

A New Years' Meet Cute (Part One)

By Soul-Controller

As Henry Cavanaugh made his way into his local pub, the British teacher was in surprisingly good spirits. Given the fact that the winter break of classes had begun back on the 16th, the man had been enjoying the free time to destress after a hectic term. Not only had he been forced to teach films that he personally loathed, but he'd also been dealt a shitty hand in terms of terrible course schedules along with being forced to cover for other teachers during his free periods (which was quite rare).

So when the man received an invitation on New Year's Eve from some of his fellow co-workers to have a party at a local pub, Henry jumped at the opportunity. Although he loved the past few days of being home alone and playing his favorite board games or video games without a care in the world, cabin fever was starting to sink in and the teacher was eager for a reason to escape his flat for a little bit.

After checking his watch and realizing that there was only 10 minutes before the party was scheduled to start at the pub, Henry found himself rushing to get ready. Although he knew it was unlikely that he would be late given his close proximity to the pub, the concept of running late was quite troublesome so the man moved with haste to his closet. While his mind instinctively wanted him to dress well due to his co-workers only usually seeing him in the top tier dress clothes that he wore for his teaching, the concept of letting loose in some high quality dress clothes wasn't too appealing. As such, Henry just pulled on a t-shirt (a bright red to match the holiday season) and a pair of jeans before grabbing his phone and wallet. Upon grabbing his keys from the kitchen where he left them, the teacher finally made his exit from the flat and headed towards the party.

Upon arriving at the rather busy pub, Henry struggled to navigate through the full crowds in search of his friends. After a good five minutes of awkwardly turning in search of them, he finally found the group of teachers sitting in the back corner booth chatting in between sips of their beverages of choice. As he finally approached the table, the sound of his female friends squealing in delight somehow overpowered the loud and jumbled sound of various conversations occurring at once and filled the rather small pub.

After a few coworkers scooped down to give him a spot, Henry gave a slight grin as he was handed the first drink of the night. Looking up to the person who handed it to him, the man couldn't help but develop a modest smile as he realized that they had remembered to get him his drink of choice - a raspberry gin and lemonade.

Upon thanking the individual for the drink, Henry chuckled as his friends began a toast to what they hoped would be a fun and festive night with their coworkers. As the man lifted his glass and brought up how nice it was to have a moment to breathe from constant marking and lesson planning, his fellow coworkers were quick to raise their glasses in support of Henry's statement. "Here's to a night where we can fully let go and have some fun," he cried out, chuckling as his friends cried out "hear, hear" and brought their drinks up to their lips. While Henry puppeted the motion and took a sip of his drink, the man had no idea of knowing that his statement was truer than he could ever realize. By the end of the night, he'd fully let go of his stresses and anxieties that he'd walk out of the pub as a brand new man...

After an hour or so of small talk where the group of teachers revealed their gripes about their job (ranging from topics of problem students or discussing lesson plans that they absolutely dreaded) in between sips of alcohol, the sea of empty glasses scattered across the table revealed that it was time for some refills to be provided. By this point, everyone had a nice buzz going, especially Henry as he felt more empowered to discuss his loathing of certain films he was forced to teach or parents who loved to blame their child's failures on him. The rage he soon felt towards his job caused him to find a reason to get up so he could calm down, which he soon found as he offered to go pick up some refills for the group of teachers.

Upon sliding out of the booth, the man stumbled for a second before regaining his composure and beginning to push through the crowd in hopes of making his way to the bartender. After a few minutes of trying to be polite to the several pub attendees who were standing around dancing and singing to the upbeat pop music playing over the pub's speaker system, Henry was forced to just make his own path and push past the more inebriated individuals who swayed like trees in the wind. Eventually, he finally made his way to the wood tabletop of the bar and leaned on it in search of the bartender.

"Hey there, how can I help you tonight man?" a deep and booming voice asked, causing Henry to turn his head in the other direction and drop his jaw in response. Standing before him was a gorgeous man with a perfect jawline and decked out in well-tailored dress clothes.



Immediately, Henry's heart began to flutter at the sight of the gorgeous hunk who looked at him with a surprisingly friendly demeanor. He knew that bartenders were purposely nice in hopes of getting good tips and continued customers, but Henry was shocked that this man, who could easily pass for a model, was responding to him so sweetly!

