

Act Your Age

It started out in high school. I was working at the retirement home a few blocks from where I lived over the summer as a dishwasher. It made good enough money and the hours were decent, and the work itself wasn't too bad. Just had to scrape off the extras and let the industrial dishwasher do the rest. I never had much to do or many friends back then, so some extra money was always welcome for future savings. On breaks most of my co-workers would slum out the back smoking or catching missed texts and calls. Meanwhile, I would go to the front and start playing piano with the guests (I was learning at the time and it did help that they were mostly supportive). One guest in particular would pull a chair right beside me and we would duet old British dancehall. Letting our hands glide over the keys in syncopation, as I would catch a glance at him. Holding his hand as we bowed to the light applause.

On our first duet, just before the end of my shift, I caught him as he left, shook his hand and asked his name. He beamed and sat me down for an hour-long chat about our lives and playing piano and music. From then on, every day we would spend time at the community garden just talking and laughing and he would invite me to the hall to listen to and play some music. Even after I tendered my resignation at the end of high school, I always ensured I spent my time there. Looking up to him and wanting to be like him. I saw it as less of a friendship and more of a mentorship, in that I saw who I wanted to be inside of that man. I think even he noticed it, and he helped me understand my path in life. Even as his health deteriorated, he was the man I wanted to be.

Graduation came and went. It would be a few months before his passing, and I had decided on community college at the behest of my parents. Mind you, with the grades I had, I could have gone off to a good university and had a better chance at comfortable living for the rest of my life. But the money I had spelled a different story, and I had friends whose siblings were wallowing in a sea of debt. On top of that, he had gone off to community college and attested to his solid middle-class life. So, I tempered my dreams and decided on becoming an electrician. The college itself was in-state but sent me a good hour from my parents, a buffer in which I would use to my advantage.

I never came out to my parents at that point, and I was never in a romantic relationship. My fear was that they would never understand, exacerbated by their more...religious leanings. I did have enough money for a solo room in Residence and spent the extra money for an Unlimited Dining Pass. I used it extensively to start pushing my weight up (I was a stick beforehand) and began to experiment with appearance alterations. My dresser became segregated between my "normal" clothing and a series of outfits that one could find in the stereotypical suburban Dad's closet. When my weight wouldn't budge higher, I began a regiment of strength training built to push my weight just that little bit further. I experimented with makeup to make myself look older, to no avail mind you. Began to wear my hair in an outdated fashion (keyword: gel. Lots of it.) By the time I had finished my courses and started my apprenticeship, I could tell that I looked at least a decade older than I was.

Yet, I was never really satisfied. Sure, I looked older and there were a lot of consequences that made me feel valid about it (not getting carded whenever I went out to get beer was nice). But I still stared into the mirror and felt saddened by the baby fat that still clung to my cheeks, or how I wasn't able to push my weight past skinnyfat territory. I looked at my driver's license and still saw I haven't even managed to hit my 20s yet. Or how my friend group was all mid-40s husbands who had the cash to fling out for country clubs and yachts, meanwhile I lived in dorm. And complaining only lent itself to people telling me to enjoy my youth and act my age, not knowing that those types of lines only made me want to be older even more.

It was the exact line my electrician used when I first met him. "What's to enjoy about it? I don't have a lot of money or time to be spending going out to clubs or something..."

"For one, you can get up without being winded, or sleep on your stomach without feeling like you need a bucket of WD-40."

I scoffed. "Look, all I'm saying is that I'd love to be young again and actually be able to use my body." My boss, Vince, was in his mid-50s, portly yet well-defined. His hair was a silver-white that covered his head but was beginning to thin out, his moustache thick but trimmed. His skin was sunburnt yet fair and showing its age and more, the wrinkles showing, however thin they were. His hands were large, rough, and dirtied from years of calluses and poor use. His wardrobe limited to long-sleeve button up shirts, overalls, and a pair of steel-toes. God what I would do to have a body like that.

"Well, I'd be happy to take that body off of you."

