

The door made an unusual noise when it opened: a low, dull note that tapered off into a whisper, like an exhale. The first thing Dylan Crabtree thought when he heard it was that it sounded like a deep voice making a sex moan. It stopped him in his tracks, and he turned to look at the door's old wooden frame before proceeding down into the store.

Old wood led to more old wood: the floor, the walls, and the fixtures. The boards creaked softly under Dylan's Air Jordans as he surveyed the space, running his fingers over a stack of folded shirts, then stopping to look at himself in a mirror with a sigh. Stupid teenaged skin. He kept breaking out lately and couldn't figure out why. Maybe the pool water was drying him out.

Another set of floor creaks announced that he wasn't alone. Nobody was going to sneak up on you in here, that was for sure. Dylan turned and his too-cool teenage facade cracked for just a moment at the sight of the person approaching him: a mountainous blond man with a beard so thick it hid his face like a mask. He was Dylan's height, but far broader, with massive shoulders that seemed to start at his ears, and a chest so bulbous his dark green necktie was wedged between his pectorals. The knot of his tie was straight and conical, but the sleeves of his light blue dress shirt were rolled up to expose beefy forearms. The only way Dylan could tell the man was an employee was the tape measure that hung around his neck.

"Afternoon," the man said in a gravelly voice.

"Hey," Dylan said, back to cool mode.

"What brings you in today?"

"Oh, just looking around, thanks."

"No you're not. You came in here for a very specific reason." The man's light blue eyes twinkled behind his spectacles.

Dylan looked up in surprise at the man. That certainly wasn't the response he'd expected. Store employees always just walked away when you told them you were browsing. "Uh...well..." He was caught so off-guard by the employee's frankness that it took him a moment to formulate his thoughts. "It's stupid," Dylan said, cheeks reddening. "I'm just trying to kind of...like...make myself over, a little bit. I want to impress girls."

"Why's that stupid?" The man smiled. "That's literally what this store exists for! I'm happy to make you over." He extended his hand. "You can call me Mr. Bernhardt."

"Dylan."

"So what makes you want a makeover, Dylan?" Mr. Bernhardt leaned against a table and crossed his arms.

“Um...well, there’s a couple reasons, but mainly I’ve never had a girlfriend. And I can’t quite figure out why. Like, girls like me, I think. I don’t think I’m bad looking. I’m a swimmer, and my friends on the team date a lot more than me. I think I just sorta blend in a little bit. So I was thinking, maybe I need to stand out a little more. I just don’t really know how to do that. Clothes were one of my ideas. I probably can’t afford this place, but...”

“Don’t worry about prices, we can figure that out,” Mr. Bernhardt said with a wave of his big hand. “And certainly, clothes make the man. But no one dates a person’s clothes. So my goal with you will be to also give you a big dose of confidence. We’re going to unleash the real you, Dylan. You might be surprised by him!”

Dylan liked that, although it sounded expensive.

Mr. Bernhardt hopped up. “What I’ll need from you is just your trust. I won’t steer you wrong. Even if you feel silly in the moment, you’ll come around in the end, I promise.”

“Okay. I trust you.” And Dylan did. The guy was all muscle with a big beard. He was rocking the shirt and tie look. He looked great. Probably had women all over him.

“So how do you normally dress, Dylan?” Mr. Bernhardt was doing a lap around the store, selecting items as he went.

“Like this,” Dylan shrugged. “Jeans, t-shirt. I think that’s one of the reasons I don’t stand out, but I’m also not sure what else to wear.”

“Well, people are attracted to style, certainly, but it needs to feel authentic to you too. But I can help with that. Let’s see here...” He picked up a folded sweater off a table and added it to the pile in his arms. “This should be a good start. Over to the mirror,” Mr. Bernhardt requested, leading Dylan over to a three-way mirror with a podium, right outside of a small dressing room. “Now remember, you’re still a seed. This store, these clothes - they’re the water. Now what you’re going to do is let that water nourish you, and you’re going to bloom. Seeds are meant to grow. Enjoy watching yourself blossom. It’s always a wonderful sight.”

Dylan didn’t understand the point of this speech, but he nodded all the same. “Totally, yeah.”

Mr. Bernhardt smiled and handed over a pair of jeans and a t-shirt. “Let’s start with what you already wear and we’ll go from there.” Dylan changed clothes quickly behind the door. Mr. Bernhardt had a good eye for sizing, apparently - both the jeans and t-shirt fit Dylan perfectly. But when he walked out and stood at the mirror, he just felt...kind of bored. The t-shirt was nice, and it was cut better than the ones he wore. Showed off his swimmer’s shape, at least.

“I’m just kinda ‘eh’ about it,” Dylan shrugged. “They’re nice, but they actually...I don’t know, they don’t quite feel like me.”

“See? Interesting. You’ve been worried about looking like everyone else instead of looking like yourself. The jeans are designer, and they look good, but you’re right - they’re not you.” Mr. Bernhardt produced a white-and-blue striped Oxford shirt and handed it to Dylan, who went behind the door and traded it for his t-shirt. He emerged with his nose already wrinkled. “Not you either, right?” Mr. Bernhardt ascertained.

“It’s so preppy. I’m not preppy.”

“Well, it doesn’t have to signify that, however if that’s your perception of it, that’s an instinct you should listen to. Now try this.” He handed Dylan a light yellow shirt, and the moment Dylan touched the buttery fabric, he had a good feeling about it. He had a surge of excitement replacing the preppy shirt with the yellow one. This one was nicer, it felt like - the fabric was so smooth and thick, and the collar was stiff and tall. Dylan buttoned it up and walked back out. He stood at the mirror. He cocked his head.

“I feel...different, wearing this.”

“A good different, it seems.”

“Yes. I feel like more like me in...what’s a shirt like this called?”

“A dress shirt. You’re right, they’re formal, but that works for you. What would you think if that was your go-to shirt? The shirt you wore every day?”

“Every day?”

“Yes. If dress shirts were all you wore.”

“Well...” Dylan pondered. “I mean, I think I’d have to mix it up from time to time, but if it made me feel like the way I feel now...I don’t see why I wouldn’t.”

“Ah, Dylan. That’s wonderful. I can see a gentleman beginning to form.”

And Dylan could too. He looked so good in a dress shirt. Mr. Bernhardt was right - they needed to be his daily look.

“Would I wear ties with them?” Dylan asked.

“Some men do, some men don’t. Clearly, I do,” Mr. Bernhardt smiled, using the opportunity to check his tie knot. “But you...I think you might not, actually.” He reached and unbuttoned Dylan’s stiff collar. The points spread apart like a bird taking flight. Dylan liked how the angles framed his neck and face.

