

**Author's Note:** The idea for this story and the protagonist's name are based on suggestions from two of my awesome Patrons. Standard disclaimer applies: this story contains graphic depictions of sex, so if it's illegal or immoral for you to be reading this, stop now! All characters are of legal age, all situations are entirely fictional, and any resemblance to any real-life individuals or situations is entirely coincidental. Copyright Fidget, 2020. All rights reserved. Enjoy!

## **The Apple Doesn't Fall Far From the Tree**

**by Fidget**

### **Chapter 1**

Josh couldn't be more *unlike* his father, for all of the usual, stereotypical reasons.

Josh was smart, good grades, good with computers. He was on his high school's chess club and debate team, and hadn't played a sport since a particularly bad asthma attack in his last year of Little League.

His father, on the other hand, while by no means unintelligent, fit the jock stereotype perfectly. He was obsessed with following sports and showed zero interest in more intellectual pursuits, quickly becoming frustrated and angry when confronted with problems he couldn't solve with his considerable muscles.

His parents had been high school sweethearts. His dad was the captain of the football team, and went on to lead the league in rushing yards in college, before a knee injury ended his blossoming career prematurely. His mom had been head cheerleader, but dropped out to have Josh and be a stay-at-home mom while his dad went to college, though complications with his birth had prevented his mother from ever having any more children, in spite of her wishes for a whole housefull. She had died in a car crash when Josh was still a toddler.

His dad had worked as a mechanic in his hometown after his injury. He had never married again, though Josh was well aware that his dad made frequent calls to the apartments of various single women around town.

Josh had tried playing soccer and baseball when he was younger, but it quickly became clear that he didn't have the talent or the athleticism to succeed. Not to mention that it was *boring* to mindlessly run after a ball or stand in right field hoping a ball would be hit his way, and he'd much rather be teaching himself to code. Josh often worried that his lack of interest in sports and other stereotypically masculine activities disappointed his father, but if it did, his dad never let it show, and was always supportive of his interests, which Josh appreciated.

One summer day shortly after finishing his junior year of high school, his dad knocked on his bedroom door, and then let himself inside.

"You're a man now Josh; it's time you had this. It's something my dad gave me when I was your age, and it's the reason I've enjoyed all of my success."

He handed over a box wrapped with white paper and a bright blue bow, the colors of their local high school.

"Open it whenever you want, but *be careful with it.*"

Later that day, Josh's best friend Amy came over with her laptop so they could work on their most recent programming project together.

They'd been best friends for a few years now, after discovering how much they had in common their freshman year. They both had interests in computers, chess, and debate, shared very progressive ideals, and were budding activists on a number of important fronts. They were both vegan, and, not wanting to contribute to an increasingly overpopulated earth, had fully committed to adoption over having their own children.

Amy was petite and somewhat attractive, but Josh respected Amy far too much to risk their friendship on a superficial relationship. For her part, Amy appreciated his lack of toxic masculine traits and the way he didn't view her as a sexual object, so their relationship had quickly grown close without ever becoming physical.

Josh showed her the gift from his father, still wrapped, and told her about the strange things his dad had said about it.

"Should I open it?" Josh asked hesitantly. He could see no reason why whatever was in the box should be overly dangerous (or life-changing, for that matter), but his dad had never been prone to unnecessary exaggeration or embellishment.

"Absolutely! I want to see what it is! It's weird that he just gave you a random present out of the blue like that though," Amy responded.

Josh untied the bow and slowly removed the wrapping paper from the box, careful not to rip it, before taking the top off and revealing... an old, deflated football.

Surprised, and more than a bit disappointed, Josh reached in to pull out the unexpected object, but, as soon as his fingers wrapped around the worn leather, what felt like an electric spark jolted into his hand, and he doubled over as what felt like all of the muscles in his body began to tighten and spasm. Between red flashes of pain in his mind, Josh saw fleeting images of himself reveling in his own physical strength as he angrily tore his way through the grips of weaker men on what looked like a football field, before this vision was replaced by one of him pressing himself against a half-naked cheerleader panting with arousal, his prize for his display of masculine virility on the field.

Amy noticed his distress when he touched the ball, and ran over to grab it away as his face contorted with uncharacteristic anger at the pain running through his body as his weak muscles continued to clench.