"I uh, I'm here to get some drink refills for me and my friends," Henry stammered, mentally scolding himself as he could feel his cheeks reddening from just simply speaking to the gorgeous bartender.

Luckily though, it seemed as though the bartender either didn't notice or didn't care as he remained calm and asked Henry for what drinks he needed to get. As the anxious teacher read through the list of drinks that he had written out on his Notes app, the bartender attentively nodded his head as he seemed to mentally note each drink. Upon saying that they'll be ready in just a second and flashing a bright white smile, the bartender immediately jumped into action as he turned around and ducked underneath the countertop in search of all of the necessary ingredients.

As Henry observed the hunk swiftly and suavely prepare each drink, his cock began to slowly harden from just how confident the man seemed. The teacher could be quite the hopeless romantic from time to time, so he couldn't help but feel as though he was experiencing love at first sight with the bartender. Every motion he made ranging from lifting up to expertly shaking up a cocktail order or running his wide hands through his slicked back hair left Henry biting his bottom lip and hoping to keep his composure.

Obviously, Henry thought that the attraction was simply one-sided, but their parting interaction as Henry got the completed drink orders and tried to head back towards the table made him begin to question that.

Upon paying for the drinks and putting his card back into his wallet, Henry let out a deep exhale before trying to focus on how best to carry all of these drinks back to the table. "Wish me luck, will ya? This place is packed so I have no idea how I'll carry all of this," he said aloud with a sigh, testing out various methods of gripping onto all of the beer bottles, cocktails, or wine glasses he was meant to somehow carry.

Given the fact that he thought the bartender would simply chuckle and wish him good luck, Henry was quite caught off-guard when the hunky man on the other side of the countertop spoke.

"Good luck man. With arms like that though, I'm sure you'll manage just fine," the bartender enthusiastically said, causing Henry to find great relief in the fact that he

hadn't dared to lift the drinks yet as he was left stumbling both verbally and physically. *Holy shit, was he flirting with me?* Turning to look up at the bartender, Henry watched with wide eyes as the bartender flashed a good smile and gave a slight nod.

"Oh uh, um, thanks," he stammered, his cheeks being unable to resist gaining a hint of red from just how severely he was blushing. As he opted to turn away to grab the drinks and head back to the table, the conversation was similarly ended by the bartender as he directed his attention back to another customer who had just come up to get some drinks.

Upon making his way back to the table (with all of the drinks somehow making it back there in one piece just as the bartender had assumed), Henry was buzzing with excitement to inform his friends about the experience he had with a bartender. While almost all of the straight male teachers listened and just nodded at the statement, the female teachers were "ooing" and "ahhing" several times as Henry recounted what happened. Despite their interest in how Henry described the hunky man and the way he spoke towards the somewhat geeky teacher, the female teachers who he asked were quite split about whether the man was actually flirting or just giving a friendly "no homo" compliment. While Henry wanted so badly for them to be wrong and assume that the gorgeous bartender was 100% flirting with him, he couldn't deny that they might be right.

With this conversation topic soon drying up, Henry's mind was forced to go elsewhere and stop his self-pitying as he got invested back into conversations about the holidays and what everyone had planned in terms of their celebrations. After finishing their fifth round of drinks though, it seemed as though the energy of the group was beginning to wane.

Just as the clock passed midnight and the loud cheers of celebration rang out as 2023 officially began, it seemed as though almost all of his coworkers began to quickly filter out of the pub while explaining that they needed to get home to pay the babysitter or wake up early tomorrow for their family festivities. But as it soon came down to Henry and a few other female teachers, the man decided that he had no real reason to leave. Given the fact that he had no one at his flat waiting for him and was loving the alcoholic buzz that was coursing through his body from his fruity drinks, the usually anxious man was feeling the freest he'd felt in years. Plus, with the added knowledge that the pub was only a block or two away from his flat, it meant that he could easily stumble back to his flat without any potential issues.

Although this would have been reason enough for him to stay, the last remaining teacher other than Henry provided another tidbit of information that convinced him to stay. As she began to recount the experience she had as she went up to get the last round of drinks for everyone in the group, the woman revealed that she had overheard the bartender turning down a gorgeous blonde who was attempting to flirt with the man. Even as the blonde leaned over the countertop and thus pushed her sizable bosom up towards the man, Henry's friend recounted that the bartender politely turned her down and said that she wasn't his type. While the woman was originally offended and asked what he meant by that, both her and Henry's friend witnessed the man simply lift his arm up and allow his wrist to go limp. Immediately, the message got across for both women as Henry's friend began to return to the table with this brand new knowledge while the flirty blonde immediately changed the conversation by asking the bartender his thoughts about the most recent series of Drag Race UK.