“You’re right. I don’t think ties are for me. I’m an open collar guy.”

"A dress shirt with an open collar every day," Mr. Bernhardt smiled, patting Dylan on the shoulder. "That's the perfect look for you. And you'll notice it improves your body line. It widens you and makes your shoulders look squarer. I hope you feel as handsome as you look."

"I noticed that about my shoulders," Dylan said, his reflection smiling back at him. He stood up straighter as Mr. Bernhardt fussed around him, tugging on his shirttails and analyzing how everything was fitting. Dylan, for his part, just continued to look at himself, standing up tall with the confidence that comes from being well-dressed. He'd had a big lunch, so he was kinda bloated - he sucked in his stomach and saw the buttons flatten. That looked better, he thought. When he released his breath, his tummy rounded back out, pushing the buttons slightly outward, but that was okay. He'd digest it soon enough. One thing about being a swimmer, your stomach was pretty much always gonna be flat.

"I have some pants for you too, if you'd like to try some. These are khakis for a more casual look," Mr. Bernhardt said, though the khakis he handed over were pressed and still looked like business trousers to Dylan's eyes. Dylan took them and went into the fitting room to trade them out for his jeans, but when he noticed the tag on the new pants said they were a 29 inseam, he had a feeling they'd be short. And he was right.

"I'm usually a 32 length," Dylan said, walking out of the fitting room to show Mr. Bernhardt his exposed calves.

"Ahh...yes, yes, I see what you mean. Try these." The salesman handed over a pair of genuine dress pants to Dylan - this time, there was no attempt to pass them off as casual.

"These are a 29 inseam too," Dylan said.

"A different brand, though," Mr. Bernhardt said. "Wildly different fits, I assure you."

Dylan shrugged and gave them a try, and to his surprise, these pants did indeed fit his legs. But they did not fit his waist - they were too tight there, pushing his bloated tummy out over the waistband. He still showed the salesman, even tucking in his shirt while he stood on the stool and looked in the 3-way mirror.

"Ah, excellent. We can go up in the waist. You do have a bit of a belly, I hadn't noticed!"

"Only because I ate a lot. I have abs." Dylan looked over at Bernhardt, then stepped down off the stool. The salesman was a head taller than he was. "You're...did you..." Dylan looked around at the shop. Everything did feel a little...further away.

"Mm?" Bernhardt asked, as he put away one of the sweaters he'd pulled for Dylan.

"I...feel shorter, all of a sudden. I dunno why. Weird."

“Need to sit down for a minute?”

Dylan shook his head, sandy curls jostling on top of it. “No, it’s okay. Can you measure me though?”

Bernhardt nodded and whipped out his tape measure. Dylan stood on the end of it and the salesman pulled it taut, then analyzed the notch at the top of Dylan’s head. “You are...let’s see...five-foot-eight.”

“No, that’s not right. I’m six-one! I’m not short.”

“I’d argue that five-eight isn’t short, it’s average.”

“I’d argue it’s short. I swim, I can’t be five-eight,” Dylan said. No wonder the 29 inseam fit...the store just had to be using weird measurements. Dylan was tall, he knew he was tall. He couldn’t be 5’8. Though the Dylan in the mirror did look more compact. And maybe a bit wider, like he’d been pressed down under someone’s thumb. Kind of...stout. But he wasn’t supposed to be stout...

“Well, the most important thing for men of shorter stature is good posture,” Mr. Bernhardt said, and he gently pulled on Dylan’s shoulders to adjust them back. Dylan felt a pop in his spine as it aligned as straight as a nail. Mr. Bernhardt reached around and tipped Dylan’s chin upward with his fingers. “There we go. Carry yourself proudly, young man, regardless of your height. And always speak with the utmost confidence. Here, introduce yourself to me.”

“Um...okay...hi, my name’s Dylan.” Dylan extended his hand and Mr. Bernhardt shook it while looking straight at him.

“Not bad, but you dipped your chin down while you spoke. You seemed uncertain. And speak from here.” He tapped two fingers against Dylan’s sternum. “Nice and low. Breathe from your stomach.”

Dylan sucked in a breath, his swollen belly pushing out as it filled with air. “Hi, my name-”

“‘Hello’-”

His stomach drew in a great gulp of air, and Dylan spoke a whole octave lower than usual. “Hello, my name is Dylan.” He pumped Mr. Bernhardt’s hand vigorously.

“Well done, young man, well done,” Mr. Bernhardt smiled. “Excellent projection.”

“I always wanted a deeper voice,” Dylan said, his pitch even lower - flirting with bass.

“It’s something you’re capable of, it sounds like. Just keep speaking from down there. And never forget to project nice and loud. A confident man rarely needs to repeat himself.” Mr. Bernhardt smiled. “Now, let’s try a bigger shirt. That one is looking tight. It was extra slim fit anyway.”

Dylan looked at the options in Mr. Bernhardt’s hand and selected a deep inky blue. “Beautiful color,” he said, and he went into the fitting room to swap it out. The salesman was right; his current shirt was too snug, and the sleeves were too long too. As Dylan pulled his arms out of the sleeves, he stopped and looked in the mirror, then raised his arm over his head. His pit hair was back! He always shaved for swimming, but he must’ve forgotten to do it for a bit. It was a surprise his coach hadn’t said anything.

The new dress shirt fit much better. The cuffs were at his wrists, and the bottom buttons were tight over his stomach without buckling. He did notice the top half was a little loose, which he commented on as he exited the room. “This isn’t a shirt for women, is it?”

Mr. Bernhardt chuckled. “No, we don’t have any women’s clothes. You’d know because the buttons would be on the left side. Why?”

“It’s like there’s space for boobs in it.” Dylan plucked at the extra fabric, while Mr. Bernhardt helped him tuck the shirt in.

“Well, not all men have flat chests.”

“Yeah, I guess I figured they’d try to hide that...”

“Not if you go to the gym to build them!” Mr. Bernhardt reached down and opened the next button down from Dylan’s collar. “Imagine if this space was filled by a broad, thick chest. I think women would certainly notice that!”

“Yeah, you’re right,” Dylan said, a hint of discomfort in his voice. His hand idly wandered up to the front of his shirt, over his nipple - it felt unusually prominent today; conical, with a little extra fluff behind it. Between that and his distended stomach, he wondered if he’d accidentally gained a little weight. But the Dylan looking back at him in the mirror did look good, he had to admit. A little stronger and meatier. He just wished he had longer legs.

Mr. Bernhardt seemed to notice. “Like what you see?”

Dylan remembered his advice: breath support, good projection. “Yes, very much,” he answered in a robust bass. “Something about the shirt makes my arms look bigger, too.” He raised his right arm in a flex and grinned at the small, but noticeable, muscle bunching up under the sleeve.

