No Regrets

by GoldenMane

"So what are you coming as to the Kim's party tonight?" Keith asked as they walked into the mall. George stopped. "She's having a party?" "Yeah. It's a costume party. You mean she didn't tell you?" "I guessed it must have slipped her mind." Yes, that's what happened, he rationalized. She wouldn't have forgotten to invite her own boyfriend. They had been dating for at least a year now and he hadn't strayed . . . much, at least not to her knowledge. None of her friends knew anything or could find out and none of his friends would tell. Still, he wondered.

"Well, I guess I'll have to get a costume. What are you going as?" "Oh, I'm coming as a vampire, nothing too extreme for me. I need to go off for a while and look for a present for it anyway. Ok. It's 3:00 PM now. Let's meet back here in about an hour so we can have time to get ready for the party." Great, now where was he going to find a costume on such short notice and in April for that matter. Well, might as well look around.

As he rounded a corner, his eyes were immediately drawn to a sign above a small shop window that said "Spells 'R Us". Oh well, as good of a place to look as any. Entering, he found the room to be larger than the store front suggested. It was also cramped as there were many shelves, boxes, and cases that showed off the wares of the store.

Suddenly an old man in a bathrobe appeared behind the counter. "Hello George. Looking for anything special?" "Why yes, I'm looking for a . . . hey, how did you know my name?" "You look like a George. Not enough of those old names around anymore. Now you have Blakes, Blairs, and Hunters. As you were saying?" "Oh, yes. I'm looking for a costume for a party tonight. I know it is short notice but I was hoping you would have some."

"Well, if you had a week or so, I could have gotten you any costume you wanted but as it is I don't know if I have any in stock. Let me go and check if I have any." George watched as the old man disappeared behind a heavy, purple curtain and went into what he guessed was the storage area. What a weird man, he thought. Nice, but weird.

Just then, the old man returned with two large boxes in his hand. "Well, you're in luck. I had two costumes left in back. Not sure what's in them, found them under a pile of stuff." Opening up the first box revealed a large piece of white cloth, a pair of wings, and a miniature bow and arrow set. "Oh yes, a cupid costume. Had to put it in the back. No one seemed to want it. Don't know why, it's a perfectly fine costume." The idea of walking around in a big diaper didn't appeal to him. "Um, let's see what is in the other box." "Ok."

As the lid of the second box was being opened, a smell of musk and sweat radiated from inside. Upon the removal of the lid, George could see some sort of thing made out of leopard-skin. The old man held it up for my inspection. It was actually a Tarzan costume. He remembered seeing the old movies and TV shows where the person playing Tarzan swung around on a jungle vine. However, it was way too big! It looks like it could have fit someone twice his height and depth. He looked down at his short, thin body. There's no way that it could fit.

"Aah, this brings back memories. This is one of those Tarzan, King of the Apes costume. Used to be real popular too." "I don't think it would fit," he said. "Oh, don't worry about that, it is one-size-fit-all. Come in back, I'll let you try it on." George followed him through the curtain and into what appeared to be a dressing room with mirrors on either wall. He would go along with the poor old guy, just to humor him. There was no way it would fit.

"Here, take off your clothes and put this on." George looked at him disbelievingly "Oh, alright. I'll go out front. Anyway I think I heard someone come in," the old man said as he exited and went to the front of the store. George took off his clothes and put on the costume. God, it hung all the way down to his shin. He was about to take it off when he felt the costume tighten around him. Looking in the mirror, he gaped in shock. The costume hadn't shrunk, he had gotten bigger.

He stood almost twice as tall and the costume was taut around his extremely muscular physique. He also grinned as he noticed a large bulge at the bottom of the costume. He quickly took it off, got dressed, and walked to the front of the store. "I'll take it!" "Are you sure you want it? I don't want any regrets." "Yeah, of course I want it." "Good. I'm glad to see you're satisfied." "How much will it be?" "For you, since it was in the back, 30 dollars." "Fair enough. Here you are." "Have a good time at the party George." "I will," he said as he walked out of the store to meet Keith. No regrets? A weird guy but he was nice enough.

George couldn't wait to get to the party. Keith had looked at him weird when he said he would change at the party, but it would be worth it to see the way the people would look at him. They arrived in front of Kim's frat house, where loud music and laughter could be heard from the inside. When they got up to the door, Kim was there along with a guy he hadn't seen before, who was kissing and flirting with his girl!

When she saw George however she was visibly distraught. "Um, Hi George. Sorry that I forgot to tell you about the party but it looks like you got here anyway," she said with a fake and forced smile. "Save it Kim. I thought I meant something to you. Christ, we have been dating for a year now." "You're one to talk George. You haven't been exactly faithful to me either. Yes, I know about all the little affairs you've had. Let's just say we have a mutual friend who talks when he gets drunk." "Fine, it's over then. I'm going in. I'm not going to have my night ruined because of this." George stormed inside. How could she? Well, I can find someone else, maybe even here at the party.

Locking himself in the bathroom, he put on the costume. He felt the familiar tightening of it and admired himself for a couple of minutes before going out. He walked into the room where everyone was dancing and suddenly everyone was looking at him. Nearly all of the girls were looking at him with lust in their eyes, while the men looked at him with obvious jealousy.

He saw one of Kim's friends who he had always thought was particularly beautiful, Susan he thought, and asked her to dance. As they stepped out onto the dancing area, a slow song started and they assumed the close stance position. He luxuriated in the feel of her softness against his solid muscle. They got even closer, putting their cheeks together as the music played on. She immediately pulled it away.

"Your hair scratched me. You really should have shaved before the party," Susan said. That's funny, he had shaved before coming. Oh well, it doesn't matter. He just wanted that moment to last forever. He noticed his arms felt heavier but he had been to the gym the day before and dismissed it as soreness. He held her tighter, loving being this close to her.

"Please, stop squeezing me. You're hurting me," she said as she tried to pull away from him. Looking up at him, she looked upon him with horror. "What? What's wrong?" he said as he released her. Was that his voice? It sounded as if he was talking with razorblades in his throat. He became aware that his fingers were scraping against something. Looking down, he became transfixed with the sight that assaulted him. His arms had grown longer and now his hands were dragging on the floor. But they weren't his hands. They were tough and leather-like and were darkening with each second.

He immediately ran for the bathroom. When he got there, he found it locked. He started banging on the door and yelling "Let me in. Let me in." The door opened and a man dressed up as a werewolf stepped out. When he saw George however, he ran screaming down the hall. George went in and locked the door. Looking in the mirror, he was confronted with his face but it looked as if it had been punched one too many times, for it was swollen. It was also a darker shade. He then noticed that his brown hair was now black and covering almost all of his face. Looking down, he found his legs and arms now covered with the same hair.

Once again, the costume felt as if it was shrinking but now he was getting too big for it. He started to feel dizzy as he seemed to get even taller and larger. It was starting to become painful when it ripped from the tension revealing a body that was not his. His whole body was covered in the thick, black hair except for his chest which was bare of it and showed the powerful muscles he had been so proud of before but which now horrified him. What was happening to him? He screamed out in terror but all that came out were some primal grunts.

He looked once again into the mirror and recognized what he had become: a gorilla. Turning around he also noticed a streak of silver down his back. Great and a silverback for that matter. I should have gotten the cupid costume, he thought as his humanity drained from his now primate mind.

And in the little shop in the mall, the old man laughed.

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