

The tattoo needle buzzed, etching across Jared's tanned skin. The blonde-haired hunk leaned in his chair, trying to avoid eye contact with the hirsute man hovering around him.

"How much longer?" he snapped, impatience bleeding through his cool facade.

The big, bearish man chuckled. "It'll be done when it's done. You can't rush art." He was your stereotypical biker, with a huge barrel chest and a hairy belly—or what Jared could only assume was hairy from the bush that was bursting from the collar of his overstretched t-shirt. It was faded, a band tour shirt from back in the 90s.

It was nothing like his own exposed torso. Gloriously tan bed-baked skin on full display. There wasn't an ounce of fat on Jared's athletic form. Abdominals rippled with every breath, obliques flanking them, etched into the wall of his midsection. He was particularly proud of them. Always a chick magnet. Pull the shirt up, show the abs, watch the ladies swoon.

Though not all eyes were made equal. He didn't like the way the man was watching him, gaze drifting from his work to surreptitiously roam over his chiseled, 2% body fat form.

Okay, so maybe it was a few points more than 2. That was fine. Dudes like him didn't know the difference anyway. Not with the beer keg he was hauling around under that shelf of a chest.

It didn't stop Jared from sneaking glances of his own. The dude's arms were huge. Rolled up sleeves revealed ink that stretched down to his knuckles. It was difficult to make out the fine details, considering the rough, dark carpets covering those forearms.

"Thinkin' about getting more, huh?"

Jared bit his lower lip to stifle a defensive response. This was his first tattoo at the ripe age of 20. Most of his friends had gotten their first shortly after turning 18—something of a rite of passage into adulthood. Unfortunately, helicopter parents wouldn't stop hovering until he finally moved out for college, getting a scrap of privacy in a private dorm.

"Maybe," he replied, shooting for cool but landing closer to nervous.

The older man chuckled, the wrinkles around his face multiplying from amusement. He had a thick bush of a beard that hugged a broad jawline, the result of where all the hair that had once topped his head had gone. Surprisingly, white teeth flashed behind the dark curtain. "The name's Eddie, by the way."

It made Jared wonder why he had waited until now to give his name. Was that something tattoo artists usually did?

He wasn't sure. Those caramel eyes kept sweeping over him appraisingly, with a hint of hunger behind that made Jared wonder if he was imagining things. Perverted old dude working in a tattoo parlor to put his paws on sexy guys?

Possible... Especially with the way he was being so friendly.

The floor shifted with every booted step. Eddie moved with surprising grace despite his size, each movement deliberate as he worked the tattoo gun over reddened flesh.

Despite the dude's low-key creeping on him, Jared appreciated that he numbed the area before he started. He heard horror stories from his friends: hands clenching the chairs as they felt the

needle searing pain through their flesh. Maybe that was part of the rite of passage, enduring that kind of pain to gain respect.

Not like they would know. If they asked, he'd probably make something up about how he put a block of wood in his mouth and clamped.

"Smirking now, are we?" Eddie rumbled.

Jared scoffed, but otherwise didn't answer, playing into the cool-factor as he leaned back in his chair.

"Not the chatty type?" His voice dropped to a low purr, sending a jolt down Jared's spine. "That's cool. I usually talk while I work."

Jared grimaced. "Yeah, well, as long as you don't ask me personal shit."

Eddie grinned wider. "You hit the gym hard, huh? Not many get abs like those—unless that's too personal."

Jared exhaled through his nostrils. He wasn't used to this kind of attention from other dudes, stuck in such close proximity for an extended time. It didn't help that this man smelled like a pine tree doused in bourbon. It was nothing like the frilly, fruity perfumes he preferred.

"Yeah, I go to the gym a lot," he said, words cut off as he deliberately avoided looking at the huge man. One callused hand held his arm, fingers enclosing around it. Even with his cut muscle mass, it felt like an adult holding onto a child, his defined biceps meaning nothing to the man with at least two decades over him.

He wasn't sure if his brain was categorizing Eddie as a creep coming onto him or an authoritative father figure. He didn't enjoy the mental imagery either way.

"It pays off," he added. "Though, good luck keeping a tight waistline when you get older!" His growling guffaw shook his padded chest, pectorals wobbling and dancing under his too-tight t-shirt.

"I don't plan on it," Jared replied gruffly, feeling the antsy urge to get out of the chair and be done with this.

Something sparkled, dark and mischievous, in Eddie's eyes. "No?"

Getting old still felt impossible to Jared. He was convinced he'd keep his tight waist and good looks. When he glanced, almost in disbelief, at the hairless dome of his ink-etching companion, he chalked it up to a receding hairline—a compromise he couldn't imagine undergoing himself.

No way. That wasn't going to be him. He was going to keep his lush blonde locks and good looks for at least another decade. Even that seemed like a lifetime away. Jared smirked to himself, confident in his lasting youthful longevity.

"Well, enjoy it while you can." There was a teasing hint to his voice, one that made Jared cock a brow. He had heard the older members of his family berating him throughout his childhood. They were just jealous old pricks who were mad that other people dared to be younger than them.

Weird. But this entire encounter was off from the start. He was supposed to be scheduled with some woman today, a pierced-up thing that he had met last week when he set up his appointment and picked out the design.

He had learned upon walking into the parlor that she had called in sick, and this was her replacement. All 6'6", 400 pounds of it.

The gun finally eased off with a sharp click. The world seemed to rush back in around Jared's ears, the sounds of the busy street outside, the tinny old stereo playing at the corner of the shop, including the dude's breathing and his own thudding heartbeat.

The room felt claustrophobic, like a pressure cooker for the man's natural musk. He was tempted to tell the guy to take a shower, but he was more desperate for fresh air.