“You’re budding into a beefcake,” Mr. Bernhardt joked, which made Dylan grin broadly. Girls liked beefcakes. But he paused when he looked at his hand, raised proudly in a fist above his

flexed bicep. His fingers looked short and thick, not long and delicate like he was used to. "Is something wrong?" Bernhardt asked.

"I just..." Dylan lowered his hand and looked at himself in the mirror. His torso looked square and the tight lower buttons of his shirt made it look like he was smuggling half a basketball under there. "...I look different."

"Well of course you do, young man. You're growing up. It's a big change when a boy becomes a man. But it's exciting, too, I'd hope." Dylan nodded, and Bernhardt continued. "You've already overcome a big hurdle just by nature of wearing dress shirts every day. So many men continue their youthful habits far too long, wearing t-shirts and those silly hooded sweatshirts. But you're unafraid to dress like the man you are - or the man you're becoming, at least."

"I already sound like one!" Dylan said proudly, his bass lower than ever. "I can't believe it's that easy to change how your voice-"

At that moment, a button popped off over Dylan's stomach and made a soft plink against the mirror. He immediately turned bright red.

"Not a worry, we can sew that back on," Mr. Bernhardt reassured him. "But let's get you a bigger shirt."

"I just had a big lunch," Dylan maintained as he unbuttoned the rest of his shirt, revealing his small, round belly jutting out over the waistband of his trousers.

"Of course. Nothing to be ashamed of."

Dylan didn't respond because he was looking in the mirror. He looked so square. He didn't have any waist to speak of, and with no shirt to support it, his spherical belly hung slightly over the button of his pants. When Mr. Bernhardt handed him a silky white shirt with thin green stripes, Dylan hurriedly put it on to hide his body, and tucked in the shirttails to lift up his stomach. He left the top two buttons open over his chest, because they wouldn't close anyway - the buildup behind his nipples that he'd noticed earlier had spread across the base of his chest, creating a slight lift in the front of the shirt. "That's better," Dylan said, looking at himself. "I need to do some sit-ups tonight."

"You probably won't believe me, but I've heard women prefer a man with a belly," Mr. Bernhardt said.

"Really?" Dylan asked, the loose fabric at the bottom of his shirt suddenly pulling taut as the buttons gapped slightly. "Why is that?"

“Well, I’m sure there’s multiple reasons. And of course, no woman speaks for all women. But there’s an association with strength, for one thing - strongmen have bellies - and also a lack of vanity.”

“That makes sense, I guess,” Dylan said, looking down when he felt the shirt fabric against his nipples. His chest wasn’t flat like he thought it was - it puffed out like he was taking in a deep breath.

“What matters more is how you think you look. If you like how you look, you will attract people.”

“I do!” Dylan said, buttons bulging. “I think I look great. I only feel comfortable in a dress shirt.”

“Do you feel comfortable in that one?”

Dylan looked at himself in the mirror - his buttons were making figure 8s all the way down his front. “No,” he chuckled, chest shaking.

“Let’s get you a new pair of trousers, too. You’re about to rip out of those.”

Dylan hadn’t even noticed his rump was compressed into the back of his pants, but Bernhardt was right - one wrong move and the seams were going to go. He went into the fitting room and carefully shimmied out of them, his butt cheeks shaking as he jostled back and forth. Then he unbuttoned his shirt and felt his belly heave out, unencumbered by tailored fabric. “Girls like bellies,” he whispered to himself, rubbing the basketball-sized sphere. He needed to get on the treadmill, lean down for swimming, but he felt so self conscious with his chest and belly shaking while he ran.

Mr. Bernhardt placed his selections over the top of the door: a purple-and-yellow checked dress shirt and dark gray slacks. Dylan obediently put them on and grinned as he felt his ass fill the roomy seat of the pants; the waist was big enough that it pulled up over the bottom of his belly, which slimmed his silhouette a bit as he tucked in his shirt. Once again, the top two buttons wouldn’t close, but that was fine - that was how Dylan wore his dress shirts anyway.

“I need a new belt,” Dylan said as he walked out, and Mr. Bernhardt handed him the longest one he’d ever seen. He thought it was a joke until it fit him perfectly.

The salesman nodded approvingly as he looked at Dylan. “You look magnificent.”

“I feel magnificent!” Dylan said, voice dropping even lower. He smiled at himself in the mirror, then turned to the side to look at his profile. It wasn’t what he expected, but it was balanced, with his butt and belly standing out at the same distance.



“Since you wear dress shirts and slacks every day, I’d imagine you need quite a few pairs - how about I pull some more selections for you tonight and you can come back tomorrow once you’re free?”

“Splendid!” Dylan said, chortling at his word choice. “Uh, I mean, cool. But yeah, that sounds good. I’ll wear this to school tomorrow.”

“The girls will be all over you.”

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The door made its sultry moan as Dylan returned the next day, drawing his attention once more - he’d forgotten about it til that moment. He held onto the bannister as he walked down the stairs into the store, moving carefully so that his belly didn’t pull him too far forward.

Mr. Bernhardt was there waiting for him, looking resplendent in a white shirt and violet tie. He smiled at the younger man. “Good to see you, Dylan!”

“It’s nice to be where someone understands me,” Dylan grumbled back.

“Oh dear - not a good day?”

“No,” Dylan said, dramatically sighing. “Everyone made fun of me at school. They kept asking why I was so dressed up. I reminded them that I wear dress shirts every day, but they still thought it was weird. The guys on the team kept poking my belly and telling me I needed to lose weight.” He ran a self-conscious hand over his prominent stomach, which looked like he’d consumed a watermelon whole. “And swim practice was bad, my times were way off and everyone was joking about my boobs. I don’t have boobs!”

“Mmmm.” Mr. Bernhardt listened with his arms crossed, a sympathetic expression on his handsome face. “I’m sorry that it was rough, but I’m happy to see you held firm. That shows true character.”

“Thanks,” Dylan mumbled.

“Perhaps we can try some more dramatic looks today to cheer you up. How about getting you in a pair of cufflinks?”

“What are those?” Dylan asked eagerly, stepping gingerly onto the stool. He flicked open the buttons of his shirt, and his belly unfurled: large, round, and wide, it stood proudly out in the open air as Dylan slid his shirt off his shoulders.

“You’ve put on some size, big man!” Mr. Bernhardt said admiringly.

“Have I? Thanks!” Dylan said, flexing his arms. “I’ve been lifting a lot lately.”

“Can’t wait to get you in a shirt that fits those gains properly. To answer your question, cufflinks are for French cuffs, or double cuffs - they fold back and the link is what clasps all the fabric together. It’s an elegant, sophisticated look.”

