

Sing a Big Spooky Kitty Song

By: Firingwall

Featuring and with lyrics provided by Lappi T. Fox

“Annnnnnd, let the dead rise!” Cassidy declared. For dramatic purposes, the lady held the two green cords above her head and plugged them together.

There was a slight buzzing sound as the entire yard awoke. Inflatables rose to life as air was pumped into them. The fog machines roared, clouding the dying grass. The lights flipped on all around. A creepy, unsettling soundtrack began playing.

“Perfect!” Cassidy declared, looking around the yard, “Absolutely perfect! Halloween is going to be amazing this year!”

“If you say so,” her older sister, Jezebel, muttered. “I’m just saying magic could really liven things up a little and make things actually perfect.”

Cassidy frowned. “That would be against the spirit of basically everything and trying to make us fit in better. Besides, inflatables and yard decorations are kind of fun.”

The two sisters did not see eye-to-eye at all, especially when it came to “fitting” in. Their coven had been in the neighborhood for decades, even before their time. The group had only recently revealed themselves a couple of years ago at the behest of the head witch, Cassidy.

The area had been a bit anxious and nervous about their presence ever since, unsure or frightened of the group of powerful green women. Cassidy wanted to change that.

With every year, the coven indulged in their favorite holiday, Halloween, and showed the neighborhood their spirit and fun side with the most elaborate, spooky setup around. Most of the witches helped take part in decorating or setting things up, using normal human props and lawn art to bring their home to terrifying life. There was only one exception.

Jezebel. She certainly liked the holiday just fine, but the way they did things without magic and going for all of these eyesore decorations? To her, it was stupid and frankly, tacky. She had to be pushed and prodded into helping every year with this one being no exception.

“Whatever you say,” she spoke, looking around the yard. “It’s done. I’m going back in. It’s as good as it’ll ever get if we’re sticking to this crap.”

Cassidy snorted, shaking her green head. The coven leader glanced around the yard, about to let her leave when she noticed something. “Hey! Hold it! Where are the cats?”

“Excuse me?” The older sister slowly turned, looking absolutely done with everything.

“There's no black cats!” Cassidy held out her hand to the yard, swaying it up and all around. Sure enough, there were no dark kitties in sight. No inflatables, no decorations, no lawn art, no nothing. They had pumpkins, ghosts, zombies, werewolves, crows, the whole works.

But, there were no black cats anywhere.

Jezebel looked around and shrugged. “Well, the one inflatable we had we trashed last year after it broke. We never had anything else. I don't know what you were expecting.”

“I expected you to handle that! You're in charge of the animal decorations, which includes the black cats, so you should've replaced it when it broke! Hell, if we only had one black cat, you should've gotten more.”

“Ugh.” Jezebel rolled her eyes. “Don't get your underwear all twisted. I'll get us a damn cat.” She held her hand up and started to snap her fingers.

“No way!” Cassidy declared, motioning hard with her hands, “That's not how we're doing it. You go out and get one the right away, not the quick way.” She huffed. “Besides, it's not like you'll teleport us in a *good* cat.”

Her older sister's eyes narrowed. “What?”

“Everytime you get us any new lawn decoration or inflatable, it sucks, plain and simple. It's always some cheap crap on clearance. You have to be careful and precise about what you summon. That's why you go in person for things like this! It's all about building the perfect-”

“Oh shut the hell up!” Jezebel snapped, getting in Cassidy's face. “I'm sick of working under the stupid constraints you put on me.” Her glare turned fierce. “You know what? Black cats are essential to witches and as the leader, you should be in charge of anything related to them. Not me, Ms. High-and-Mighty!”

Cassidy looked at her incredulously, unsure of how to respond to such nonsense tossed in her face. She started to talk after a moment of processing all of that. “Look, when it comes to our lack of black cats, I-”

“Helloooooooo! Sounds like you're all having a little bitty problem, there!”

The two women looked to the right, finding the owner of the happy voice. It was an anthro fox of all things and a curious-looking fellow. He wore some rather old-timey clothing that were several centuries out of date and held a small accordion in his black paws.