"Josh, what's wrong??" Amy asked, but then she felt a strange surge of energy jump from the ball she was holding into her hands as well, and her mind fogged as her body filled with giddy butterflies. Unable to stand with the intense fluttering sensation she was experiencing, she slowly let herself down on Josh's bed as her mind began to wander aimlessly. Images flashed through her head of short cheerleading skirts, halftime performances, and of a faceless, heavily muscled star quarterback pressing his powerful body and giant erection against an entirely willing, curvy, topless figure that Amy somehow knew was her own even though she didn't recognize it.

After a minute or so, Josh's muscles finally relaxed and Amy's mind cleared of her pleasant daydream. She abruptly remembered what had happened to Josh, and leapt off the bed to check on him.

"No, I'm fine. Let's just get to work," Josh mumbled as he tentatively picked the football back up off the floor to put it back in the box, relieved that his muscles didn't clench up again when he touched it this time.

They didn't make as much progress on their programming that day as they'd hoped, possibly because the weird experience they'd just shared had kept them from focusing on their work. With both of them unable to concentrate, Amy decided to go home early, and they agreed to meet again the next weekend to get back on track.

"Dad?"

"Yeah son?"

"What was that ball thing in the box? Is it just an old football?"

"It's an original football from the early 1900s. My grandfather gave it to my father when he was ready for it, he gave it to me, and now I'm passing it down to you."

"Uhh, thanks. I'll try to take care of it because I know it's important to you. It felt weird though, almost like it gave me and Amy an electric shock or something."

"Did it? That's how I felt when I first touched it too, which is what gave me the idea to try out for football that summer. Maybe you take after your old dad more than you think!"

"If you say so, Dad, but I wouldn't hold your breath."

Even so, over the next few weeks, Josh noticed that his body seemed to be slowly growing larger. His arms and legs seemed bigger and slightly longer, and it felt like he had more energy, which initially translated into much more productive coding sessions, but eventually the continued energy increase was starting to become distracting, and sitting too long without some sort of physical activity was starting to make him more and more fidgety.

He began taking breaks to go for a walk every hour or so, but those walks soon became jogs, and his coding sessions got shorter as his jogs got longer. He also noticed that he was ravenously hungry by

mealtimes, but his dad didn't seem surprised when he began asking for seconds, and instead simply began preparing more food for future meals.

"Josh, I think you're taller!" Amy exclaimed when she came over at the end of the week to work on their project together.

He knew she was right. He was at least two inches taller, and it felt like he was looking down on everything even though he was still below six feet. It wasn't natural to grow this fast, and he was slightly worried about it. He decided not to voice his concerns to Amy, however, and they continued to work on their project together over the next several weeks, though it seemed like they were getting less and less done each session, partially because they were becoming more and more distracted by the other's presence.

In the meantime, Josh noticed that his cock had been growing as well, and he found himself giving in to his natural temptation to masturbate much more often. He had always avoided porn because it was demeaning to women, but now he found himself seeking it out, if only to temporarily sate the lust he was starting to feel whenever Amy was over.

He had always been slightly attracted to her, and knew that Amy experienced a surface-level attraction to him as well from time to time, but they had both openly and objectively acknowledged their bodies' natural lust for each other, and had agreed not to give in to their baser, animalistic urges, both because they respected each other too much to risk their friendship and because they felt they were above such vulgar behavior.

Still, Josh could clearly see that Amy's body had been just as affected by whatever was in the football as his had been, and his eyes were drawn to her larger breasts, which she gradually stopped hiding so much under loose clothing and eventually even began to display a bit, wearing tops that showed them off, and shorts and even skirts that emphasized the rest of her developing curves. His body was getting more and more eager to see hers each week, and hers was clearly being redesigned to attract and encourage his gaze in return. And, from the way her eyes widened as they lingered on his own broadening shoulders and thickening muscles, she was just as enticed by the sight of his physical transformations as he was hers.

Previously, Josh's attraction to Amy had always been relatively weak and easy to ignore, but she was becoming harder and harder for him to resist as her bust and hips continued to swell and his own sexual urges strengthened, to the point where jerking himself off before Amy arrived was less and less successful at distracting himself from her presence as they tried to work. By the end of each successive session, it was clearly becoming harder and harder for Amy to leave, and for Josh to let her go.