“Nice.” Dylan took the shirt Mr. Bernhardt was holding out: seafoam green with an extra-broad collar. The front tail hung down to his thighs so he could tuck it under his stomach, which he did as he stepped into a pair of white trousers that Mr. Bernhardt had laid out for him. As he pulled the pants up his body, they lifted his big butt properly and proudly. “I like this color combination a lot.” Then Dylan was quiet, watching as Bernhardt folded the shirt’s French cuffs back around his wrists, clasping them with big silver squares. “Wow! I really like these!” Dylan turned and looked at his big cuffs in the mirror, the same length as his thick hands. “Like...REALLY like them.”

“Oh? Do you think you’ll wear French cuffs every day?”

“Absolutely! Cufflinks every single day, no exceptions. Maybe they’ll distract from my boobs,” he joked.

“You don’t want to distract from your chest. It could be your best feature.”

“Yeah, right,” Dylan snorted.

“No, truly,” Bernhardt said, standing behind Dylan at the mirror. “Do you mind if I touch you for a moment?”

“No, that’s fine.” With Dylan’s consent, Bernhardt reached under Dylan’s arms and cupped his hands around the two mounds on Dylan’s chest. Dylan, without thinking, placed his own hands on top of Bernhardt’s.

“I know you’re thinking you want a smaller chest, but it’s actually just the opposite,” Bernhardt said into Dylan’s ear. “You want a bigger chest. That’s what will look the best on you.”

“Really?” Dylan said unsurely, feeling bits of his flesh squeezing through Bernhardt’s fingers. “I’m not...I don’t know. I don’t want boobs like a girl.”

“That’s why you want them bigger. When they’re bigger than any woman’s, nobody will compare the two.” Bernhardt’s fingers were being forced further apart. Dylan’s shirt began to tighten at the base of his chest.

“But...that’s big...if they’re bigger than any girl’s...”

“But isn’t that what you want? The biggest, manliest chest possible.”

Dylan's legs buckled. His eyes rolled back. "Yes, I...I do want a manly chest, as long as it doesn't look like a girl's-"

"We'll take care of that. For now, just focus on your chest growing. Can you feel it?"

"Yes!" The next button snapped off Dylan's shirt. His pecs heaved out bulbous and large - fat and muscle swirling together under the skin with the goal of making the largest pecs possible. And Dylan's were getting enormous.

"This is why you leave your collars open. You can't button them."

"Yes..."

"You love showing off your chest."

Dylan arched his back and groaned, eyes clamped shut as he grinded his butt against Mr. Bernhardt's crotch. His chest jiggled and swelled even larger. His shirt ripped. "I love it!" With his shirt torn open, his nipples could be seen stretching out over the comical mass of his muscle tits. Dylan's rack was so big that it pulled him forward. He stumbled against the mirror, panting, leaving sweaty palm prints streaked across the glass.

"What just..." He blinked. "What just happened? I spaced out..."

"Your chest tore your shirt open. But no matter, I'm sure that happens often to you," Bernhardt smiled, picking up a dress shirt with a bold windowpane pattern.

"All the time. These knockers..." Dylan said, cupping his hands around his pecs. "They're so heavy. Did you know they're bigger than any girl's at school? My buddies and I went down the list and couldn't think of one they didn't beat."

"I believe it." Mr. Bernhardt helped Dylan button up his new shirt and put on his cufflinks. The top three buttons were left open over Dylan's gigantic rack, pushing the muscles up. It looked like he had a pair of bowling balls bursting out of the front of his shirt.

He surveyed himself in the mirror. "They still kinda look like boobs."

"Well, what's one thing men have on their chests that women don't?"

Dylan knew this. "Muscle!" he said, his pecs hardening and rounding further.

Bernhardt smiled. "Well, I suppose that's another thing. But I was thinking hair."

“Oh, I don’t want chest hair,” Dylan said, as a shadow began creeping out from the crevice of his pecs. “I’d have to shave it off for swimming.”

“Of course you want chest hair.” Mr. Bernhardt watched dozens of dainty brown curls burst out of Dylan’s chest, which the young man wasn’t seeing as he faced away from the mirror. “You’ll have chest hair far longer than you’ll be a swimmer. And girls love it.”

“They do?” Dylan grinned, and another layer of bristles emerged across his chest in shades of gold and red. A pattern was forming, fanning out over the massive expanse of his insane chest, swirling around his nipples and creeping up to his collarbone.

“Of course they do. Imagine lying in bed while a girl plays with your chest hair.”

*Floof!* Dylan now had a thick pelt on his chest, the curls protruding proudly between the open buttons. “That sounds great!”

“Embrace your body hair. If you’re a naturally hairy man, be proud of it.”

Dylan was running his fingers up and down between the valley of his furry pecs. “I just...have to shave it off for swimming...”

“Of course. I’d imagine swimming is somewhat difficult with your build.” Mr. Bernhardt patted the side of Dylan’s belly.

“Well, I’ve just been a little bloated the past couple days,” Dylan murmured. “It’ll flatten out...”

“No, Dylan, you’re never going to have a flat stomach again. You’re meant to have a large, manly belly.” Mr. Bernhardt ran his hand down under the spherical shape of Dylan’s hard, round gut. “You’re the type of man whose belly enters the room before he does. You sit further back from the table than everyone else. You open up a couple of buttons before eating a big meal.”

“Yes, always...” Dylan said slowly. “Otherwise they-”

Two buttons popped off Dylan’s shirt and bounced off the mirror. The bottom of his shirt spread open to reveal the underside of his growing muscle gut, a new outie bellybutton, and the latest addition: a line of brown hair leading up to the rug on his chest. “That’s all right, Dylan, that happens often to men like you. It’s the cost of looking so impressive. Look at yourself: you’re getting wider. Bigger. You’re such a virile, strong man.”

“Strong...” Dylan grinned. Another button burst. His belly heaved out into the open and gently pressed against the mirror, growing larger and rounder. It pushed up against the underside of his muscled jugs and shoved them higher, wedging part of his shirt in between all the mass. Dylan reached down to try to undo the button of his pants, but it burst off before he found it under his stomach. His waistline was expanding too fast. “Girls love strong guys.”

A loud rip emanated from behind him, as his ass ballooned out of the back of his pants and tore them open. Dylan grunted from the pressure and then smiled from the relief, as his bottom expanded into a huge square boulder, with two cheeks as big and solid as his pecs. He slapped both hands on his stomach and groaned happily, as sweat dripped down his face and a light coating of brown hair prickled out across his massive ass cheeks.

"It's wonderful how your body brings you so much pleasure."

"I love it," Dylan moaned. "I fucking LOVE IT..."

