

The Intern and the Hotshot

Mark had just joined the company as an intern through the local university. As a small sheep, he had trouble pitching himself as an efficient worker and was denied almost all the placements. Except this one. It was unpaid, of course, and entailed being a grunt who served coffee and filed papers. It was menial work that left him no time to even sit down and rest, all for a stupid college credit for a program he didn't even want to be in. No, he couldn't have taken Liberal Arts because he wouldn't make money. Well screw his parents for bankrolling what was now a one-way ticket to hell. But the worst part? There was a kid his age who was already miles ahead of him. Michael was his name. A stocky, athletic lion from a distinguished family. He had gotten the job through family connections around a year back. And he didn't do any of the work and mostly found time to slack off and distract the others. Just goofing off on the company payroll. And Mark was furious about it.

So, when he heard about the ability to curse items? Mark went head over heels. He started doing deep research into the nature of curses. How did they work? What did he have to do? What sort of curse could he use to take his position? He eventually stumbled onto the karmic curse: a style of curse that would allow for one to usurp the position of another. A sort of body swap and mental swap that would make said person become the character he saw in the other person. Mark began heavy research into Michael, following him and watching his every move to build a picture of what he wanted out of his life. He bought the talismans in which to attach the curse: a cheap, tacky tie for Michael, and a pair of underwear for him. The curse ceremony itself was simple: just a small salt and candle sigil and a visualization of what Mark wanted and what his life entailed. He could feel the energy flowing from his mind out of his body. How all of that negative energy just seeped out of his pores and took him to ecstasy. Then it stopped. The candles went out. Mark turned on the lights and put on the underwear. He'd sleep soundly that night.

The next morning, Mark arrived early to work. He happily did his job as he handed out the morning letters to the respective cubicles, brewed the coffee, swept the floors. He was going to leave in a few days anyways. He said good morning to all the staff, to various degrees of weird stares and glances. Michael came in last, just barely making it on the 9:00 deadline of work. "Hello, Michael. How are you?" Mark said. Michael ignored him in the heat and sprinted to his desk. Mark followed.

"I said, how are you, Michael?" Mark gritted through his teeth.

"Oh, I'm doing fine."

"Well, I thought since I forgot your birthday, I'd get you a gift!"

"My birthday? It isn't for anot-" Just as Michael said those words, Mark pulled the tie out and Michael blanked.

"Wear the tie, Michael." He untied his own tie and threw it in the trash, grabbing the tie and slowly and emptily looping it around his neck. As soon as he finished, Mark slowly leaned in, *"I think you look good with that tie on."*

“R-really, sir?” Michael blushed, his cock hardening.

“Oh yes, you do. You’ll *never* take it off, will you, *slave*?”

“Yes, Master...” As soon as Michael finished his sentence, another co-worker walked in and Michael came to.

“Oh, I’m sorry to disturb you Michael. Have a nice day!” Mark exited.

“Y-you too, thanks for the tie!” Michael automatically responded, feeling the words slip off his tongue awkwardly. He blushed for a moment, embarrassed. He began to fixate on the tie for a moment: it was a dirty yellow, looking stained and worn from years of use. It smelled of cheap, industrial-grade detergent and felt like plastic. But something about this tie...

Work was odd today. Michael felt...off. It wasn’t a bad day by any means, in fact he was able to get more work done than usual. But he felt like he was out of his element. Almost like he didn’t realize how high he had climbed in such a short notice. He felt humbled by just how high he had gotten, and it kinda overwhelmed him. A lot of his co-workers gave him some reassurance and talked to him that he had accomplished a lot at the company, and he felt genuinely touched that they would go out of their way to help him. He promised himself that he would do something nice for them tomorrow.

Meanwhile, he had a date he had arranged a few weeks back with a friend of his, a cheetah from a fairly well respected family (his father refused to let him date outside of the top echelon of society). He was going to change but felt himself blank out for a moment before realizing he was late. He rushed out to the last bus and got to the restaurant 10 minutes late, heaving and sweating through his work clothes. He saw his date gleaming over under the corner and flagged her down. As she looked over, her expression turned from genuine joy to slightly irritable and annoyed. Michael apologized immediately and tried to muster up an excuse, “I don’t know what happened, I-”

“No need. Sit down,” she cut him off. Michael tried to sit but missed the bar and fell onto the floor. She laughed and he blushed, picking himself off the ground and onto the chair. He tried to play it cool but he could feel a semi in his pants and that made him blush harder. He tried to keep the sweat stains from showing, only causing him to sweat more and make him feel awkward. The waiter came over and introduced herself. “What will you two be having this evening?”