Now with the knowledge that the bartender was indeed homosexual, Henry was confident in the fact that the man had been flirting with him. Upon thanking his friend for this information, he watched as his friend finally made her leave and left him alone in the pub. By this point, the large majority of the pub had also filtered out until only around 15 people beyond Henry and the bartender were left inside of the building. Despite the slight anxiety he felt about making his return to the bar (and the stud working it alone), Henry willed his feet to move until he was making his way in that direction. The closer he got to his destination of an open barstool in front of the bartender, the more his heart began to race. As he finally reached down to pull out the barstool and take a seat though, the anxiety reached a crescendo.

But as soon as he felt the uncomfortable and flat cushion of the barstool resting against his relatively flat ass, a sudden wave of calmness washed over him as the anxiety passed now that he had overcome his fear. As he tilted his head down and smiled while feeling his heart rate beginning to slow down, the man immediately froze as an all-too familiar voice emerged in front of him.

"Oh hey there, you're back! I thought you would have left with the rest of your friends. Is there anything special you'd like me to make for you?"

Once the man finished speaking, Henry pulled his head up and found himself looking face-to-face with the hunky bartender. Instead of a normal stance though, the bartender was leaning on the wood countertop so his body was positioned relatively close to the nervous teacher. It was shocking to find a man that was willing to be so close to him along with clearly devoting all of his attention on Henry. Although this was quite

intimidating due to the man's beauty, it was the affirmation Henry needed to know that the man was truly flirting with him and thus interested in talking more with him.

Given the fact that the man seemed so eager to interact with him, Henry decided to try and return the favor by appealing to the man's own apparent interests. "Hmm, I'm not too sure. I love a good raspberry gin and lemonade, but I've had quite a few of those tonight. Do you have anything you'd like to recommend?"

At first, this statement was something that left Henry surprisingly not cringing like usual. It was simple and to the point but could clearly be interpreted as flirting if the man was truly as interested as he appeared to have been earlier. But as he sat with his thoughts for a moment, the man found himself beginning to fear that he wasn't being direct enough to the potential suitor. Before he knew what he was doing then, Henry was stunned to find his mouth speaking on its own as his thirst overpowered his brain. "Or, how about you just surprise me with something you think I'd like?"

As soon as he finished speaking and looked for the bartender's reaction, Henry mentally scolded himself as he felt his slight smile beginning to falter. *Fuck, why did I say that?! I sound like a fucking douchebag coming on that strong. I could have phrased that so much better!*

For a moment, Henry thought he had completely blown the flirting attempt as the bartender stared at him in a look of pure bewilderment. While the man's face shifted into an expression of serious contemplation for a moment, the teacher began fiddling with his fingers underneath the countertop as he anxiously awaited for the man's rejection. To his shock though, the bartender's serious demeanor was suddenly broken as his lips pulled up and developed a Cheshire-like grin.

"Oh yeah, I think I have *just* the right thing for you. I'll be right back."

Upon watching the man leave the bar for some reason and head into the backrooms of the building, Henry was momentarily puzzled by why the drink that the man wanted to give him wasn't already at the bar. Although there were certainly many reasons as to why this may be, the man secretly hoped that the bartender was somehow digging into some rare and expensive stash of liquor to treat him. It could have surely been the fact that he just needed to get a refill of liquor that had ran out throughout the hectic service tonight, the man opted to try and take a more romantic spin on the situation.

In search of something to keep his interest as he awaited the return of the bartender, Henry found himself craning his neck up to look at the small flatscreen TV hanging

against the back corner of the bar. To his amusement, a sappy holiday-themed romantic comedy was playing on the TV, which he viewed to be quite fitting given how much he was enjoying his own meet cute so far.

As he continued to look up at the TV and watch as the couple began to passionately kiss, the sudden blocking of the screen by the bartender's gorgeous face was deemed to be a worthy interruption since Henry directed his eyes back to the man and smiled.

