

The words stung my ear. The aggravation and inner turmoil was actively wounding me. I clenched my jaw and did my best to keep myself calm and save what little bit of my ego I had left, "Yeah. You were right, so how much of a monster can you make me?"

Jason chuckled on the opposite end of the phone, "As much of one as you and your wallet desire, dude. I think you'll find we have little to no limits here. I'll need to get your new specs though. Wanna come back and we can discuss things?"

I thought for a moment, "Is Chris still there?"

"Yup! Kid's like a kid in a candy store." He burst out laughing, "I don't think I've seen someone's eyes sparkle so much in my life!"

I actually felt a small grin cross my face, the mental image of Chris wandering endless aisles with awe and wonder actually cut through the rage, "Alright. I'll be down soon."

I don't know why Chris popped into my mind right then. Maybe it was my heart trying to mend itself from the heartbreak of Zach's betrayal and Chris was the first target it could find. I wasn't in the right state of mind to fight against it, though, and it was more than likely going to bite me in the ass later. In either case I was back at the storefront, squeezing my way through the opening to find Jason behind the counter with the iconic 'I told you so,' smirk on his face.

He opened the door as soon as I got into the lobby and beckoned me in, "So...shall we begin?"

I only nodded and stepped in through the door, following Jason as he led me over to a corner and whipped out the same measuring tape I had seen Nate use earlier. He had me relax to the best of my abilities considering the mental state I was in and started wrapping the tape around various parts of my body, whistling occasionally as he took in the numbers.

"So how much are you looking to spend," Jason inquired casually as he took another measurement.

My gut clenched at the thought of payment, but my aggression and impulsiveness won me over. I had come to the realization that there was no going back now. Even how I was now was going to be so dramatically different that I was never going to be able to live the same life I had previously.

"No limit," I spoke with steeled determination.

Jason's ear actively twitched like a cat's and an eyebrow cocked in my direction, "You sure about that?"

I nodded, "I was saving up for a new house, but I have a feeling I won't be needing one soon....or probably have one if I know Zach...."

"Sure thing, dude," Jason smiled, "I take checks as well."

He returned to taking measurements and I saw Chris pop out of one of the aisles. He was about to turn around and stroll back up the next, but he must have caught sight of me because he was making a beeline in my direction.

"Dude! I thought you left!"

"I did," I sighed, "and then I just had to come back. This place is addictive." I wasn't about to tell him what had happened about the suit right now.

Chris smiled widely, a cute set of dimples appearing on his cheeks, "Hell yeah dude! This place is amazing! I didn't know half of the stuff they had here could even be possible!"

"Find some things you liked," I inquired with a small grin, Chris's light blasting through the fog of frustration again.

"Tons," he exclaimed excitedly but then his face fell a bit as resignation kicked in. "But I don't think I have the funds for more than a suit like yours and even that's pushing me to live off Top Ramen for a few months. Nate's helping me get everything designed now. I'm so excited!"

Then he took off to the opposite side of the room where Nate was typing away at a keyboard and using a connected tablet to manipulate a 3D model of a human body on the screen before him. Chris peeked over his shoulder and practically danced at the sight. I couldn't help but laugh.

"Like I said: kid in a candy store," Jason remarked.

"He really is," I laughed. I looked over at him, watching his quiver as he kept himself calm. He looked like I did when I was working on the design for my own suit. Something about him was managing to cut through the hurt. I glanced down at Jason, "Hey, whatever he wants, put it on my tab. I'll take care of him."

Both Jason and Chris turned to look at me. I guess I had not spoken as low as I had wanted.

"Seriously!?" Chris ran back up to me, his eyes wide but incredulous.

I nodded in response, "Yeah...you did get me into the club last night."

"Dude...the fucking you two gave me was payment enough for that," Chris rejected. "This is way too much for that."

"Don't make me change my mind," I rolled my eyes, "just go shopping already."

Chris's eyes sparkled as the countless options flooded his mind. I could almost see the gears turn in his head but he shook his head and collected himself, "How can I ever repay you though?"