“I will h-”

“We’ll both have salads, then a steak.” Again, she interrupted. He felt the need to correct her, to say what he wanted, but he felt his brain slow to a fog trying to string the words together. Like he had just drunk 10 beers. As he snapped back into focus, the waiter was gone and he decided against changing orders, knowing the trouble it would cause at this point.

“Are you okay?” she asked.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Just a little tired,” he yawned. *Yeah, I’m a little beat. I haven’t been getting good sleep...*

The meals came in and they ate and talked. She took control of the conversation multiple times, interjecting whenever he would try to change the conversation. He got disinterested in the middle and just focused on his food. As he were to pay for food, she stopped him and threw down a wad of cash and left the restaurant without saying a word. Meanwhile, he was waiting to pack the leftovers for tonight.

As he returned home, he felt his semi push out into a raging hard on. He collapsed on the couch and unzipped his pants for a quick JO session. As he felt his cock in his paw, something was off. *Wasn’t I bigger than this?* He pulled out a ruler from the bathroom and measured. 6 inches. *I swear I was at least 8...* Nonetheless, that faded into the background once he started jacking off to some porn he put on, letting it loop as he pushed himself as hard as he could for that orgasm. Yet it didn’t come. Sure, he edged for an hour, moaning and roaring through it all. But by the time he finished his dick was raw and he was sweating from the exhaustion, with nothing to show for it. He just gave up and went to bed, collapsing without even taking his clothes off.

He had a dream that night. He was small, towered over by all the bulky men, their suits straining against their bodies. He had no choice but to fall of his knees and pleasure them, one by one. Rubbing their soles and their heels through filthy socks as he moaned and whined in pleasure. When he came to, he had a solid hard on and was dribbling pre. Instinctively, he let his hand grab some and took a small lick. He never realized how sweet it was. Then he realized the time and simply rushed out of the door to catch the final express bus, just barely making it. Then the notion of what he was going to do today hit him and he was conflicted. He knew he needed to do something nice, but he didn’t have the time. Then, he realized how hungry he was. He hadn’t eaten much since last night.

Then something happened. It was like an idea popped into his head and spread like a virus. *Get some coffee for the co-workers.* Initially, he remembered that the interns get the coffee, but the more he thought about it, the more *he* should get it. Give it out to his co-workers, even to his superior.... Next thing he knew he was in line at the local coffee shop and getting 10 orders of coffee and grabbing breakfast for himself. Balancing all of it in his forearms and mouth as he hobbled through the lobby and into the elevator. He got shoved into the back and waited as everyone filed off before he could just barely slip through the door, tripping and losing his breakfast onto the floor. He put the coffee on the ground and reached down to grab it, but someone tapped him on the shoulder. “Ye-”

“Hello again, Michael,” Mark slyly exclaimed.

“H-hello...” Michael stammered, looking more and more hazed out by the second.

Mark looked at the egg wrap on the floor and picked it up, “You shouldn’t be eating this...”

“R-really, s-sir?”

Mark smiled, “Pathetic little doormats like you should be weak and wimpy, don’t you agree?”

Michael could feel his body slouching forward and his demeanor becoming more anxious, “I-I’m s-sorry, Mas-ster.”

Mark looked at the egg wrap for a moment, a little dazed himself before wiping it off and taking a bite of it, “Good slave. Then I hope you-mmm-understand that-crunch-being a pitiful, obedient slave-unhhh-is your only goal...” Michael began to tent in his pants once more, even harder than last time. “Now, go fetch me a mug for my coffee.”

“YES, SIR,” Michael obeyed as he scurried off to the office kitchen. Mark finished off the egg wrap and chuckled slightly watching him crash into the glass door, spilling his coffee all over himself. Mark hoped that it would work, but he never imagined it worked *this* well. All night, he felt overly confident and smug and he now knew that he could get away with anything today, so he sat back at the office desk and started playing some video games on the work desktop. Michael came back with the coffee and Mark snapped him back into focus and shooed him away, watching his gait get shifty and his body shake like he’s been out in the rain.