"Alright, here we go. Sorry it took so long," the man said, setting a small shot glass of liquid onto the tabletop and pushing it towards Henry.

Grabbing it and lifting it up, the man couldn't resist looking at the dark brown color of the liquid along with its thick viscosity and becoming alarmed. "Uh, what *is* it exactly? It looks a bit thick..."

"Uh yeah, it's definitely a bit thick," he said with a chuckle, "it's a special drink that the pub owner showed me how to make after a few years of working here. He said it's this rare recipe that his ancestors made and would only give to people deemed "worthy enough". I know it seems a bit direct, but I just have this feeling that you're more than fitting for such a drink..."

Immediately, Henry's eyes widened due to just how upfront and flirtatious the man was being. It was quite hot, but the concept of this man thinking he's this impressive and "worthy" man was quite intimidating. As such, he began to jokingly address those concerns towards the man. "Well shit, that's certainly a lot of stress for me. Hopefully I live up to your expectations," he said, trying to make light of the situation by adding a light chuckle at the end of his statement.

Without missing a beat, the suave bartender conjured up a statement that immediately calmed Henry's anxieties. "Don't worry, I'm sure that you're more than worthy of this. Although you might not think it right now, I have a feeling that will change by the end of the night if everything goes according to plan..."

As the man tried his best to hide the shiver that ran down his spine from the bartender's flirtatious words, Henry couldn't help but blush as he reached out and grabbed the shot glass. Although he much preferred his usual fruity drinks, his desire to impress the bartender left him pushing aside any anxieties he had as he lifted it up and calmly gave a "bottoms up".

Closing his eyes as he tilted his head back and allowed the thick liquid to flow into his mouth and down his throat, Henry tried his best to drink the entire shot as quickly as possible. There would be nothing more embarrassing than drinking this “special” drink and struggling to hold it down if it tasted terrible!

Despite his best intentions of drinking the entire thing as quickly as possible, the thick consistency betrayed him and forced his mouth to slow down so his taste buds could finally pick up on the flavors of the drink. As the terrible combination of sweat, grass, and leather coated his palette, the man closed his eyes and tried his best to keep his composure while drinking the entirety of the shot. *I knew hard liquor could taste terrible, but what the fuck was that?!*

Although the man struggled for a moment, Henry was able to eventually fully consume the shot glass of liquid. Upon doing this, the man let out a deep exhale and allowed his mouth to remain open in hopes of airing out the terrible flavor that had fully coated his mouth. Unfortunately, his plan was quickly foiled by the attractive bartender who seemed eager to continue their earlier conversation.

“So, what’s your story man? What’s your name and where are you from?” The bartender asked, flashing a smile towards the nervous teacher which left him momentarily shaking in anxiety due to just how pretty the man was. Not only was his smile perfect, but Henry also noticed how the man now had a gorgeous twinkle in his eyes. *Damn that bar lighting*, he mentally cursed to himself as he attempted to muster up the courage to respond.

“Oh uh, my name’s Henry,” the teacher began, opting to talk slowly in hopes of preventing himself from stumbling over his words or potentially saying the wrong thing. “I only live a few blocks away, but I grew up in Kent,” he continued in order to answer both of the man’s questions. “How about you?”

“Ah Kent huh? Interesting! Well, it’s nice to meet you Henry, I’m Greg.” The bartender curtly responded, punctuating his sentence by putting his arms out and pressing his hands against the wood tabletop. “So Henry, tell me more about yourself. What are your hobbies? You seem like quite the sporty guy. Did you play a lot of them growing up?”

Upon hearing such a peculiar question about athletics, Henry found himself momentarily stunned by the bartender. Due to this prolonged silence as the man tried to figure out why the man asked that along with formulating his response, it allowed the perfect interruption in the form of a drunk patron.

“Ay Greg, get over here and help some other customers,” a deep and slurred voice rang out, causing both men to turn their heads and look at the source of the sound. While Henry just sat there and observed the scraggly-haired middle-aged man, Greg let out a soft huff as he began to speak.

“Roger, I already told you an hour ago that you were cut off for tonight,” Greg said, speaking in a surprisingly authoritative tone that left Henry’s horny mind instantly envisioning that voice being used in more kinky ways in the bedroom. “I don’t mind you sticking around tonight to celebrate the New Year, but there’s no way in hell that I’m giving you another drink tonight. I don’t know about you, but I certainly don’t want a repeat of last year!”

