

Fingers drummed along the edge of the countertop. My other hand ran through what I knew was unremarkable, short, black hair. The locks twiddled through my digits as I stared at the pair of letters that were unfolded in front of me.

One was a personal message from the guy who lived down the hallway from me, and the other was something about some chemical leak? I didn't bother to read the full details, but it seemed like the landlord wanted us to shut off our water and keep our windows shut.

Talk about being lazy. He couldn't even bother to get the problem fixed—like a lot of other things in this building.

Shaking my head, I scooped up the note that I was most eager to read. My heart thudded in my chest as I looked over the simple, scrawled out text. Sure enough, it was a chicken-scratch invite to room 204—the room of the guy I've been ogling for the past month, ever since he moved in.

I couldn't tell if it was a prank, or maybe he sent it to me by accident. After all, I found it haphazardly half-wedged into my mail slot.

Still... Maybe he noticed me?

It was more than once he caught me staring at him as he came inside from, what I could only assume was, the gym. He was always sweaty and wearing form-fitting clothes: tank tops, and lycra shorts that hugged his meaty thighs like a second skin.

Whenever our eyes met, he'd throw me a friendly smile—not seeming at all awkward or angry about me openly ogling him.

My thumb slid along the edge of the stationary as I read the short invite over and over again. It was today, and in just about five minutes from now. He said I didn't have to bring anything, that he would have beer and snacks.

Or...that's what I thought it said. His handwriting wasn't exactly easy to decipher.

Something about the guy filling out the "dumb, but friendly jock" stereotype was kind of attractive.

Letting out a long, shaky exhale, I steeled myself. Jeans, sneakers, and an old polo shirt would be fine, right? After all, dressing up just for a hastily scribbled note would probably be a little gauche, wouldn't it?

I had completely forgotten to lock the door behind me, having to redouble back. By the time I had returned to the apartment in question, I was mildly winded, having decided to sprint to make up for lost time.

It only reinforced the idea that I ought to try to get into shape. Maybe I could go to whatever gym he's going to.

After knocking awkwardly, I waited at the threshold, rocking back and forth on my heels. It wasn't long until I heard the sounds of hefty approaching footsteps thudding from the other side. The lock clicked, the door popping open to reveal a wide, wall-like body in the way.

The man standing in the doorway had to at least be 6'4" compared to my unimpressive 5'7". It forced me to look back a little, my head tilting as I nervously smiled.

Almost the opposite of mine, his smile was warm. Pearly white teeth were a harsh contrast to his dark chocolate skin. The burly jock leaned against the doorframe with a meaty delt, the heavy muscle protruding from the pulled-taut sleeves of his simple white T-shirt.

"Hey, dude! Glad you could make it," he said, his voice like the rumble of an engine as he spoke—a seductive purr that made me go weak in the knees. The big man stepped aside, waving me in with one of those meaty hands of his.

It was a bigger apartment than mine; two bedrooms at least.

On the far wall was a large flatscreen TV complete with a full speaker system around it as well. Looks like he had the latest game consoles as well, even if they didn't seem particularly used; a layer of dust had settled over them and the controllers.

Hm...?

A flash of color caught my attention from the other end of the room. Over one of the chairs was a discarded pair of teal-colored scrubs.

"You're a medical professional?" The words blurted out of me without a filter, having temporarily forgotten myself. The big guy next to me let out a rumbling chuckle, seemingly amused by my outburst.

"Yeah, I work as a nurse at a clinic across town."

Nurse? I wasn't expecting that.

"Sorry about the smell," the bigger guy said with an apologetic smile. "That leak is pretty bad on this side of the buildin'. Heh. I was thinkin' about writing you another note, but—"

"I-It's fine!" I interrupted, my voice threatening to crack as I spoke quickly. "I don't mind at all!" I could already feel my cheeks burn from embarrassment, my hands quickly diving into my pockets as I stood awkwardly in his living room.

“By the way, the name is Jeremiah, but you can call me Jer for short. What’s yours?”

He was entirely too attractive, the guy filling out his shirt to the maximum. Even his sweats were hugging tightly, showing off just how dense those thighs were underneath the fabric. Part of me was thankful that he hadn’t turned around yet; I probably wouldn’t last long if I caught a glimpse of what I knew he was packing in the rear.

“U-Uh... A-Andy...” I managed to mutter, having nearly forgotten that he had asked me a question—far too distracted with the hunk in front of me.

“How about I get us some drinks. You like beer?”

