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Esgrow

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Gilbert had always been the quintessential dweeb. He was five foot nothing, was 100 pounds or pure spindly bone, and had always found more luck with spreadsheets than with sports. In high school he was on the chess club while others his age were tossing the pig skin. Gil had long resigned himself to being a short, scrawny, little dweeb. He even found himself following a degree plan in finance and even got an internship at a decent bank. That didn’t stop him from daydreaming about something bigger though.

Gil’s internship, like pretty much all of its type, paid in “experience” instead of something that could actually pay the bills. Fortunately, they didn’t expect much in the way of effort. When Gil wasn’t getting coffee for the main staff or printing copies of forms, he spent his time in his “office” which was little more than a folding chair and a lap desk set up in the corner of the copy room. The only good thing about his office was the abundance of spare sheets of paper on which he could doodle during the downtime. By the end of his first week, he had a full binder full of paperwork that had all kinds of big beefy bros scrawled in the margins and on the backs of otherwise unusable forms.

On a particularly boring day, Gil found himself well on his way through his fifth page of doodles when he happened to notice the header of the form he was defacing. “Escrow” he read to himself with a slight chuckle. With a quick scratch of him pen, he added a “j” shaped mark to the C effectively changing it into a G.

“Yes, sir, Mr. McGillicuddy, sir. As you can see, we offer many enticing options for those wishing to “expand”.” Gil said as if addressing a prospective client. “I have penciled you in for 15% which may not seem like much, but I guarantee you that even adjusted for “inflation” you’ll be seeing gains in no time.”

Gil then flipped the paper around as if he was receiving it from himself. Nodded a few times and made some customary “uh huh. Uh huh. Got it” sounds and then signed his name on the bottom of the form.

Gil’s daydreams were cut short but a curt voice from behind him. “Hey, copyboy. Make some copies,” the voice said. Before Gil even had a chance to look up from his ‘desk’ a stack of papers was dropped unceremoniously in front of him.

Gil hadn’t needed to look up to see who had dumped this workload on him. The voice was obvious. Gil looked up to see Darryl McGavin standing over him and smirking smugly.

Darryl was a grade A douche. Everyone around the office knew it, but for the most part people put up with it because douches tend to get the job done in the legal and financial circles. For every team of eggheads with pocket protectors they needed at least one dude with enough smarm and charm to schmooze his way into getting others to sign a contract, and Darryl filled his niche perfectly.

“I’ll need these on my desk by tomorrow mornin’, k?” Darryl said. He flashed a smarmy wink and shot Gil two cheesy finger guns before turning and leaving the room without even waiting for a reply.

Gil stared dumbfounded at the workload ahead of him. He thought he’d be able to skip out early tonight and go enjoy the Friday night with a friend, but instead he had hours’ worth of work ahead of him. For a second Gil ran some numbers in his head. He wondered if he could get away with just not doing all the scanning today and instead getting some done over the weekend, but he knew better than to try that. Darryl was actually known to work weekends. In fact, weekends were pretty much the only time he got anything done. Darryl’s job was such that he only really got anything accomplished over a five-star dinner or on the putting green.

Gil sighed dejectedly and started the process of digitizing all the files. Mr. McGavin had said “make copies” but Gil had been working this job long enough to know the truth. Only a few key forms needed a physical copy. Most of it needed to be converted to a more convenient form for golf-side discussions. If it was just a matter of making copies, Gil could put the entire stack of paper in the copy machine and hit a button and be done with it, but instead Gil had to manually scan each and every page and make a digital portfolio for Mr. McGavin to take to his clients. “Making copies”? More like “make an entire PowerPoint presentation.”

Gil settled into the tedious process of scanning and filing paper after paper. The monotony slowly set in, and his actions became little more than an afterthought. His body moved as if on its own while his mind dreamed of “bigger” things. Gil daydreamed about what it would be like to be as big and strong as Darryl. Sure, Darryl was a douchelord, but he was also hot as hell. The dude was tall, thicc, and probably hung as all hell. Darryl just had that personality of someone who was slinging some serious pipe. It was in everything from the way he walked to the way he casually leaned against the doorframe when he would walk into the room to talk to Gil. Gil’s mind traced the silhouette of his boss’s beefy form. Darryl always wore tight fitting button up shirts that he could never button all the way up. His thick chest thwarted any attempt he may have made (not that he made any) to clasp the top few buttons shut.