A friend of mine at a golfing course told me about him by recommendation from a local friend. The pay was alright, an increase from the retirement home but not by much. I still stayed at the dorms, it was my right to given I was still attending the school. So, the extra cash would just go right back into my pockets-most likely for the down payment for a cottage just outside of town.

"Let's hope this is the start of a long and beautiful partnership," he toasted, raising his imaginary wine glass in the air.

I laughed, and raised mine too, "And how."

Age: 20

It's been half a year since I started working for him. I was able to save up enough money from a mixture of sources to put down a loan for a mid-sized parcel of land that was foreclosed on. The land backed right onto the river with a pretty spectacular beachfront, and the forest itself had a large enough clearing for a small but manageable cottage. Meanwhile, working with Vince has been great. Our jobs were mostly routine stuff outside of the construction season: mostly helping people fix circuit breakers and repairing wiring that's been frayed to shit. We'd then huddle back into our van and hitchhike it across the city. I'd be the one to answer any emergency calls, scribbling down notes onto my lap, while he'd be the one driving. Vince would choose the music as well, grabbing from the assortment of greatest hits albums and playing a mixture of dad rock and Bakersfield country. Our working relationship couldn't get any better.

After finishing our hours, he drove me back to my place. As soon as we pulled up, I took the moment to spring the question, "Hey, you want to do something this weekend?"

He stared back as if he'd been waiting for this question forever. I'd been getting some signals that he liked me more often than not, but given our position it would be difficult for him to be the one to come forward, and it made me coming forward about it all the more awkward, especially as he attempted to turn up the heat. Both of us knew that this wasn't all that ethical, but I knew that we had something special. "And what would this something be?"

"I dunno...y-your choice, I guess..." I was blushing and desperate for this conversation to end and he knew it.

"Well...let me think..." He sat back and began to comically stroke his 5 o'clock shadow, "I generally go out to karaoke on weekends..." He leaned in close to my face, the smell of his skin invading my nose. "Guess I'll have to think abo-"

I leaned in for a soft kiss on his lips. As I pulled away, I felt embarrassed and flustered, but his hand moved onto my semi. "Well then, I guess it's a yes."

"I guess it is." I took his hand off my leg and felt the rough texture with my finger before I gave it a soft kiss.

"See you at 7 on Saturday, then?"

I looked up to his face, his eyes glowing under the streetlights, "S-sure..."

The place Vince took me to was seedy as all hell. It was in the old Mechanicsville area, mostly rundown industrial mills and pre-war brick apartments that hadn't been gentrified due to the large influx of lower-middle class people who refused to budge out. The building itself was old and looked rundown, probably built just after the war. The shingling was a very off-colour white, peeling and worn. The building itself was elevated and the stairs leading up to the place were rickety and crumbling. Once you entered, you were greeted with the smell that split the difference between mayo and industrial floor cleaner. The bar splayed over most of the length of the building,

the mockshift stage just being a slight elevation, equipped with two cheap-looking mics and an old CRT monitor. Everyone in there looked like the stereotypical crowd for some criminal organization. The bartender looked tipsy himself and spoke in an accent so thick it would take a machete to cut through the noise. “Wuut weel yoo too be orderren?”

“I’ll t-”

“We’ll both take two beers, cheapest you got.” The bartender nodded and shuffled to the back. I stared at Vince in disbelief and he just cracked the dumbest grin, “Don’t worry! Everything’ll be fine.” In the meantime, the atmosphere of the place made me start leaning in closer to him, to a point where I felt that everyone was staring. The bartender came back with two drinks and I downed mine as fast as I could. “Easy there, chief.”

I stared back at him with a look of discomfort and panic, and he softened his look to tell me to calm the fuck down. When that didn’t work, he told the bartender to fire up the karaoke machine. “The usual,” he asked for.

The usual? Now I was a little intrigued, if distracted. He looked back at me, and by my hand dragged me onto the stage. As the hand picked guitar slid in for Merle Haggard’s *If We Make It Through December*, I tried to keep in time as Vince belted his way through the song. I stamped on his foot to tell him to tone down as I took lead in the middle of the verse. Even through the light haze, I was able to hold down the rest of the song, however brief. Then the song transitioned into the 2002 version of Johnny Cash’s *Give My Love to Rose*. Vince’s voice started to show it’s wear as he put his heart to soul into it, to the point where I simply stopped to watch him sing it. Looking at him from in front of a cheap fluorescent lightbulb. As the song ended, I grabbed his hand out of instinct and we both bowed to the minimal applause.

