

Pumped for the Party (TG, Inflatable TF, Mass TF, 2nd Person)

What the hell have you gotten yourself into?

The door of the costume shop slams with a crash, making you jump and look back, struggling to calm your heart before it explodes. Before you lies an army of ghosts and ghouls and sexy Harley Quinns, all ready and waiting to rip your self-esteem to pieces. It's like your first day at high school all over again.

Swallowing, you stride through the aisles, trying not to picture yourself in all of the different costumes. When they asked you whether you were coming to the party, you joked 'yes', but for some reason they took you seriously, and now it's too late to back out. At this stage, it would be even more embarrassing than showing up. Even if you do dress as Harley Quinn.

So, what are your options? When you said you'd come, you also said you'd dress as a wizard, but you're hoping they won't hold you to that, because in retrospect, there's no way that will look good. Okay, fine, there's nothing wrong with wizards in isolation, but you've already got a reputation as a nerd, and there's no way that showing up a Gandalf is going to fix that. You need something *cool*. You know, like Aragorn.

Sadly the costume shop doesn't have any Aragorn costumes, so you're left wandering the back of the store in indecision, wondering if you can get away with Boromir instead.

Just as you're about to call it quits and retreat, you spy something that catches your eye for all the wrong reasons. There, at the very back of the shelf, buried between fifteen million different costumes...

You rummage in the pile and pull it out. And hold it up. And squint at it, turning redder and redder in embarrassment. There's *no* way you can wear this. But at the same time...

The picture on the front is a picture of a foxgirl. Tall, slender, with short white hair and a big, poofy tail, a little like your favorite vtuber, Shirakami Fubuki. Unlike Fubuki, she's dressed as a witch, a Halloween witch with a pumpkin basket and a broom. She's winking at the camera, sticking her tongue out playfully, and the thought of dressing up as her makes you want to—

With a gulp, you hug the costume to your chest and look around to make sure none of your would-be-friends are watching. You *can't* go to the party as Shirakami Fubuki. You absolutely can't. Even showing up as Frodo would be better for your social life.

On the other hand... It *would* be pretty fun to dress up as her in private, wouldn't it? It's not like anyone else would have to know...

Your decision made, you hurry to the counter.

On the way, you snatch a Harry Potter costume from the shelf. There, that's a wizard. And no one can complain about Harry Potter, can they?

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No sooner have you slammed the door of your apartment behind you than you hurry to rip your new outfit out of its packaging. Tearing through the plastic, you pick out the pieces: the deep purple dress, the soft white thigh-highs, the fox-ear headband, and, most strangely, the tail. To your surprise, it's inflatable. Which makes sense, you suppose—after all, how else would they fit it into the packet?—but it's still a little disconcerting. At least it's not a buttplug...

Gathering them all up, you take your place in front of the mirror and strip off, slinging everything onto your bed except your underwear. This done, you turn to the costume. Based on the instructions, you have to put the tail on first, then the dress—the latter comes with a hole through which the former's length will slip, after which you can inflate it.

Grabbing the tail by its stretchy, elastic band, you hold it up. It's a little awkward, looking at it like this—it looks uncomfortably like a used condom—but you guess it will look a lot better once it's done. You just hope it's long enough for the nozzle on the end to reach your mouth.

You take the band in both hands, stretch it wide, and finally slip it over your head and down, down your body, releasing it only once the tail is positioned over your coccyx. It feels a little tight, wrapped around your waist like this, but you're certain you'll get used to it.

Throwing the dress of your head as well, you pull it down by the skirt and struggle to slip the limp tail through the hole. This achieved, you turn and examine yourself in the mirror. The foxgirl's dress looks a little out of place on your body, especially with the uninflated tail dangling sad and limp behind you, but you're not finished yet. Wrapping your hand around the balloon, you slid your hand along it till you reach the end, raise the nozzle to your lips, take a deep breath, and—

When you exhale, you feel a strange feeling. A tension in your heart, as if you're about to suffer some kind of attack. Pausing, you take a second to steady yourself. What was that? Are you going to be okay?

When things fail to get any worse, you shrug your shoulders and, taking solace in the fact you're not about to die yet, blow another breath of air into the tail. It rises with a squeak, growing steadily plumper, thicker, fatter. *Squeak! Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!*

Soon enough, it's as big as any good foxgirl's, if a little smoother to the touch. You would have preferred if it were furred, but you guess you can't complain: frankly, it looks really good.

