

# ***The Wrong Sized Halloween Costume***

*A short story by Henry Cavanaugh*

Chester growled in frustration as he held up the various pieces of the werewolf woodsman costume he'd ordered. He was absolutely certain that he had ordered them in a size medium and yet the parcel he'd been sent contained the items in a size extra large instead! Given Chester was only five-foot-nine and weighed in at one-hundred and sixty pounds, he already knew without trying the items on that he'd look absolutely ridiculous in them, like a kid wearing his dad's clothes. To make matters worse, the party that he'd ordered the costume for was that very night and Chester didn't own anything else that might work as a passable costume. His choices were either to wear the ridiculously ill-fitting get-up or forsake the party altogether which he really wasn't going to do!

*Well, let's see how bad it really is*, the young man thought to himself as he stripped down to his boxers and then stepped into the pants. Unsurprisingly there was an awful lot of space in the legs as he pulled them up to his waist and if it wasn't for the prominent curve of his ass, the pants would have immediately fallen back down to his ankles! *I'm sure I have a belt around here somewhere*. If not, he was going to have to spend all night holding his pants up and the mere prospect of that was absolutely mortifying! After locating the belt and pulling it tight, Chester then turned his attention to the garments that would adorn his upper body. First was the white tank top that featured numerous holes made to look as if they were claw marks. Just as expected, the tank top came down to the upper half of Chester's thighs and made his torso look even less impressive than it already was. He hoped to undo some of the damage by adding the sleeveless flannel shirt to the mix but that too proved to be a terrible fit, being wide enough to hang over his bony shoulders.

Bizarrely the parcel had also included a fake beard with hooks to go around the ears to keep it in place. Carefully bringing it up to his face and setting it across his jawline, Chester soon found himself laughing at the ridiculous image presented to him in the mirror. He looked like a total dweeb! There was no way he would be getting lucky that night; no guy would ever take him seriously.

Chester was snapped out of his disappointment by the sound of a grandfather clock chiming from a nearby room. It sent a shiver down his spine for one particular reason: there was no grandfather clock in the property, nor had he heard it from either of his neighbors in all the time he'd lived there. Where could the noise have come from and what did it mean? A glance at his phone confirmed that it was thirty-six minutes past five

in the afternoon and there was no logical reason for a clock to be chiming at such a time. *I suppose it wouldn't be Halloween without a bit of weirdness...*

As he left the bathroom behind and started to patrol his rented apartment in the hopes of finding the source of the noise, Chester was clueless to the changes that were starting to happen all across his body. All at once his slender frame started to inflate like a balloon being pumped full of helium, only it was pure muscle being packed onto him!

His bare arms showed the most obvious changes, with the twig-like limbs blossoming into mighty branches with clearly defined biceps, triceps and forearms. The biceps bulged to such an extent that a vein even became prominent across them, while a small forest of brown hairs spread from his elbows down to his hands. Even they were changed, with each of the digits growing thicker and the calluses of somebody who regularly lifted weights appearing on his palms.

The pants that had previously been loose-fitting around skinny legs were suddenly pushed to their limit by the expansion of Chester's lower half, with the fabric struggling to contain the mighty tree trunks that he now possessed. An expanded waistline (although still tight enough to give him a desirable shoulder-to-waist ratio) caused the man to absently loosen his belt all without seeming to notice the incredible changes that his physique had experienced over the past several minutes. His footfalls had even become louder as he transitioned from gentle steps into powerful stomps, something that would surely aggravate his downstairs neighbor.

As he proceeded into the next room, Chester scratched at his chest through the tank top, feeling the bristles of hair underneath that spread all across his mighty pectoral muscles. The muscle growth had granted him two large slabs of meat that formed a perfect pec shelf, while a six-pack of abs formed underneath to give him the kind of body that would immediately make him the most popular guy in any room should he take his shirt off! These new upper body muscles were complemented by the rising of trap muscles leading down from his thick neck to his broad shoulders, all of which made the ripped tank top and the sleeveless plaid a much better fit.

Giving up on his search for the grandfather clock, Chester made his way back towards the bathroom to inspect himself once more prior to heading out to the party. During this short journey, the metal wires that the fake beard was attached to vanished out of existence, prompting the thick brown hairs to attach themselves to the man's jawline and then grow around his mouth. By the time Chester stepped back in front of the mirror, he was rocking an awesome beard that paired nicely with his neat and stylish cut up top. There had been a number of other changes to Chester's face - a more angular jaw, wider nose and more prominent brow - but the man didn't seem surprised at all by his reflection. In Chester's mind he had *always* been this way and sure enough, the

memories of his neighbors and friends and all the content uploaded to his social media profiles would confirm this new narrative. He hadn't been skinny since he'd been a sophomore in high school - his muscles had been growing rapidly since then and he was only getting bigger!

After snapping a selfie and then putting some aftershave on, Chester winked flirtatiously at his reflection. He knew that he wouldn't be going home alone, in fact he was certain that he'd have his pick of the guys at the party! Jocks, twinks, bears - they'd all want him and if he was feeling generous maybe he'd even let them feel up his giant muscles before deciding which one he wanted to share his bed with that night. There was nothing that turned Chester on more than having his muscles worshiped by other men, hence why he'd deliberately picked a costume that would show off his awesome guns!



No matter what happened, it was going to be a Halloween party that Chester would long remember, even if he'd never actually remember the day's most miraculous event...