Then the hour floated by in a flurry of drinks and songs that left us both inebriated enough to warrant an Uber back to Vince’s place. We both stumbled to the door and fumbled the keys into the lock. Once we got inside, we slammed the door and Vince shoved me to the wall and pushed his face against mine. One more kiss and we were off to the showers. I let him take off my clothes one by one, and mine his before we stepped into the shower together. He preferred his showers hot, and while I liked mine lukewarm, I let him take the reins for the night. We both lathered our hands in soap and washed each other head to toe. Me on my knees to get at his feet, staring up to see him run his hand through my hair. Drying each other off with matching towels as we leaned in for another kiss. And heading off for the most magical night in bed.

“Are you awake?”

I nod. He’s staring out the window at the night sky. Even with all the light pollution, the stars are clearly visible. “You like looking at the stars?” I remark, sitting up.

“My dad always told me to look out for shooting stars,” he quipped back.

“And do you see one right now?”

He looked back to point at one flying across the sky. We both made our wishes silently before he joined me back in bed and dozed off.

Age: 24

I woke up the next morning, feeling groggy from all of the night's drinking. *I need to never drink that much again*, I thought. Vince wasn't awake yet, so I decided to leave him a note saying that I needed to get back to my cotta-then it hit me. The cottage wasn't even built yet, right? Then the image of the small but well-built cottage popped into his mind. All of the hard work and money I put up to make it. Spending weeks crashing with my parents and friends as I would scrape together cash for the time it took to transport the logs. The time cutting down the trees and carving out the round notches. Creating the base off the ground, placing them on top of each other and constructing the floor from hardwood he had imported. Installing the electricity and having plumbing sorted, getting new solar panels. Then remembering the first day moving in. All of the beer and cooking. A blast.

Then I paused. *That wasn't real, was it?* But it felt so real. Not being able to trust my own memories was a discombobulating feeling. I went into the kitchen and grabbed a glass of water to clear my mind for a moment. After a few minutes of contemplation, I at least decided to check it out, just to confirm suspicions. I quietly unlocked the door and slipped out, and, parked on the side of the road was a silver Toyota Tundra. *Fuck me, is that mine?* Then all the memories came back, and soon enough I realized that that was my own truck. I had a truck. Even though I had accepted it, it did take me awhile to realize just how far had I gotten in a relatively short span of time. I unlocked the car and spent a short amount of time just sitting at the wheel looking out the window. Remembering all those days and nights driving behind the van. Even picking up Vince from his house, going out and doing everything that they needed to.

Didn't take long for me to get back to the house. It felt like I knew the route from memory. What streets to take, where to get on and off of from the highway. The small but noticeable pathway off of the rural road. The dense forest that surrounded the winding path. Then the final clearing for the garage and the house that stood in all its glory. I felt my hands shake as I unlocked the door, and felt my jaw drop at the messy state of it all. Then my mind snapped into focus and I felt the drowsiness kick in. Soon I was stumbling onto the couch, clearing off all of the debris from old wrappers to crumpled pieces of paper. Before I could even realize what's happening, I fell into a very deep sleep.

When I woke up, all of the headaches were gone. I scratched my back and looked up at the tacky wall clock to check what time it was. 15:00. It was still light out and I swung myself off the couch and lazily shuffled to the kitchen for some food. As I reached into the fridge, it was mostly empty, and my stomach groaned in tune. Too lazy to go out and get groceries, soon I fished out my phone and began to order from my favorite restaurant (a Thai place downtown that I used to frequent). Delivery was going to be an absolute pain, but I knew I had no other choice (or, at least that what my body decided to tell me). I prepaid and hit send on the fairly hefty order and collapsed on the couch again.