"You can take me out to dinner tonight," I offered, "...and keep me company throughout the week. My roommate's out of town."

Chris blushed and looked me over as if to find some hint of a lie like me crossing my fingers behind my back or something. "OK," he nodded, "but that's only the start, got it? You better come up with other stuff I can do."

I snorted and gave him as gentle of a shove as I could towards the aisles, "Just get out of my sight before I change my mind."

Chris laughed as he staggered to a stop a few feet away, but instead of going to the aisles he returned to Nate's side who then pulled up an inventory list on the PC. It seemed like Chris already had a few ideas in mind.

"Little love smitten?" Jason chuckled as he continued taking my measurements.

I shrugged, "I don't know...apparently I'm not too good at making the right decisions."

Jason reached up and patted my shoulder, "Life's all about making stupid decisions and living with the consequences. Might as well enjoy it right?" He glanced over at Chris and Nate, a wistful smile gracing his lips, "At least it's making someone happy, right?"

I followed his gaze, my eyes lingering on Chris's beaming face when he turned to look at Nate. I couldn't help but smile again, "Yeah. I guess."

"The suit makes everything grow, you know," Jason nudged, "That includes the heart."

"Oh that reminds me," I suddenly had the realization of where I was at. "Whatever he gets, not magic mumbo jumbo, got it? I don't need the same thing happening to him." This time I spoke even lower so that only Jason could hear me.

Jason's ears drooped, "But that's no fun..."

"Yeah but I don't need him being some little play thing like you made me," I glared down at him.

"Look dude," Jason backed away from me, "our suits are made to fit the wearer and make their fantasies come true. Caveat Emptor and all that."

"Yeah well I'm the buyer," I stood up to my full height and loomed over Jason, "and I'm aware of the game and telling you not to play it this time. Got it?"

Jason rolled his eyes and acquiesced, "Alright alright alright. I won't include anything permanent. Deal? Just our standard tactile systems and wearable effects. That'll be it."

I nodded and looked over at the other two again who were still busy with the inventory, Chris pointing out a few pieces to add to the cart with Nate nodding and clicking them through the various screens.

"I just don't want him getting caught up in the same shit..."

Jason nodded and didn't speak further, but I could see the look in his eyes that told me I was not thinking right. I didn't care at this point. Would Chris be happy with some permanent changes? Sure. But I wasn't going to let it happen until he knew full well what he was getting into.

It took a little more time for Jason to grab all of my measurements. Some of them were made difficult due to our height difference, but the help of a stool fixes all problems. Chris soon came up next to me, his eyes still sparkling and eager for what lay ahead.

"Alright. I'm all set!" He sheepishly rubbed the back of his head, "I just now have to wait until they're made. That's gonna suck..."

"If you want," Jason spoke up, "we can offer some loaners until the custom pieces are made." He looked up at me with a wry smirk, "I think we can offer a few pieces for fifty bucks as a special for so much patronage here today."

I blushed as I knew what he was getting at and turned away from Chris to save face, waving the price off.

"Seriously!?" Chris exclaimed. "Hell I'll even shell that out for you now."

He whipped out a crisp fifty and Jason took it and pocketed it, "Just go pick things out and Nate will have them delivered to your house. I believe the two of you have a date now, right?" Both Chris and I blushed as we recalled our earlier agreement. Jason and Nate both giggled as Jason walked over to his husband, wrapping the tape around behind his neck. "I'll get everything put into the system for you, Adam. If you come over tomorrow we can get everything fully designed for you. You want your loaners delivered to your house, Chris?"

Chris audibly squeaked at the thought, "Uh...n-no....c-can I just come swing by and pick them up later?" He whispered up to me, "I haven't come out to my parents yet..."

"Well we close in a few hours and I don't think you'll be finished feeding the big guy here until way after that," Jason sighed.

"You can deliver it to my house then," I offered. I looked down at Chris, "I have a feeling we'll be ending up there later tonight anyway."