Immediately, the mention of the previous year seemed to trigger the older man as he erupted into loud screaming. Due to the man’s clearly inebriated state, most of Roger’s words came out as a slurred string of words that barely seemed coherent. From what Henry attempted to decode though, it seemed as though he said something similar to “I already said I wasn’t the problem last year. Fuck you for even bringing that up!”

“Alright, alright Roger. Just go back to your seat and I’ll head over there to talk with you in a few ok?” Greg said, his voice shifting to a soft and calming tone as if the man was a babysitter while Roger was a baby in need of soothing. Despite the funny cadence that the man’s voice took, it seemed to work as the drunken man huffed in annoyance before stumbling back to his seat in the back corner of the pub.

Once the man was seated and the duo were left alone once more, Greg turned his head back towards Henry while flashing that gorgeous smile once more as if he was trying to distract the man from the awkward encounter. “Sorry about that,” he said, chuckling with a deep yet adorable laugh that left Henry falling even further for the man.

“It’s all good,” Henry said, offering up his own chuckle in hopes of completely squashing any potential awkwardness from the situation. Upon thinking about the vague reference to a situation last year, the teacher couldn’t help but continue the conversation to both further learn about the bartender and satisfy his intense curiosity. “You handled that quite well though, I guess I shouldn’t be surprised given the job description. I guess he gets like that quite often huh?” Henry inquired, his voice gaining a judgmental tone. Although he wasn’t afraid of getting wasted and having a good time himself, Henry had been raised to treat people with respect and that never disappeared no matter how drunk the teacher got. As such, the man couldn’t help but hold judgment towards the rude and rowdy patron.

“Aw, why thanks. After working so many nights here, you just sort of get used to handling people and saying whatever you need to get them to calm down,” Greg began, his eyes darting away from Henry for a moment as he looked over towards the disruptive customer. “Roger though, he’s just a big old baby. All you’ve got to do is handle him with kid gloves and he’ll immediately calm down. His only problem is he loves to drink and get rowdy, especially around New Years.”

After taking a beat to seemingly mentally recollect the mysterious events of last year, Greg suddenly blinked his eyes before turning and staring at Henry once more. “Anyways, back to my questions. Did you play any sports growing up?”

Once again, the question threw Henry off due to just how random it was. Although the man had solid biceps from his trips to the gym, his physique wasn’t quite muscular enough to give the impression that he was a fairly athletic dude. As such, the man couldn’t help but chuckle before speaking. “Uh, I actually hate sports. I never really played them growing up. The closest I’ve ever gotten to partaking in sports is watching it on TV. Although to be fair, the eye candy of wrestlers or American football players are the only real incentives for me to keep watching,” he said, finishing with a nervous chortle.

“Oh really?” Greg said, which left Henry wondering whether that was in regards to the statement about sports or his revealed attraction to men. Unfortunately, Henry received no answers about this as the bartender just moved the conversation forward. “Sorry for assuming then, I just figured that you were a sporty dude given how buff you were!”

Immediately upon hearing that, Henry’s cheeks began to redden as his mind instantly perceived the man to be flirting with him. “You’re sweet, but I’m really not *that* big,” he bashfully said, turning his head away from the bartender while knowing deep down that his workout regime had gotten a bit lax over the most recent school year. Things had become so hectic with him having to mark papers most evenings along with being worn out from having to cover for other teachers, so it was an understandable yet still upsetting realization that his workouts had fallen to the wayside. After taking a moment to get his blushing and internal self-loathing under control, Henry finally tilted his head back so he was facing Greg once more.

Upon seeing that the bashful patron had returned eye contact, that seemed to give Greg permission to continue the conversation. “Well if you don’t play sports, you certainly go to the gym from time to time,” the bartender exclaimed, allowing his eyes to wander for a moment to the man’s nice biceps. “What are your favorite areas to work out?”

“Oh um, I suppose that would be my arms and chest,” Henry began, taking a moment to look down at himself and observe his physique. Once his eyes took a moment to look at his chest, the man’s gaze traveled further until they settled upon his arms. As they rested on top of the bar tabletop, Henry found himself instinctively tensing his arms and watched as his biceps grew firm until they were as hard as a rock.

