

He planted the board deep into the ground, like it was a shovel and he was getting ready to start upturning a large amount of the beach's sand. All he needed, however, was to anchor the item at an area where it was both deep enough so that high tide would not wash it away and where ground would meet water enough that the land and sea's ambient energy would intermingle with the board as a temporary part of the environment. From the looks of it, not only had he managed that, he had found a part of the beach secluded enough that the planned events would occur in such a way that there would be few, if any, witnesses other than himself. Yes, this was going to turn out just fine... The man pulled his shadow back around himself to prevent it from drooping into the ocean and being swept away as he felt water pull up around his ankles, the start of the ocean's nightly swelling catching him by surprise. Things were already falling into place, and he did not want to waste any time chasing after a part of himself again and miss the fun. Disappearing out into the night, he set his bait for the morning, heading off to get a good night's sleep, wake up in two hours, and return to the beach to watch.

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Wolfy shook his head as he descended onto the beach. It just was not fair at all for them to have done this to him... The dark haired college junior shielded his eyes from the sun as the clouds overhead parted and allowed it to shine down on his pale skin, his bangs not doing a thing to stop it from blinding him. Augh... it was way too bright for nine in the morning. Why was he not still in bed like he was supposed to be?

Oh, right. His parents had shaken him until he was awake about thirty minutes ago and told him that they were worried that he was sleeping away his summer. He sniffled a little in disgust. So what? You could do anything you want when you were on break from school. If he wanted to stay up all night gaming and watching anime, that was his prerogative. Still, what they said went... so, Wolfy had quickly thrown on a pair of green cargo pants, some cheap blue sandals, and a white wifebeater before sulking his way out the door.

Finding himself almost entirely alone, with only a few people on the beach at the moment, the boy sunk to the ground in the warmest patch of sand he could find and ended up slumping onto his back. He groaned softly to himself. Four hours... four whole hours until he could come back inside. What was he going to do? Maybe just... sleep here until then? That would be booooooooooring, though. There had to be something to do other than just kicking his feet in the dirt until time ran out... Even though he lived right off the beach, he had never fully explored it. Maybe he could try and pull that feat off? Wolfy got up off his butt and dusted the sand off his back. It was as good a plan as any, he supposed.

After several minutes of walking, Wolfy came to a more secluded part of the beach. He blinked in confusion as he saw a wooden, flat piece of sun-bleached driftwood stuck up in the wet sand. Walking closer, he realized that it was a surfboard! That was odd... who would just leave this out here? "Hello? Anyone around here lose a board?" Nobody answered him, but still... it was likely that it had just been left here. There was a lost and found near the beach's parking lot that he could bring this to and then get back to exploring... He reached and grabbed tight to the board's surface with one hand as he prepped himself to pull it out of the silt.

Almost immediately something felt wrong. He stared at the board with fear as the arm connected with it went completely numb. Any attempt to pull away from it was like trying to pull out of a whirlpool. No matter how hard he jammed his feet into the earth and pulled, he was stuck there, water splashing against his ankles as the sun shone brightly overhead down on him. He had slathered himself in sunscreen before coming out, but that was going to eventually wear off... and he was going to get a nasty sunburn when it did. What was on this, some sort of adhesive, or...

His eyes widened as he noticed a blemish around his fingernails. A... growing blemish. A slightly pulsating growing tan that was slowly creeping down his skin and spreading to his other fingers. Wolfy yelled out for help, but nobody heard him. He tried to pull out his phone from his cargo jeans, but some kind of invisible force smacked his pocket as he reached for it and shattered it into pieces as he put his hand in to draw it out. Maybe he was hallucinating? It felt like a very real

hallucination as his hand slowly changed from its pale coloration to a deep reddish-brown and started to grow out, slowly extending further over the board where it touched as the coloration spread up onto his arm. It was not a sunburn... sunburns gave you pain, not the sense of your muscles expanding while they crept over your biceps, the curvature of each part of his arm expanding and swelling as new corded strength flowed through it. Soon enough Wolfy's left arm looked like it belonged to someone else... someone more toned and loved the outdoors more than Wolfy did. It was so disproportionate to his other arm and the rest of his body, almost like it was grafted onto him... thinking through it scared him to death. If the board was going to change his arm like this... was it going to transform the rest of him to match? He yelled again for help, knowing deep down that no one was coming to save him, and started to pull away from the board again, eyes widened in terror.

By the time the tan had started to spread out over his shoulder, Wolfy was throwing everything he could into ripping away from the board. He almost felt like he was about to dislocate that big arm he had now, but he could barely bring himself to care. When Wolfy tumbled back into the sand as the board flashed once and released his arm, joy spread through him. Maybe he still had a horrible Beach Bum Frankenstein thing going on with his arm, but he had separated himself from the toxic surfboard. Now he could just burn the thing down to the ground, leave the scene without having to worry about anyone else getting affected, and drive himself to the hospital. Maybe make up a story to the doctors involving radiation burns so he could actually get covered this time, because... well technically this was coming from the sun, right? It surely was no hallucination, that theory was fully out. The board had somehow sped up the rate in which his skin tanned, spreading up from where he touched it, and... well, he could not explain what had happened to his arm to make it fill out with musculature to the point where it looked like he had been exercising in the pool for the past few weeks. It was a dumb theory, but it was the closest he could come to making sense to himself.

As he lifted himself up and stretched out, something kinked in his back. Wolfy rolled his shoulder muscles to try and get rid of the pain and felt something within them shift, becoming bigger and pressing tighter against his shirt. The sensation passed swiftly down and back and over his sides, hardening his body wherever it went like an overhead shower rushing down his spine and across his ribs. A warm one, at that, like waters churned lukewarm within comfortable heat. Looking down his shirt, Wolfy confirmed the fears that were growing in his head even as the feeling of growth pushed down the top of his right arm... the tan was still spreading over himself. Whatever the board had done to him, it was no longer necessary to keep holding onto it. Whatever poison... whatever strange effect had caused his arm to change to a more suitable shape for the board was now working itself in him independent of everything. If there was a way to stop it, he had no clue what it was.