"I can see why. Some men are afraid that adding muscle will make them look shorter. I disagree, and you're proof of that. You're as wide and as deep as you are tall. Amazing to witness."

"It's...hard to find...clothes that fit..." Dylan panted.

"Yes, you'll require everything custom. But since you only wear dress shirts and pants, you can order multiple at once when your measurements and patterns are on file. They'll fit you perfectly." Mr. Bernhardt rubbed his hand on Dylan's belly. "But that can wait until tomorrow. You're still a growing boy. For now, let's get this shirt off you."

"Yes, let's," Dylan murmured. His eyes were still shut, his feet wobbly. He rolled his shoulders back and wiggled back and forth as Bernhardt helped slide the shirt off him, which made his chest and belly bounce and heave. Up and down, up and down. But the shirt was simply too small, and Dylan's arms ripped the sleeves as he pulled them free. Like the rest of his body, Dylan's arms were now pure mass; his biceps bulged freakishly large as he shook them out, a testament to size and strength. "I'm so sorry," he said self-consciously, looking at the tattered rag in Bernhardt's hand.

"As soon as I saw you walk in here, I knew this sort of thing would happen. No apology necessary."

Dylan was looking at his shirtless torso in the mirror. Pecs the size of gallon jugs rested on top of his magnificent, awe-inspiring ball belly. But he was more concerned with his forearms - thick, like a man's calf - and what was on them. "I forgot how hairy I was," he said, running his fingers through the dense brown follicles that covered his arms. He analyzed the stray curls dotting his trap muscles as Mr. Bernhardt retrieved two more shirts for him. "I have hair on my shoulders..."

"Yes, you're a very hirsute man. It must make you proud."

"It does." Dylan looked at the lilac shirt Mr. Bernhardt was holding. "What is that, a dress? Why is it so long? It comes almost to my knees."

“Because of your belly, of course. Once you tuck it in it will look wonderful. It just needs extra length and buttons to make that trip.”

“Oh right...I forgot I always tuck in my shirts.” Dylan pulled the two sides of his shirt together, grinning at the tightness of the buttons over his stomach, and his beautiful hairy chest on display through the open collar. He gently lifted his belly and tucked his shirt in as he always did, pulling up the generous waistline of the new trousers he’d been handed by the salesman. Then he lifted his feet one at a time and allowed Bernhardt to slide silky nylons up over his wide, thick feet, which helped his feet slip into a pair of brown leather captoes. “Where are my sneakers?”

“Sneakers? Why would you have sneakers? You only wear dress shoes.”

“Oh, of course. I don’t know what I was thinking.” Dylan enjoyed the view of the big man at his feet, tying his shoelaces. He liked wearing dress shoes because they had a slight heel, adding about an inch to his height. When you were 5’8, you needed all the help you could get. Walking around the shop, his leather soles clicking sharply against the wood floor, Dylan felt powerful. He had to walk straight and tall, leaning slightly back to counter the size of his chest and belly, which jutted out proudly in front of him. His powerful arms rippled through his sleeves as they swung at 45 degree angles, far too large to rest flat.

“I’ll see you tomorrow for your final fitting,” Mr. Bernhardt smiled.

“I’m looking forward to it,” Dylan rumbled, shaking the man’s hand.

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From inside the store, Mr. Bernhardt could see Dylan crossing the street the next day. Every head turned to look at the young man as he walked past them. He was wearing a pristine white dress shirt tucked into sharp maroon trousers, smartly containing his belly, which was the size of an exercise ball. The open top buttons of his shirt bared two astonishing pecs as big as Dylan’s head, his chest pelt shining radiantly in the sunlight. He couldn’t slouch when he walked, due to his build, but his face was downturned, a fact that Mr. Bernhardt commented on once Dylan had entered the store and the door had stopped its welcoming moan.

“Bad day?”

“Terrible,” Dylan grunted, stomping down the stairs and straight to the back of the store, where he eased his weight down onto a bench. His belly rested on his thighs, and he folded his arms across it, displaying his chunky cufflinks.

“Why so bad?”

Dylan was quiet for a few moments, letting his chin sit on top of his hairy pecs as he collected his thoughts. “Where to begin. When I got home and sat down for dinner with my family, I broke

the chair. We had to bring an easy chair in from the living room for me to sit on.” Dylan sighed. “But at least I fit in it. I don’t fit in the desks at school. And even when they got me a rolling chair, my butt was too wide for it. Everyone comments on my clothes.” He raised his wrists up to show his cufflinks. “These seem to really interest people.”

“I’m glad you’re educating your peers on how elegant men dress.”

Dylan snorted. “If they’re paying attention. When I was getting changed for swimming, everyone was talking about how hairy I am and how big my belly is. I think the only compliment was one guy saying he wished he had arms as big as mine. But the rest of the time...god, I felt so stupid. I couldn’t pull my jammers up high enough, so all my pubes were coming out of the top. Everyone pointed that out too. Another dude said I have pepperoni nipples. And standing on the side of the pool, looking at all those flat stomachs...and then me...I felt so out of place. I felt out of place all day. People my age are so vapid. No one wanted to talk about politics, or business...my friends at lunch were talking about movies, so I tried to steer the conversation to classic cinema, but no one knew what I was talking about. And all my classes were so uninteresting. I knew everything already. I feel like I’ve gotten all I can out of school.”

“Part of becoming a man is embracing that transformation,” Mr. Bernhardt smiled. “It’s good that it isn’t a struggle for you.”

“Not at all! I wish it were happening even faster,” Dylan murmured. “I can’t wait to feel like a man.”

“There are ways to hasten it,” Mr. Bernhardt said thoughtfully. “For example, growing facial hair can change your self perception.”

“I don’t have any,” Dylan said. “I’d grow some if I could, but I can’t. Isn’t that funny, since I’m so hairy? I’m sure someday,” he said wistfully.

Mr. Bernhardt knelt down next to Dylan and pressed his fingers into the cleft between Dylan’s pecs, his fingers vanishing into the thick hair as if dipping into an inkwell. As he moved his brawny hand up toward Dylan’s face, he asked, “What kind of facial hair would you grow, if you could?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Dylan said, as Mr. Bernhardt brushed his fingers across his smooth upper lip. “Something kind of...old-fashioned, perhaps.” A smattering of peach fuzz was already present as Mr. Bernhardt pulled his fingers away, and more began to break through the skin as Dylan pondered. “Maybe a mustache?”

“I think you’d look wonderful with a mustache, Dylan,” Mr. Bernhardt smiled, and Dylan smiled back, as the wispy hairs over his mouth grew in number.

