

Secondhand Transformation

Dylan parked his car directly in front of the front entrance to the store. He watched as the attendant pulled the closed sign from the window and turned the neon open sign on, indicating that they were indeed, open. Dylan had just a little bit of time before he had to get to work, and had to be quick with his shopping if he wanted to be on time for work. Dylan looked at his phone, rereading the text message for the tenth time that morning, "See you tonight at 8 pm. Looking forward to meeting you for the first time. <3" Dylan hadn't been on a date in quite some time and was getting nervous about getting back into the game, and wanted to look his best. But being the poor 23-year old that he was, he was not rolling in the dough to buy the most expensive clothes. So he looked through the yellow pages and found Secondhand Transformations, a store that claimed to give you a new outlook on life for ten dollars or less.

Dylan pulled himself out of his vehicle and walked into the store hearing the faint jingle of a bell. As he made his way deeper into the store, passing by lines of hanging clothes and shoes adorning the shelves. He was unsure of what to wear, he wanted to be dressy but casual. Let the guy know that he knew how to dress, but wasn't taking the first date too seriously. Dylan looked around the area attempting to find the section that would house all the male dress clothes.

"Need some assistance?"

"Holy crap!" Dylan shouted as he felt a finger tap him on his shoulder. He quickly turned around and found the male attendant brightly smiling at me.

"Oh, sorry. I didn't mean to scare you. Sometimes that first coffee in the morning peps me up a little too much," he laughed loudly. "Are you looking for anything in particular? You seemed to be searching for something," he queried.

"Yea, I have a big date tonight and didn't really have anything that I could wear." Dylan motioned to the dirty jeans and the plain T-shirt he was wearing; both hanging awkwardly on his thin frame. "I wanted something of a new, well sort of new I guess. I have a hard time finding clothing that fits me so I will probably need a belt to go with whatever I buy." The attendant eyes scanned Dylan's body, his eyes seemed to be undressing his body and then redressing it with the different options that flowed through his mind.

"I think I know exactly what I have for you." The attendant rushed away to behind the counter, rummaging through piles of clothes, obviously looking for something in particular. "Found it!" He

shouted, lifting up a flannel shirt, a pair of jeans, and a red pair of suspenders. "Here try this on." He said handing Dylan the selection of clothing. Dylan took the handful of items, looking unsure as he looked at the sizes of the jeans and shirt.

"I don't think this is going to fit me," Dylan said seeing the XL tag on the shirt and the size forty jeans. "I think I may just have to go with what I have now," he said, attempting to hand back the clothing items.

"No, I insist. Just trust me. You may be surprised at how they look on you." The attendant kept that wide confident smile on his face that said, he knew what he was doing but also was going to take no for an answer. Dylan looked at the clock on the wall, he didn't have time to be trying on clothes that he knew weren't going to fit. But if he tried it on quickly, showed that he was right, then maybe he could shop in peace and find an actual outfit for his date.

"Where are the dressing rooms?" Dylan asked.

"All the way in the back, just shout if you need anything." The attendant pointed to the back of the building where a large dressing room sign hung. Dylan quickly sped to the back of the store, gazing upon the walls of clothing, searching for an actual item of clothing that he would purchase. He mentally noted where one or two dress shirts were hanging. He opened one of the dressing room, throwing the pile of clothes onto the bench before locking the door.

Dylan lifted his T-shirt over his head and dropped his loose pants to the floor, looking at his thin body in the long floor length mirror. Most people always said how lucky he was to never gain weight and to be so skinny. But Dylan saw it as more of a curse; never being able to find clothes that fit and always looking like a weak waif.

"Fucking skinny ass bitch," Dylan muttered to himself as he pulled his sliding boxers back into place as he began to redress with the new clothes; first pulling on the large pants over his skinny waist, then the large flannel, and lastly attaching the red suspenders into place. As he snapped the last suspenders into place he felt a weird rumbling radiate from his stomach. Dylan gazed at himself in the mirror as his stomach continued to rumble.

"God I probably shouldn't have skipped breakfast this morning," Dylan said. But as the words left his lips he began to feel the clothes tighten around his body. He watched as his stomach began to slowly inflate beneath the flannel shirt, filling up like a balloon did with water. "What the fuck?" Dylan gasped as he pressed his hands on his torso feeling the soft fat press against his hand. His stomach already losing its tightness and began to sag. His upper body grew larger and larger, causing him to wobble back and forth until he fell backward onto the bench.

“Help!” Dylan shouted as he sat on the bench, watching his chest inflate and fall onto his belly. His flat pectorals grew and grew until they were both full grown tits. Dylan grasped onto one of his newly grown tits, squeezing the soft flesh, and moaning as his extra wide nipples were pinched between his fattening fingers. He reached out his hand and saw each of his bony fingers inflate until they each resembled small sausages.

“I need assistance!” Dylan screamed but did not hear the attendant coming to help. He continued to stare at his fattening form, and how it was slowly rising upward. At first, he considered that he was flying, but then realized it was his ass and thighs that were growing. That each of his now ham-like cheeks was pushing him further and further into the air. Each piece of clothing stretched tightly around his form; the seams pulling at one another. Dylan lumbered himself off the bench, his hands falling onto the mirror. He could feel every inch of his inflated body jiggle and bounce with every movement.

“I’m a fat pig,” Dylan gasped, staring into his rounder face. He looked like a chipmunk keeping nuts for the winter. His chin and cheekbones had both rounded out making him look more like a cueball than a person. Dylan hoisted himself back, feeling the weight of his belly pull down over his jeans. He turned to the side and saw his ass had inflated as well as his thighs. He looked like he was smuggling a basketball in the back of his pants. He moved his body up and down and watched his tits, belly, and ass jiggle with the slight movement. But what shocked him, even more, is the feeling of his dick rubbing against his fat thighs, and that he liked it.