"Heeey, hey—hold up." Jared turned, but hissed under his breath as a chill washed over his shoulder. The big man slathered something over it before wrapping bandages. "Can't have you walking outta here like that." He still wore that friendly smile, the one that crinkled his eyes and made Jared's blood start to irrationally boil.

Was this dude gay or something? Because he certainly wasn't some sort of father-figure to him.

"Whatever." He jerked his arm from that huge paw. "I already paid up front."

Eddie lifted both hands. "Alright, alright. Chair time makes people twitchy. Have a good one. And keep your arm clear—let it heal."

Jared grunted something in affirmation, grabbing his shirt from the back of the chair before stumbling his way outside. The summer sun washing over his skin felt good, instantly putting him at ease. A small part of him kicked himself for not even checking out the tattoo before he left, but he would deal with that later.

If it was bad, he could just forgo wearing tank tops until he could get it removed.

Yeah. It'd be fine. He'll just schedule again—no problem.

Nobody told him that tattoos were supposed to itch. It started last night when he got off the bus and headed to his dorm. It made sleeping problematic, and sitting in his classes even more difficult. To make matters worse, he felt sluggish all morning—drained. He was never a morning person, but grabbing a cup of coffee just to wake up wasn't part of his usual morning routine.

"Ngh..." Jared groaned, leaning back in his chair. He felt his face in frustration; the stubble he had shaved off only hours before was coming back with a vengeance, like sandpaper against his fingertips. He was hungry as hell, too, his stomach grumbling at him, gurgling incessantly.

It was enough to catch looks from nearby students.

Fuck, he needed to get out of here—to figure out why the hell his shoulder was itching like a dozen mosquito bites. The class couldn't end soon enough. Jared's chair scooted out harshly behind him, the first to bulldoze his way out of the room. It was easy, considering his gym-perfected physique, huge shoulders bulldozing their way to the door.

His stomach rumbled as he walked, turning heads from the voracious sound. Hunger gnawed at his insides, chewing his stomach up. He wasn't a stranger to the sensation, considering his highly tailored diet, but he had never been this hungry before. The sensation mingled with a burgeoning pressure between his thighs as well.

"What the fuck," Jared hissed under his breath as he took the stairs up to his dorm, avoiding the gaze of everyone he passed. It felt like he was having a case of blue balls, like he hadn't gotten off in weeks. Just the feeling of his jeans hugging against his crotch and thighs was enough to get him chubbing up. His hands were shaky as he fumbled with his key. It scraped against the brass lock as he cursed under his breath.

He practically stumbled into his bachelor pad, kicking the door shut behind him. He felt hot, burning up, sweat beading over his forehead and scalp. Did the tattoo guy seriously use an unsanitized needle? The thought made his blood boil—something unproductive in his sweat-slicked circumstance.

He cursed again, gripping at his shirt, yanking it up over his head, the polyester stubbornly clinging to his broad torso. He took a glance at the mirror, shocked to see his perfectly manscaped body on the verge of being overgrown. Faint golden hairs had sprouted over his chest, adding a glittering layer over his bronzed pecs. His eyes traced the trail, watching it grow thicker...

"Under the bandage," he muttered to himself.

Fuck it. He picked at the edges of the gauze, working the tape off and carefully removing it from his skin. He knew it was too soon, but there was something seriously fucked up happening. He saw the edges of the ink, reddened, angry skin radiating from the fresh mark. The bandage hung in the air, the last ripped from his sensitive flesh. He stared, mouth agape, sapphire eyes jumping between his reflection and the real deal.

"What the FUCK?" It wasn't a question. He twisted his beefy shoulder around, as if interrogating his own flesh in the reflection. The tribal tattoo he requested was surreptitiously missing. In its place was a stylized bear paw. It was meticulously detailed with fur and padding, swaths of brown ink coloring the still-setting image.

It was also the source of the blonde hairs that had miraculously taken root across his baby-smooth body. Jared's lip twisted in disgust as he looked it over, tentatively touching it. He hissed in pain, but more so with the fact that it was heavily furred—like some kind of gross, hairy birthmark.

His stomachache sharpened to a knife's edge, nearly doubling him over. "Fuck," he gasped, sweat beading over his forehead as he tripped over his feet and stumbled into his dresser. The mirror attached to it wobbled, the bric-a-brac littering the top threatening to tumble off.

A stray eructation pushed past his lips, a wan groan following. And then another one, his stomach gurgling and churning as he clutched it, an elbow propped on his dresser for balance. He felt bloated, like he chugged a bottle of soda and popped a few Mentos for fun. Jared's stomach was slightly distended to match, abs beveling outward, starting to resemble the kind of roid guts that he abhorred.

“What the hell is happening to me?” he practically pleaded, gasping as another burp forced its way out of him as he put his weight against the wall. The itching sensation grew worse, with the focal point as the inked spot on his shoulder. Golden follicles flourished, spreading down his arm, coating the back as it began to inexorably creep across his forearms. Even worse, he could feel the prickle moving across his back, something that ripped a throaty whine from him.

Having some hair was fine—he was used to shaving it off. But a hairy back? That sort of thing was reserved for bikers, truckers, and the occasional werewolf.

His attention was pulled from the creeping crawl, his stomach cramping. It was like a bottle of shaken soda, his fingers digging into distended abs that were pushing out like a domed shell. Jared tilted, falling back against the wall, his knees buckling as he clutched his midsection. Every breath pumped more size to his belly, and to his horror, it wasn't muscle.