“None of my friends have a mustache yet,” Dylan said. “I’d want a big one, so everyone noticed--WHACHOO!” Dylan’s head snapped down and back up, his chin knocking against his pecs and making them jostle. The arrival of true whiskers all at once had tickled his nostrils fiercely. Dylan rubbed under his nose, the movement making scratching noises as his mustache took root. Already, it was in a state that most men would consider satisfactory, but not for a man as hirsute and macho as Dylan. And so the whiskers continued to bloom, increasing in number and volume, lengthening as they unfurled across his upper lip and began to delicately creep past that.

Once the whiskers hit full capacity above Dylan’s mouth, the mustache continued to grow, striving for something more exceptional and elaborate. The ends traveled out from his lips at angles, stretching down to his jaw and then bouncing back up toward his cheeks. The enormous handlebar mustache suited Dylan. It had almost as much coverage as a beard - outrageous enough that it wouldn’t look out of place in a German oompah band. Were it not for the whiskers parting neatly in the center, his entire mouth would’ve been hidden. Only his lower lip was visible as he said, “It takes a lot of maintenance, but it’s worth it.”

“It’s magnificent,” Mr. Bernhardt agreed.

Dylan’s massive handlebar mustache swelled even bigger at the compliment. He reached up and twirled one of the curly ends around his finger. An erection popped up in his trousers. “Mmm.”

“What else makes you feel like a man, Dylan?” Mr. Bernhardt asked.

“My muscles. My clothes. My mustache,” Dylan itemized. “My voice. And my...well...my manhood.” He moved his legs further apart, bulge swelling between his meaty thighs.

“Do you dress to the right or to the left?”

“I dress to the right,” Dylan said, and a huge appendage shot down the inside of his leg, making a long, hard lump in the fabric of his pants. He groaned happily and pushed his hips forward, balls ballooning big enough to make a prominent moose knuckle. “I love...love being a man...”

“I can see why. You must inspire all the men you meet.”

“Maybe someday, when I’m older,” Dylan mused. “I haven’t done much yet.”

“Well, you can always act older. You’re an old soul at heart.”

“That’s certainly true.” Dylan reached under his belly to adjust the huge bulge in his pants. Its girth - too big to fit even in his large mitt - made him grin.



“Perhaps a test? I can see a young guy coming in here now to pick something up. Why don’t you help him out?”

“Me?” Dylan’s eyebrows raised as the front door to the shop opened, and a blond guy walked in. “But I...I don’t know much about all of this.”

“Sure you do. It comes naturally to you. You only wear formal clothes, so you know all about them.” Mr. Bernhardt removed the tape measure hanging around his neck and draped it across Dylan’s massive yoke. Then he took off his wrist pincushion and slid it onto Dylan’s left wrist.

Dylan stood up nervously, but when Mr. Bernhardt reminded him “Confidence,” he rolled his shoulders back and let his belly drive him forward like an engine. He relished in the peripheral sight of his pecs plowing forward toward the guy walking in. He hoped the customer was impressed by his mass.

It was only when he locked eyes with the guy that Dylan realized he knew him. Jack Glover. Jack graduated from Dylan’s high school two years prior. They’d only interacted briefly, and Dylan always thought Jack was kind of nerdy. But something had happened to Jack in college, something wonderful. He looked just like himself, and yet he looked...better. His skin was clear and tan, no longer dotted with awkward blemishes. His blond hair was lustrous and thick, styled perfectly. His features were sharper: jutting jawline, strong cheekbones. And he’d filled out - square shoulders and toned arms. It was all enhanced by another couple inches of height that he’d found after graduating high school. College had turned Jack beautiful.

“Hello, young man!” Dylan boomed, not acknowledging they knew each other, and Jack made no recognition either. “What brings you in today?”

“Hi,” Jack smiled - another change. He’d had braces before. Now his teeth were sparkling and perfect. “Your mustache is incredible, sir.”

Dylan smiled, both at the compliment and being called ‘sir.’ “Thank you very much. How can I help you?”

“I’m just kinda looking...I have this thing at my frat tomorrow night that I’m supposed to dress up for.”

Aha, so Jack pledged a frat. That somewhat explained the makeover - that and just growing up. Dylan had been worried about maturing and moving out, but seeing how it improved Jack reassured him. Adulthood came with more responsibilities, but there were good things too, like full independence. And the confidence! Jack was so naturally handsome and charismatic now, and Dylan knew that would happen to him too.

“A fraternity formal! Ah, the good old days,” Dylan said. “I have some shirts I think would be perfect for you. Do you mind if I get your measurements?”

“Oh, sure - I don’t know them so probably a good idea...”

“Most young men don’t,” Dylan chuckled, whipping his tape measure around Jack’s neck to get his collar size. “And you’re often still growing, so they’re apt to change. Raise your arms for me so I can measure your chest? Thank you.”

“Some of my old shirts don’t fit because I’ve been working out,” Jack said, clearly proud. “So I thought it’d be time for a new one or two.”

“Absolutely! I can tell you’re an athlete.” Dylan bumped into Jack as he measured Jack’s arm length. “Apologies for the belly, it can get in the way.”

“No worries. Are you a bodybuilder, sir?”

“In a manner of speaking. I like being big,” Dylan responded. He patted his ball gut. “Don’t think this would get me very far onstage. But we had to move the tables in here further apart so I could walk around!” He was enjoying his rapport with Jack, especially because Jack seemed to genuinely believe he was talking to an older man, not someone two years younger. He could feel Jack’s regard for him, which was validating. Girls had to like a man who commanded respect.

“That’s a good problem to have,” Jack said, and Dylan nodded as he measured the frat boy’s waist.

“I’ll be right back with a shirt for you to try on, son,” Dylan said, lumbering off to the back with Jack’s measurements in mind. He moved carefully, angling his huge frame so he didn’t knock down any displays, and enjoying the peripheral view of his buttons straining to hold in all his beef. “How am I doing?” he asked Mr. Bernhardt as he flipped through a stack of shirts.

“Wonderfully. You seem like a real tailor. He admires you.”

“He does!” Dylan agreed. “I don’t think he realizes we know each other. He’s a couple years older than me but we went to the same school.”

“Well, you’ve both grown up. I was wondering why you hadn’t introduced yourself.”

“Yeah, I didn’t want to say my name.” Dylan found the shirt he was looking for, an exquisite blue-and-white striped that would be perfect for a handsome young guy like Jack. “This will look wonderful on him.”

“I agree. Maybe if you don’t want to introduce yourself, make up a pseudonym?”

“A pseudonym?” Dylan blinked. “Like what? Paul or something?”

“You don’t seem like a Paul.” Mr. Bernhardt stroked his chin. “Saul, though. That would work. Tell him your name is Saul.”