Turning in the mirror, you wiggle your hips and smirk as the tail swings from side to side and back and forth and back again. You're surprised how much of a difference it makes to your look: simply putting it on is a massive improvement.

Grabbing the rest of the rest of the outfit's pieces, you hurry to put them on as well. The headband, the hat, the thigh-highs and the shoes. As you slip your feet into the latter, you

can't help but notice how long and slender your legs look all of a sudden. It's amazing how thinning stripes can be, though you'd always thought they needed to be vertical...

Finally, your outfit complete, you step back and reexamine yourself in the glass, feeling a *lot* more confident than you did when you picked the thing out in the store. Forget Harry Potter; maybe you *will* go to the party as a cute foxgirl witch. You look *good* as one.

It doesn't take long for your confidence to wane. Blushing, you remove the hat and the ears, trying not to look in the mirror. What were you thinking? There's no way you can go to the party like *this*.

Kicking off your cute new shoes, you reach behind you and grab your tail, intending to pop the cap so you can take the dress off. When you touch it, however, you notice two things, one immediately after the other: firstly, you can't find the nozzle anymore.

Secondly, touching your tail feels *reaaaaaally* good.

Flushing red, you struggle to turn around and grasp it properly. The nozzle *must* be there somewhere—you must just have missed it. No matter how hard you try, however, you can't find it, and every little touch sends a fresh thrill of pleasure coursing through your form. What the hell is happening?

Finally, having spun around on the spot several times, like an idiot dog trying to catch its own tail, you collapse, panting in exhaustion and nursing an erection. What the hell is happening to you? Touching this stupid tail feels like stroking your—

Taking a deep breath, you stand and try to control yourself. This is *crazy*. What are you doing? If you can't deflate the stupid thing, you'll just have to take it off via the belt.

Rummaging under your skirt, you ignore the temptation of your pants and fumble for the tail's elastic instead. And fumble. And fumble. And fumble. And— Where the hell is it? Spinning back to the mirror, you raise your skirts like a showgirl doing the can-can and gasp to find there's no sign of the belt at all.

Heart pounding now, you spin around, lifting the back of the skirt, and sure enough there's no sign of anything there either: the inflatable tail simply melds to your skin, and in fact, where it meets you, your flesh is starting to look a little shiny.

You stumble back, heart fighting to escape your chest, and look down at yourself with a faint moan of horror. What the hell is happening to you?!

Not only is your tail—*the* tail!—stuck to your body, but with every second, the skin surrounding it seems a little more plasticky too. Worse, you're starting to feel a little lightheaded, and you don't know whether it's just the shock of the change or there's been some kind of gas leak. What if you have carbon monoxide poisoning?

This growing feeling is twofold and paradoxical: first, it feels as if you're being slowly emptied out, as if you've gone for days and days without food or drink, and you're all but ready to collapse in on yourself. You feel like a clay doll, improperly baked and ready to crumble.

At the same time, you feel as if you're being filled. As if someone has taken a hose, stuffed the end in your mouth, and spun the valve as far as it will go. With every second, the pressure inside you grows a little stronger, leaving your skin squeaking with the strain and your heart ready to burst. You want to gasp, to take a needle and puncture yourself in the hope it lets it all out, but you're scared you'll simply pop like a balloon. Staring at yourself in the mirror, you feel you should be swelling like one, but if anything, you seem to be growing smaller and smaller.

Before your eyes, you leak height and muscle mass like a car with a hole in the fuel tank, losing a millimeter or more every second, till you're over a foot shorter than you started. Your arms thin, your legs slenderize, and the slick sheeniness you saw around your tail spreads, wrapping around you like a corset and leaving your stomach looking sparkly and smooth, squeaky to the touch. You squeak as well, shocked by how high-pitched you sound. What the hell is happening to you?!

Glancing back at the mirror, you catch something strange: your hair is starting to change as well, paling, as it assumes the same light-grey shade of your tail. Pinching it in shock, you notice something even stranger: your locks are starting to clump, fusing inseparably into plump white sausages. When you squeeze one, it squeaks like a balloon. If you were skilled enough, you could probably shape it into a dog or something.

Speaking of sausages, just as you think this bizarre experience can't get any worse: the paradoxical pressure/anti-pressure currently rending your nerves migrates down into your cock and annihilates your erection. This is a lot like orgasm, if turned ninety degrees to the right, and leaves you on the floor whining and clutching your crotch as your balls slowly shrivel out of existence. Above them, your penis flattens, crinkling like a can under a boot and, as the pleasure of it surges up your spine like a lightning bolt, leaving you screaming and whining and pleading desperately for it to end.