The edges softened, midsection ballooning with every intake of panicked air. “No... No, no no-!” he howled as his precious abdominals faded, a layer of smoothing fat softening the edges until they vanished completely. A field of wheat covered that burgeoning belly, coating it like a golden sunrise. Jared pushed at it, fingers denting the semi-soft flesh, as if he could push it back in. But it didn't work.

He sucked in a breath, pulling that belly inward. He saw the briefest glimpse of an outline of muscle...before he let it go. Jared's belly dropped with a vengeance, swelling defiantly under his pectorals, a cavernous navel nestled in the middle of that hirsute sphere. A high-pitched, baleful keen came from the back of Jared's throat. He clutched that middle, holding it up, his palms pressing into it, rolling the soft padding that covered the hard, distended muscle underneath.

The changes were worsening. A glimpse in the mirror showed his gym-trimmed frame filling out, fat softening the edges of hard muscle, washing away the striations and vascularity that defined his college life. Even more horrifying was his face.

He spun, pecs sitting over the edge of the dresser as his new belly pressed to the drawers, flattening and molding against it in pleasurable ways he didn't expect. It did nothing to assuage his dread as fingers shot to his face. The stubble had grown thicker, a bronzy beard coating the lower half of his face. Looking higher, his lush hair had... receded, now a noticeable widow's peak. Lines had formed across his youthful face, crinkling from the edges of his eyes and mouth. A few were drawn across his forehead, exacerbated by the way his brows furrowed at his reflection.

Jared was panicking, on the verge of hyperventilating. He was getting older.

He pulled his phone, fumbling with it. In his hysterical state, he didn't even notice the thick, callused fingers that fumbled with the screen, or the hair-dusted knuckles that flexed around it. Without thinking, he dialed the number to the tattoo parlor, trying to control his rapid breathing as the phone chirred next to his ear.

Everything felt too tight—too itchy. His pants, particularly his belt, were digging painfully into his stomach as it hung over it. He fumbled with the clasp, desperately trying to undo it. A low groan, another gurgle, and the thing snapped. The button burst from his jeans as newfound size found freedom. He sighed in relief, but only so much for the physical release.

The line clicked, a female voice on the other end saying, "Hello, Cat's Tatts, this is Cat speaking."

The surreality of his situation hit Jared. His body was growing bigger, hairy, older—all because of a fucking tattoo. His heavy breathing must have freaked out the owner, because she quickly asked who was calling with an edge that wasn't there before.

"H-Hey," he said, trying to keep his voice steady even as the seams of his jeans began to pop like firecrackers. "I had an appointment yesterday with, uh, one of your artists." Jared gave the substitute's name along with a truncated recount of events. He could practically hear her frown over the phone as she made a noise.

"Are you sure you got the right phone number?"

Jared groaned as another wave washed through him. He felt the tickle burn across his back, the intimate sensation of it coating with more of those rough hairs. It crept down his spine, dipping into the back of straining denim. God, was he going to get a hairy ass as well? The intense itching between those swelling cheeks was enough to clue him in.

A slight bend forward as he clutched his churning stomach was a mistake. Denim split, ripping down the middle. Jared's underwear had practically been sucked between hirsute boulders, a healthy layer of fat adding even more mass to those impressive mounds. Freed, they shoved out the back, jumping and clenching together with every wayward stumble—a counterweight to the belly that burdened his front.

"Yes, I'm sure," he said, jaw clenched as he tried to keep the hiss from his voice. It sounded wrong, like he had a cold, a deep, gravelly quality settling in. He scratched at his itching face, nails raking through rough strands that were only growing longer, multiplying as his beard thickened. He had never been able to grow much more than scraggly patches in the past. It was one of his inspirations to go full waxed. Might as well make the rest of him match.

The tattoo took his philosophy and violently flipped it on its head.

"Okayyyy..." She sighed. "I don't have your record, but we do offer tattoo removals. You said you got it yesterday?" He could tell she was playing along, not believing him. Hell, if she didn't believe that, she wouldn't be able to comprehend what was happening to him now.

Even Jared could barely wrap his head around it; some part of him was convinced this was some fever dream, ready to wake up any moment when his alarm went off.

"Y-Yeah," he said, trying desperately not to feel over the air-caressed crease of his ass. It didn't work. Thickened fingers slid along the crack, the coarse feel of forested hairs sending a shot of pleasure directly into his brain. The pleased moan over the phone was involuntary, Jared's back arching like a cat's.

"...Okay," she said, a more-than-mild amount of disgust dripping from the word. "You're going to have to wait two to four months before getting it removed." She paused weightily. "...Four, in your case."

Fuck. If he was like this in only a few hours, what would he look like then?

Intrusive images pushed into his mind, a burly, bearish figure that matched the paw that was printed on his shoulder. It was followed by the disturbing revelation that it made him rock hard, something that bordered on excruciating pain as his jeans tugged like a too-tight skin around a sausage.

The inner seams of his jeans gave up, popping like a sigh of relief. The insides of his thighs showed, revealing what he was already braced for. They were furry as hell, a dusty field of wheat coating those tree trunks. They wobbled subtly as he shifted, mass solidifying every time he put weight on them, hard muscle overpowering soft padding.

His mind buzzed with images of his seemingly inevitable transformation. To his horror, not only did it not disturb him, he was actually excited. His cock twitched, junk spilling out the front of his ripped-open fly. Images mingled: the reflection in the mirror, his imagination, and...Eddie.

Another moan must have slipped out of him, faintly aware of a repulsed sound on the other end of the call before it abruptly ended. He set the phone down on the edge of his dresser, breathing heavy, swollen pectorals rising and falling, hirsute shelf grazing against his beard. Fuck, was his chest even bigger?

