

Powerful Panda Gloves

By: Firingwall

Patron Story done for Danuki

“Did you all play with these?”

“Oh, no! It's just stuff we've been collecting over the years for our various little “projects” that are just taking up too much space. They're pretty much almost new! Help yourself.”

The small, green woman finished unloading the box of action figures on the table. With a satisfied nod, she took the box and walked off, leaving Ian alone to survey the collection she put out and the ones all around him.

To say the least, this wasn't what he was expecting.

Ian had heard from his buddies about this nifty garage sale going on. Over on the other side of town, this witch coven that's been rarely seen around had started selling off their old belongings. His friends told him, without too many details, about all the neat trinkets available and how everyone was checking out the place.

That intrigued Ian, but when he got there, he was really taken aback by what was really being sold. Sure, there were some witch-esque, magic-looking items. Some old tomes, potions, bottles, and various charms were laid out on some table spreads. Those were the minority.

The majority was a rather normal-looking spread of items one would typically expect to find at any garage sale. There was clothing, regular books, kitchenware, video tapes, and more all neatly on display with price stickers and everything.

What was perhaps most intriguing was the selection of toys. Building blocks, action figures, dolls, board games, toddler toys, inflatable hammers and swords, bouncy balls, and so much more. Some of them looked fairly old-fashioned from several decades ago to some he remembered playing with when he was a kid.

Such a treasure trove of toys made him wonder briefly why these witches had them. He almost wanted to make a joke about the green ladies capturing and eating children. However, it was far too distasteful and probably offensive to make, even if he kept it to himself.

So, he looked around curiously at what they had. He had no expectation to really buy any of the kid stuff, but it made him curious regardless.

That was when his eyes fell upon one very unexpected item: Hulk Gloves.

They probably had some official name, but that was what Ian always called those oversized, rubbery, green gloves. They were boxing-esque glove-shaped like the Incredible Hulk's giant green fists, made from some kind of plastic, rubber material.

Memories came flooding back to him. He had a pair like these when he was a kid.

Except, these weren't exactly like those Hulk Gloves of bygone days. First, and most importantly, these weren't green. They were black. The fingernails on them looked akin to stubby claws. The texture didn't look skin-smooth, but... furry? Hairy?

Well, that's weird. Ian bent forward to look at the gloves, studying their appearance. It was such a strange thing. Were these bootlegs or a different take on the same idea with a different character perhaps?

He looked up, seeing a different witch nearby. She was taller and more mature-looking than the previous one, with a sharper face and bigger bosom to boot. Her face was glued to her phone, busy texting rapidly from the looks of it.

Ian cleared his throat, louder on the second time. She looked up. "Excuse me..." He pointed at the gloves on the table. "What are these?"

"Those are panda hulk gloves," she said casually, quickly returning to her phone.

Ian looked at them and back at her. "Are they like those old Hulk gloves from stores, just painted black and with a different model or something?"

"Something like that," she said, not looking up, "They've been lying around forever! They're yours if you want them. Certainly don't need them taking up space."

Ian looked back at the gloves. *Panda-themed? Maybe like Po from Kung Fu Panda?*

He wasn't exactly sure, and he definitely didn't know many other pandas in media. However, the notion of what these gloves were amused him regardless.

Acting on a bit of nostalgia, Ian picked the gloves up. They felt like the same rubbery, plastic material as those old gloves had. He never forgot them.

He slipped them on, the black fist gloves rather snug and tight on the inside. He stuck his fingers into the finger slots, finding those comfortable at least. Once on, he gave them a look, admiring his old childhood toys.

But, for only a few moments. *Okay, this feels silly.* He sighed. He had his fond memories of wearing them, but now as an adult, he looked a tad goofy with them on.

Okay, off you go... Ian started to try wiggling his fingers out of the slots. However, at that moment, something odd happened. The gloves felt warm. Very warm and rather sticky like sweat, sticking to his skin.

A moment after, his hands went completely numb. He couldn't even feel or move his digits. *What the hell?* A worrying thought hit him. Was he having an allergic reaction to the plastic? He never had such an allergy before, but...

Then, it was over almost as soon as it happened. Feeling returned and he could move his hands once again.

Well, he could move the gloves. The fingers on them moved and reacted to every bit of thought and input he had.

Ian flinched, his jaw dropping. The holes he stuck his hands into suddenly closed up, shrinking and shrinking. The plastic merged with his skin, sealing them. And, if that wasn't enough, in a blink of an eye, the plastic became real. Real fur with real musculature and real weight beneath it.

N-no way... Ian's mind began to process what he was seeing as his heart raced. He looked over at the witch, busy on her phone and not paying attention. "Umm, excuse me? I think there's a prob-"

He tried waving one of his large paw hands at her, but it and the other both quivered. The wrists began to bloat, black fur flowing onto it and past. His arms swelled in unison, muscle mass building up rapidly from forearm to shoulder. They quite literally doubled in size and girth.

It was a miracle his shirt sleeves didn't rip at that expansion. Strangely, if anything, they seemed to grow in order to match his new girth.

His shoulders broadened, trapezius muscles building up as the changes headed upwards. Again, his shirt didn't tear and break open. He was thankful for that at least, but the extra weight was making it hard to stand up straight.

What the hell is going on here?! Ian gulped, teeth trembling. Why is... wait a minute. It didn't take him long to figure out the reason. Magic was afoot, and why wouldn't it be given where he was?