“S-Sure!” I responded shakily. Now that I was here, the realization was finally starting to hit home. I was beginning to feel a little faint, my eyes darting down the nearby hallway. “Do, uh, you have a bathroom I could use really fast?”

He gave me a curious look with those coca-brown eyes, but pointed with a thumb over his shoulder. “Mhmm, down the hall and to the left.”

“Thanks-!” I tried to keep my pace under control as I slipped into the bathroom, clapping the door shut behind me. The lights turned on automatically as I took a breath.

He was right, that odor was worse here. It smelled vaguely earthy, almost musky. I tried to ignore it as I looked at myself in the mirror. My pale reflection stared back at me, dark blue eyes peeking behind glasses as I bit my lower lip. Unlike the dark-skinned adonis in the other room, I wasn’t anything spectacular to look at—a few extra unflattering pounds hugging my sides.

Turning the knob of the faucet in front of me, I managed to splash some water over my face, trying to clear my senses. The hazy odor seemed to be disrupting my ability to think, taking deep breaths only seeming to make matters worse.

As much as I wanted to stay, I wasn’t going to get over my fears if I kept myself trapped here forever.

Summoning the last of my courage, I gulped down my apprehension as I stepped back out. It seemed that Jer was comfortable on his plush leather sofa, a few beers and an assortment of chips already waiting on the glass coffee table. He was an attractive sight with large arms perched over the back. The dark dreads that made up his hair were tied back in a clean ponytail with the only form of facial hair being the neatly trimmed line that went around his jawline.

“Welcome back,” he chuckled. “Didn’t know what you liked, so I dragged out a few things for ya.”

“Oh, uh...anything not-spicy,” I answered awkwardly, a short pop of a laugh coming out of me. I awkwardly perched myself over the end of the sofa, sinking subtly into the plush leather seat. Kicking my shoes off, I slid my feet awkwardly over the hard floor before taking one of the beers.

“Smell’s gettin’ kinda hard to ignore, huh?” he chuckled, already taking a guzzle of his own, tilting the can back, his broad jawline lifting, revealing that jutting Adam’s apple as it bobbed up and down.

“Kinda... But I don’t really mind!” I answered quickly, taking another sip to try to fill out the awkward silence.

“Been making me feel restless all day...” he muttered, reaching down, scratching a little too obviously between his thighs. “You know what I mean?”

Oh god. Is...is he flirting?

Sure enough, he was turning his gaze over to me, flashing me a smile as he leaned further back—putting his meaty form on purposeful display. Down below, I could see the twitching outline of his cock, completely free of any underwear to constrain it. “Yeah, you know what I mean.” He gestured, pointing over at my own jeans.

Embarrassment caused my cheeks to light on fire, prompting me to push my hands down in an attempt to hide the freakishly large lump in my pants.

The musky aroma was getting worse. Wherever it was coming from, it was practically pouring into the apartment now. Every breath seemed to force complicated thoughts out of my mind. Sweat beaded over my forehead as I let out a particularly lewd moan. The bulge he had gestured to was larger than I was used to seeing, looking like it was pushing down into a leg of my jeans.

“*Fuck*, dude...” he muttered under his breath. “Clothes are feelin’ kinda...tight...” He licked over those thick lips, tongue sliding around supple flesh in a way that made my own engorging boner ache. Sure enough, he looked like he was a little larger than when I first saw him, his shirt hugging around his pecs, showing the divide between them as those dense lats pushed out of either side.

But that’s impossible, right? Growing bigger?

It was hard to think, a buzz of hormones forcing me to focus on the mounting tension building inside of me. It wasn’t just him; my own clothes were starting to feel like they had shrunk in the wash, my pants hugging around my thighs uncomfortably.

“This beer kinda hits fast...” I managed to mutter, voice breaking as I started to feel a little lightheaded. A deepening moan next to me caught my attention. Jer had dropped his drink,

having slipped between fingers as he started to twitch on the sofa. He leaned back, taking a deep breath, his pecs seeming to balloon along with it.

I stared openly, completely transfixed in my mentally-addled state as those pectorals ballooned. His shoulders seemed to double in size, tearing the seams along the sleeves of his shirt, separating them from the rest of the fabric. Jer's voice dropped in pitch as his neck started to thicken, a thin gold chain being stretched to the limit, muscle forcing it to snap clean off.

The erection he had been 'hiding' in his pants had decided to finally make an appearance. Swelling like someone pumping air into a tube, his cock pushed out the front of his straining sweats. It throbbed up into the air, gaining inch after inch as veins webbed over the dark-skinned, hooded shaft.

Whatever was affecting us must have been connected to the leak—but I couldn't stay focused.