A thick, puffy red tail with a black and white striped end swished pleasantly behind him. There was an inviting gleam in his eyes, one that said he was a fox without a care in the world. Everything about him was friendly and sweet.

Though for the two green ladies, they were unsure how to respond at first. They shared a look, one that said plainly, “who the heck is this guy?” Most people were put off by the presence of actual green witches, but not him.

Cassidy curiously stared at the fox, not saying a word. Jezebel, on the other hand, wasn't so awed. “Listen you, this is a private discussion. I think you should move along.”

The fox shook his head, smiling. “I heard your problem. That's no good; no good indeed!” He spoke in a sing-songy voice, a tone that was pleasant on the ears. “A lack of black cats in your lives? That's bad for this time of season, especially for you two!”

“I said, leave!” Jezebel snapped.

“Be nice,” Cassidy said, nudging her. She looked curiously at the fox. “What are you getting at?”

The smile turned to a grin as he lifted his accordion. “A solution fitting for the season, so completely appropriate that it stands to reason! For it is time, lean on in and hear me rhyme!”

“Oh no...” Jezebel groaned.

The fluffy anthro ignored her, clearing his throat. Slowly, he began to play, humming softly. A tune as pleasant as his voice followed, its rhythm similar to that of a sea shanty. The music filled their ears, bringing them a vibe that was weirdly relaxing and calming to a degree. Jezebel looked a little less annoyed while Cassidy was rather charmed.

As the notes went in one ear and out the other, the witches' green ears wiggled gently. Soft black fur sprouted over each one, lobes pulling in as their tops stretched into points. The music picked up speed as the ears moved higher, shifting their hair as they came to rest on top of their noggins as full cat ears.

“Looking for help?” the fox began to sing, the lyrics making their kitty ears twitch. Their long black hair began to shrink in unison.

“Have no fear!” For some reason, their clothing felt tighter all over. Their limbs looked a little thicker, their tummies pudgier and pushing against their shirts.

“Lappi T. Fox is here!” The fox sang with heart, holding a note on “here”.

Jezebel looked unimpressed. “Seriously?” she muttered, placing her rather pudgy, black furred paws on her wider waist. “What the hell is up with the singing and music thingie?”

“It's an accordion,” Cassidy said, clapping her pudgy paws together, pink pad against pink pad, making cute **tap** sounds. “Seriously, you never heard of one?”

“That's hardly the point.” Jezebel rolled her eyes, turning quite greenish-yellow and sharp like a feline. “The point is the silly fox is perform-”

“The skin you have is far too bright,” Lappi sang, not paying attention to what they were saying.

“What?!” Jezebel snapped, looking at the fox angrily. When she snapped, her face grew rather chubby and pleasantly plump. Her long, narrow witch chin began pulling back. “Our skin is perfectly-”

“Shush! I'm curious where he's going!” Cassidy huffed. “Let him sing.”

Jezebel angrily looked at her sister, shocked and offended she would let the fox continue on after that. However, seeing her made everything freeze over. Cassidy's face was looking quite catty, whiskers sprouting and nose smaller and pinker.

Cassidy returned her look but froze as well, seeing something similar going on there.

“Here's some fur, dark as night!” Both witches flinched, cheeks reddening. In a fast wave, black fur sprouted. From their hands and feet, the soft coating covered every trace of their green skin until none of it could be seen.

As it rushed over their faces, the rest of them cat-ified. Cute, pink cat noses popped out to replace their long green snoots. Fangs filled their mouths, their tongues bright pink. Their faces rounded and grew even pudgier before pushing out into short muzzles. Completing it all, her hair shrunk all the way in, becoming one with their fur.

“Oh crap, oh crap!” Jezebel moaned, feeling her face, “What's happening to me?”

“I think it's pretttty obvious,” Cassidy mumbled, feeling her own snout as well.