At the end of the day, performance reports came out. The boss called in all the workers one at a time for a clear assessment and assigning them to voluntary groups for the yearly improvement presentation, in which they would pitch any new ideas they had to create a more efficient workforce. It was a tradition at the office, and those who did best had the chance to be put on the fast track to promotion (there were even some who ended up in high-level corporate).

Michael was nervous. He knew that he did well and that he put in the work. But he was shaking and sweating at what the boss was going to say. He knew he shouldn’t be this nervous, everything was going to be fine. But the more he repeated it, the less he believed it. As his name was called, he nervously shuffled into the room, trying to cover up the coffee stain. He felt so self-conscious that he almost walked into the lady’s bathroom. Once he entered his office, the boss looked up from his papers and blanked as he stared at the tie. His demeanor became stricter as he started standing straighter and dusted himself off. “Sit,” he firmly ordered, extending his hand to the overly small chair. Michael was so nervous that he didn’t even catch the offer.

“Sit!” the boss commanded in a menacing tone. Michael snapped into reality and planted himself firmly in the chair before he even processed what happened. The chair itself was too small and placed him below eye level.

“It’s Michael, isn’t it...” Boss trailed off. *Didn’t he know my name?*

“Yes, sir.”

“Michael, we think you can do better. Your performance report shows you’ve been...lagging behind and given your age we think that you’ve been promoted too quickly...”

Michael's heart sank like a stone. He'd been working so hard this quarter. How did this happen? He tried to mutter out an excuse, but the words died on his tongue. Worst of all, he could feel his cock hardening in his pants. He shifted around awkwardly in the chair to try and hide it, but it only made him harder as he stifled all of his moans unsuccessfully. "Well, we decided to give you one last chance at this quarterly review. That's *if* you perform well, and we all highly doubt it..." His cock shot up in his pants at that statement and Michael moaned in pleasure. His Boss stepped back in awkwardness and Michael, realizing what happened, ran out of there and dashed to the bathroom, tripping and stumbling in front of everyone. Once he got the lock on the bathroom, he closed the door and hid in the stall for a moment. He sat down and pulled his pants off to see his raging hard on. *Goddamnit, WHY NOW?!* He started stroking in the barest of hopes that he'll be able to cum, but instead he just got flashbacks to the scenes that happened only moments earlier. How embarrassed he was. How humiliating the experience was. How weak and pathetic he is. And he only got harder. It's like his mind fixated on all of these things. Looping them over and over for masochistic pleasure. Like he actually *enjoyed* it. His boner shot up and pre began to leave from the tip. Suddenly the urge hit him and he began to lap up his own pre falling onto the floor. He shook both in nervousness and in heat. He wanted release. He really wanted release. But he knew he wasn't gonna get it.

Mark witnessed the entire incident and almost felt bad for him. Almost. Then he realized he was still a spoiled brat who got ahead of him and he simply laughed it off. Everything was going perfectly and nothing could stop him. Before anyone even called his name up, Mark barged into the office without so much as a knock. "HEY WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?" the boss threatened. Michael stripped his pants off and the boss picked up the office phone to call security just before going blank for a moment, his tough demeanor melting like putty. His posture became just as slouched as Michael's, he blushed and shifted papers. "S-sit, Mark..." he asked.

"I think I'll take that seat," Mark asked, pointing to his seat. The boss emptily smiled and left the chair, pulling it out and kneeling in front of it. Mark smiled and planted himself on the seat, "I think I deserve to be promoted, don't you?"

"W-well..."

"Well what?" Mark tried to stare down at the boss but his stomach seemed to be getting in the way. He leaned over as the boss tried to pull out the words but failed until Mark ordered him to.

"No one on the board will agree to it."

"Then give me an opportunity to prove myself. I think I'll do well..."

The boss tried to think of the repercussions, but Mark pulled the boss by his tie, into his bulge and his mind blanked once again, going even deeper than last time.

"So, is that a yes?" The boss obediently nodded and signed off to it. "Alright then. I'll be off to lunch."