Even so, they still maintained a stubborn veneer of ignorance of their obvious growing attraction for each other, though their more frequent declarations of how happy they were with the strictly platonic nature of their friendship betrayed the increasing sexual agitation they were both clearly feeling.

Even when Amy wasn't there tempting his weakening control over his sex drive, his body and appetite continued to grow, and he was still taking larger and larger portions at dinner. Josh's dad had never commented on his veganism, and even did a bit of limited research to help him accommodate his son's choice in the meals he prepared, making smaller portions of meat on the side for himself.

One day toward the end of the week, however, Josh found himself practically salivating at the smell of the pork chop on his dad's plate, and felt himself becoming increasingly angry for denying himself such a delicious-smelling dish. Eventually, he could resist no longer, and found himself asking his dad, "Can I have some of your pork?"

"No need, son. I made extra today." His father rose and walked over to grab the pan from the stove and brought back two extra chops, which Josh tore into without a second thought as his stomach growled appreciatively.

"Amy, I've been eating meat for a few days now. I'm sorry, and I know you'll be upset with me, but I just keep craving it and it seems to be the only thing that can fill me up," Josh admitted remorsefully during Amy's visit that weekend.

"I know what you mean," Amy responded matter-of-factly. I've been having cravings like that too, but I've mostly stuck with veggies so that I can watch my figure," she finished, running her hands down over her widening hips.

*That's unlike her on two fronts,* Josh thought to himself. *She's never talked about how she looked before, and she was the one who converted me to veganism in the first place.* "Are you sure you're not mad about me eating meat?"

"Of course not, silly! With how tall you are now, and how wide your shoulders are getting, you probably need the extra protein!" As Josh watched her eyes wander hungrily over his new physique, almost as though he were a piece of meat himself, he felt a now-familiar tingle starting up between his legs and let his own attention fall to Amy's body, which seemed to be filling out her shorts and tight tank top even more than usual.

They tried to work on their project, but the concentration required by the coding soon made both of them fidgety with their shortening attention spans, and it wasn't long before they couldn't even act like they were still working. They decided to catch up on their favorite content creators instead, but quickly became distracted by how close their bodies were to each other on the couch as the videos cycled on autoplay in the background, forgotten. Every accidental touch sent pleasant tingles through each of them, and their bodies began to drift closer together as their "accidental" touches became increasingly less accidental.

The next few hours flew by in a haze of building sexual tension that continued to go pointedly unacknowledged, with each of them hyperaware of the brief, hesitant, thrilling touches between their tensed arms and legs. Their heightened libidos drove their bodies, shaking with apprehension and excitement, to repeat and prolong these touches and rewarded them generously in pleasure and arousal for each one. Inevitably, however, Josh's dad came home from work and the two hormonal teenagers

reluctantly decided to call it a night, too embarrassed of their crude sexual attraction to each other's increasingly sexy bodies to make eye contact as they awkwardly stood up and said their goodbyes. They agreed to meet again on Wednesday instead of the following Saturday, ostensibly to try to catch up on their project a bit, and parted ways.

"How was your afternoon with Amy?" his father asked at dinner.

"It was good," Josh responded, still feeling his hand tingling where Amy's soft fingers had repeatedly brushed against it. "It was kinda hard to focus, so we didn't get as much work done as we wanted to, but it was still fun."

"I know what you mean," his dad said. "When your mother and I were assigned group projects together, we didn't get much work done either!"

"Dad, it's not like that!" Josh protested even as his cheeks turned pink and he felt a renewed, unexpectedly powerful yearning for Wednesday to come.

On Monday morning, Josh happened to notice the football in its box on his dresser and found himself walking over, picking it up once more, and tossing it up into the air a few times as he wrapped his strengthening fingers tightly around the laces. He was suddenly struck with a strange, uncharacteristic desire to try out for the team - it would give him an outlet both for all of the energy that seemed to build endlessly within him, and for the increasingly powerful emotions he had been feeling lately. He was also much stronger than he was two weeks ago, now over six feet tall with visible muscles, and so he felt that there must be some position on the team where he could be useful.