I got up at the sound of knocking and saw what seemed to be a feast for a dozen men lapped right in front of my door. *Ok, I ordered a lot of food. But not *that* much!* Shocked, I lugged the

meal in two bags at a time (there was 14) and planted myself on the floor beside the coffee table, cross legged with fork and knife in hand. My heart began to race as I unpacked the bags one by one, my mouth watering at the sight of so much food. I took the plastic fork and grabbed the largest bite I could. Feeling the flavours explode in my mouth. I began to drool and felt my fingers lose grip on the utensils, my hands digging into the rice and shoving it in my mouth.

Immediately, I felt my body bloat outwards so uncomfortably that I had to shift my body weight to try and compensate. I looked down and could see that all of the plastic trays were finished, piled haphazardly on the floor. Although it was tough given that I had to look over my inflated belly and small but visible set of moobs straining against my fairly small clothes. I felt my body lurch as I let out the largest belch I ever heard, letting my body rumble along with it. I could even feel some hair poking through my stomach, creating a small trail for me to scratch at idly.

I tried to get up and move around, to varying degrees of success. Having to lean against the wall, as I slowly make it towards my room. My body groaning and moaning with each step. On the way there is a large mirror, and on a side profile I catch myself and I see how much weight I've gained. I see that my stomach now extends firmly past my frame, giving me a much portlier appearance. Looking down, I can barely see my knees. Something about this triggers a feeling of pride and excitement at just how fat I was. *God, I did it!* I was giddy and even though it did take me awhile to get to bed, I enjoyed every step and waddle. Once my clothes hit the floor and my face hit the pillow, and my body splayed on the bed, I felt myself drift away to the best sleep of my life.

Age: 30

I wake up, my body splayed spread eagle on the mattress. I could feel my hands dangling off the edges, my body struggling to support itself on my stomach. My body feels even more worn than yesterday. Having to spend the time stretching my body to get rid of the aches and pains. I could tell that I was even larger than yesterday, and I spent a good part of the hour rubbing my belly and getting to feel the new contours and curves of my body. I felt my hands instinctively move up to my chin to scratch it, and I could feel a five o'clock shadow formed across my face. *Oh God*, I thought, *I finally have facial hair*. I began to let my hands and fingers feel the bristly hair pass by as I rub my face, while also feeling layers of sweat and grease rub off between my fingers.

Eventually I peeled back the blankets, leaving it on the floor and, slowly walking towards the kitchen, I had to dodge what felt like mountains worth of garbage laying on the floor. With each careful step to avoid slipping, I could feel my cock hardening at the sight of what I had created. All the memories of takeout food, chips and pizza whose boxes and bags would be strewn on the floor for years to come. Everything just seemed to be falling into place for me. I was able to make it to the bathroom, and washed my mouth with a simple rinse of water, before I exited the house wearing nothing more than a dirty, off white tank top and a pair of beaten and worn jeans that I had pulled from a pile of clothes in the living room, letting the soles of my feet feel the wood and the earth before I would put on my steel-toed shoes I place in my car.

The truck itself was just as worn and strewn with garbage as the cabin was. I would step in and feel the warm leather on the seats as I sunk in and relaxed. I would start the car, hearing the engine purr and then roar to life as I pulled out and drove down the familiar streets and roads to Vince's place. When my truck arrived at his house, I pulled up and was shocked to see that Vincent looked much younger and much thinner than he remembered. How his hair was fuller, his beard reduced to patches. How short he was now, and how his clothes were baggy against his frame. But then memories of my life with him, and how we were close, flooded into my mind and immediately I was assured that I had known him for many years. Even if he seemed much older to me (it must have been how he acted).

"Vince, come on. We're gonna be late," I yelled as I felt my throat tighten and my voice drop two octaves.

"Coming!" he yelled back as he stumbled and ran over into his van. *Was his voice always this high?* Then I remembered he was only 42 and it made me think back to the old days. Wait...old days? I was confused. That is, until I heard the rumble of the old van and we were off for the day.