“But lunch was 2 hours ag-” Mark pushed him into his bulge one last time to snag his wallet and left him drooling on the floor as he walked out of the office. *I think I’ll have Italian.*

Michael knew he had to focus on this project if it was the last thing he was going to do. He was paired up with the weakest of the team who all disappeared as soon as the teams were announced, and he decided to use his vacation days to hunker down and get this project done. Michael locked himself in and put in day and night shifts just racking his brain for the best solutions. Writing them all down and making the most elaborate presentation he could. In this time, he barely ate or slept and could feel the exhaustion wearing him down. Then he would realize that this was his only chance to hold onto the job and double down. By the end of the week, he was exhausted enough to where he could barely move out of his chair. The presentation was finished and all he had to do was send it in and present tomorrow. He emailed it off to his partners and collapsed on the table.

The next day, he felt ill. Deathly ill. To the point where he was in high fever having lucid dreams and passing out. Seeing older men drag him around in his tie. Bending over to let real men have him their way. Serving and giving everything only to be barely acknowledged. He struggled to stay conscious and most of the day went by in a hazy blur.

By the next morning, he woke up weak and frail but recovered. But something felt...off. As he stood up, he realized that he had lost a considerable amount of weight and he was shorter than he remembered. He went into the bathroom and pulled out the scale. 155 lbs. *Wasn’t I at least 200?* Then his boner came back and he thought about getting thinner. How good he’d look as a stick among big, brawny men.... *What?* He was straight...right? At least, that’s how it was supposed to be. Michael then felt a headache split his head in two and tried to reach for the medicine at the top of the cabinet, but even on his tippy-toes he couldn’t get past the middle. He had to climb onto the counter and popped a few pills before sleepwalking into his closet. All of his clothes fit like tents now so he made a note to get some new clothes and rushed out to catch the train. As he missed his line, he saw how tall and strong everyone was. They all towered above him, and he felt weaker and smaller than before. Which only made him harder. *God, I’m so weak. Mnfff~*

He grabbed the coffee for everyone and went into the office. Everyone was staring at him as he walked by and passed out the coffee, which made him cower and worry for what was going to happen next. The office secretary told him to wait outside the boss’ office and Michael panicked. *Oh God, what happened?!* He waited on the chair, slouching and worrying when his dick began to leak pre. His mind told him not to pay attention to it, but his body automatically began to put his hands under his pants to taste some, when immediately the Boss caught him as he walked back into the office. Michael blushed and tried to hide it, but his boner got even harder as he was roped into the office. The boss looked larger than yesterday, his muscles thick around the suit. “M-may I sit, s-sir?” Michael begged. The boss simply pointed to a spot on the floor beside his chair and Michael scrambled onto his knees in position, tripping and crawling on all fours.

“I gave you a chance, didn’t I?” the boss berated.

Michael felt a full hard-on get even harder, “Y-yes...”

“And what do you do with that chance?”

He tried to talk about the work he did, all of the time he spent. But as soon as he looked at the boss’ face, his voice stopped and his body shook from head to toe.

“ANSWER ME!” the boss snapped and Michael apologized profusely, covering his head and begging for forgiveness.

He then snapped back and was about to tell him about the work before the boss cut him off, “I heard about what happened when Mira told me. You didn’t even show up!”

Michael tried to explain, “B-bu-u-ut, s-si-i-”

“No excuses!” Michael apologized immediately. “The board has decided to demote you to intern and gave you two strikes. You’ll be working under my direct supervision. One more and you’ll be terminated. Is that clear?”

“Y-yes, sir...” Michael hit a low point, even as his cock was at its highest. He wanted to scream and shout and tell him the truth, but it was too late. Nothing could save him now.

“Now,” the boss smirked sinisterly, “for your first task...” He pulled Michael’s tie to get his face aligned with the bulge. Michael blushed and moaned as he fished out the cock and let the soft penis rest in his mouth. With a slight wince, Michael felt a warm stream of piss enter his mouth and he revolted. But his body forced him to swallow every drop and he felt his hand move down to stroke himself off.

“Get your hand off your cock, intern,” the boss growled, “You won’t cum on my hours.”