Huge hands traced over them, massive paws that were three times their original bulk. Thumbs automatically flipped nips that were hidden underneath, pink dimes nearly hidden by golden curls. Another hand dipped lower, stroking the generous curve of his solid belly, giving it a little shake.

"Fuck!" He hissed, hands snapping away from his brawn as if burned. They hovered, splayed open, revealing the deep etched lines of thickly padded palms.

"I...fuck, I gotta fight it," he said, cringing with every word. He no longer sounded like himself, a baritone having dropped to a growling, alien bass. His neck had thickened, just as hairy as the rest of him, as traps rose around either side. Gone was the Playboy cover model; in its stead was the beginning of an off-season bodybuilder.

He found his eyes lingering on his reflection, which no longer fully fit in the mirror. They traced the wrinkles, the beard, and even the receding hairline—that was now showing a substantial bald spot—captivated him, pulled him in like a siren's song. Jared tried to resist, forcing himself to think about women instead. He flashed the curvaceous things through his mind, like flicking through flashcards. He didn't even have to use his imagination, recalling how they looked in his bed, fully unclothed and moaning underneath him.

His dick deflated.

Jared barely had time to grieve the loss of his precious heterosexuality. With a mind of their own, his hands had resumed their work, callused fingers sliding over his chest and his stomach, gripping into it. The touch was electric, the burgeoning, bearish form that he was succumbing to shook like a leaf. The boner was back in full force, a dollop of precum beading over a hooded head.

A disturbing revelation for Jared, considering he had always been cut.

It didn't stop his hand from creeping lower, blunt fingers working under the curve of his distended stomach to dip into the dense golden bush that swallowed the base of his cock. It was

a vein-webbed canon as thick as a Coke can. He had lost several inches, directly converted into width, a sharp contrast to the length that would make women scream his name. Below, his balls hung weightily, full, furred orbs jostled between huge thighs as they bounced.

His arm jerked, huge bicep crashing into a pectoral as he wantonly stroked himself. His other hand pinched a nipple, pulling on sensitive flesh as his broad, hirsute back crashed against the wall.

“N-No!” Tearing his hands from his body was like pulling a tooth, a visceral, excruciating sensation that nearly dropped him to his knees. His jeans split from the effort, turning to rags that were easily swept from him as they dropped to the floor. His underwear clung to the underside of his cock, cupping his bloated balls like a hammock. Remotely, he could feel the elastic squeezing tight between his cheeks, the press of elastic pressing down onto his deeply buried hole.

To his horror, he found himself greedily rocking into it, desperate for more friction against his eager entrance. Never had he played with his ass in his life—it was firmly out of the question; gay as hell. Now, he wanted nothing more than to reach back and push his meaty fingers in, shoving them all the way to the third knuckle—desperate to scratch that unbearable itch.

The fading part of his mind, the desperate straight guy trapped under mounds of muscle, fat, and fur, made a desperate lunge for control. He staggered, stumbling forward. The pain below was unexpected. His sneakers squeezed his feet, making them ache. Toes crammed to the front, with individual dents showing. Their shape had warped, conforming more to the natural outline of a broad sole. Jared barely got to the closet before they began to burst, the glue giving up as the material separated.

He hissed under his breath, vaguely registering the growling bass as terrifying, expletives flitting through his mind. He fought with his gut and pecs, mounds crashing together in ways that had never limited his mobility before. Awkward sausages fiddled with the laces, pulling them open to allow a rush of relief. Socks clung to huge feet, practically shrink-wrapped around them. A big toe had already burst from either side, fat and blunt. They matched his meaty mitts—fitting for the big brute he was becoming.

He threw open his closet. The door rattled along the rails, smashing into the opposing wall with enough force to throw it from the track. Newfound strength left Jared’s jaw hanging. He shook his head, ignoring it as he hunched in, grabbing some of the loosest clothes he could find. Even his sweats were tight, hiding nothing as he shimmied huge thighs and sizable junk. The elastic fought, his thumbs hooked into it as he jerked it up over his jutting, hairy ass.

Shirts were out of the question. He couldn’t even get one over his head, struggling and wobbling as it refused to drop over his broad shoulders and bulging back. A hoodie worked, but only just, squeezing every corner of his torso, fat, hairy pecs noticeably pushing out the front with cleavage on proud display. Shoes were out of the question. After exploding out of his original pair, they had widened in their newfound freedom. Flip flops barely fit, his meaty soles overflowing from the edges.

It would just have to work.

The way his shoulders brushed the doorframe on the way out sent a tingle through his spine, something he immediately, vehemently, suppressed. Heads turned, eyes lingering on the unfamiliar man lumbering his way out of the dorms. Jared couldn't even blame them. He couldn't recognize the man he glimpsed in the mirror as he rushed out.

He got onto the first bus just outside the main gates. The stairs creaked under his steps, noticing a slight tilt under his weight. It was one of the newer models with bench seating along the walls and plenty of standing space. Straphangers swayed as the bus rumbled onto the street.

To his relief, there was hardly anyone on the bus. Just another dude with earpods in, absorbed with his phone. With visible piercings and distressed jeans, everything about him screamed "punk." With dark skin and an afro that bobbed slightly to the sway of the suspension, there was one deliberate thought about him.

Cute.

Jared flinched, leaning back on the bench, trying to look anywhere but the guy across from him. It didn't help that the guy wore a shirt with an exposed midriff, showing milk-chocolate abs that trailed right to the lower hips where his pants' waist sagged.

His foot tapped, slapping the flip-flop onto the metal floor, his knee bouncing. They were already getting crushed under his feet, the once springy padding nothing more than a shield between his soles and debris. The noise was enough to draw the man's attention, honey-colored eyes lifting. They fixed on Jared, blinking once—then twice.

