

Nerding Out

It was the dumbest costume party Tim had ever heard of, “Nerding out”. Why would anyone want to ever dress like a dweeb? Most of Tim’s morning was spent sifting through his clothes for anything that could be considered geeky but came up with nothing. Driving around town help even less. This late in the game, all the good costumes were gone, and Tim was forced to go to the store he hated the most, the thrift shop

Tim sifted through the racks of clothes, finding the ugliest of clothes; pocket protectors, suspenders, high waisted corduroy pants, tighty whities.

Who in their right mind would even consider wearing underwear from a thrift store?!

He saw clothes that should have been burned years ago. Hiding away within the only dressing room, Tim undressed himself and posed in the mirror. His heavily muscular top was matched by his explosive quads and heavy front pouch. He gave it a giggle and watched as it inflated.

“Steroids shrink your dick my ass.” Grinning into the mirror, he turned around and watched the muscles under his skin move as he flexed. “Fuck yeah!” He grunted, giving a double bicep pose in the mirror. He looked at the clothes, knowing it would be a tight fit, but ladies love men who show off their muscles.

Starting with the shirt, Tim squeezed his thick arms into the sleeves and attempted the to button the front, having to stop midway through due to his hefty chest. Tim had thought the shirt was potentially the tightest thing he had ever worn, until he put on the pants. The corduroy’s clung to every muscle, grasping his expansive buttocks and thick cock. He could see his python as it snaked down his thigh towards his knee. Snapping the suspenders into place over his shoulders only further accentuated his rounded chest, squeezing the meaty sides outward. He placed a pair of wide-rimmed glasses on his sharp nose and frowned. He looked less nerdy and more like Clark Kent.

Good for the ladies. Bad for the mandatory costume check they expressed upon entry.

No approved costume. No ladies.

Tim waddled out of the dressing room, feeling the back of the corduroys dig themselves deeper into the cleft of his butt and found the only employee in the store.

“Hey!” Tim shouted at the weird looking clerk with the nearly greenish skin. His tattooed neck and studded face smiled at Tim as he approached even though a frown seemed like it would be more appropriate. “You got something that’s like - super nerdy?”

“Excuse me?” The clerk asked, as he drummed his painted fingers along the countertop.

Faggot, Tim thought to himself as he noticed that the black fingernails matched the floor length skit the man wore.

“Like something a dweeb would wear. Buck teeth, fake zits, I don’t know - maybe some gel for my hair. Oh! Something like that faggot.” Tim pointed over towards an overweight teenager wearing a scenic sheet of a wolf in front of a moon. “But maybe not so pathetic looking,” Tim laughed. The clerk squinted his eyes and frowned.

“Sir I don’t take kindly to people being rude to my customers.” The clerk sucked in his teeth and stared at Robert.

“What? He knows what he looks like. Hey nerd!” Tim shouted and the overweight teen turned towards Tim with a frown. “See he knows,” Tim laughed and watched as the employee shuffled under the front counter.

“SHAZAAAAM!” The employee shouted as he withdrew a small cartoonish space gun from beneath the register. Tim’s eyes darted from side to side, confused by the employees weird gun and his weird shouting.

“Ummm? What?” Tim asked confused.

“Oh sorry. This is so embarrassing.” He turned the gun over and adjusted a knob and pointed it back at Tim. “Let’s try this again. SHAZAAAAM!” He shouted as a lime green beam shot from the toy gun and at Tim.

“ARGHH!” Tim shouted as he squeezed his eyes shut and when he opened his eyes the employee was already placing the gun back under the counter.

“You won’t be needing a costume anymore.” Tim opened his mouth to speak, but pain shot through his jaw, silencing him. The sharp pain grew more intense and Tim could feel the inside of his mouth shifting, growing.

“What the *phuck*?” Tim shouted as his tongue lisped against, he bottom of his front teeth as they swelled.

“Hee Haw Donkey boy,” the employee laughed as Tim ran back to the dressing room, locking himself inside. He smiled at his reflection and nearly passed out from the way his teeth looked.

Crooked!

Yellow!

HUGE!

The buck teeth that he stared at were a far cry from his perfectly straight white chompers that he had just moments before. The pain seemed to radiate outward across the rest of face, turning his golden-brown skin white and pasty. He watched as his pores grew in size and his face transformed into an oily mess. Pimples erupted along his cheeks and forehead as two caterpillar thick eyebrows which quickly grew to meet each other. His lower jaw grew too wide for his face, while his ears turned outward as if they were trying to be seen. The tip of his nose ballooned while hairs grew out of his massive nostrils.

“What issh happening?!” He lisped as he wiped a hand across his face, feeling the oil collect in his palms. He looked at his hands as they filled in with hair - hair which covered the rest of his once hairless body. He could see dense patches of the curly, pube-like hair sprout across his face and over his chest. He clutched his stomach as the pain reached his bones and his muscles and sapped away whatever strength he had. He watched in his reflection as he grew shorter and skinnier. The once skintight clothes shrank along with him but lost what little sex appeal they carried.

The clothes shifted around him, reforming around his tiny muscle-less body. His shut tucked itself inside of his pants. A brown woven belt appeared around his waist and snaked itself around his body. The pants were lifted by invisible strings and pulled up towards his belly button and tightened. His heart raced as he tried to reconcile what was happening to him, and when the pain of the transformation was gone, he felt a pleasure mounting within his body. He looked down at his thick cock and watched as it throbbed and bulged within the corduroy’s

“No! No please! No not that!” He begged as he fell into the wall and pleasure attacked him. His cock squirted a load into his pants, seeping into the fabric, turning the pants a splotchy dark brown. He bit his uneven teeth as the orgasm came in horribly pleasurable waves, but with his eyes still wide open, he watched as his cock shrank and shrank and shrank. He could feel as it pulled up into his body. The constantly pressure of his massive cock was gone and now all he felt was just the head of his dick as it rubbed against his boxers - now turned briefs by the way they felt.

With tears forming at his eyes he stood and stared at the skinny, acne covered, patchy bearded, nerd in the mirror.

“Someone help,” he croaked at he looked at the reflection.