Then, the duo shook. Weight poured in all over. Their limbs were almost double their original size, layered over with soft pudg that made their shirts and stockings tightened. Their bellies pushed out further against their gray shirts, threatening to pop out at any second.

Jezebel shot a look at the fox, who was playing happily without a comment. “You! You're doing this to-”

The fox smiled warmly and continued his tune. “*A tail right here, above your rear...*”

There was a slight jerk behind them both, their ears twitching and stretching up. They looked over their shoulders at the same time, seeing two long black tails. They swished about happily, like a cat stalking its prey.

There was another jerk, pushing them forward, one that made them blush underneath that soft fur as well. The witches looked back. More weight had piled in, their bellies now out from under their tops, tummy fur looking a tad thicker and fluffier. Their sights were slightly obscured by their breasts, but that went away as they deflated back into their chests.

Jezebel began to moan the loss of her figure, Cassidy remaining quiet and almost in awe. Before either of them could say anything, Lappi went on. “*...let's widen those to make it clear!*”

FWOOOMP! There was rumble for a split second before everything inflated. Their stomachs, waists, hips, thighs, rears, and legs all swelled into a round ball shape. The excess inflation went straight into their feet, inflating them into big, pudgy three-toed kitty paws.

Their stockings, skirts, underwear, and heels were all broken right off in the massive ballooning. However, there was nothing to fear or to hide. They were null, completely featureless now. They had big-bottom, cartoony pear-shapes that fit their looks perfectly.

“Nonononononono!” Jezebel stammered, fur standing up on end, tail going straight like the frightened cat they were. They felt all around themselves, feeling how pudgy, soft, and un... witchy they had become.

“Ooooo, so big!” Cassidy was the opposite. They were amused by it all, also feeling up their shape. However, that squishy, chubby figure was far more pleasant to them.

“*You're not just any normal pretties...*” The fox didn't miss a single beat.

“N-no, stop **this!**” Jezebel whined and coughed. “**Stop this... oh! Mah voice!**”

“**Ooooooh, what am I then?**” Cassidy chuckled deeply, squeezing his belly. “**Tell me!**”

“You’re the best big black kitties!” Lappi belted out, doing a spin and playing his accordion hard on that final note.

There was another rumble, the two cats shaking, cartoonish vibrational lines appearing around them. **FWOOOMP** and they both grew once again.

They grew to different degrees. Jezebel was now an extra foot or two taller, their width only a few inches more. Their last clothing remained on, if tighter. Cassidy? He was much bigger.

Over seven feet/two point one meters tall, the big black cat towered over all. He had the biggest cartoony pear-shape, a bottom wider than his shoulders, a bottom that would have trouble going through doorways. There was probably no chair with armrests that he could sit in that wouldn't get stuck to his wide, non-existent rear.

Extra growth tore almost everything that remained. His poor shirt split down the middle and back, falling into a heap besides his other duds. His bra went with it as well and like with the bottom, there was nothing on his chest but featureless black fuzz. His black jacket and witch hat still remained, giving him some witchy element at least.

With that, Lappi finished his piece and bowed. Jezebel stared at him, jaw dropped. Cassidy just applauded with his cute paws.

“**Bravo, bravo!**” the new, big, friend-shaped black cat declared, “**That was incredible! I’ve never heard such an amazing tune.**” He grinned, leaning in. “**Ya know, our neighbors mentioned a cool fox who could play such a lovely, delightful TF song. Perhaps you heard of him?**”

“My reputation precedes me, I see!” Lappi chuckled.

He looked up and down the biggest cat, playing leaning against the soft marshmallow form for a moment. “So, enjoy yourself, Ms. Witch?”