The only thing that mattered now was how *big* Jer was getting. It was impossible to look away as his clothes started to fail, splitting at the seams as his engorging body spilled out of them. He was unable to form words, moaning as his cock slapped up against his engorged brick-like abs, the head nestling between pectorals that had managed to free themselves from the fabric of his tank.

As distracted as I was with the dark-skinned behemoth next to me, I wasn't exactly spared the changes either. Sweat trickled from my forehead as I panted, my heart banging like a drum gone mad in my chest. Pressure was building as my body engorged—almost what felt like a full-body erection as my limbs started to pump up. The feeling of blooming biceps grinding against my chest was pure ecstasy.

I had never had any muscle to speak of before, so this new change was nothing short of shocking.

The musky haze was getting worse—and, to my horror, seemed to be radiating from both of us now. The earthy odor was radiating off of us, a lift of one of my arms revealing a heavy burst of the stuff.

My mind reeled from the blast, my eyes threatening to roll back. I could hear subtle cracking as my jawline started to swell, growing bigger as it expanded away from my upper skull. Nearby, Jer was struggling with the same thing, his legs spreading as he leaned back, his already masculine face starting to augment further.

His lower lip plumped, a pair of dense fangs pushing out, forcing it to wrap around them as his grunts turned primal. Jer's shoes swelled, laces popping off one by one as his feet engorged. Socks tore, warping in ways I didn't expect. His big toe pulled back, the rest of them elongating as his feet changed shape—starting to look more like what you would find on a gorilla than a human being.

My own jeans tore open, meaty quads pushing out. With what little faculties I had left, I watched in fascination as short hairs started to sprout, a thick hirsute covering starting to flood over my body. My own cock was looking similar to Jer's, a throbbing pole that pushed out of the remains of the fabric that clung to me, slapping against my chest, splattering it with sticky precum.

It was getting harder to move, my chest having ballooned with every breath, nuzzling up against my blocky jawline, my split-cleft chin pushing between it. I could feel my body humping up with muscle, shifting and changing in ways that didn't feel quite right. I could feel a hunch forming as I grew distinctly top heavy.

The sofa creaked dangerously, sagging from the weight of the two devolving, expanding men.

"UUghbbbfuuck..." Jer moaned in a voice that was alien to my ears. He slurred the single word, the loss of intelligence evident with his tone alone. His brows had pushed forward, nostrils widened and even gone so far as to subtly turn up, giving him a more ape-like appearance. Just like me, his body was coated in what was now carpets of hair, a thick beard having already engulfed the lower half of his head.

My hands worked on their own, having grown monstrously meaty. They squeezed a cock that was thicker than my old thigh, at least two feet worth of meat being pumped under rough, fat digits. Everything was on autopilot, hormones taking the wheel as I bucked my hips in earnest.

Our combined movements and absurd weight caused the sofa to collapse. The legs snapped as it went thudding to the floor with enough force to shake the entire apartment.

"Whuh...whuuh happinin'?!" my own voice boomed, deafening me as it blared from my engorged neck.

Both of us were rapidly leaving our humanity behind. We must have both been hundreds of pounds of muscle individually, our bodies practically bursting with the stuff, webs of vascularity wrapping around our hirsute-laden limbs.

Experimentally, I lifted my new hand-like feet. A shot of pleasure surged through me as I gripped the plump set of balls that had dropped all the way down to the floor. Thick, finger-like toes massaged those bloated factories, coaxing a deep ook-like moan out of me as my entire body surged in size.

There was hardly any room between us, shoulders grinding together as we teetered on the edge of orgasm. Both of us sounded like rutting beasts, rippling muscle bulging from our frames, hundreds of pounds of pure muscle writhing with every buck of our hips.

"FFF-FUUGGG-!"

The pressure was too much, balls churning as I finally blew my load. Gallon after gallon of spunk came gushing out, urethra ballooning. Like a pair of broken fire hydrants, we both coated the room, musk-laden seed splattering and coating nearly every inch of the apartment.

What was left were two heaving, devolved behemoths. Muscle ground on muscle to the point where it was difficult to move, my entire body feeling like a hulking prison. Yet, it was the single most mind-numbingly pleasurable thing in my entire life.

Words were gone, instead, primal grunts in their place. They showed my intent as I turned to the darker, ape-like companion. Jer eyed me up and down under those dense, jutting brows. A smile curled over his thick lips, showing me he had the same intentions as my own.

It seemed that we had all night to explore all the new changes between us.

Who knows—we might still even get bigger...