At breakfast, his dad was ecstatic when he mentioned what he was considering, and so, instead of attending summer chess club that afternoon, Josh walked onto the football field and asked for a tryout. He clearly knew nothing about the game, and his athletic performance was only middling, but he showed himself to be a quick learner and already performed better than some of the second string players, so the coaches set him to practicing with special teams while he familiarized himself with the basic rules and goals of the game.

That Wednesday Amy came over early, and as Josh admired the additional inch that just a few days apart had added to his less and less platonic friend's curves, he sheepishly admitted that he'd joined the football team.

Rather than being disappointed in him, however, Amy was unexpectedly bubbly and supportive. "That's such a good idea! You're so strong now, and this will give you a chance to work off all of that aggression you think I don't notice," she responded, giving him a wink as he flushed with embarrassment. "I know you'll do great, and that you'll be leading the team by the time school starts back."

"Also, that kinda makes me want to do something to support you! I know that I've talked about how demeaning cheerleading is to women, but the camaraderie and team-building experience you get in a demanding organization like that is anything but demeaning when you think about it, and it opens the doors to all sorts of scholarships and other opportunities later. If anything, joining the cheer squad would be *empowering*. Not to mention what a great workout it is, and I've been feeling a little stir-crazy at home recently. Maybe an organized athletic outlet would do me good," she concluded, enunciating her response with a slow stretch that lifted up her shirt a bit, baring her midriff in a subconscious effort to emphasize her assets for Josh's hungry eyes.

His growing muscles flexed involuntarily as the testosterone flooding through his body filled him with sexual desire at the sight of her swelling boobs and curvy hips, and his thin athletic shorts already began to tighten with an erection. Josh had conveniently "forgotten" to jerk off before Amy arrived that day, but he was still unprepared for the full intensity of his craving for her body. He saw her eyes flick down to the outline of his growing dick, which twitched in response to the attention, and Josh could clearly tell the exact moment that Amy's horniness got the better of her, broke through her inhibitions, and caused her to take a step toward him as her face transformed into a seductive pout that tightened his shorts even further.

"After Saturday, I think it's time we rethink our no physical contact policy," she purred as she approached.

"Are you sure? I don't want our friendship to change."

"It'll be fine," Amy said distractedly, at this point willing to say anything that would lead to his body touching hers. "I don't think I can hold myself back much longer anyway."

Josh felt exactly the same way, and knew the situation was quickly spiraling out of their control, but he made one final, desperate effort to slow their bodies' inexorable pull toward each other, in spite of the fact that Amy had clearly fully given in already. "We should at least sit down and talk about it first," Josh stammered as he dropped onto the couch. Amy, however, made the choice to sink onto the couch directly beside him, slowly sliding the entire length of her thigh against his, lighting up pleasure centers all along his central nervous system that overwhelmed his own crumbling inhibitions. Unable to hold himself back any longer, he abruptly pulled her face toward his with one hand and pressed his lips against hers as he unceremoniously and clumsily groped at her swollen breasts through her tight tank top and bra with the other.

It was Amy's turn to be surprised by the ferocity of his reaction, and she knew that they should probably take things a bit more slowly, but the intensity of the pleasure and stimulation running through her body as Josh teased her with his tongue while he roughly groped and squeezed her breasts filled her with unexpected and irresistible sexual need, and she found her left hand eagerly reaching over between Josh's legs, avoiding all ceremony herself as she began to instinctually stroke and squeeze the large, twitching bulge encased in his practice shorts. With her other hand, she unfastened her bra to give his hands more direct access to her sensitive breasts, in order to heighten the sensations that were sending waves of pleasure down to her already soaked pussy.

As they continued to make out, lost in sensation, Josh successfully removed Amy's bra and ventured a hand under her shirt to grope her unprotected tits. The direct skin contact and satisfying squeeze of her large, firm mounds of flesh made him even harder, but as Amy continued to grip and stroke him through his shorts, he felt an impending pressure growing in his cock, quickened by the taste of Amy's lips and the feel of her soft body against his as the pace of her hand on his sensitive, straining member sped up.

He grunted and tried to pull himself away, but he had driven Amy's arousal far too high, and she was completely unable to stop herself as she gave a throaty moan against his open mouth in return, gripped his cock even more tightly through his thin shorts, and jerked him past the point of no return. He tried to hold himself back, but she had pushed him too far; he couldn't stop himself from tightening against her hand and then his dick was surging as his large balls tensed and then he was helplessly sending spurt after enormous spurt of thick cum into his shorts in his ecstasy.