“**Oh yeah!**” Cassidy playfully squeezed his big cat bottom and shook it, letting it jiggle like Jell-o. “**But please, Ms. Witch? Call me Casey... heh, Casey the Magic Black Cat!**”

“**Are you real?!**” Lappi and Casey nearly jumped at the shout. Jezebel had finally snapped out of their shock. “**How can you *possibly* like this?! This is ridiculous! Just... just look at you, you doofy idiot!**”

“**Yeah, look at me!**” Cassey grinned, wiggling his big bottom. **WUMB-WUMB.** His belly and bum shook and bounced like a cartoon. “**I'm so Halloween appropriate now.**”

“**UUUUUUUUUGH!**” Jezebel yell-groaned, looking to the sky as if hoping for a bolt of lightning to strike them down. “**I can't believe this. This is why *I* should've been the coven leader! You're being so... stupid about all of this!**”

“**Awww!**” Casey leaned down, trying to get to eye level with his smaller big sibling. “**Just relax, *Jerry*.**” The big cat teasingly nudged them. “**It's all in good fun for the season!**”

“Mhm!” Lappi jumped in, nodding eagerly. “There's nothing like bringing out the big putty cat within for the spooky season!” He played another note on his accordion. “Have some fun with it! You did want this after all, right?”

“**No frickin' way!**” Jezebel shouted, their lower half shaking, though not to the same degree as Casey's did. “**Why would I want this in any way, shape, or form?! We're powerful, magical witches, and we can't be taken seriously at all like this!**”

“Oh? But didn't you both say you were lacking black cats and-”

“**THAT'S NOT WHAT WE WERE TALKING ABOUT AT ALL!**” The witch shouted, clenching their fat paws. “**We were talking about decorations!**” They pointed over at the lawn. “**We don't have any black cats for the season *there*. That's it! Nothing else!**”

The fox looked at the yard and then at Jezebel. He stared for a long time, only blinking once or twice. “OOOOOOH!” He slapped his head, laughing as he did, “I totally misunderstood! My apologies, big kitty!”

Jezebel hissed, baring their teeth. “**Apologizing won't help until you can fix this mess!**”

“I can most certainly help you with that!” Lappi turned to Casey. “What do you say?”

The large cat playfully drummed his belly, nodding his head. “**I'd love for you to help more! I'm perfectly fine as is though, so do whatever you like otherwise.**”

Those words certainly caught Jezebel by surprise, a cold sweat emerging. **“Help... wait... what do you mean by...”**

“Of course. You enjoy yourself!” Lappi turned back to the unhappy cat with a sweet smile. “Let me cheer you up for real! Trust me, when I’m done, you’ll be a real big deal!”

Jezebel hissed again, feeling a touch embarrassed having done so twice. The catification had done a number on them. **“St-stop that rhyming!”**

Lappi did not listen nor did he care, instead choosing to play his accordion once more. *“There’s no need to hiss at me...”*

Jezebel’s ears twitched at that. They seemed to stretch further and wider, poking out of newly opened slots in their hat. The inner fur within turned bright orange, its coating looking glossier and... smoother? Most of their ears were looking like that now.

“If it’s a decoration you want,” Lappi sang, holding the note slightly on “want” before continuing on with vigor, *“It’s a decoration you’ll be!”*

Jezebel twitched, their whole body fidgeting before going still. The nose and all of their pudgy, bean pads turned bright orange. They too looked rather glossy like the ears were.

Then there was their hat. The black leather brightened to a lovely shade of bright purple, an orange band appearing above the brim. The leather softened after, thinning and lightening down until it was similar to some of the yard decorations.

Jezebel didn’t notice a thing. They didn’t see the new colors or what was essentially a new, revamped hat. They didn’t even notice how tight it stuck to their noggin. It was so tight that it seemed to be attached, as if it was a part of them.

What they did notice was that things were repeating themselves. Jezebel’s eyes grew wide. **“Wait, stop that sing-”**

“If fur is not to your liking,” Lappi declared, leaning in. There was a glint in his eye, a very mischievous, beamused glint. The former witch gulped.

Another orange band appeared around their throat... or was a part of it. Like the hat, there was no edging or end to it. It was all one and the same.

The black cat's tail straightened before bending back and pressing against their back, like a handle on a pitcher. It lightened more and more, weight vanishing from it until...

“I think some vinyl would be striking!”