It was hard to describe the workday. Everything felt like a blur, like it was not a single day but rather a bunch of days crammed into one. Weeks fluttering by in the blink of an eye. Like a piece of a lifetime passed through with 12 hours. All whizzing by with the simplicity and ease of a single day. To be fair, most of my days followed a formula: wake up, breakfast, work, head home, sleep, wake up again. But I just felt like I was so young only a few days ago. Did my life feel that short? Did I not have more to my life? A laugh says it seems like it was hitting my midlife crisis. So, I

went out to the store, and found myself staring at the pack of cigarettes on the counter at the gas station. *Might as well pick up a new habit.* “Hey what's the best pack of cigarettes you got?” I asked.

The cashier shrugged and I simply just pointed to the most expensive pack and grabs a BIC lighter from the container. “That'll be \$30.53 please.”

I reached into my pocket and fumbled around to find that my wallet is now warn and beaten from what felt like years of use. I pull it out, afraid that it's going to fall apart as I grab my card and pay for the cigarettes. I thank cashier as I walked out of the gas station and open the door to my car. Once inside, I'd knock off my shoes to let my feet breathe. Stretching my toes and throwing off my pants to show off a pair of sweat-drenched and stained “white” undies. I pulled out one of the cigarettes from the pack, and with the BIC lighter I lit one up. Taking a long inhale and exhale, blowing the smoke out of the car window. Eventually I felt comfortable enough to drive home, letting the cigarettes hang off my mouth, refusing to even let it out as I dumped the ash into the convenient ashtray I left on the dash.

As I kicked down the door to my own house, I felt my body nearly go limp as I dragged myself to the couch. *All those years of work finally caught up to me.* I kicked up my feet on the coffee table, buzzed and slightly horny as I fished out my cock. Slowly stroking it as I could feel it growing inside my palms. Getting longer and thicker as the strokes got faster and harder. I left one hand to tweak at my nipples as my chest began to sprout hair. Spreading downwards into my belly and outwards to my limbs. Thickening and growing long. The hair on my head in turn began to thin out, turning jet black and slicking into a neat over comb. My hands followed my penis by bulging outwards in size and roughing up from years of manual labour. My face becoming weathered and my skin darkening, I could feel my body shivering and on the edge. I got to look at all these changes from a mirror and I never felt better in my life. As I felt the changes complete, I grabbed my now orange-sized balls and squeezed them for the hardest orgasm of my life. So large, in fact, that I passed out right afterwards, thinking about how Vince'll like him now...

Age: 41

Like always, I woke up to the mess I made. Garbage strewn across the floor, old cum stains that stained the hardwood and were splashed across the mirror, sweat stains that permeated all over the couch. And all it did was make me horny. *I'm a goddamned pig*, I thought as I caught myself in the mirror, *and a fuckin stud of a hog at that*. I let out a long snort and grunt as I pulled on my bulge, straining the very soaked and stained boxer briefs I was wearing. My baritone began to slip into a bass as I grabbed a cigar from my case and lit up, slowly strolling through the trash. Kicking anything out of the way as I felt oddly stuffy in my too tight tank top. *Time to let this old boy go*. I flexed as my body rapidly gained muscle and fat, letting my torso rip the poor thing to shreds. Letting out a long and heavy belch as my hand roamed and wandered across my body.

Then I lost my train of thought and heard my stomach rumble. *Kitchen ain't this way*. I grinned and turned myself around, lumbering towards the kitchen at an alarming rate. Once I pulled out a beer and some leftover takeout from the fridge, I turned on the oven and threw them all into a medley for a stir. But I knew that this tank'll need more fuel. A *lot* more fuel. But with a beer to wash it all down, I let out a satisfactory burp as I threw on a shirt and some old jeans and got myself into the truck. It looked a lot older and more beat up than last time. The old rustbucket had seats that seemed ready to fall apart, and the gear was real fussy when I had to get going, but it was always reliable when it needed to. I kicked myself up, boots left off unless I had to use them. And by the time I was ready to leave, I even thought about getting rid of the darned things.