As Gil fantasized about Mr. McGavin’s dense pecs, he was unaware that his own pecs were starting to press at the front of his polo. As his pecs inflated, his formerly loose polo began to steadily grip and shape to the contours of his swelling musculature. As Gil scanned form after tedious form, his biceps slowly bulked up to the point that the cuffs of his short sleeves were digging into his biceps. Even with the discomfort around his arms, Gil was too lost in his daydreams and the monotony of his job to notice.

As Gil scanned form after form and loaded it onto his laptop to create a media presentation, his body began to grow and swell ever so slightly with each passing moment. His chest grew thicker. His arms grew beefier. His beefening butt filled out the back of his slacks more and more. Even his calves began to press against the back of his slacks.

Eventually, Gil managed to finish scanning all the documents. All that was left was to arrange them a folder, transfer it to a jump drive, and leave the whole finished presentation on Mr. McGavin’s desk. It should have been an easy enough job, but as Gil sat back down in his chair, he noticed something odd. The back of his slacks strained against his ass in a way he had never felt before. It was as if his slacks were several sizes too small! That made no sense. Gil’s clothes were always far too loose on him. Clothes were never designed with his wiry body in mind! To make matters worse, it wasn’t just the back of his slacks that were packed to the brim. His slacks and underoos dug into his crotch and constricted his family jewels.

Feeling his cock and balls get smooshed between his thighs was such a surreal experience for him. The pressure wasn’t enough to actually hurt, but it was definitely a wake-up call. Gil had never been blessed below the belt. The mere thought that he could somehow be too big down there for his clothes caused his brain to short circuit. All he could do was sit there and try to parse what the hell was happening while his body steadily expanded in all directions.

As Gil’s brain buffered. The stitches on his clothes began to pop and fray as his embiggening body. The sound seemed to snap Gil from his trance. There was no doubt about it. He was growing! But how!?

As Gil pondered this, he noticed the Esgrow form lying on the floor nearby. Could it be? Could the joke have come to life? Sure, these forms were legally binding, but he didn’t think that the laws he could bind were the very laws of *nature*!

Gil didn’t have time to think too much on it. If things continued the way they were going he’d soon Hulk right out of his clothes. He had to take action before that happened which left him with very few options. He could amend the document to stop his growth (NOT going to happen) or he could get the hell out of dodge and get home before he had one helluva wardrobe malfunction.

Gil hastily transferred the files and slapped the drive down on the boss’s desk and beat feet to the exit. He was in such a hurry that he completely forgot his briefcase. He only barely remembered to grab the Escrow form and take that with him as he hauled ass to the subway station a few blocks from work.

Gil hated working so late, but one of the silver linings was that there were very few people out and about in this part of town. All the late-night traffic was in the party district. As such, he only encountered a few people, but even with such a small crowd, the sight of a big, beefy stud in ill-fitting clothes tended to get some attention. Gil wasn’t sure what to do with himself. Should he hunch over and try to hide his size? Should he stand tall and proud for all to see? The first option was more in line with what he normally did, but he no longer looked like he normally did. He was huge. He was hunky. He was hot!

Gil got to the turnstile leading to the subway and found another unexpected issue. His pants were now so tight that he couldn’t get his hands into his pocket to fish out his wallet. He struggled to force his fingers into the opening of his pocket and eventually managed to get his fingertips in. Emboldened by this new development, Gil shoved his whole hand in which caused a reverberating rrriiiippp to cut through the din of the subway. Gil glanced down to see that he had town his pocket clean open! This was an issue, but perhaps it was a blessing in disguise. With his pocket now opened, he had easy access to his wallet.

Gil fumbled awkwardly with his wallet for a moment. His wallet felt so small in his hands. This just served to reinforce the suspicion that he had that he was not just growing beefier but bigger all over! Gil was curious about how tall he had become now, but he didn’t dare stand up to his full height and find out. It was a strange feeling for him. He was at a sort of tipping point. On one hand, he was so excited by his new size and wanted everyone to see how huge and hunky he was becoming, but on the other hand, he had always been so small and meek. The thought of intentionally drawing attention to himself didn’t sit right with him. Still… the bigger he got, the bolder he got. Gil could feel he was on the verge of something huge – both literally and metaphorically. It wouldn’t be long before he outgrew his old inhibitions as well as his clothes!

Once Gil managed to swipe his subway pass, he forced his way through the too small turnstile and onto the platform. Gil was a little relieved to see that the subway was currently waiting for new passengers. At least this meant he wasn’t going to be stuck biding his time on the platform. He’d be home before he knew it at this rate. This was good news, right? So why did he feel a tinge of sadness? Could it be that he was actually hoping to outgrow his clothes in front of an audience? Gil shook the notion from his head and stepped onto the subway car. The car was nearly empty when Gil entered – not surprising considering how late it was. Still, there were plenty of stops before his home.