As he finally pulled his eyes up and away from his body so he could stare back at Greg’s handsome visage, the man was blissfully unaware of the fact that the drink he had consumed was hard at work transforming his body. Although Greg wasn’t sure of the specifics of the drink, the man had seen the power of the drink for himself countless times in the years he had worked with the owner to know that it was legit. According to the owner, it was a yearly holiday tradition at the pub for the bartenders working to break out the ancient and magical drink and give a much-needed new life to who they deemed to be a worthy individual. Although Greg had been cautiously observed and guided by the owner throughout the past several years when it came to picking a worthy individual, the man had total free reign this year as the owner opted to go on a trip to the United States to visit some family.

As such, Greg had immediately set his sights on Henry when they first interacted during his attempt at getting drink refills. Beyond Greg’s obvious attraction to the teacher, the man also felt as though Henry appeared to be rather lonely and thus in need of a holiday pick-me-up. With this in mind, Greg was relieved to know that his flirting had worked as Henry opted to stay and continue making small talk for the next several hours. Not only was he happy about changing Henry’s life for the better, but the bartender was also secretly hoping that he could help fuel a transformation that would give Henry his dream body and life along with giving Greg a hunky boyfriend to start 2023 with.

With this thought in mind, Greg was absolutely thrilled to watch as the magic of the drink began to suddenly go to work on Henry’s aforementioned arms and chest. Despite already having an already solid set of biceps, the magic of the drink along with Henry’s inner desires to be a bigger and beefier guy worked in tandem to make him even more muscular. As his arms continued to reside on the wood table top, Greg got a front row seat to witness the glorious change as Henry’s biceps and forearms increased in circumference to the point where his shirt sleeves were beginning to strain due to the wider width.

In hopes of making the guy as buff and strong as possible, Greg couldn’t help but chime in to manifest more growth. “Oh yeah, I’m not surprised by that. I’m honestly shocked that those biceps and pecs could even fit into that shirt of yours!”

As soon as he finished speaking, the magic continued to further ramp up the man's changes. Around the 20" milestone of his biceps, the sudden and shrill sound of fabric tearing suddenly filled the pub. Despite the loud disturbance, neither Henry nor any of the other bar patrons noticed that anything was amiss. The obliviousness aspect was one of Greg's favorite things about the transformation, especially since he watched as Henry instinctively began to readjust his arm position due to his biceps beginning to rub against his chest. As he readjusted though, this caused further tearing to travel down his sleeves as his beefy forearms reached the limit of the fabric. Although neither Greg or Henry noticed it at the time, Henry's hands also began to alter as the joints and skeletal structure of his hands began to silently crack and alter until he had two large mitts for hands that would easily be able to palm a basketball.

Just as his arms finished their transformation into limbs that would be fitting on a bodybuilder, the man's chest also began to undergo a significant transformation. Like two balloons inflating with air, Henry's chest was suddenly shifting from a modestly defined set of pecs to something much more prominent and glorious. For a moment, Henry felt a deep pressure emerging in his chest, which left the man momentarily panicked thinking he was undergoing something like a panic attack or even worse - a heart attack. But as he looked down and took note of the two beefy pecs that were jutting out of his chest and thus forming a significant pectoral shelf, the man felt a wave



of relief to see that there was nothing amiss. Although there was a moment where he believed that this was wrong, the man mentally scolded himself for believing that he wasn't this muscular or buff. He **loved** going to the gym, hell, he went practically every day!

After this was complete, the first stage of the man's transformation had been completed. Rather than giving the oblivious Henry the ability to enjoy his beefy biceps and mighty pecs though,

Greg opted to continue the conversation to further transform the man. "While it's clear that you definitely love to work out your arms and chest, I'm shocked that you didn't mention your legs!" Upon taking a beat, the man gave Henry no chance to respond before continuing to speak. "I hope this isn't too forward, but the way you filled out those jeans was one of the first things I noticed about you," Greg slyly said, his cheeks getting rosy as he envisioned what would soon occur to the teacher.