As I was driving down the highway, I realized that this wasn't the direction of Vince's place. Confused, I got off at the next ramp, and parked to collect my thoughts. *But wait, wasn't Vince's hou-*and then memories flooded back that Vince didn't have a house. Not yet, at least. He was holed up in some apartment downtown (God I hate going downtown). And the rent was an absolute doozy for him. I chuckled before the empathy kicked in and I stopped myself, turned my ass around, and hit the gas as hard as I could. Had to park two blocks away just to fit my truck and, as I waited for him, I almost wanted to go out barefoot and kick his ass for making him wait so long.

And then I saw him. I was shocked at just how much he had changed. He was significantly thinner and smaller, his hair now floppy and long. All of the stubble had pretty much evaporated from his face and his skin had smoothed out, free of wrinkles or hair. He was wearing a pair of skinny jeans and an ultra-tight shirt that made him look even smaller. I could only laugh as he angrily entered the truck. Pouting as he looked out the other side of the window, "Ah, come on now! You gotta learn to take a joke sometimes, Vince. Maybe one day you'll grow out a little hair like your old man!" I blurted out.

Wait, old man! "I'm just the man that you are, Dad!" he retorted back. *DAD?!*

My mind was working in overdrive to try and justify what was happening. But for the first time in days, no new memories came in to replace the old ones. I still remembered Vince as that middle-aged partner in crime and how we were both changing in front of each other. Then I felt wave after wave of heat just wash over me. I was sweating in pleasure as my skin began to gleam.

Licking my lips as I stared at Vince's package. "Uh...D-dad..." he could hear that Vince was about as unsure as he was, yet his body was forcing him to focus on his own son like that.

Vince was also starting to feel awkward as his father stared at him so intently. Flashes of their separate lives and how he wanted to know his Father flashed before him. How he lived in a foster home. How his Dad would visit on occasion and how it was the best memories of his childhood. How he tried to be like his Dad in every way, even going as far as to become an electrician and join him. And it all led up to this. His Dad staring at him like a piece of meat, ready to be fucked hard and slow. And Vince didn't know how to take it at first. The man he idolized wants him, wants to be with him. And Vince knew deep down that he wanted to be Dad's, no matter what. But everything his brain was telling him was that he didn't have any feelings for him. Not like that. Not like Dad leaned in for a kiss, and at first, Vince resisted however he could (his body refusing to respond to any commands). But as their lips locked, Vince's body leaped into Dad's arms and he let his father's tongue explore his mouth as he sucked as much saliva down his throat as he could manage.

"We got any calls today, son?" Dad pulled out for a moment to speak. Vince nodded to the negative. Dad smiled and pulled Vince from out of his seat and under the dash. "You know what to do," he smirked as he put the truck in gear. Vince fished out Dad's cock as he slowly let it drip into his mouth. Swallowing pre by the gallon, it felt like. Licking it off the floor as his musk just wafted right on by. He could feel his own cock, as small and wiry as it was, getting harder too. Not like he would touch it, though.

By the time we arrived at my house, I pulled Vince from out under me and nearly ripped his pants to get his bottom garments off. Once I had access to his ass, I pulled out my junk and shoved him into a tree. "Hold on tight, bub," I licked my lips as I slathered drool all across his crack. Him moaning and his knees buckling as I went deep into him with my tongue, then a finger, then two and three. Slowly stretching him while playing around with his prostate. Once I was done, my member was hard enough for me to slip my tip inside. Vince jizzed himself as soon as I pushed myself inside and I could feel my pre dribbling once more. I then grabbed his shirt and pulled him backwards as I thrust forward. Before he had the chance to scream, I shoved my thumb into his mouth and he began to suck and thimble on it. Over and over and over. I could feel him quiver as I peaked and pushed for one long climax. I pushed in as I felt my body squirt for what felt like an hour. Holding Vince in my arms as I felt my body nearly collapse over his. How he was shivering in pleasure and looking back for me reassurance. I smiled and let my free hand stroke at his cheek. I felt a buttplug in my back pocket and I plucked it out to push it deep into Vince as soon as I pulled out.