BOI-OI-OI-OING! Jezebel wobbled back and forth suddenly like a rubber band before slowing down and freezing in place. From their ears and hat down, everything lightened. Fur smoothed out and combined into flat surfaces. What remained of their clothing melded into their form. Ridges and lines appeared along the sides and around their joints, much like that of an inflatable pool toy or something similar.

Everything was vinyl. No trace of fur, skin, or any other substance was left. Their jacket and pads looked drawn on. The same could be said about their face from the eyes to the mouth. However, there was still movement to it, just as stiff and slow as a stop-motion character.

Jezebel's paralysis lasted long enough for them to be fully vinyl-ified and for Lappi to pull off an impressive solo on his accordion with twirls and twists. The lawn inflatable cat took one of themself and gasped louder than they ever had before. However, the gasp came out as the sound of a long, deflating balloon.

“Whadda ya do ta me, ya goofball?!” Jezebel huffed, “Ya sum kinda doofy fox playin’ dat super ‘cordion!” The former witch groaned. Their words sounded so wrong and weird. They were deep but also strangely airy and goofy.

“Don’t worry, soon I’ll be out of your hair!” Lappi sang, looking like he was holding back a chuckle. There certainly was no hair at all with Jezebel.

The inflatable tried to reach for him, but the fox danced around them, declaring, *“Because between your ears, there’s nothing but air!”*

Jezebel tried grabbing him again, “opening” his “mouth” to say something. However, he froze once more. The black dots in the middle of his circular yellow eyes dilated briefly before shrinking back down. His limbs went limp as he hunched forward.

The frown, the angry look drifted to confusion. It fell more into blankness a second later. Then, it began to brighten, forming a small smile. “Heheh, ah dunno but ah feel kinda silly!”

“Only because you are!” Casey snickered through his paws, his tail eagerly swishing back and forth as he watched on.

“People will see you from near and far...” Jezebel began to grow rapidly now too. In almost the blink of an eye, he was as tall as Casey. Seconds later, he towered over him by several feet and still kept climbing. He only stopped after hitting far over a full story!

“...and say what a great decoration you are!” Lappi declared, stretching his accordion as wide as it could get.

PPPPPPPPPPFT! Jezebel ballooned. His pear-shape body nearly tripled in width, its fat bottom sinking down so far that it almost rubbed against the ground. His thighs/legs/haunches super sized, shifting even further up on the cat's sides. His feet were almost as long and wide as Casey was too, giving the **BIG** brother a wobbly walk.

The humongous cat decoration looked at himself with wide eyes and awe. He placed his fat, pudgy, bumpy paws against his belly and patted it, the patting turning into a small drum session with a few squeaks thrown in. He eventually reached up and rubbed his face, causing more squeaks.

Lappi looked up and up with a big grin. “Soooo, what do you think now?”

“Hehehehyuck!” The living lawn decoration of a cat laughed, wiggling his bottom now too. “I feel stu... stu... super! Like, so squishy 'nd light and I wanna be, like, sooo stared at and looked at!”

“Then you’re the perfect decoration, Mr. Inflatable!” Lappi said, giving him a thumbs up.

“**Amazing!**” Casey clapped excitedly. “**I love him! He'll be just swell... well, he's already very swell, but ya know what I mean!**” The cat winked.

“Sure do!” the fox chuckled, taking in the big vinyl cat, “One swell kitty indeed!”

“Hiya kids!” Jebby declared, looking down and waving at the trick-or-treaters that just arrived. “Make sure ta get sum delec... del... yummy treats!” He grinned his flat, drawn-on smile. “Dat is if yah can make it through the yard of spookums and spooopies!”

The parents looked a bit put-off by the large, speaking, inflatable lawn decoration cat, but the kids just giggled. They waved up at him and hurried down the path in the foggy yard to the

front door. Another group of costumed kids came down another path, waving at Jebby, who happily waved back.

“He's a natural!” Casey declared. He stood off to the far side near the fence, paws on his wide, chubby sides. He felt so uncontrollably happy.

