

The Fitted Suit

By: IndigoRho

Night had fallen when Jet finally arrived at the tailor shop, silently cursing his poor timing. The black, white-spotted cheetah had been meaning to stop by much earlier in the day, but various errands had delayed him. At least the place was still open.

Jet opened the door, quickly discovering the store appeared almost deserted. He guessed it wasn't exactly weird the place wasn't packed so late, though. A nervous look was on his face as he walked in, heading towards the counter where an orange-striped zebra dressed in a nice suit was waiting. A name tag revealed the zebra's name was Rho, and Jet guessed he was close to three hundred pounds. Rho's vest and shirt covered his ample belly expertly, highlighting his heft in a way that impressed the cheetah.

Rho gave Jet a courteous nod in greeting. "Welcome, sir, how may I help you tonight?"

"Oh, well..." Jet felt out of place in the shop, and struggled to collect his thoughts. "I just scored a brand new job but needed to update my wardrobe with something more professional. I don't really have any experience with this sort of stuff, though."

"I can certainly guide you, sir!" Rho said enthusiastically. "We've got a wide variety available, and I guarantee we'll find what suits you best. Now if you'll step over here I'll start by taking some measurements."

Thankful for the assistance, Jet complied. Rho pulled out a lengthy fabric measuring tape and circled the cheetah, repeating numbers to himself as he measured multiple areas. Jet was slim, and he couldn't help but notice Rho barely having to use a fraction of his tape on him, as if it were meant for significantly wider customers. His thoughts soon drifted elsewhere.

"Excellent, excellent, there's a lot to work with here," Rho said with a smile. "I believe I've got the perfect thing to start off with."

Jet remained in place as Rho hurried off. Within a minute the zebra had returned, carrying a full suit. The jacket and pants were light-gray and the dress shirt white. A simple black tie and belt completed the look.

Even at a glance Jet thought the suit looked nice, definitely fancier than anything he'd ever owned himself.

Rho clearly noticed his approval. "The color should compliment your fur well, and not just completely blend in like a traditional black suit would."

All Jet could really do was nod, thoroughly out of his element.

"Now if you don't mind, please disrobe down to your boxers so we can do a proper fitting."

"Oh! Um, s-sure," Jet replied, taking a look around.

"Don't worry, I assure you there will be plenty of privacy," Rho said. "I never get customers this late."

The promise comforted Jet, and soon the cheetah was slipping into the suit with Rho's help. Almost right away something felt...off, though. The pants were very loose, barely staying up even after Jet had tightened the belt as much as possible. His dress shirt and jacket were plagued by a similar issue, feeling at least a size too large. When Rho knotted the tie the loop was oddly wide, Jet having to resist the urge to quickly adjust it.

When Jet looked at himself in the mirror he frowned. The suit simply didn't fit in any conceivable fashion, despite the myriad of measurements Rho had taken. He didn't understand how the zebra could have made such a glaring mistake.

"Uh, Rho? Doesn't it look a little big?" Jet asked.

Rho gave the cheetah a curious glance. "Ah, of course! Let me make a few quick adjustments."

The tailor shifted the brim of Jet's pants ever-so-slightly, and suddenly the cheetah felt dizzy. Jet staggered for a moment, raising a paw to his head, oblivious to changes occurring in his body.

Jet's flat middle abruptly began to bulge out along with his hips and butt, layer upon layer of soft fat appearing. The same thing was happening to his limbs and his face. He was fattening up. Gradually the once-loose suit started to get comfier, becoming only somewhat big. Creases in his dress shirt smoothed out until it fit nice and snug. The tie that had seemed loose now only needed the tiniest bit of adjusting to be perfect.

Eventually Jet managed to shake off the unexpected dizzy spell, and found himself staring at his reflection in confusion. The suit fit. He turned a little to check the back and sides, a smile forming on his face. Though the cheetah had gained a solid fifty pounds his new weight didn't register at all. As far as he was concerned he'd always weighed a bit over two hundred.

"Wow, I look awesome!" Jet said. "Doubt even my friends would recognize me at a distance."

There was a hidden knowledge behind Rho's grin. "I do believe we're off to a strong start, but I'd like to try something with more color as well, just so you've got a comparison."

Jet was still busy enjoying his new look, but eagerly agreed with Rho's plan. Again the zebra hurried off, returning with a dark blue suit and a striped tie. This time there was no hesitation as Jet disrobed, the cheetah obviously more at ease with the process. Going to an actual tailor was proving to be rather fun.

However, again the new suit was simply too large. *Two* sizes too large. Jet wasn't nearly as concerned as he had been with the first suit. In all likelihood he had simply put it on incorrectly. Surely Rho would be able to work his magic and fix it with a quick tug, just like he had before.

"Hehe, I guess I'm still getting used to wearing these things," Jet said, blushing slightly. "Just needs adjusting, right?"

"Indeed."

The dizziness returned—and so did the gains. Jet's belly ballooned outward, having to dramatically increase in size to match the massive shirt and jacket he was wearing. His rump and love handles wobbled as they grew as well, growing softer and softer. Every sharp angle on the feline's face vanished, his cheeks becoming round and a double chin forming. Even at two hundred pounds Jet wasn't big enough to fit the suit, so he continued to fatten.

Rho smiled to himself as he watched Jet fill out. It was rare for him to get such a slim customer, and he cherished the opportunity to turn Jet into so much...more. Gone was the nervous, lean feline, quickly getting replaced by someone with girth to match his newfound confidence. Everyone who came into the zebra's shop inevitably left both wider and bolder. Most of his regulars had doubled, even tripled in size, naturally growing fatter on their own after Rho's initial boost. He wondered how big Jet would become in the end.

By the time the suit fit, Jet was a pound or two over three hundred. The cheetah's enthusiasm had only increased. Rho had been right, a little color went a long way in enhancing his look.

"Rho, this is wonderful, it really is!" Jet exclaimed, tugging on his jacket as he posed and admired himself in the mirror.

Rho couldn't help but notice the cheetah also idly toying with his belly at the same time, giving it gentle jiggles and squeezes. That alone told him that Jet wouldn't be content at a mere three hundred pounds. He wouldn't be surprised to see him waddle into the shop topping five hundred one day.

"A definite improvement. Blue compliments your fur well, if I do say so myself." Rho grinned. "Just the right amount of color while remaining professional."

"Yeah!" Jet agreed. "I couldn't have asked for a better first suit, thank you so much Rho."

"It was my pleasure."

Still wearing the suit, Jet was happily rung up, a bag provided for his old clothes. When he returned home he'd inevitably discover they didn't fit him in the slightest—nor anything in his dresser for that matter. The cheetah would shrug off the strange occurrence and buy a whole new wardrobe without a second thought, just like everyone else who'd experienced Rho's shop. Friends and family wouldn't question his dramatic change in weight once they actually set eyes on him, memories altered

to fit the new and improved Jet. Sure they might joke about how much smaller he was in pictures, but that was the past. From now on Jet would be large and proud.

Jet shook Rho's hoof as he prepared to leave, a smile on his wide face. "Thanks again Rho, you've provided some of the best service I've ever had. I'll be sure to send my friends and coworkers your way when they need new formal wear."

"Your welcome! And I'll be sure to treat anyone you send my way just as well as I treated you," Rho said.

As the cheetah left Rho was already imagining the potential influx of new customers. Jet's social circle was about to get a good deal wider in the coming months...