Once it was over, I could feel Vince practically collapse in my arms. *I did nearly push the boy to his limits.* I smiled and picked him up in my arms to cradle him. Slowly, I carried him to my now futon bed, up the stairs steps, through the door. Having to move the garbage out of the way to get from my living room into the bedroom. As I passed the hallway mirror once more, I caught a look of my now rugged body, taller and larger than ever. I had been gaining weight and

muscle over the years, but I had never expected to be this big. And to feel my son's body in my arms like this. Collapsed, tired. He looked up to me and smiled, and I nearly had a crying fit before he reached up and stroked my cheeks. I couldn't help but kiss him all over as we entered the bedroom. Slowly spreading him out on the bed as I lie beside him as the big spoon. Giving him my arm to hold and carress. We both spent the time cuddling for as long as we could, our hearts overflowing as we both fell into a deep sleep.

Age: 55

It still is hard for me to describe what waking up that day felt like. I dreamt of my entire life up to that point. Letting every memory wash by and feel every moment through my own hands and feet and eyes and mouth. I was born in a fairly middle class neighbourhood. I never did well at school, always getting into fights and messing around. I found out I was gay early and hid it until a large fight with my parents, where I was ostracized and kicked out. Married an old female friend who was sympathetic, had a child to which she would pass away, and I couldn't sustain myself never mind him. Left the child with a foster parent while working on getting myself back together. Went to a local community college, became an electrician. Worked my way up to a decent salary. Saw my child as much as I could: taking him to ball games, playing touch football, fishing/camping trips. Fell out with the foster parents and was refused visitation. Bought the land and built the house. Hearing from my son that he wants to work with me as an electrician. Meeting him for the first time in years and realizing that I had feelings for him. Realizing that those feelings are mutual and our first night together. That was last night.

When I woke, I felt my arms wrapped tightly around his body. I was significantly larger than him now, nearly towering over his body. But I had him. I had him for the first time in years, and I never wanted to let him go. I slowly let my hands stroke his thick hair. Kissing his neck and his ears. Bringing my crotch as close as possible, hugging his body. I let him go once I heard him stir, "Good morning."

He stretched and turned to face me, smug, "Good morning, Dad. How are you?"

"I'm good. How are you?"

"I'm...fantastic." I let out a gruff, bassy laugh and even I'm surprised at how heavy it was.

"I'm glad to hear it." I plant a single kiss on his forehead. Then one on his lips. Then I lean in for a longer kiss. Letting his tongue explore my mouth as I guide him towards me. We both pulled away for a moment to grab a breath. Staring at each other for a moment before I carried him from the beach and into the cabin. Then, I realized that the cabin was still a pigsty. *FUCK, I FORGOT TO CLEAN. SHIT. SHIT. SHIT!* I slowly opened the door and was shocked that the place was far cleaner than usual. I could see the floor, now with new hardwood. All of the dishes cleaned and garbage removed. Even the dirty couch which I had for three decades looked cleaner than usual. Then the memory came flooding back: of ordering a cleaner to sweep through the place, paying them and leaving for a week long vacation to which I felt bad (I did end up tripling their salary solely because of how bad it was). *God, my memory's goin' and I'm only 55.* Wait, 55?! As I put Vince down, I pulled out my wallet and saw my driver's license. *Chuck D'Ambrosio, Born-Yup*, I was 55 years of age. It took me a minute to really contemplate as to what was going on.

"What's wrong?" Vince queried. He seemed to look confused, as if he was going through the same thoughts I was. Before I could really give him an answer, the thought escaped me. I tried to put my finger on it but waved it away and said it was nothing.

I stared at the clock. 6:55. Tons of time to get ready for work. I pulled into the bathroom and for a second, I looked fairly intently in the mirror. My hair had gone from slick black to a more muted grey, the stubble salt & pepper. My skin aged even further, crow's feet now firmly against my eyes and my skin beginning to toughen and sag. I used my hands to heave my belly to and fro, feeling my cock harden as I played with myself. Vince snuck up behind me and began to use his hands all across my body, as I felt a deep moan rumble out from under me. He laughed and I picked him up and looked at us in the mirror.