“Saul! I like that,” Dylan nodded. He looked in a nearby mirror before he walked back to Jack, checking his mustache and making sure his nipples were inside his shirt. Fuck, he was hot. A hulking stud, aside from a few gray hairs sticking out of his head - without thinking, he reached up and plucked them right out of his scalp. Bernhardt was right: he looked like a Saul. Stout and strong and outrageously masculine. Even when he turned away from the mirror, his reflection was seared in his mind. He’d never seen a man built like he was. Those massive pecs atop a big ball belly. Arms like tree trunks. All that glorious chest hair. The sight of himself made his bulge swell in his pants and got his nipples hard. An entirely different look than the Prince Charming thing Jack had going on, but no less beautiful. “Here, son,” Dylan rumbled, handing his selected shirt to Jack. “This will have the girls all over you.”

“You promise?” Jack grinned, heading off to the fitting room.

“I wouldn’t steer you wrong.” Dylan waited outside while Jack got changed. He was right: the young frat boy looked great in the shirt. Jack stood in front of the three-way mirror, eyes wide, and Dylan recognized the expression: Jack was seeing himself as a man for the first time, too. “You seem to like it,” Dylan observed, his deep voice soothing.

“I look great,” Jack murmured, followed by an awkward laugh. “I’m not used to looking like this.”

“Give me 24 hours to alter it and I’ll make it even better,” Dylan said. He plucked a pin from the cushion around his wrist and marked darts in the shirt, tightening it in the back to show off Jack’s impressive shoulder-to-waist ratio. “See, this squares off your shoulders and fits your chest. The open collar draws the eye to your neck and jaw. It’s a great shirt for you.”

“I’ve never had anything altered before,” Jack said.

“I’ll never understand why young guys put all this work in at the gym and then cover it up in baggy clothes and shirts that don’t fit. You’re in your prime. Show it off!”

“You must have all your stuff altered?”

“I have all mine MADE, son,” Dylan laughed. “Nothing off the rack fits me, but I like it that way. It’s my own fault I’m built like a refrigerator with legs. And this way, I can get everything exactly how I want it: the fabric, collar style, cuffs, buttons.”

“I like those,” Jack said, pointing to Dylan’s cufflinks. “I couldn’t pull them off, but they look cool.”

“They’re usually an older man’s game,” Dylan agreed. “When the time comes, you’ll know. For now, you’ll be the best dressed brother at the formal tomorrow. Give me til 1pm tomorrow for the alterations and then you can come pick it up.”

“Sounds good, sir.”

“You can call me Saul,” Dylan said, extending his giant hand.

“I’m Jack.”

“Nice strong grip, young man,” Dylan smiled. “They teach you that at the fraternity?”

“No, that’s just my dad,” Jack said. “He would make me practice with him.”

“Time well spent. Now, you can take that shirt off and I’ll ring you up, then you can come back for it tomorrow.” Dylan walked to the register and, as he waited for Jack to change into his regular clothes, wrote up the invoice. He liked that the store used a vintage cash register and handwritten receipts; it gave the whole affair an old-fashioned touch, even if they entered all sales into a computer later for inventory purposes. He signed the invoice with a large cursive ‘S’, for Saul.

As Jack left, receipt in hand, Dylan headed back to Mr. Bernhardt and sat down with a loud exhale, easing onto the bench with his hands on his knees. “How’d I do?”

Mr. Bernhardt smiled. “You’ve become a tailor! And an excellent salesman, too. This is your calling.”

Dylan chuckled and felt his buttons strain, which made him erect. He turned to make a crack about being a tailor to Mr. Bernhardt, but then he saw his reflection in the mirror behind the man and felt his blood run cold. Dylan raised his hands to his head. His fingers shook. “I’m...I’m...”

“Hm?”

“I’m BALD,” Dylan said, running his palm over the smooth skin on his head. The hair on the sides of his head was long, combed neatly back, encircling his skull like a laurel wreath. The rest of his dome was completely hairless. He was profoundly bald. “Where’d it go?!”

“You’ve developed male pattern baldness, yes. It’s to be expected for a man like you. Don’t you feel more handsome? It’s yet another assertion of your masculinity. It fits you perfectly.”

“I look so different...”

“Of course you do! But don’t you want to? Why would you grow a mustache like that and go bald if you didn’t want to look different? Your body is preparing you to become an older man. A

distinguished man. You're swarthy and virile. You were always meant to be bald. That was one of the many ways that Jack knew to respect you." Mr. Bernhardt patted Dylan's shoulders reassuringly. "As soon as Jack saw you, he knew you were a man he admired. Your muscles, your body hair, your voice, your clothing. Everything is curated for you to command respect everywhere you go, especially from young men. You'll create an entire customer base just by nature of them revering you, wanting to be you."

Dylan kept rubbing his scalp. An erection visibly tented his elegant pants. "Everyone admires Saul," he murmured.

"Yes, they do," Mr. Bernhardt smiled. "And you're becoming him. How wonderful is that?"

"So wonderful," Dylan smiled. "Saul Francis Goddard." He ran his fingers over the 'SFG' embroidered on his bleached white cuff. To do so required him to hold his arm away from his body at an angle, so that his monstrous bicep cleared the side of his bulbous chest.

Mr. Bernhardt, standing over Dylan, cupped the young man's chin and tilted his head upward. "Look how incredible you've become," he said, looking down at Dylan's face atop an unbelievable, incongruous physique. "You're a masterpiece."

Dylan smiled dazedly up, drinking in the sight of Mr. Bernhardt's shirt stretched tight over his muscles. "Do you think girls will be impressed?" he said.

"Undoubtedly, but do you care about girls?"

"I..." Dylan shut his eyes. His lip twitched. "I like...girls..."

"What do you like about girls?"

"Their...um, their big chests."

"Your chest is bigger than any of theirs. Visualize the kind of chest you like the most."

Dylan imagined a giant chest crammed inside a red polo shirt, all the buttons undone, with dark chest hair curling out into view. He reached up and fondled his own pecs through his silky shirt. "Mmm..."

"You're imagining a man's chest, aren't you?"

"Y-yes..."

"A man as obsessed with size and strength as you can only be understood by other men. That's who you're sexually attracted to. Huge, hulking, hairy, well-dressed men like yourself."

Dylan moaned. Sweat popped out across his brow. He could smell the sweat of men, feel their muscles, see their clothes straining. "Girls like gay guys," he whispered hopefully.

"Of course they do. And they like you, a proud homosexual man."

Dylan nodded. He knew he was gay. He was very proud to be a gay man. He organized events, marched in parades, mentored younger gay men, and even sang bass in the local Gay Men's Chorus. He loved being gay. He didn't want to be straight. There was nothing better than being worshipped by his fellow men.