He looked at the witch again, still blissfully unaware and playing on her phone. “Excuse me!” he said, trying to be louder, “I'm having an issue-”

Gurrrrrgle. His stomach rumbled, his entire form quaking. Weight began piling in, widening his body and making it heavier. Fur spread down onto his torso, making his stretching top rather itchy to wear.

Everything began expanding. His chest widened, pushing out and puffing up. Soon, he had fat, bulgy pectorals. His belly gurgled louder as it pushed forward on his frame, forming a firm, tough musclegut. It partially poked out from underneath his shirt, showing white belly fur.

Ian blushed, reaching down and feeling his stomach. It was heavy and firm, but also weirdly soft. *This... this is crazy!*

He had enough. Ian spoke to the witch one last time, his voice firmer, louder, and even deeper in bass. “**Excuse me!**”

That finally got her attention. She looked up from her phone at him, maintaining that blank, unphased expression as he grew. He crept several inches and then feet upwards, several head heights above her, forcing him to look down. His legs had grown and beefed up, stretching his jeans and finally providing him the proper support to carry his new bulk.

“**Ummmm, got a little problem here!**” he stammered.

The witch looked at him, looking from his feet to his head. “I'm not following. What's the problem exactly?”

“**This!**” he boomed, irritatedly pointing all over him, “**I'm getting-**”

Loud rips followed, pulling his attention down. Looking past his gut, he could see that his tennis shoes had been torn through. Three, pudgy, three-toed black paws with claws had burst through the leather, nearly triple their original size. They were absolutely beastly and a perfect fit for such an animal body he had developed.

Oh come on! He snorted. Everything else didn't rip. Why did you guys break?!

“Oh?” The witch stroked the tip of her long chin. “But, isn't this what you wanted when you tried on those gloves?”

“**Noooooo!**” His head trembled, it and his neck growing larger to fit his body. Black hairs sprouted along his chin and jaw from one ear to the other. The hairs grew longer and thicker, stretching down onto his chest. He now had a long, messy black beard. “**I was just trying them on for fun!**”

“You tried on something at a witch garage sale without asking, just expecting nothing to happen?” Ian felt utterly embarrassed when it was laid out like that.

“**N-not helping!**” Ian's head went numb, fur sprouting onto it now. White fuzz overtook everything, except for around his eyes. Those grew their own black ink splotches of fur.

His brown hair darkened to a deep, deep black. It grew a little longer, turning slick and brushing back. The hair pulled out and was wrapped into a small hair bun in the back.

More and more, his head shifted, sensation lost and him growing a little weary. His ears swelled and shifted to the top of his head. They turned circular, gaining black fuzz. His brow bulged and throbbed out, his head flattening a little in the back.

As his nostrils flared, the skin turning dark and bumpy, his jaws twitched. His teeth turned to fangs, his tongue lengthening. His lips became black and gummy, his mouth lurching forward. His bestial nose came along for the ride as his mouth pushed out into a wide, big, ursine-like muzzle that could crush stone.

With that, Ian was complete. He now stood there at the garage sale as a very large, very heavy, musclegut panda man. Sans his shoes, all of his clothing had thankfully grown to fit his physique. Although, everything that stayed on hugged him a lot tighter than before.

Ian blushed, not sure what to say or do. A few others at the garage sale gave him curious looks, taking photos of him with their phones. It was embarrassing!

After a moment, the first thing he could think of was to feel himself all over. He felt his arms, his legs, his face, and his gut. He took in all of that girth. There was so much heaviness and power teaming in him. He felt like he could flip a car with ease like this.

Ian gulped, looking at the witch, still watching him, and finding something to say. “**I... I just...**” His voice was so deep and booming now, “**You gotta fix-**”

“HEY!” Ian twitched and looked to his right. A different witch, one with brighter green skin and longer black hair, stormed up. She pointed at him accusedly, “You have my gloves, don't you?”

“**Err... yes?**” Ian looked at his hand paws. Technically he had them, but they sure weren't gloves anymore.

The witch huffed and looked over at the cellphone-wielding green lady. “Vicky! Why are my gloves on this chump?”

Vicky pocketed her phone, letting out an exhausted sigh. “You had those things in the enchantment room forever. You weren't working on them anymore, and they were taking up valuable space for our other projects.”

“I was looking for the right WoW nerd to sell them to!” the new witch grumbled, pointing at the panda man again, “Now this loser’s wearing them and depreciating their value!”

“**WoW?**” asked Ian. That sounded familiar, but he didn't recognize it.

That new witch angrily looked at him. “World of Warcraft! You're a Pandaren named Chen Stormstout and...” She groaned loudly. “Why am I even bothering explaining? You're not a fan! You can't appreciate the work that went into that transformation!”

She turned and stormed off, grumbling the entire time. “I don't even know why I bother making anything if it's just going to be taken away without consulting me.”

Ian stood there awkwardly, unsure what to say or do outside of feeling even more embarrassed for what had happened. Eventually, he turned to Vicky and asked, “**So, what now? Am I stuck like this?**”

“Nah.” Vicky shook her head. “I'm sure I can work up a counter potion to get you back to normal in a jiffy.” An eyebrow raised, her voice getting solemn. “But, it will cost you.”

Ian sighed. *Really should've expected something like this when I came to a witch sale.*

The panda man looked at his arm and lifted it. Curious, he gave it a flex, watching as its bicep bulged impressively. *Still... it does feel nice being buff.*

THE END