I let Vince choose my clothes: an old, dirty tank top, a pair of straight cut jeans, and my old steel-toed boots. I chose his: the skinniest chinos he had paired with an ultra-tight t-shirt and a pair of my old tighty-whities. We both admired each other's outfits, and he pulled out his phone for a family photo (I snuck a kiss in right before the flash). I let him drive today, seeing as he finally got his full license. Giving me the chance to pull out my pipe, clean it off, and smoke a fresh bowl of some tobacco. "You're doing good, son," I said almost absent-mindedly as we cruised down the highway.

"T-thanks..." Vince was blushing. I smiled and told him to loosen up as we cruised and I let a long puff of smoke trail backwards from the window.

Work, as usual, was great. Showing Vince the ropes as we went out to new constructions to help them install the wiring, having him work beside me. We'd work from the specs, throwing our own opinions with the construction managers, given and start laying down the copper from room to room, installing the outlets, testing them fairly thoroughly. On break, me and Vince would squat in a corner and eat some homemade egg sandwiches. He got some on his cheek as I used my thumb to wipe it away.

Back home, we were both tired enough to just crash on the couch and put a movie on. I would occasionally shove him into my armpits and lick the sweat off during a lull scene. When I needed to get low to grab something, he'd grab my ass or grope on my family jewels. Eventually, by the climax I was on top of him and, if I wasn't tired, would've fucked the daylights out of him. Once we finished the movie, we both called it a night and headed off to bed.

They both woke up around 1 or 2 in the morning, Chuck chomping on a cigar and Vince coming in from behind to watch the stars. As both stared out into the sky that night, a shooting star passed in view. But there was nothing the duo would need to wish for.

Age: 56

It had been a year since we got together. I don't know if I ever really wanted the relationship, or if he did either, but everything had been going so well that it was frankly stupid to stop it at any point. I had him move from his apartment, paying for all the expenses, and I was fixing up my old place for the both of us. We both loved living together, and it gave us time to catch up on missed years.

Eventually, we started talking about marriage. Vince slipped it in the conversation and, at first, I was fairly reticent about the idea. Not due to any feeling that we wouldn't make a happy couple, mind you. Rather, I only felt that we had only truly known each other for so long, I just wanted to wait. He understood, for the most part, and I did promise that we would marry at some point in time. And he was patient. But I could tell the patience could only last so long, and as each day passed, I knew that marriage was the only way forward for us.

Sunday night, I blindfolded him and put him in the truck. Drove the few miles into town, doing some odd turns to confuse his sense of direction. Three lefts instead of a right. Doubling back and u-turns. Random stops and starts. We pulled up to the old bar. Carrying him in just before I took the blindfold off. Sitting him down for a pint. We both challenged each other to gobble it down. I won, of course. Bad karaoke of country staples. Having my son meet up with local friends. What wasn't there to love?

When we came back into the truck, a little too inebriated to drive, Vince protested and wanted to get us an Uber back. "Y'know they won't drive us out that far, son."

"I know, but I'd rather not be in an accident."

"We can stay in a motel to sober up if you want. There's one not a block from here." He nodded in the positive. "But first, look in the glove department."

He reached in and pulled out a wedding ring. I was already on my knees, slow as I am, before he was able to turn around and see my hand. He immediately ran into my arms and we hugged for a fairly long time. Letting his tears stream across my back as I stroked his hair. "I'll take that as a yes." He put on the band as I did mine. He nodded once we calmed down, and I kissed him on the forehead as I locked the car. We walked, hands clasped firmly together, strutting down the street to the motel. "Names, please," the motel manager blurted.

"Vince and Chuck D'Ambrosio," we both said in unison. He blushed and I knew I did too. She grabbed the keys and we walked up the stairs to the room. I had him unlock the keys and go in first. It was a quaint little room that I had pre-filled with balloons and food. The TV was set up to be playing ambient tracks. Vince immediately jumped in the jacuzzi and I followed shortly after. I popped open a bottle of champagne and we just cuddled and drank for an hour before I suggested we head off to bed.

Once we did, I teased him about his underwear, slowly peeling it off his body. I positioned myself right behind him, holding him down as I humped his ass. Pushing myself

inside as I got hard. I never remembered much else of what happened that night, but once I woke up, I could feel the stains hardened across the bedsheets.