

A Brotherly Gift

The mailman arrived as I stepped from my car and met me with a package.

“Mark?” I asked while I signed for the parcel. “What is it?”

“Why would I know?” the driver sarcastically asked. “You have a good day.”

I saluted the driver as he walked back to his truck and drove away.

“What did you send me?” I asked the air while I shook and texted my brother.

His message appeared seconds later as if he waited for the message.

Just open it.

“It’s not some gay shit, is it?”

Just open it.

I rolled my eyes, entering my house with the gift tucked under my arm.

It wasn’t the first time my brother sent me something weird, and I knew it wouldn’t be the last. The previous gift—a porcelain pink cat—sat on the entry table and welcomed me home every day. I considered throwing it in the trash, but my consistent comments about it made me keep it.

Tearing into the bag, I dumped the contents next to the cat. A flash of blue and pink fell onto the table, and I tossed the bag aside.

“Underwear?”

Lifting the large pair, I noticed it wasn’t just a few sizes too large. It was several.

“Why did you send me underwear?” I texted my brother.

What? You don’t like them? I saw them and immediately thought of you.

“But why? And what is cake?” I asked, reading the backside of the gift.

I saw the dots appear, showing my brother had begun to write. It started again. And then stopped. I sent several question marks, wanting an explanation from my brother, but instead of a message, something happened to the screen.



The stranger letters scrolled across the screen of my phone, constantly looping as I stared. I tried to type, but the screen would not respond. A voice spoke into my mind.

Try it on. Wear them. You’ll like them.

“Hmmm.” I stretched the underwear wide, seeing the full width of the band. There was no way that I would fit. I would be practically holding them up.

Try it on. Wear them. You’ll like them.

The voice said again, urging me to wear the gift. The longer I stared at the screen, the louder the voice became.

Try it on. Wear them. You'll like them.

Try it on. Wear them. You'll like them.

Try it on. Wear them. You'll like them.

“Guess I could just try them on,” I walked deeper into my condo, taring away my shirt and dropping my jeans. My typical boxer briefs were kicked to the side of the room, allowing my cock to breathe from the sweaty confines of my underwear.

As I stepped into the underwear, my initial assumption was proven more correct as the waistband of the underwear didn't even touch the sides of my torso.

“Too big,” I said, readying to release the waistband.

You can grow into them.

You will grow into them

You are going into them.

The voice in my head screamed its words into existence. I released the underwear after pinching the waistband for several seconds. I expected it to fall quickly across my thin legs, but it stayed.

“What in the world?” I looked down at my legs and saw them swelling—growing in front of me. I lifted my leg, feeling an unrecognizable amount of weight. I turned quickly and found the transformation traveled to the backside of his body.

My relatively small ass swelled and widened. Inches were added by the second, growing to fill the XXL underwear. I reached out to them both, not believing the strange occurrence. I touched one, feeling the soft cushion of fat and the muscle the hid deep underneath. I touched the other. It was real. They were both real. I looked in the mirror and watched as the underwear that was once much too large became tight around my new hips and stretched tightly across my crack. My ass lifted upward, becoming rounder, perkier, more synthetic looking.

“How . . . why . . .?”

I couldn't even form a sentence to try and understand how this was happening. I swayed my hips, and my cheeks responded aggressively, jiggling wildly from side to side. I jumped, and my ass created a loud clap as my cheeks slammed against the back of my thick thighs. The obscene shelf looked practically unreal as it jutted from my back in a way that only women or a man with a crazed plastic surgeon.

My phone buzzed, breaking the hypnotism that my new cheeks cast on me.

How does it look????

Send Pics!

I stared at my brother's message—my brother's request—and couldn't stop myself from sending him a picture. I tilted to the side, spreading the words across my newly transformed cheeks, and snapped a picture. Little did I know, there would be dozens more additional package left at my front door.