Gil once again had to parse his own reaction. He felt a tinge of sadness at how abandoned the car was and a bit of excitement at the thought that others may soon join him. He had never wanted to stand out before. He had always survived by making himself as small as possible and sinking into the background, but now he wanted to be the center of attention! The very notion of it was exciting and foreign to him.

With each stop the car made, a few more people would trickle on, and as the crowd grew so too did Gil’s excitement and his body. His clothing was audibly snapping, crackling, and popping as the stitches and threads strained against his swelling mass. Large gaps had begun to form along the sides of his slacks as his thick, sculpted quads bulged out from beneath his slacks. The cuffs of his short sleeves were digging so deeply into his biceps and triceps that it almost hurt, but there was no doubt in Gil’s mind that the cuffs were going to give before his muscles did.

As more and more people shuffled on and off the car, Gil continued his silent debate with his old and new self. His old self still wanted to hide and slink in the shadows, but that self was steadily losing ground against the self that wanted to put on a show and bask in the adoration of his fans.

A few stops into his commute, a trio of dudes swaggered into the car. Judging by their attire and the sheen of sweat, they were fresh from the gym. The trio were laughing and roughhousing as they came into the car, but upon seeing Gil, their demeaner changed. One of the guys who seemed to be the leader of the pack gestured over towards Gil and started to whisper something to his friends. The other two glanced in Gil’s direction and nodded, but they didn’t make any moves at first. They just stood on the opposite end of the car and kept to themselves.

It wasn’t long after the arrival of the gym bros that Gil’s clothing started to finally succumb to his steadily increasing size. The side seams of his over-stressed polo popped and shredded, reducing his polo shirt to little more than a dickie and a small cape. His quads Kool-aide-manned through the seams of his slacks. In his shock, Gil tried to cover himself up even more and moved his hands and arms to block view of his chest and crotch. The motion just served to cause his already massive muscles to flex even more causing the last remaining stitches in his sleeves to burst and the backside of his pants to bust under the onslaught of his swelling ass. Gil was left sitting there clad in little more than tattered ribbons. If not for his boxers which were now barely holding back his super-sized sausage and eggs, he would have been effectively nude. Some of the passengers were shocked at what they saw, but some, such as the trio of gym bros, seemed quite pleased by this turn of events.

The leader of the trio once more gestured to his comrades and the trio made their way down the center aisle until they stood directly in front of Gil. Even seated, Gil was now so massive that the trio only reached his collar bone. They were so much smaller than him, and yet the way they were staring him down was somehow intimidating, and the smirk that was on all three of their lips… just what were they planning?

“Heh. I thought you looked familiar,” The leader said with a chuckle.

“F-familiar?” Gil stammered.

“Yeah. I’ve seen you on this line before, and I KNOW you’ve seen us,” The leader said with a wink.

Gil couldn’t deny it. He had ogled this threesome from a distance many a time in the past. He had always thought he had been careful in his lusty gazes, but the look on the trio’s faces made it clear they were keen to his glances.

The leader waited a moment for Gil to respond, but when it was clear that Gil was just going to sit there, the leader made his next move. “So, the question becomes how did you go from shrimps McGee to THAT in the span of a week?” He asked and gestured towards Gil’s new and improved beefy bod.

“I-it’s nothing. Y-you’re mistaken!” Gil stammered and instinctively clutched the Esgrow form to his chest.

Gil reaction just made the leader’s smirk even wider. The dude made a quick nod towards one of his sidekicks, and before Gil could even respond, the sidekick bobbed and wove his way towards Gil and in one clean, fluid motion, grabbed the paper from Gil’s grasp and returned it to his leader.

The leader unrolled the paper and smirked as he read the contents of the form. “Esgrow? How cute…” He mused out loud. He then handed the form to his other sidekick.

“You’re a numbers guy,” The leader said, “Take a look at this.”

The second sidekick glanced over the form briefly and nodded to himself as he did so. “It’s a pretty standard form. Regular installments with recurring growth,” he said.

“Recurring? So, you’re going to keep getting bigger?” The leader asked. There was a tinge of excitement to his voice that surprised Gil.

“Uh… maybe?” Gil replied.

“Oh, this I GOT to see.” The leader said. He was grinning from ear to ear as he did so.

Gil was just about to protest when he heard a familiar sound of the doors sliding shut. He glanced over at the door and caught a brief glimpse of the platform – HIS platform – as he did so.

That was his stop… The subway would return eventually, but until then he was along for the ride alongside this trio that seemed keen to watch his swell even larger… and truth be told, Gil was keen to watch that too.