“Do I really have to go to West Virginia all summer?” Bryce complained.

“Yes dear, I’m sorry, but your father has business in London, and I’m spending the summer doing research in the Sahara.” His mom replied as she continued packing her bag.

“Why can’t I just stay in the loft?” He pleaded.

“BECAUSE YOU’LL DO NOTHING BUT SIT ON THE COUCH ALL SUMMER.” His mother snapped. She took a deep breath regaining her composure. “Plus your uncle called, and he is short on his ranch. Now go finish packing, your flight leaves in 12 hours.”

Bryce Angrily stomped up to his room. He looked at the empty suitcase on his bed. He didn’t even know how to begin to pack for a place like West Virginia.

“Gucci...or Supreme?” He asked himself looking in his drawers. “Gucci” He said packing up his clothes. He finished packing up everything he thought he would need, and turned to his window taking one last look at the skyline before heading downstairs to get an uber to the airport.

“Now arriving at Mason County Airport. Mason County West Virginia.” A voice chimed. Looked out the window. He could only see a single landing strip, and single building next to it.

“This is it?” He thought to himself. “I knew it was a small town, but gesh.” The plane landed, and bryce got off of the plane.

A fatter man with a beard and camo shirt stood holding a sign with Bryce's name on it.

“Hey i’m Bryce.” Bryce said.

“Heya, I’m chuck. I work fer yer uncle. He got called away for a few days to help with a birthin.” The man spoke, his accent thick. “I’ll be takin you back to the ranch and gettin you all set up.

“Ok” was all bryce said, and then proceeded to follow the man out to his truck.

They drove mostly in silence down a heavily wooded, and hilly road.

“So ya a college student?” Chuck said breaking the silence.

“Um, yeah...well almost I’m gonna start spring semester next year.” Bryce said.

“Ah so you’re 18 then right?” Chuck asked. “Gotta be to use a lot of the ranch equipment.

“I’m still 17, but I turn 18 next week.” Bryce answered.

“Have to celebrate that.” Chuck said. He picked up a water bottle from his cup holder and spit out a chunk of wet chewing tobacco into it. “You chew?” He said pulling out a can of chew and offering it to Bryce.

“No. I don’t” Bryce said turning down the offer.

“Hmm” Chuck sounded a bit disappointed. “Well that’s alright if ya ever need any though we got tons round the house. Special recipe.”

Bryce woke up as the truck ran over a pothole, he didn’t remember falling asleep, and he didn’t know how long they’d been on the road, but it was dark now. He looked out the widow as the truck pulled up to a big log cabin.

“Well this is it.” Chuck said.

Bryce looked at the cabin it was massive, but rundown. Looking around in the distance he could see some other buildings that he figured were the barns. After a moment Bryce followed Chuck up to cabin, and headed inside. Chuck lead him through the house to a large room with a bed and not much else.

“This is where you’ll be stayin.” Chuck said.

“Umm where is the TV?” Bryce asked confused.

“We ain’t got no tv boy.” Chuck said. “We got not wifi or phones either.”

“No wifi? No phones?” Bryce said angrily. “What the hell do you do for fun around here?”

“Now calm down boy, we got a radio in the livin room.” Chuck said. “But that's not for now. You get settled in, and lose that attitude.” Chuck left the room shutting the door behind him.

Bryce looked around the room. Other than the bed there was a dresser. Bryce walked over opening the drawers to see if anything was inside. There were some plain white shirts, and some pairs of jeans inside, he also noticed a can of chew in the back

of one of the drawers. He shook his head closing the drawer. He walked away from the dresser to a door in the end of the room. He opened the door to reveal the bathroom for the room.

“Wow this isn’t bad” Bryce said. There was a shower, and a seperate bath in the room. Bryce noticed a small door at the far end of the room. “Wonder what this is?” Bryce asked himself. He tried to open the door, but it was locked tight. He returned to the bedroom still curious about what was inside. He yawned. “I’ll ask about it tomorrow” he thought hopping into bed.

“COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO” Bryce woke up as the cries of a chicken rang out throughout the sky.

“Hmmm, what?” Bryce woke up groggily. He slipped on a pair of shorts and a Gucci shirt headed outside. He found Chuck outside of the cabin near a pen filled with pigs.