Chris' face turned bright red and looked down at his feet, "M...Maybe...."

The two shop owners shared a knowing look and nodded. "Very well, Nate'll get everything delivered later. You both be off and enjoy yourself before it gets too dark."

"Sure thing, dad," I shot as I wrapped my arm around Chris' shoulder and we both exited the premises.

"Thanks..." Chris whispered to me as we got out into the open.

"Don't mention it," I patted him on the shoulder, "I guess I wanted to do a little good to help you get out of your shell some more."

Chris nodded, a few tears forming in his eyes, "You really want to go out with me? I...haven't really been out with another guy before."

I smiled warmly, remembering the nervousness I had when I was first starting to date a few years ago, "Of course! A cute guy like you? I'll be the envy of the entire city!"

Chris laughed, but blushed at the same time, "Hardly! I'm pretty sure it's the other way around."

I smirked, "Shall we see who's right?"

"Yeah," Chris agreed, though his face fell for a moment, "but....do you really have a...dragon's appetite too?" He pointed at his head in the rough area my horns were.

I shrugged, "I'm a bit peckish, but how about we hit up a buffet?"

"Hell no" he exclaimed suddenly, "I want a fuckin' steak!"

I chuckled at his eagerness, "Alright. Let's see what's in town."

The night went on stunningly from there. Chris and I really hit it off, both of us finding some comfort in each other to let us be a bit freer with our conversation. Maybe it was the fact that both of us had already met in one of the craziest events one can have in this life, but it was not difficult to open up with each other. Chris was the third child of his family, pushing himself to succeed where his siblings hadn't, which led him to joining the football and wrestling team at my old high school. It was there that he discovered he was gay and fought desperately to keep it hidden, not knowing how it would affect his teammates and the game overall.

Turns out we had much more in common than just our love of muscles. Music, books, choice of video games; they all matched up well enough. We found ourselves chatting most of the night away, neither of us paying attention to the glances we were getting from the other passersby on the streets and at the restaurant as we dined. I spared Chris' wallet as much as I could, thankfully my body seemed to be getting more efficient at keeping itself nourished so I only needed two helpings of steak to tide my appetite.

Our night soon ended at my doorway, just as I had expected. Both of us were drunk on the night's events, Chris sidled up against me as we walked down the streets in the cool night air. Once we got to the door I saw a rather large box sitting on the porch, the now-far-too-familiar logo plastered on the front.

"Looks like your package is here," I remarked to Chris who practically squeed with glee. He attempted to pick it up, but the size and probably heavy weight made him struggle. I laughed, "Here, let me get that for you." I nudged Chris over to the side and took up the box. My new strength made it a piece of cake, but I could tell that there was some definitive heft to the contents inside. "Oof...what did you do," I joked, "buy a bunch of bricks?"

Chris rolled his eyes, "Nooooo. Only half of that should be bricks."

We both laughed and I fished my keys out of my pocket and opened the door, letting Chris inside first so that I could deposit the box in the living room.

"Jesus!" Chris exclaimed, pinching his nose, "I can tell you and your roommate have been busy!"

I blushed as I immediately caught a whiff of the inside of my house. It was amazing how nose blind you can get. The room was pungent to say the least. Cum was clearly leaking down from the ceilings and pooling on the carpet in various places where neither Zach or I had the decency to clean.

"S-Sorry..." I apologized. "Wasn't expecting anyone else to be here..."

Chris giggled, "Well I can't say my room's any better." He gripped the crotch of his pants and gave me a knowing look, "I gotta empty this guy a few times a day."

I matched his smirk, "Something tells me that present's about to make things a lot messier here."

“Only one way to find you,” Chris sneered as he popped the tape on the box open. “I just hope you don’t mind if I let the beast out. He’s been penned up way too long.”

I was about to laugh when Chris reached into the box and pulled out the first of its contents. He gave me a devilish grin as he held up a silicone wolf mask. He was serious.