He sucked in a breath, the stranger's gaze roving over him appraisingly. It was a visceral thing that Jared could practically feel crawling across his flesh.

The man smiled, leaning back in his chair to mimic Jared's pose, albeit with the casual smoothness Jared was desperately trying to project. There was a hunger to that gaze, an expectation for him to say something first. When Jared didn't, he spoke.

"Hey, big guy." His voice was like honey, matching the warm smile. "You need help with a new wardrobe? You're looking a little...tight."

Jared groaned, his stomach clenching again. His body pumped, as if feeding on the attention, ass swelling under him, subtly lifting him. The added weight across his body was something he was acutely aware of, his pecs jutting further, his thighs filling out where they forced his knees to spread. The lip of his hoodie pulled up, revealing the underside of that hairy ball, the man's gaze instantly drawn to it.

His genial smile slipped into a sly smirk. "Or is that your way of advertising?"

"Stop," Jared implored, his voice low and husky. "You... You don't know what you're doing."

The other man cocked his head, showing off pearly whites behind plush lips. For a microcosm of a moment, Jared pictured everything he could do to them. His breath froze, bobbing pectorals seizing as the man got up—and then moved over to his side. The brush of their thighs was electric, a deliberate move as he reclined in the intimate space next to him.

"You work out, daddy?"

The word, greased with a silver tongue, slid right into the depths of his brain, slamming into some hidden pleasure point he never knew. The front of his sweats began to tent, his canon stirring to life like a yawning beast.

"I'm not..." The words died on his throat as the man watched him, his gaze hungry—needy. Jared licked his lips, finding himself subconsciously leaning towards the younger man. A hand on his thigh...then over his belly. He moaned openly as manicured tips pushed under the tight lip, feeling the expanse of golden fur that coated it.

"I bet you do all the time. That's probably why you're so sweaty..." He smiled a little wider, showing his canines. "And why are you wearing those gym clothes, huh? Didn't have a fresh pair?" He leaned closer, his voice a whisper over the humming buzz of the bus's tires. "Or did you want people to know?"

"Fuck," Jared hissed, his cock flexing to full attention. It pulled the elastic of his sweats enough to reveal the base and the thick bush that sprouted around it. He wasn't the only one who noticed. The other man's gaze dipped south, the corners of his mouth twitching. Digits dipped lower, tracing the curvature of his belly tantalizingly, sending firecrackers exploding through the depths of Jared's sex-starved subconscious.

"No!" He snapped, getting up just before those tips could touch. He stumbled enough to sway the suspension, a meaty hand grabbing one of the hanging rings for balance. The young man—young? He was the same age!—held up his hands placatingly, a soft, embarrassed smile replacing the overt tease.

"Hey, man, it's okay. I was just complimenting ya."

The bus slowed to a stop, and not too soon. He had to tear himself away, walking with a noticeable waddle as his erection ground against the front of his sweats. He knew there was a growing damp patch, but he needed to get off, thudding his way down the stairs and out onto the street—away from the living embodiment of homosexual temptation.

"Fuck... Fuckfuckfuck," he hissed once the bus was rolling away. He stomped his feet, only succeeding in crushing his flip-flops further. He reached up to brush through his hair, only to find that his fingers slid over primarily pristine scalp. A whine rattled through him, a deflating, desperate sound. Every step felt strange, like he was squeezed into a fat suit that propped his arms up and spread his legs wide. Though fat would have been the wrong word. Massive muscles bunched and coiled; what should have been over a decade of gymwork and monstrous meals bounded along with his steps.

No. This was his body, aware of every tingling nerve ending, every brush of those golden follicles against his too-tight clothes.

He was dimly aware of a thought in the back of his mind. The way his biceps ground against his pecs and lats... The way his thighs scraped together, throwing his junk forward between those rolling trunks...

It made him feel powerful.

Jared exhaled sharply, reluctantly looking down at himself. It was difficult to peer past his pecs, deliberately tilting forward to see his feet. Ogling at himself, new thoughts started forming, sprouting, and networking together as mental gears ground together.

Yeah, he was more powerful now. He was over twice his original size, a few inches added to his height that made the world seem subtly smaller than before. The weight behind every step promised power, projected authority, and whispered dominance. His beard split, showing off teeth in a cruel smile.

Yeah. He'd go to that parlor, find that dick who slapped him with his tramp stamp, and then give him a taste of his own medicine. Jared imagined how it would go down: bursting through the door, stepping past the front desk, and grabbing the other man by the front of his shirt. Yeah, he was strong enough for that now, just as big as the guy who gave him that itching, hairy, damned gay-ass tattoo.

His fist curled at his side, tendons rising over the back of furred palms. "Fuck yeah," he rumbled under his breath, catching sight of the fated parlor down the street. He'd lift Eddie up to his toes, pull him close, and then...

The thought of their lips crashing together seamlessly slid in front of his mind's eye. Tongues plunging together, lips locking as lush beards blended together. Jared's steps slowed, his boner growing rock hard, threatening to slip completely from his sweats.

"What? Fuck—no! I'm not..." He clutched his head, feeling the last vestiges of his hairline haloing around his skull. "I'm not gay! I'm not..." he begged in a voice that was too deep, too smoky, too old to be his own.

The thoughts of pounding Eddie's face in switched to something decidedly more carnal. Grabbing him by the front of his shirt, dragging him down until he was choking on his cock. Pounding? Fuck yeah, that's something he could do, pounding those pretty lips and having that beard tickle around his cock—

Fingers dug into his skull, Jared hunching as he screwed his eyes shut. He snarled, a mix between a whine and frustration. He shook his head as if to dislodge and throw off the thoughts, but they were too far buried. Even when he wasn't focusing on it, the thoughts, the desire for another man's body were still there.