Spreading in almost every direction, the reddening skin pushed up his neck and down his chest, causing him almost to feel like he had choked down a nice bit of sushi on seaweed, his vocal cords strained and pinched and changed so that his words would come out slower, and with a bit of a drawl. His chest sculpted and swelled itself like an invisible architect was rebuilding it, reworking the softer, undefined muscle there to become heavier and thicker. The changes focused little on pure bulk, instead looking to shape Wolfy's pecs to become practical things, his shoulders spreading out as they sought to better put new strength to use along with his chest. His stomach pushed itself out into individual abs that still stuck flat to his body. Wolfy was gaining a nice tone to it, but he was still left sleek, fat replaced with muscle and not used to swell himself out. For the person he was becoming, staying afloat and being able to propel himself through the water was more important than being buff.

If width was not changing that much, length was. Wolfy could only bring himself to stare at his right arm as the process repeated there, now able to notice how his arm stretched out as the bicep pushed out and stayed bulging no matter how he moved it in front of his eyes, twiddling the fingers and staring dumbstruck as his hand grew massive compared to how it used to be. The etching of a light blue tattoo across his upper right bicep, a slowly cresting and sinking dune above a single line, and the elongation of his legs passed him by entirely. It started after his legs first were covered in their new

coloration, a patch of wiry hair beginning to push out from beneath his boxers and spread out over the middle of his waist, heading up to his abs. They were also preceded by the hardening of his thighs, the leg muscles becoming powerful to allow him to chase after waves, frisbees, volleyballs... anything he would soon ever want to run after. His feet pushed through his crappy sandals, ripping them apart as they grew wider to better support his growing body as his height began to increase, his legs combining with the slight growth of his spine to give him a more matured body in stature and size. His body pressed and stretched his clothing, making it look like he was wearing the outfit of a man three years younger than himself. Something in his mind told him that he was.

Something in his mind also told him to stop worrying about everything and to just hold still. His body agreed, his arm flopping back to join the other complete limb at his sides as his head slowly gravitated away from looking down to stare off into the distance. His chin tickling with stubble growing in as the tan spread over his face, Wolfy's eyes turned a deep blue, ringed ripples coming from the center of his eyes as if they were puddles and something was being dripped deep into them. Whatever spoke to him in his mind told him that it was going to make him feel good. He wanted to feel good, of course. And he did. Wolfy moaned loudly as his crotch bulged at the acknowledgment, a red speedo forming out of his boxers to contain his growing package as his cargo pants fell down to his ankles and his wifebeater strained itself to cover growing pecs and abs, ripping where it could no longer do so. The voice told him that the changes he were experiencing were good, and that he wanted them to finish up. As he agreed, his body agreed with him, his hair rapidly and radically lightening around the tips, a deep blonde spreading up to drown the black underneath it. His banged hair reworked itself in places, shortening and tightening up until it started to point upwards near his forehead, as if frosted. Wolfy listened intently for the voice as the changes finished, making him look as if his black hair had highlights in it, and the voice spoke back to him, telling him to just chill and let its words flow in. No use forcing it, after all. You just had to ride it... The voice sounded a lot like Wolfy's own, actually, just mellowed out. He envied it, and his voice picked up on that envy. There were so many things harshing him... all this crap about being kicked out of the house and having to stay outdoors... He had an opportunity to hang out on the beach now! One that he could exploit to the fullest. Why go home after the next four hours? Why sulk when he could just enjoy a nice summer day? Wolfy and the voice wondered at the same time if it was because he was so attached to what he had that he was missing what he was being given. His body almost ready, he started to ask himself what a dude old enough to be in graduate school to do to fix his life. The answer that came from the both of them at the same time, that came as his hair lightened further and further, the black being devoured and pulled under the undertow of blonde that moved his hair into a frosted look, that brought with it out of thin air a single black stud in his ear and the tying of a seashell necklace on his neck, was so simple it was almost Zen: Forget it. Stop thinking. Forget what he did not need. Have as much sex as he wanted. Work his body until it was absolutely perfect, catching some sun as he pumped and sweated and swam. Show-off to whoever wanted to see him work out and play sports and surf. That last thing stuck. Above all else, just surf.

He stared out with deep crystal blue eyes, a heavier package resting in his banana hammock, and an open moaning mouth as the message sunk in, repeated over and over again by his other voice as his old one told him to get stupid... get dumb... what he knew was holding him back from what he wanted. Wolfy could almost feel his mind shrinking as he willed it to happen as hard as he could, what he had learned over the previous years in school getting slowly thrown out, replaced by skills and knowledge that he would need to have the fun he yearned for. Sure, maybe he was becoming a total idiot in the eyes of everyone he knew... maybe he was forgetting years of schooling, forgetting some memories and having them replaced with new ones of spending his days wiled away in the sun, forgetting how to use his computer... but he was getting wiser. That made up for it, didn't it? Of course it did.

The surfer blinked as he came to, his head feeling somewhat hazy and cotton-headed as if he

had just concu... smacked the hell out of it trying to ride a big wave. This was overwhelming, though, by just how *free* he felt. His job could wait... there was a surfboard just here, sticking out of the sand! Why was he not putting it to good use? It was out of the sand in seconds, as if wanting to be used by him, as he grabbed it, turned to the ocean, and ran into it, wading in quickly until he was able to jump on his board and paddle out. There was a big swell on the horizon. It was time to ride it.