Halloween had arrived. The neighborhood was abuzz with trick-or-treaters and their families, so much so that the streets had to be shut down to traffic. Just about every house was open for business, and everyone was having fun.

However, there was one house that shined brighter/screamed louder than any other, the witches' home. Everyone was stopping by for candy or wanting to take in the hard work that went into the ladies' incredible lawn. All that effort and the pay off made Casey's pride swell. Not as much as his happily inflated body, but almost as much.

Of course, the biggest star of it all was Jebby the Lawn Black Cat (Jerry was ultimately rejected as a name). He was very popular, playing it up for the kids or posing for photos. Sure, he struggled with the right words from time to time, but everyone loved him.

His only problem was that he was one strong breeze away from being blown into the next block over. Casey found a good gravity spell to keep him bound to the ground better, but it had to be redone every hour or so. Who knew vinyl could be so non-absorbent when it came to magic?

Still, the big black cat leader couldn't be happier. This was the best Halloween ever!

“Looks like he's having fun!” Casey turned to face a familiar sounding voice.

There was Lappi, dressed as a very familiar fox. **“Oh! Hiya, Robin Hood!”**

“I get that a lot,” chuckled Lappi, “I am but a simple fox bard, Mr. Kitty.”

“Oh I wouldn't say “simple” fox bard!” Casey said ecstatically, shaking his big bottom. **WUMP-WUMP.** **“No simple fox bard could make me look this good!”** The two laughed.

“Thank you again for everything Lappi!” the leader continued, **“Halloween has been a big success for us witches. Everyone loves Jebby, and they keep coming for pictures and candy! People are even saying hi and being super nice! I think they're finally liking us!”**

“Happy to help, Casey!” Lappi politely bowed. “All in a day's work of spreading cheer and merriment for a bard as myself. How have you been doing?”

“Very good!” The black cat gently drummed his belly. **“Sure, it's hard to fit through doorways and I have to eat a ton more, but it's been very fun! I love getting my belly scritchd and laying in the sun all day! It's the life!”**

“Though, I'll probably be reverting back tomorrow once the season is over.”

For the first time since he met him, Lappi looked a little disappointed. “I do hope you would reconsider. It sounds like you're living your best life as a great big cat, ya know!”

“Truuuuuuue, but I do hate constantly having to vacuum fur all the time and getting chairs stuck to my big butt... as fun as it is. So, back to green business as usual tomorrow.”

“Okay... if that's what you want.” Lappi sighed, ears and tail going limp.

Casey began to grin, leaning in. **“Buuuuuuuuut, that doesn't mean this has to be the end of this forever, right?”**

The fox's ears and tail lit right back up. “Ooooooh? What do you mean?”

“Well, would you care to come back next year? I could use help inflating back to this perfect size for the season again.” Casey winked.

“I'm more than happy to do so!” Lappi declared, saluting him, “Anything for a fan of music and embracing their inner big kitty.”

“Annnnd, perhaps you'd like to do a little bit more?” The cat leaned in further, whispering into Lappi's ear. **“How would you like to perform for the entire coven then and not just Jebby and me? I'm sure they'd enjoy some big cat holiday fun too!”**

There was a twinkle in the fox's eyes, a pure, blissful joy that was unmeasurable. “It would be my pleasure!”

Then, he looked to the side and winked. “Halloween is the time for big black cats after all, isn't that right, audience?”

THE END?

Transformation Lyrics of Lappi T. Fox~

Big Kitty TF Lyrics:

- Looking for help? Have no fear!
- Lappi T. Fox is here!
- This skin you have is far too bright
- Here's some fur, dark as the night.
- A tail right here, above your rears
- Lets widen those to make it clear
- You're not just any normal pretties
- You're the best big black kitties!

Inflatable TF Lyrics:

- There's no need to hiss at me
- If it's a decoration you want
- It's a decoration you'll be!
- If fur is not to your liking
- I think some vinyl would be striking
- Don't worry, soon I'll be out of your hair,
- Because between your ears, there's nothing but air
- People will see you from near and far
- And say what a great decoration you are!