"I gotta get this fucking thing off me," he mumbled pathetically, sliding a broad palm across his face, pulling on his nose, and stretching his lips. The worst part? He actually liked the way his beard felt, going so far as to brush fingers through the lush golden bush. It was so stupid. He hated body hair. Now all he wanted to do was stand on a public street and stroke it for a while.

Maybe something else, too, if he didn't stop his other hand from creeping down the crest of his belly.

He busted through the front door of the tattoo parlor, rage hot on his heels. He didn't expect heady smoke, nor the low ambient lighting. His footsteps made the floorboards creak as he stepped in, gobsmacked with the change of venue. He traced his path back in his mind. As haphazard as his trip had been, this was the place.

Right?

So why the hell did a tattoo parlor get replaced with a dive bar? A glance at the smattering of customers made his breath hitch.

A gay dive bar.

Meaty men lounged together, most of them wrapped in jet black leather. A few were at the bar, laughing, beer sloshing over the edge of a mug. Cigars were a common sight, adding to the ambient smoke that pervaded the room like fog. The way the lights streaked through the haze only heightened the surreal effect.

And it wasn't just drinking and smoking. Eyes drawn away from the bar, he spotted a pair of boots propped up on a cocktail table. On a plush leather sofa was a huge dude also clad in leather, a harness stretched over a hairy chest. Over his lap was a younger guy, moaning and kissing him passionately. Jared watched as their foreplay shifted into something a little more...personal.

They didn't even bother to get up and find privacy. And nobody else seemed to mind; if anything, they caught a few approving leers.

"Shit..." Jared hissed, turning numbly to try and leave—only to walk into the broad, barrel chest of another man.

"Well, well. I was wonderin' when you were gonna show up."

Eddie. The man clasped Jared's shoulders, moving him to a secluded corner of the bar. His rear pushed over the edge, his mind whirling with questions—all drowned out by the carnal need to do something to this man. The glint in his golden eyes was all the acknowledgment Jared got.

"Mmm..." He rumbled, tracing over Eddie's broad body, licking over his lips. He wore a simple harness and a pair of chaps that dipped into boots. A leather jock cupped his junk, allowing it to hang freely between his thighs. He hadn't been afforded a look behind, but Jared knew there was a huge, hairy ass jutting proudly out the back, too.

"What...the fuck...did you do to me?" The words were laborious, as if he had to fight for each one. Hormones surged through his body, his dick pulsing to the point where the head finally slipped from the edge of his sweats.

"What? I just gave you a tattoo. Isn't that what you wanted?" Eddie was leaning closer now, their blunt, broad noses only an inch from brushing. Jared openly moaned as the other man's hand clasped around his cock, giving it an agonizingly slow jerk from base to tip. His thumb brushed over his glans, smearing precum across it.

"And you're still not done," he muttered, the faint ghost of their lips brushing together. "You're holding out on me, kid." He stressed the word mockingly, his other hand tracing the curve of Jared's generous middle, giving it a little shake.

Jared tried to fight, to hold back the pressure that was mounting inside his core. He turned his head to the side, trying to avoid what was coming—but he couldn't. Not when Eddie's mouth chased his. Not when that callused paw palmed and stroked him.

It was like something finally snapped inside of him. One last struggling tow strap that stopped an entire avalanche.

Jared moaned, grabbing Eddie, pulling him tight. He kissed him hard, tongue pushing into his mouth. His sweats pulled tight, his cock expanding, widening under the other man's firm grip. His shoulders widened, his chest pushed out, pumping with every lungful of heady, smoke-and-musk-filled air. Jared growled in their kiss, his beard growing thicker, spreading from the trimmed confines of his blocky jawline. The lines etched across his face, drawing across his forehead as the last hairs vanished from his head.

The mix of midnight and golden blonde made him even harder, Eddie's pale skin sliding against the toasted bronze of whatever wasn't covered in fur. The two men exchanged mutual groans of pleasure, their bulky bodies crashing together in undulating waves. Jared's shoulders broadened, pulling the stitching from his sleeves. The sound of rubber snapping echoed below, but it did nothing to stop their tongue-tied tussle.

Sweats tore, snapping open as Jared simply grew too large. The hair that had already adorned his body grew thicker, follicles replicating and engorging. He looked like a werewolf on the verge of shifting, covered in more gold than tanned skin.

And that wasn't all. He was older now—much older. A glance from a bystander might have put him in his late 40s, maybe early 50s.

"Mmmyeah, that's it..." Eddie said breathlessly as their kiss broke. "Tell me what you want. What you need."

The itch deep in his ass had turned terminal. But that didn't stop Jared from grabbing that harness, using the newfound strength of his massive arm to lower Eddie to his knees. "Suck," he growled, his voice somehow deeper than before. It bordered on thunderous, accompanying heavy breathing like a distant storm.

Eddie dropped to his knees, spreading them as he leaned forward. The knowing smirk he wore only broke when he opened his mouth, lapping along the hooded head of Jared's oozing cock. Tilting his head, he brushed his rough beard back and forth across that cannon-like length, augmented by the final, unrestrained spurt pumping Jared up.

His clothes had been reduced to rags. Elastic be damned. Nothing from his pathetic wardrobe could contain him. He felt proud about that fact, his chest swelling—literally. A low, animalistic sound of pleasure churned out of his chest as callused fingers pulled his nipples, twisting and tugging before cupping the underside of those semi-soft globes.