"Your face is going to change now, Saul," Mr. Bernhardt said, continuing to hold Dylan's chin with one hand, and stroking his bald scalp with the other. "Are you ready for that?"

"My face?" Dylan mumbled. "H-how would it change?"

"Faces change when they age, and it's time for you to become an older man. A mature man."

"Oh," Dylan said, not quite understanding. "But I'm young."

"Not for much longer. You're starting to get some silver in your chest hair. It looks wonderful. Your mustache, too."

"But I want to be handsome," Dylan said.

"Oh, you'll be gloriously handsome," Mr. Bernhardt assured him. "You're the kind of man who gets better looking the older he gets. You don't have a boyish face, so it didn't suit you when you were a boy. Now that you're a man, you're coming into your own." Bernhardt's thumb gently rubbed against Dylan's chin, making it swell and bulge outward into a round ball that mimicked the shape and projection of his gut. His fingers delicately slid to the sides of Dylan's face, and as they caressed the bone, Dylan's jaw widened...and widened...and grew wider still, spreading from an afterthought into the dominant feature of his face. The blunt, blocky angles pushed out from Dylan's bullneck, and a thick pad of muscle puffed out under his chin to complete the look.

The extreme growth of Dylan's jawbone pulled his mouth broad and flat, tucking his lips a bit further under his mustache. The whiskers rustled from a blast of hot air out of Dylan's nostrils, which were reshaping to fit his new, bigger nose. As it grew more prominent, it pulled Dylan's browbone forward and down, intensifying his features and allowing his eyebrows to thicken with new bristles.

"Feels good," Dylan mumbled, as Bernhardt's fingers massaged his face, dancing across new crows feet and a smattering of wrinkles around his mouth. "I'm so warm..."

"You're growing some more body hair. It happens to men as they age. I can see a few hairs poking out between the buttons over your stomach."

“That happens. I’m a hairy man,” Dylan said proudly. “I have a hairy belly.”

“You love being older, don’t you?”

“Yes. I just keep getting bigger and manlier.” Dylan opened his eyes - now a rich brown - and saw Bernhardt’s face an inch from his. He smiled, and Bernhardt smiled too. Then they kissed. Dylan shoved his tongue into the now younger man’s mouth, enjoying the taste, before pulling away. “You didn’t ask permission, son,” he growled.

Bernhardt sank down to his knees, eye to eye with Dylan as he started opening the older man’s shirt buttons. “I apologize, Saul-”

“I apologize, sir,” Dylan corrected, his tone firm but his eyes playful.

“May I suck your cock, sir?”

“Yes.” Dylan’s fly opened on its own, and beneath his belly extended his massive, hard dick.

“This will fully change you, Saul. Are you ready?”

“Of course, young man.” Dylan loved playing up his age with his conquests. Mr. Bernhardt’s warning didn’t concern him much - he felt exactly like himself. He recognized the manly growl he made when Bernhardt kissed the head of his cock, and the soft moan when the big man took it in his mouth. What Dylan didn’t realize was how the universe was adjusting to the new him; how the store he was in was becoming his own business. Memories of Dylan adjusted to memories of Dylan with a big ball belly, then of Dylan with a big ball belly constrained by a dress shirt, then of a dignified older man in Dylan’s place. The timeline required to make a middle-aged stud shifted Dylan’s schooling back decades, filling his mind with more world history and happy memories, allowing his confidence to grow into the swaggering dominance of the muscle daddy he now was. Every bit of youthful insecurity was getting sucked out of him. And fuck, did it feel amazing. Dylan pressed his bald head against the wall and groaned with joy as he endured one last bit of growth, more mass adding itself to his body as the hundreds of dress shirts and pants in the closet of his new home grew in size to fit him. His hairy balls smacked against Bernhardt’s chin, an assertion of his control over the man, and he grinned as he felt cum start sneaking out of the corners of his benefactor’s mouth. For Dylan, it was a new feeling; for Saul, exceedingly familiar, and both emotions made him equally happy.

Saul felt completely triumphant. Despite Bernhardt’s warning, he hadn’t changed at all. He was the same middle-aged musclebound ball-gutted hung businessbear dandy he’d been at the start of the week-

“UNNNGGGGGHGHHHHHHHH...”

An enormous load blew out of him, his biggest in years, soaking the floor and splattering his body with his own seed, with even his mustache accumulating a couple droplets. Saul fell to his side in exhaustion, his eyes shut as his white shirt rebuilt itself around his body, and his maroon pants slid up his tree-trunk legs.

When he woke up, he was fondling his own chest. Saul yawned and sighed happily, feeling like a bear coming out of hibernation. It took considerable effort to stand up, but he finally did so, though he knocked over a stack of shirts with his ass when he turned around.

After picking up the shirts and fastidiously checking his appearance - collar standing up, cufflinks straight, shirt tucked in, hair (what was left of it) smoothed down - Saul lumbered to the register and looked around his store, his belly pressing against the counter. "Is anyone here?" he rumbled. It felt silly to ask, because he knew he worked alone on weekday afternoons. But he remembered someone being here, and he had a glimmer of a memory of walking in and being greeted by an employee. But he did all the hiring, he knew all the staff...he was the owner of the goddamn store, after all. And the big, handsome man he could sort of envision was not one of his employees.

The button placket of his shirt was like an arrow pointing to a small box on the counter. Saul scooped the box up - it felt inconsequential in his huge palm. Inside were a pair of silver cufflinks that bore the design of a muscular, nude bodybuilder. At the bottom of the box was the brand's name, embossed in gold script: Bernhardt. Saul didn't recognize the company nor the product. He loved the cufflinks himself, but they felt a bit lewd for him to be selling. Perhaps one of his employees had ordered them as a sample. He slid the small box into his pocket and set a mental reminder to ask his staff about it later. If no one had an answer, then he'd keep them for his personal use. Just the sight of them had boned him up, which was impressive considering he'd just blown a load...except, when would he have done that? He'd been working all day.

"You're losing it, Goddard," Saul grunted to himself, pushing away the thought that he'd had his dick sucked in the middle of the store. That had to have been a dream, but why the hell had he fallen asleep while he was working? It was an unprofessional thing to do, and Saul prided himself on his professionalism. He punished himself by running clothes from the fitting room back onto the sales floor, a task he hated and normally left for his staff.

His thoughts were interrupted by the sensual groan of the front door, and in walked two young men whose eyes went wide as they saw Saul approaching. He loved that look: the look of admiration and respect. "Hello, fellows," he boomed, crossing his beastly arms across his chest and pushing his biceps against the crisp fabric of his shirt. He always made sure the 'SFG' monogram on his cuff was visible when he said, "Welcome to S.F. Goddard. I'm Saul and I'm here to help you."