Mark knew something was wrong. It started the day after the project was announced. He got up and realized he weighed double what he weighs and most of it in fat. He barely even gained an inch in height and he could feel the toll it was taking on his body. He had to take the elevator rather than the stairs, and felt winded walking to the bus stop. An idea to get a car popped into his head and within minutes, he was at a dealer getting a new sports car. Top of the line, not even out yet within the market. \$90,000. *Thank you, Boss.* All of it was paid and he arrived at work an hour late. Then he realized the hunger. He was barely even peckish and it felt like he was starved his whole life. His body automatically ordered and inhaled 6 XL pizzas at the local Italian place. At work, he couldn’t even put in the focus to do his tasks, with everyone around him stumbling over themselves to do the work for him. Yet something within him told him he deserved it. For all that hard work he did for the company, why shouldn’t he get to relax this once?

Except it wasn’t just once. It happened again. And again. And again. Eventually, he just stopped showing up for work altogether. Not like it mattered to him. The curse would be doing everything for him. He moved into a larger apartment to accommodate his growing size. Got a

greying lion butler that he began to fall for (he could feel his taste in men shifting towards older lions, but the reason he just couldn't place). And ate. Ate a lot. Ate himself to a solid 400 lbs. He didn't even notice how much money slipped through his fingertips. Hundreds. Then thousands. Then hundreds of thousands. All within the span of a week.

The project due date came and went. They presented without him and Mark began to panic. He came in the next day a whale, dressed solely in a bathrobe because that was all that fit him. He had to waddle through the front door and his gait was that of a penguin, having to heave his weight from one foot to the other. Everyone almost stared at him before he would look their way, as they snapped their heads back to work pretending that they saw nothing, trying their very best to act normal. Mark was sweating through his fleece as he crashed in through the boss' office and dropped to his underwear. The boss simply lost it and dropped to all fours as Mark scrambled through the office computer to find his performance report. Switching the comments with his partner as the boss frantically lapped at his fluffy balls. Rushing out of there without even getting the robe on the floor. Mark could tell he was hyperventilating, but over what he didn't know. He just knew he had to keep that job...

The next morning, an invitation came into the mail. The butler dressed scantily in a bowtie and dress shoes, his mane shaved down to the fur and his cocked locked away, kneeled as he handed the letter to Mark, now enjoying his 3rd breakfast of the day. Mark took his butter knife and sliced open the envelope and read that he was invited to a company party upstate. His heart sank. Why, he didn't know. This was his dream, right? But what if he was found out? What if this whole thing fell apart? He felt impostor's syndrome weigh on him, and that only made his appetite more ravenous, his mind emptier and hornier. He dropped the fork and knife and began to take the food into his hooves and shove it down his maw. Feeling his gullet stretch made him eat more. And more. And more.

The night after the performance reports, Michael went on a long and depressing drinking binge. Hopping bar to bar and just gorging himself on the worst beers imaginable. Everything was going wrong. Just horribly wrong. He desperately wanted to tell the Boss to screw himself and that he was done after all the hard work. But even with liquid courage, it wasn't enough for him to not just stammer a few words down the receiver before apologizing at the Boss' tough tone and hanging up. Then it was another lager. Some craft beer. Vodka and shots. Soon, he could barely walk and was on the verge of a blackout. But Michael didn't care. Not one bit.

The next morning, Michael felt heavily hungover. His head was ringing and his throat felt burnt. He struggled to even sit up. As more and more cognition returned to him, things began to get even worse. It started with how small he was. He fit fairly comfortably sleeping on a bench that was a good foot larger than him. Or was it? Then he noticed the stench. It smelled of garbage and years of sweat. Took him a few moments to realize it was coming from him, and then a few more to realize it was his clothes. Then he realized these weren't even his clothes, outside of the yellow tie that still hung around his neck. Panic set in. He felt around for his wallet, his phone. Nothing. *Shit!* Everything was gone. He rushed back to his apartment to try

and get in. He tried to talk to the building manager, but they called him a bum and threatened to throw him out onto the street. He ran out and hid behind a dumpster in an alleyway a block north. He felt embarrassed, and once again his cock strained in his pants. But something was wrong. He fished out his cock and screamed. It was barely three inches. He could feel the pre leak onto his hands and on the concrete and he felt the need to drop to his knees and lap it up like the slave he was. His mind went out the window as Michael spent an hour on his knees and horny.