Eddie began sucking in earnest, wrapping his lips around the end of that canon, swallowing it down as much as he could without completely unhinging his jaw. Their impromptu coupling had drawn a few eyes; other bearish patrons watched with open interest at their newest member. If he were still cognizant, Jared might have realized he was now the biggest man in the room.

But, he didn't need to know. His instincts told him as much, the testosterone-fueled blood furiously pumping through his veins, screaming.

He gripped the back of Eddie's head with both hands, forcing him all the way down to the hilt. His face practically vanished into that golden bush, forcing him to breathe in his musky aroma straight from the tap. Eddie choked and gagged, but to his credit, he dutifully held on, allowing his throat to stretch.

“Fuuuck yeah... Mmhh... That’s a good boy,” Jared huffed, licking his lips. The last vestiges of the college hotshot were gone. The little, mewling voice that tried to tell him that this was wrong had been sent packing.

Girls? Why the hell would he ever want to fuck those? They were tiny, mewling, weak. They would break under a man of his size. His huge palm rested over the crown of Eddie’s head, stroking over it almost adoringly.

Why did he ever think he needed ‘buxom’ babes in his life?

He leaned back, closing his eyes and inhaling the smoke. It filled him with nostalgia, memories flooding back. Decades of a raunchy life, living between bars and gyms, honing himself into the perfect fuck machine. His free paw stroked his belly openly, tracing the generous curve of the huge sphere packed under his pecs. Everything about him was huge—massive—and he was fucking proud of it.

Jared brought his arms up experimentally, eyes roving over them as he curled his fat fingers into powerful fists. His arms responded. Under the soft layer of bulk, muscle rose. Biceps practically exploded, peaking high as they crashed into his forearms. He let out a low, lustful huff as he bounced those limbs, snapping his forearms out only to bring them back in again.

Eddie, too, voiced his muffled approval from below, those caramel-colored eyes watching under heavy lids. The sound of slurping echoed through the bar. Eddie’s shoulders widened, huge hands gripping the bartop as he practically pistoned himself over Jared’s cock. The blonde bear watched as those pecs flexed, clenching as they brushed the insides of his thighs tantalizingly.

All the things he could do to this man—all the things this man could do to him.

The others were watching, conversations falling into a lull as hungry eyes lingered from the bar’s dark corners. Jared welcomed the attention. He put his elbows back on the bar, stretching out his enormous torso. His pecs jumped, twitching to his command, dancing to an unsung tune. The low lighting caught his golden hair, making it glow like a wheat field at dawn. He must have been something along the lines of 400 pounds, his enormity threatening to overflow from the puny barstool.

Down below, Eddie’s hands wandered. They slid over Jared’s mossy redwoods, tracing those trunks to the burgeoning ball of belly hanging above. The bigger man rumbled his approval, nodding slowly as those hands reverently cupped and stroked that solid mass.

Sliding his foot forward, his toes found the straining jockstrap between Eddie’s thighs. A low groan egged him on, confirming that what he was doing was right. Funny enough, he didn’t need the affirmation. Years—decades—of experience crowded the back of Jared’s sex-addled mind. Bits of himself were being replaced, memories supplanted and expanded upon. A life of sex, sweat, and building a body that would make any man weak to his knees.

Eddie pulled off his cock with a wet pop, licking the strings of saliva with a flit of his tongue. His blunt, broad nose slid along his belly, sending electric shivers up Jared’s spine. The first nip to his nipples made him lean back, exposing more of his utterly nude form to the rest of the drooling voyeurs in the room.

“Fuck yeah,” he breathed, his broad palm stroking over the back of Eddie’s smooth scalp. He felt worshiped, a powerful feeling that made the blood rush from one head down to the other. Eddie’s rough touch was appreciated. His fingers dented into Eddie’s pecs, skin turning a subtle pink under the layering of sandy fur. Jared moaned appreciatively, lips opening, parting his beard ever-so-slightly.

Still... That damned itch. His ass clenched, glutes rolling together with enough force to bounce him subtly over the creaking bar stool.

Eddie chuckled darkly as he pulled his lips from Jared’s abused chest. “You feel it, huh?” He didn’t need to elaborate; their gazes met like electric wires. It was a wonder it didn’t throw sparks across the room. He reached between those hairy thighs, fingers flitting under full balls to stroke the taint that stretched to Jared’s winking hole.

He was asking permission. Jared gave it to him—eagerly.

“That’s it...” Eddie cooed, pulling his fingers back just enough to swirl them in his mouth. The damp digits pushed underneath the bearish behemoth, stroking at his entrance. He teased him for a solid minute before finally slipping them in with surprising ease. The hungry hole swallowed him to the second digit, Eddie scissoring his fingers, stretching that plump entrance.

Raw, unfiltered euphoria blasted through Jared’s mind, his jaw hanging open as he let out half-baked, airy noises. He never felt anything like it in his life, his toes curling around the edge of the stool’s foot ring. Even Eddie’s mouth on his cock paled in comparison when those fingers finally bumped those buried bundles of nerves.

Jared roared, throwing his head back. The bar creaked dangerously, wood cracking under the strain of his powerful grip as he squeezed the edge for balance. Precum freely drooled from his hooded canon, dribbling down the length and matting into the curls of his hanging, swollen sack.

Eddie let out a noise of surprise as he was forced back and onto his feet. Jared’s huge body was like a landslide, slipping off the stool and onto his feet. He pushed the smaller man back to the corner of the room. The couple that was on the sofa watched with wide eyes as Jared spread-eagled over the cocktail table.

Might as well rename it to the cocktease table with how he covered the damn thing, his enormous limbs hanging freely. He hiked his knees, enough to show off his slicked entrance to Eddie. It wasn’t a hint. It was a demand, his azure gaze practically pulling the man in. He fell on top of him, wrapping Jared’s legs around his sides as they spent a moment frothing.

