throwing the bottle back into the trashcan shattering the thick glass in the process, releasing the scent of the last ounces of cologne into the air. Instinctually Imran sniffed the air, inhaling the last few ounces of the scent into his boy, letting out a moan of dissatisfaction in the process Union the realization of what he just did.

“Ugh smells so good,” Imran moaned rubbing his exposed dick once again, feeling it begin to grow in his hand while his other snaked around to his ass, plunging two fingers into his meaty hole.