As more and more of the day went by, Michael recalled more and more of what happened that night. He could recall stumbling around the park. A homeless man. How he got on his knees. And lots and lots of orgasms on the other man's part. Michael remembered all of this as he felt his arousal hit a new peak. He moaned and begged as his mind began to rationalize it all. All of his old memories fading into the background more and more as he realized that this was his life now. He was nothing more than this now or ever. *I must serve. I'm good for nothing else.* He felt his body shiver at climax, and his hand instinctively let go as he began to hump the air. What he would do to have a thick cock to ride against. Closing his eyes and imagining a big man coming over to hold him down and shove himself inside. Michael begging for more as his body stretches to its limits. He wanted it. He craved it. He needed it. And for the first time in what felt like a lifetime, he came. He came hard. So hard he nearly passed out and made a noticeable wet mark on his pants. Which caused another hardon. Lying back on the garbage bin, he felt his body shivering and quaking. *Yes, this is what I am.*

He was able to get a call from a restaurant nearby after grovelling for a solid 5 minutes. He called the Boss and asked if he could stay for a bit, and after approval, spent the rest of the day walking there. He felt small and weak compared to everyone else who towered 2 heads over him. Stumbling and slouching like a loser as he baked in the midday sun. Only by nightfall did he make it to the Boss' house in the suburbs, dragging his feet from exhaustion and dehydration. When the door swung open, the Boss' face blanked when he came face to face with the tie, and he dragged Michael in and told him to strip. Michael obeyed immediately, throwing away all his clothes and standing naked and erect in front of him. The Boss began to inspect his body head to toe, pulling on the family jewels first before playing around with all his body parts. Then he shoved him down and forced his monster cock deep down Michael's throat before immediately relieving himself. "I think you need a shower."

"Yes, sir." Before they went up, the Boss put a collar around Michael and dragged him up the stairs. The taps turned on and Michael squirted some soap onto his paws.

"Wash my feet, intern," the Boss ordered. Michael blushed, falling to his knees and bending down to start with the heel, working his way downwards to the ball and around the arch. Going in between the toes and around back to the heel. He looked up to the Boss and blushed a bit, the Boss now hard once again and smiling down at him. The Boss signalled to come further up and he went to his lower legs and around the knees, then to the thighs, first on the outside and then on the inside. Dangerously close to the balls before the Boss signalled not to. Michael whimpered and let his hand fall back down to his lower legs yet again. He knew his place.

“You’ll get to touch my cock soon enough, intern.”

“Yes, sir, Boss,” Michael responded, a little disappointed.

“And, by the way, it’s Master now,” Master corrected.

Michael whimpered and looked down at his own throbbing micro dick, “Yes, Master.”

It was 6 and he was already running late to the party when Mark was wheeled onto the limo, eating his 30th bag of chips for the day. He wasn’t even captivated by the frankly outrageous luxury. It was just another Friday, after all. His feelings were focused on the deep sense of dread that had been building up ever since the invitation. Getting worse as they came closer and closer to their destination. The houses spacing apart and growing bigger and taller. The streets winding more and more until they pulled into a short cul-de-sac for what was the grandest house of them all. The first large warning was that there were no cars parked in the driveway. Mark waved away the wheelchair as they parked and pulled himself out of the car by the guiderails, struggling to heave himself to the door (he had well exceeded 600 lbs at this point). He used his walking canes to get himself the last meters and up the stairs before nearly collapsing and asking for the wheelchair. As the doors were opened, there was a single individual standing in the door. He was a fairly tall and muscular sheep, dressed in a sharp and expensive-looking suit. His posture was straight as an arrow and his expression, while neutral, reeked of aggression. Mark was reminded of what he looked like before the gains and felt his heart drop immediately. “MARCUS!” the man barked.

“Yes, Dad?” Marcus automatically responded. *Wait, this isn’t my Da-*

“I explicitly told you to be here at 6 *sharp*.”

“I had to get ready. It’s tough for me, you know that.”

“And these reports of you skipping your job. The job I set you up with!” Marcus sighed in bored relief. “I can have you disowned and cut from the inheritance.”

“And then? You have no heir, and you wouldn’t trust an outsider with your business if someone shot you. *You need me*.”