Their noses brushed together, blunt, once-broken bridges tracing together. It yielded to pure carnal hunger, lips meeting as tongues exchanged. Beards meshed together as their pecs clashed, rolling and fighting for dominance as muscle and fat warped. Faintly, Jared could hear the sound of a cap clicking—knowing what was coming next. Eddie swiped at his entrance, plunging a lubricated finger into him—before replacing it fully with his cock.

Good. He didn’t need to be babied. He had done this a thousand times before.

Eddie lifted his hips, swallowing down Eddie’s enormous endowment, practically hilding him. He squeezed the man for everything he was worth, practically milking him. The fruits of his labor delivered as a pitiful, muffled moan in his mouth, the blonde bear greedily swallowing it down.

Underneath him, the table creaked ominously, rocking in time with Eddie's thrusts. His stance spread wide, knees perched over the wooden edges as hips clapped against bulging ass.

At some point, Jared was dimly aware of something sliding against his face. Instinctually, he opened his mouth, finding a warm length of throbbing flesh slipping into it. He let his eyes roll closed, dipping his head back to straighten his throat. The rest of the bargoers had surrounded them by now, all of them huffing, stroking themselves or each other. A few of the braver ones had moved next to the table, cocks slapping into Jared's open, meaty palms.

That's fine. The more, the merrier.

His hirsute arms flexed, powerful limbs as thick as his old torso flexed as he jerked the other brawny bears, reveling in the spontaneous orgy. The smell was overwhelming. Whisky, smoke, sweat, and the distinct tang of cum hazing into the air.

The men at both ends eventually found their rhythm, clapping against lips and ass at the same time. Their hands reverently traced over Jared's torso, pulling nipples and groping over the field of raw brawn that made the rest of the meaty men around him look anemic. At one point, he heard Eddie kissing the man fucking his face. It only made him even harder, his cock going from steel to pure diamond.

Some cheeky bastard had wormed his way in between, wrapping his mouth around Jared's cock. The warm throat was nearly enough to send him over the edge, even as he jerked two and swallowed one. Again, decades of experience kept him steady, holding him back just long enough...

The bear to his left moaned, his thrusts going jerky as he came, Jared squeezing him for every last drop. Then the one on the right, then down his throat. He swallowed the spunk, growling around that cock as he sealed his lips around the base.

Jared arched his back, lifting his ass to crack it against Eddie's hips, savoring the feeling of his belly wobbling against his hamstrings. He let slip the cock from his mouth, not even bothering to clear the cum-spattered mess from his bushy beard. "C'mon..." he snarled, lifting onto his elbows just enough to watch the black bear halting and jerking. "Cum in me," he commanded, his voice a thunderous growl that made the others around him involuntarily whimper.

Eddie's lids fluttered, his breath hitching as he slapped his hips to Jared's ass one last time. His balls flexed, pulling up as hot spunk spilled into the bigger man's depths. The blonde bear's eyes rolled shut as he dropped back onto the table, its legs cracking in wooden agony. The guy between them must have loved the crash of their bellies together, his skull practically squeezed like a grape as it was engulfed. It didn't stop him from swallowing Jared greedily, choking down everything he had to give—and then some. He could feel the backsplash over his lower stomach, the slow trickle down his crotch.

Immense satisfaction flooded through Jared as he sprawled over the table, taking in the heavy breathing of the spent males around him. He licked his lips, tasting that salty tang, a familiar yet strangely new sensation.

He hummed under his breath, like the idle of an industrial engine. Maybe he could get used to this after all.

Maybe he already had long ago.

“So, just the one today?”

The man in the chair fidgeted nervously. He had a habit of pushing too-big glasses up his slender nose. Probably a pair his momma picked out, thinking it looked “cute.”

“Y-Yeah,” he said, voice cracking in a nervous laugh. “I really probably, uh, shouldn’t be getting it to begin with.”

The hulking man hovering around him was covered in tattoos, with tasteful dark sleeves trailing down his huge arms. If one squinted past obscuring body hair, they could spot a rather ursine theme. Bloated biceps bunched as he fiddled with the tattoo gun, prepping it for the work ahead.

“Any reason why you decided to pop that cherry?”

The way he asked the question, the sultry rumble to his bass made the younger man blush. It was cute the way he fidgeted in his chair, avoiding the gaze of the massive man over twice his age. This one wouldn’t have a problem with the final image. Not at all.

“W-Well, my friends all have one, and I thought I could get one too,” he explained a little too hurriedly, practically tripping over his words. He liked to talk with his hands, waving them around before lacing fingers. It would look even cuter with another hundred pounds of bulk on him.

“I thought,” he continued, gulping nervously, “that it might, um, make me look...”

“Yeah?” the blonde bear egged, a dark glint in azure eyes.

“It might, uh, make me look older? It’s stupid, but...”

“Doesn’t sound all that stupid to me,” he replied, a sly smirk parting the tasteful blonde bush hugging the lower half of his face. “Makes perfect sense.”

“R-Really?” He was outright blushing now, his green eyes wide behind those dinner-plate lenses. It took every effort for the big man to keep from leaning over and capturing his lips in a kiss right then and there.

“I went through the same thing when I was your age,” he said, his voice hinting as he swabbed over the other man’s shoulder, allowing dense digits to linger a little longer than considered ‘friendly.’ This time, he didn’t have to imagine the sensual shiver sliding through him.

“W-Wow, well... Okay then!” he exclaimed brightly. “I’m—I’m ready!”

Jared’s grin widened as he kicked on the needle, the fateful buzz filling the parlor.

“I’m sure you are.”