As Henry himself also began to blush from what he perceived to be direct flirting, the man remained oblivious as Greg's words began to ring true. While Henry sat there on the stool, Greg was unable to see that the teacher's legs were suddenly widening out and growing stronger at a breakneck speed. The man's jeans were quickly growing too tight as his thighs exploded into a sculpture-worthy size and his calves were becoming diamond-shaped to fully stretch out the denim. Luckily, the pants had a stronger hold on his muscles than his shirt as the pants were able to remain skin-tight yet fully intact even though he constantly kept having to readjust how his legs were resting on the stool due to his meaty thighs suffocating his crotch.

On the other side of the bar, Greg's cock was growing increasingly hard as he watched the man awkwardly readjust his legs and imagined what was happening beyond what he could see. The man found himself fantasizing about admiring the buff schoolteacher, imagining the hunk using those meaty thighs of his to wrap around Greg's trim torso and pull him in for a passionate kiss as they wrestled around in bed. The concept was erotic, but despite Greg's smaller physique, he longed to be a top that could dominate the beefy stud. As such, he found himself trying to manifest some small changes that would hopefully lead to that eventual change in position preference.

"In all honesty though," Greg began, smirking widely as he suddenly leaned over the tabletop to whisper into Henry's ear, "the biggest thing that caught my eye was that ass of yours. I've never seen something **so** big and magnificent."

As soon as Greg's words finished, Henry's ass was suddenly rocked with an incredible change. Although the man had an ass that was somewhat defined from his workouts, it was barely noticeable whenever he wore anything more than a pair of underwear. As a result, the magic of the drink had a lot of work to do to make Greg's statement a reality. All at once, both asscheeks began to suddenly inflate until the uncomfortable sensation provided by the wood barstool became a thing of the past. Two meaty globes of meat quickly formed, easily causing the man to rise in the stool several inches while also filling out the seat of his pants until they were just as skin tight against Henry's fat ass as they were around his thighs and calves. After awkwardly shifting in his seat due to the sudden shock of the growth, the teacher finally reached a comfortable position on the stool and flashed a smile at the bartender.

Once he did this and the transformation had quietly ended, Henry found himself eager to return the compliments towards the attractive bartender. It was awkward to be on the constant receiving end of compliments, it was the least he could do to return the favor and reveal his attraction similar to what Greg had done based on the comments about his muscles and fat ass!

Unfortunately, just as Henry began to speak, their conversation was suddenly interrupted by two new patrons who entered the bar and quickly made their way over towards the bartender. After they quickly rattled off their drink orders, Greg nodded his head and said it would be just a moment. Once the couple turned away from the bar and took a seat at a table about 20 feet away, the bartender turned towards Henry to excuse himself while promising that he'd be back as soon as he finished making those drinks.

Upon nodding his head and saying that he wasn't going anywhere, Henry watched as Greg gave a slight nod and jumped into making the drink orders. For the next several minutes, Henry was annoyed to watch as several new patrons suddenly emerged into the bar and began to quickly give their drink orders to Greg. With the pub suddenly having a second wind, Henry found himself looking for something to hold his attention while he waited. Although he was happy to see that the pub was getting business, Henry found himself getting increasingly frustrated as the meet cute he was currently having with his bartender crush was getting foiled. Given how much the duo had been talking, Henry hadn't noticed that he had no alcohol to consume, which was slightly irritating as he was in need of something to take the edge off of his anxiety. He wasn't a big flirt, so the concept of being as direct as Greg was seemed like an impossibly terrifying task.

Unfortunately, Henry's search for something to take his mind off of things was foiled as the seat next to him was suddenly taken by a male patron. As he turned his head to stare at the man, Henry's face dropped into an expression of annoyance upon noticing that the drunk Roger was now sitting next to him. Despite his slight hatred towards the man due to how poorly he treated Greg, Henry found himself forced to entertain a conversation with the man as he rambled about the holidays and how awful it was now that he was divorced. This concept was something that Henry could relate to, which led to them spending a few minutes discussing their holiday loneliness and their hopes of changing that for 2023.

Despite the sweet and sentimental surprise conversation that Henry had with Roger, this didn't last for long as Roger began to suddenly misplace his anger towards Greg. Through gritted teeth, Roger stared at the still hard-at-work bartender and complained about how unfair it was for him to get cut off because of how much liquor he needed to numb his negative and self-destructive thoughts. For a moment Henry sympathized, but that didn't last for long as Roger suddenly started screaming.