“Even if I *did* leave it to you, you’d run the business into the ground. I mean, LOOK AT YOU.”

“Just because I’m portly, doesn’t mean I can’t run a business?” Marcus was stuffing another bag of potato chips down his gullet.

Marcus’ dad began to scream, “Son, you passed portly a long time ago. You’re a beached whale, for God’s sake. You have no self-control and would spend the business into debt to feed yourself to death!”

“You know this position was *demeaning* and yet you still gave it to me because I didn’t go to college. You knew that you were embarrassing me and still went through with it all. All

because I was your-and I quote-biggest failure.” Both of them went silent for a second before Marcus’ dad sighed and motioned for him to leave. Marcus was wheeled out and felt embarrassed and angry. *I wasn’t always like this. Was I?* He thought back and remembered all the years of being teased in prep for being overweight. His failing grades and how, even as he tried, he simply couldn’t get a lot of the concepts. How college was out of reach and he fell into a depressive state. It felt like all of his life was crammed into that short moment. He burst into tears as he was wheeled away into the limo and was silent all the way home.

Master said he needed new clothes and given the state of his he couldn’t agree more. Not like Michael could object, after all. Master sat at the driver’s seat and Michael fit snugly at his feet, attentively sucking his knot off as they drove to the store. Michael himself was wearing really ill-fitting hand me downs from Master’s son, in that they rode up all the wrong places and clearly was too small for his already petite and slim body. His yellow tie was put on tight enough to restrict his neck somewhat and he was wearing no underwear. As well, he was wearing a leash and was locked in an inch long chastity cage, to which Michael’s cock was already straining against.

As the pair pulled up into the parking lot, Master stepped out and tugged on Michael’s leash to signal him to leave as well. Michael followed at a close pace, his body straining against the clothes and feeling his cock tent harder with the stares. They entered what was a fairly cheap vintage store and entered the small aisle. As Master tied the leash around the pole, Michael felt his body convulsing in pleasure and a need to touch himself grow far past his expectations. But even as Master disappeared in a deluge of clothes, his body malfunctioned every time he even thought of attempting it, simply sinking him into even more pleasure and forcing him to stand straight and narrow. By the time Master returned with the clothes, Michael was panting and practically begged for permission. “No.” was the simple response, as Master yanked Michael into the changeroom and locked the door. “Strip.”

Michael stripped to his bare-naked body, now shivering in pleasure. Master laid out the clothes he was to wear: all the same as he had, but noticeably cheaper and smaller. Michael felt the cheap fabric in his hand and nearly bust at the thought of how broke he would look. *God, I’m so pathetic. Wish this looked cheaper.* He felt himself blush as he slid his arms through the sleeves, Master pulling himself in to do the buttons. Michael looked at Master tower over him in the mirror, holding him so close, Master’s cock leaking pre all across his back. Before Michael could even real for his pants, Master pushed his cock deep into Michael. Yelping, Michael felt himself on the edge as Master pushed himself deeper and deeper. “Beg for Master’s cock, intern.”

“Oh, please fuck me harder, Master. I’ve need it rougher, please Sir...” Master increased the speed and began huffing as he could feel the pre leaking out of Master’s dick. Harder and faster. More rough and rowdy. Master was already at the edge and Michael began to blank from the pleasure.

“Who do you serve, intern?”

“You, Master!”

“And you serve me completely, without hesitation?”

“Of course, Master! I am yours!” Master burst then and there, filling Michael’s ass with loads of jizz before pulling out and plucking a thick buttplug to seal the hole. Michael, on his part, had a pathetic orgasm and was prostrating downwards to lick his semen off the floor. Once he finished, Michael put on the rest of his clothes and the two walked out of the store without even paying for the items. “Now, I have one final thing I want to get you, intern.”

Over the last few days, Marcus’s focus towards work was supercharged. He began by interviewing all of the chief officers, talking to them about the work they did. Shadowing his father at meetings and even working as his secretary. It felt like he aged a decade within the span of a few days. His weight stabilized, leaving him mostly immobile and in need of a wheelchair. However, he felt no embarrassment about it and even looked on his portentous size as a favourable trait (he always thought of rotund men as jolly and favourable, and thus himself as well). By the end of the week, he was a completely different person. Almost a shadow of his father, with whom, even as they worked together, they never quite came to a resolute agreement. It always felt like he held Marcus at a distance no matter how hard he tried to close it.