“Ah good you’re up. Here is a shovel, go clean up after the horses.” Chuck threw a shovel Bryce’s way. Bryce flinched as the shovel landed a few feet away from him. He grabbed it to tired to argue and walked around until he found the horse barn.

Bryce shoveled the horses poop into a container, then Chuck gave him another task, and another. By the end of the day Bryce was so tired, and dirty. His gucci shirt covered in various dirt and other unmentionables. Exhausted he plopped down at the table as chuck presented dinner.

“When did you have time to cook this all?” Bryce asked tired.

“Ya just gotta make time.” Chuck answered. “Plus I’m still young got some pep in me.”

“Wait how old are you?” Bryce asked.

“I’m 22” Chuck answered much to Bryce’s surprise. “Been working here since I turned 18. By the way, tomorrow you might wanna wear the farmin clothes instead of your fancy shirts.”

“Yeah I guess you’re right.” Bryce said.

He finished eating, and was so tired he headed to bed. The next few days all played out the same. He woke up, worked, ate, and then fell asleep. Each day more tired than the next. He had even stopped bathing as the days went on because it took to much energy.

Bryce woke up getting out of bed. He was smelly and his whole body hurt. He looked into the mirror in the bathroom his face was covered in dirt. He was so tired he didn't even care about the small door in the room anymore. He walked out into the main hall of the cabin to see a large breakfast on the table.

"Eat up!" Chuck said. "You only turn 18 once." Bryce hadn't even realized it was his birthday. It both felt like he had been on the farm forever and also like he had only been there a few minutes.

"Hey when is my uncle coming back? Shouldn't he be back?" Bryce spoke as he sat down at the table. He was so tired.

"Ah yeah, your uncle, he umm" Chuck paused for a long time, but Bryce was too tired to really notice. "He um called and said they needed his help longer. He'll be back soon."

"Oh…" Bryce said not really processing anything. "Ok" Bryce ate slowly his body aching as he ate.

"Now it's your 18th birthday you gotta do somethin fun!" Chuck said.

"Like what?" Bryce asked.

"Well we ain't got much around her…" Chuck said. "We got chew though" Something about the way he said it sounded sinister, but Bryce was too tired to fully process the tone.

"Well…" Bryce tried to think about it, but he was just so tired it was so hard to think. "I guess"

Chuck pulled out a can of chew from his pocket and handed it to Bryce. Bryce starred at it for a second. Before grabbing it, and taking a chunk and packing his lip full of it. Right away he felt woozy, the world around him begin to spin.

“Now don’t ya worry it's normal to feel woozy, it takes a second for it to begin the transformation.” Chuck said. “Now I gotta go lock up all your old clothes, ya won’t be needing them anymore. “

“Transfor..” Is all Bryce managed to get out before he passed out.

Weeks later…

Bryce woke up his boyfriend’s arm wrapped around him. He pushed chuck’s arm off him, and put on his work clothes. He needed to get a good start on the day. He packed his lip full of his special chew and looked in the mirror. His beard was still a bit short for his taste, but he knew the chew helped it grow quicker. He had put on some weight, but it was mostly muscle from working around the farm.

He walked outside and began tending to his animals.His body and face getting covered in dirt as he did so. He loved working on the farm so much especially with Chuck around to always take care of him. As he worked a black BMW drove down his driveway. He packed another lip, and went to meet it as a woman and a man stepped out. Both were dressed nicely, and both looked somewhat familiar but as the chew hit his lips he couldn’t recall from where.

“Excuse me sir!” The lady called out. “My son was supposed to be somewhere out here on his uncle’s ranch. Have you seen him?” She showed him a photo on her phone.

“Sorry ma’am ain’t never seen a boy like that round here. Just me and my boyfriend on this here farm.” Bryce said.

“Come on lets get out of this hick town. He’s not here” The man said before getting back into the car.

“Well thank you anyway sir.” The woman said a somewhat sad look in her eye.

“Not a problem ma’am.” Bryce said.Then watched as the car drove away.

He felt bad for the woman, but he couldn’t focus on her right now, he had a farm to take of, and a redneck life to live.