

From Fab to Fat

“Eww!” I screamed as I waved my hand in front of my nose, hoping the smell would vanish as soon as it appeared. The disgusting sound I felt in my bones made me want to hurl on the greasy trucker who stood in front of me. The obese man looked over his shoulder and smirked. His thin lips twisted into what he would label a smile and pushed his fat ass towards me. It was too quick for me to maneuver away and too disgusting for me to escape.

FBBBBRRRRRRRRRTTTT

The odor filled the convenience store but it was like the smell was aimed for my nose. It was sweaty and musky like he hadn't washed in weeks. Bile filled the back of my throat as the trucker laughed.

“Fuck I'm gonna be sick,” I groaned, covering my nose and my mouth.

“Girl your such a princess,” my boyfriend teased as he ran a hand through his long blond locks of hair. “Just breathe through your mouth. Or just hold it like I am,” he laughed.

I didn't understand why he or anyone else in the store wasn't complaining about the smell, but by the way, the slobby truck driver stared at me. His yellowed teeth and crusty facial hair was too much for me to handle. I didn't know if he was teasing me cause I was gay or because I looked too clean to pass up.

“I need a restroom,” I said loudly.

“It's around the back,” the cashier shouted back to me and I ran from the store. The blast of fresh air was like a gift from God as I took several deep breaths, driving the stench from my senses. I walked around the back of the store, dodging puddles of water and mud as I found the restroom. With extreme regret, I pulled open the muck covered handle and jumped inside the bathroom and felt the bile return to my mouth.

“Oh god,” I groaned as the smell of shit and piss filled my nose. I held my nostrils between two fingers and walked towards the nearest urinal. Not wanting to travel further than necessary into the bathroom. I peed quickly and looked at the sink. I knew I would walk away dirtier I even touched the knob and decided I would just use sanitizer when I got back to the car – a whole bottle's worth of sanitizer.

“Just a few more hours,” I told myself as I fluffed up my hair. “Just a few more hours and you will be out of this hick state and off to college with people that actually have a brain.” My years of

torment were almost over and my life as a fashion student was about to begin. It was only a couple of hours and a few hundred miles away until my dreams finally began.

"I got a brain, jus' don't use it too often," a deep voice gruffest from the entry of the restroom. I heard a soft *click* and saw the obese trucker walk into the bathroom. "You jus' think you're so smart don't yah? Thank yah so much better than the rest of us?" He snarled his question and I lifted an eyebrow. His stained covered tank top, his ill-fitting janes, his stereotypical truck hat; all of it told the story of an inbred loser with no prospects.

"I don't think it. I know it. And it's pronounced jusT, there's a 'T' at the end of that word," I said condescendingly. I walked towards the exit but the trucker stepped in front of me. His stench was so strong it even overpowered the years worth of filth that covered every surface.

"You won't think its soo bad when you are just like me," he said, smiling a large toothless grin.

"I will never be lick -," I began to say, but my words were halted when he pushed out a bleach into my face. I could have sworn I saw a green gas push from his thin lips and out into my face. I coughed and hacked, feeling the belch as it invaded my lungs. I ran to the sink, forgoing any hopes of cleanliness and pushed my face under the faucet. The water was irony and warm, but I gulped it quickly and wildly, sucking down the water until I felt my stomach bulge. But I felt something hard, I felt several somethings in my mouth as I gulped the water and spit it out into the sink.

Multiple soft *plinks* sounded as the objects were spat into the porcelain and when I looked, I never had a heart attack. They were teeth. It was my teeth. I picked up one and stared at my reflection and smiled. Three teeth were missing from the front of my mouth, and the rest looked like they hung onto my gums by a thread. The color changed before my eyes, going from perfectly white to a shade of tartar yellow.

"What the fuck did ya do to me," I screamed as the trucker laughed near the entrance. I moved back to the mirror and felt my body sway with the movement. I looked down and saw my stomach wasn't just bloated with water but with fat. It was swollen beneath my fashionable shirt. I turned to the side and grabbed it with both hands. It was soft and it jiggled. It was a feeling that I had never felt before. I lifted my shirt, still in disbelief, and saw that it had not only swelled with size was covered in hair.

Dark patches of long curly hair crawled around my stomach, stretching wide and moving wild like bugs as it covered my once perfect set of abs. My tanned skin had grown pale, nearly sickly in color.

What was happening to me?

“This can’t be happening,” I squealed as I pushed at my stomach but it bounced with realism. It was real and so was the hair. My mouth went dry as I felt something rumble in my stomach, a large knot formed within. I clutched my fatty sides as I felt my asshole pulse and I pushed.

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The obese trucker laughed behind me as I felt a heavy wet fart explode from my ass and the stench fell over my body and filled the room. The smell was horrible, far worse than anything else within the bathroom – worse than anything the trucker had made within the store. My eyes grew hazy and my mind was willing as I lost control of my body. My body seemed to grow heavy and I fell to the ground. I looked up and saw the greasy man staring down at me, smiling his toothless wicked smile.

“Yah gonna be one of my boys soon ‘nough.”