As his orgasm ran its course, his head finally began to clear a bit from the thick fog of insistent sexual desire it had been wrapped in, and he was filled with shame over what he had just done, at how completely beyond his control his body had felt the entire time, and at how good it had felt to give in to his urges. "Sorry about that," he mumbled to Amy in embarrassment.

"Don't apologize!" Amy insisted as she scooted a bit closer and pressed her body against his reassuringly. "I'm just glad I could make you feel good like that. Also, it was super hot." Her eyes glistened with unabated arousal, and Josh felt his guilt compound.

"But you didn't get to finish!"

"Oh, don't worry about that! I can take care of it later. I never really used to do anything like that, but over the past few weeks, I've kinda wanted to a lot, and by now I've gotten pretty good at it!" She gave him a wink. "I think it's more important that we try to talk about what's been going on this past month, and figure out what we are, and where to go from here."

"You're right. I think it's pretty obvious that all of this started with that stupid football that dad gave me. It looks like he was right - the football is clearly changing us, and the changes don't show any signs of slowing down."

"True, but I feel better than I ever have before. I have so much more energy, and I'm so happy all of the time now! It feels so good to just not worry about it and go with the flow, and for now, I think that means we explore this new side of our relationship a bit more thoroughly," she said, grinning in anticipation.

"Yeah, I don't know if I want to go back to being just friends, and honestly, I don't think I could even if I wanted to," Josh admitted as the sight of Amy's bra-less tits protruding against her tight shirt already began filling him with arousal again.

"I feel the same way," he was relieved to hear her say. "Whatever is happening to us, it's clearly a one-way street, and I don't think there's much we can do other than go along with it, and see where the journey takes us, taking advantage of whatever benefits our transformations have in store for us along

the way." She smirked flirtatiously, and gently stroked a finger up his hardening cock through shorts still slick with copious amounts of cum, before getting up so she could leave before Josh's dad got home from work.

After Amy left and he had cleaned himself up and changed his shorts, Josh thought about what Amy had said. Even though she seemed fine with embracing her own changes and seeing where they took her, when Josh thought about what was happening to him, and his complete inability to do anything about it, he began to get angry, something that was happening more and more often these days. Josh had always been calm and collected when facing problems in the past, but now he was flexing his increasingly powerful muscles in impotent rage at his helplessness to stop the changes that were clearly affecting his body and mind, and those of his new girlfriend as well.

He knew that, eventually, he would have to confront his father about what had happened. His father had given him the football, after all, and thinking back to the conversations they'd had over the past month, it was clear that his father knew something about what was going on with him and Amy. That wasn't a conversation he was ready to have yet, though, and Amy was right - it was much easier to just go with the flow, especially when everything (and especially Amy) felt so *good*.

Over the next few weeks, he saw Amy more and more often, and, while they still hadn't gone all the way, they had lost all pretense of their earlier attempts at chastity, and went further and further each time they saw each other, each stimulating the other to an increasing number of powerful, satisfying orgasms with their mouths and fingers as they explored each other's increasingly sexy bodies, and they both knew that it wouldn't be long before they could no longer resist the blissful coupling that was becoming more and more appealing to both of them.

School started back a little over a month later. Josh had continued to grow larger and stronger, and his quick grasp of football strategy, combined with a superhuman athleticism that quickly outclassed everyone else on the team, had catapulted him to the role of starting quarterback in two short months, leaving his coaches dumbfounded at his meteoric improvement. And, while Amy wasn't head cheerleader yet for political reasons, everyone on the team knew who the real leader was as she continued to grow stronger, more athletic, and bustier herself with each passing day.

It was shaping up to be quite a senior year.

## **End of Chapter 1**

**Author's Note:** Thanks for reading! If you have any feedback, comments, or questions, I'd love to hear from you at [fidget1@protonmail.com](mailto:fidget1@protonmail.com). If you find yourself enjoying my stories, please consider supporting my work on Patreon, at [www.patreon.com/fidget1](http://www.patreon.com/fidget1). Patrons get early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some other fun perks. Every little bit helps, and your support is what enables me to keep doing what I love!