"Fuck that **goddamn asshole** for ruining my holidays," he exclaimed, standing up straight with such vigor that the barstool he was sitting on suddenly fell back and

tumbled onto the floor. Due to the combined noise disturbance from the man's screaming and the falling barstool, several gasps and screams suddenly filled the pub. Despite his slight anxieties about getting into confrontations, the way the man was swaying upon standing up gave the impression that Henry could easily handle the man if he dared to get rowdy towards him. Although it was mainly due to him wanting to make sure that the other patrons weren't alarmed and not enjoying the holiday season, the main reason behind Henry's desire to take charge was to impress Greg and show just how great he could handle stressful situations. Before he could even finish this thought process, Henry was forced to jump into action as Roger suddenly grabbed onto Henry's empty shot glass and chucked it against the back wall of the bar.

As the sound of shattering glass filled the bar and the shards suddenly scattered across the shelves of bottles and floor, Henry suddenly found himself taking out his anger at his delayed conversation with Greg on the violent man. Upon standing up, Henry instinctively puffed out his chest in hopes of looking intimidating, unknowingly causing his physiology to alter in a major way. As his ribs cracked and widened until he was an intimidating barrel-chested man, the sudden growth of lat muscles quickly manifested and thus made him look even more intimidating. Along with this, the man's wider physique also led to the sudden emergence of abdominal muscles that left the man with a light six pack that still looked quite impressive due to how bulky he now was. Due to this change in his body, the sound of fabric tearing once again filled the pub as the sides of his shirt ripped from the further widening of his body.

Desperate to get a handle on the violent man, Henry suddenly used his baseball mitt-sized hands to grab onto the shoulders of Roger and push him down onto the wood tabletop. Due to his increased strength though, the drunk man went through quite a beating as his face was slammed directly into hardwood and his shoulders were in pain from the intense grip that Henry had on them.

"Calm **the fuck** down before I kick your ass out of here. If you dare to disrespect the staff here again, I'll personally take you out back and fuck you up myself," he growled, his voice suddenly shifting in volume and tone the longer he spoke. While he did this, his neck was quickly thickening due to the appearance of prominent trap muscles just as a significant Adam's apple pushed forth from the middle of his neck. By the time he finished speaking, the words left Roger shaking in fear due to the several octaves deeper voice that Henry now spoke with. "You got it?"

As the man began to frantically apologize and plead for his own safety, Henry instinctively chuckled at just how intimidating he seemed to be. Although he was just pretending to appear that gruff given his still meek and sweet personality, the man found

himself suddenly intrigued by how great it felt to be so naturally confident and terrifying to others. Upon letting go of the man, Henry laughed once more as Roger suddenly looked at Henry in fear before rushing out of the front door of the pub and leaving it for good.

After a moment of slight shock from the situation that they had received, the patrons of the bar along with Greg went back to work as Henry returned to his stool and just looked up at the TV in the corner of the pub. Upon hearing the sound of something sliding down the tabletop though, Henry directed his eyes and watched as a glass slid down and stopped just a few inches short of him. As he grabbed it and looked over towards Greg, Henry watched as the bartender smirked and said that it was on the house for being the “man of the hour”.

Upon lifting the glass of whiskey and giving a silent toast in the man’s direction, Henry lifted the drink up and began to quickly consume it. While he did this, the man’s visage began altering to get rid of his sweet facial features and give them a fitting gruff edge to match the rest of his body. As his chin and jawline altered to become more prominent and masculine, the second biggest change was clearly with the man’s eyes and hair. All at once, the man’s stubble and hair began to lighten several shades, quickly changing from a darker brunette shade to something that appeared to be almost ginger. This shifting in body hair also traveled down to alter the rest of the man’s body hair until everything about him from his hair to his pubes were a shiny ginger shade. Despite the lighter shade though, his stubble looked even more prominent due to how it perfectly framed his thicker lips and now perfectly-aligned teeth. While the lighter shade worked well for his stubble, it had the inverse reaction for his eyebrows as it only further emphasized his changing eyes. As the shape altered slightly and painlessly altered their position on his face, the man’s eyes suddenly popped as his irises shifted to be a light blue shade.



Just as Henry’s changes finished up to give him a complete jock body, the man was greeted to the glorious sight of the attractive bartender. “Well, long time no see,” Henry said with a chuckle, not noticing the way he spoke with a deep growl-like tone along with the earth-shaking laugh he now possessed...