Then came the news that Marcus’ father passed. It was devastating. Marcus was driven up to the estate where he preceded over the one-man funeral on the family mausoleum. He had meetings upon meetings where everyone on the board simply assumed he was to take over as CEO & President-to which he decided to wait for reasons of doubt. Eventually, he spiralled back into depression as he surrounded himself with no one but his butlers, who in their old age, passed away one by one. Eventually, only a few of the stalwarts remained and he felt more isolated than ever.

It took a day out in the fields to get him to turn around. Getting fresh air re-exploring the estate made him decide to take the position effective immediately. He tasked his head butler with finding new replacements and started inviting his own neighbours for lavish and grand dinners. He started his own philanthropy causes and turned the business around from its slump. Nothing seemed impossible from that day onwards.

Master had decided to take Michael with him when an old friend came looking for a pair of new butlers. Master nodded and told him he had the perfect candidate. Michael rushed out of bed on one of the few days he had off, arranging his cheap and ill-fitting plastic clothes: the white shirt, the black dress pants, the vinyl shoes. But his personal favourite were the tighty whities two sizes too small (kids’ medium) that rode his thighs uncomfortably and yet still was baggy at the front now that his cock and balls shrunk to a measly inch and a half. Michael stared at his shaved head in the mirror and nearly came at the sight of himself. *Oh how the mighty have fallen.*

Master told him about the position and the pay (which he would be receiving none of). Michael casually nodded along and came with Master for the interview. Pulling up to the grand house. Feeling in awe of the place as an absolutely rotund man was wheeled down from the elevator. Yet something felt...off. Michael felt like he knew this man from somewhere. But where.... By the time he finished pondering, the speech was over and Master was dragging Michael up the stairs to his interview spot. "You'll be working on his personal detail, intern. He's to be addressed as Sir at all times, got it?"

"Yes, Master." They waltzed up to the master floor and Michael was pointed in the direction of his bedroom.

"Oh, and intern?" Master pointed out, "Your name is Deke."

Deke tried to remember his own name, but it felt like he was drawing up a blank. His mind was racing as he rushed down the hall to the largest doors. Pushing them open, he saw an almost absurdly large bedroom, stuffed with lavish paintings, a fireplace and sofa, and the Alaskan bed that backed on the opposite wall. Marcus, splayed in the bed, in the middle of work, looked up at Deke and felt his mind try to place him. Deke, eyes averted and towards the floor, also felt that feeling. As if he was naked standing in front of him, as if he knew him all his life. He couldn't think about anything other than that moment. All of his memories, the rest of his identity disappeared.

"Strip," Marcus ordered robotically. Deke immediately felt his hands at his feet, untying his shoes and leaving them to the side. Next came his socks, stuffed neatly inside the shoes, and the pants fell down to his ankles soon after. Deke's underwear fell to the floor to reveal his raging hard on stopped only by his embarrassing chastity cage and threw it with the rest of his clothes. Then came the tie. He hesitated for a moment. That tie was the only thing left of his old self. Even as he untied it, he couldn't bring himself to let it go. "Drop it, butler."

As the tie fell to the floor, a lot of things happened to Deke and Marcus. They each aged two decades, Marcus now solidly in his twilight years while Deke was in middle age (although he was already greying fairly quickly). The suit on the floor got even cheaper somehow, accented with a dog collar and the pants disappearing completely. Marcus' underwear ripped into shreds and his weight bumped higher, coupled with his voice dropping several octaves due to a smoking habit. Finally, Deke's submission was solidified with his memories of his father and mother being the house's lowest of servants. It was simply inevitable that he was to be the same.

A snap. It brought Deke back to the world and at the hand of Marcus, who grabbed the collar by his fingers. Marcus pointed to his feet and Deke hopped onto the bed and crawled to his hooves to clean them out with his fingers. Making sure that they shined and gleamed in the light. Master walked into the room, now aged significantly and with significantly less muscle mass. "Lawrence, I think your man is doing an excellent job."

"Thank you, sir. I trust that you will be in good hands."

And that would be the final time Deke would get to orgasm.