It takes several minutes for you to regain some semblance of composure, and by the time you do, your penis is gone, snaffled up like a sausage. Struggling to sit up, you look under your skirt and moan in horror to see what's replaced it: not a penis, not even a *vagina*, just a small, see-through cap, a plastic nozzle, of *exactly* the type you'd expect to find on a cheap, common inflatable.

A squeak of terror escapes your lips, and it's exactly the kind you'd expect to hear when you squeeze, oh, say a swimring. You can only tremble in terror.

Forcing yourself back onto your feet, an act made increasingly difficult by the fact your legs are basically balloons now, you lean on the wall and watch as another wave of change washes over your poor, altered form.

With your penis gone, it's time for its surroundings to take the stage: your thighs and your buttocks tighten all of a sudden, squeaking with the change of the pressure inside them.

It's like someone has plugged a hose into your butt and started pumping: your thighs thicken rapidly, skin squeaking with the strain of holding in their new contents, and as they grow, you find your new nozzle crushed between them. With a squeak of surprise, you spread your legs—it feels exactly as good as having a pair of fat thighs wrapped around your old cock would have. If not better.

Something rubs the underside of your tail. Looking back over your shoulders, you squeal again to see your asscheeks rising, pumped just as full as your thighs and lifting your skirt atop them in the process. In a panic, you grab your skirt and struggle to pull it back over them, but you're fighting a losing fight: it could be twice its current length, and it still wouldn't be long enough to cover them.

This growing feeling of fullness washed up you and down you, flowing through your form like an influx of gas. Your thighs finish thickening out, and by the time they have, they're nice and smooth and hairless and fat, slick to the touch as two balloons, if really erotic ones. Soon the rest of your legs are just as smooth as them, all the way down to your toes.

Even as it's working your legs, the change spreads upward as well, flattening out your stomach and leaving it smooth and appealing. You've got the perfect body for the beach now, so it's kinda of a shame you've missed the summer.

Well, there's one thing you're still missing if you want to slip into a bikini. Two, actually. Fortunately, the magic of the costume doesn't intend to leave you hanging: no sooner had it finished with your gut than there's a fresh pressure in your nipples, and before you can react, the bosom of your tight, plastic corset squeaks and starts to rise, stretched by the pair of petite breasts forming inside it.

It doesn't take long for them to stop growing, but while they might not be large, they more than make up for it in sensitivity. When you touch them, you can only squeal and slam your legs together, whining at how good it feels to make contact with them. It's like putting a plug into a socket—the feeling is electric.

Even as you fight to regain control, the transformation finishes spreading up to your head. Under its influence, your chin softens out, losing all its remaining harshness as it softens into a cute, feminine curve. Absently, you stroke it, marvelling at its softness. It feels like your jaw bone has entirely vanished: when you push, your fingers sink into your head as if there's nothing more than air to support it. If not for the fact your finger bones seem to have vanished as well, you'd be able to push from one side of your head all the way to the other.

Like your chin, the rest of your figure undergoes a subtle slenderization, losing all its harsh angles and joints, whatever masculinity remains to it, which isn't much. By the time the process stops, you're indistinguishable from a girl: a slim, white-haired girl with *very* smooth skin, skin so smooth it actually squeaks when you rub your finger against it. Oh, and you're part fox, of course. You can't forget that.

Just as you dare to think the transformation is over, it surprises you with one last little trick, like a slap to the ass (or in this case, just above it): whirling with a squeak of surprise, you gasp to see your new tail inflating, growing even fatter than it already was. And it was fat—it

didn't need to grow any larger! In seconds it's so large the tip can strike the back of your head, and in a few seconds more, it's almost twice that. The pressure is insane: the bigger it grows, the tauter its plastic, till it's squeaking with the strain, sounding like it will pop at any second. You, of course, feel as though it's your— *Nnn~!*

By the time it finally stops, it's less the size of a foxgirl's tail and more a beegirl's abdomen. How the hell are you ever going to sit with this thing attached to you?

With this, at least, the transformation seems to have finally come to an end. Stumbling back, you study your reflection, stunned into silence by the absurdity of what you're seeing. The only sound is the squeak of your inflatable new feet as you shift your (much reduced) weight from one to the other.

In the glass stands a slender, white-haired young foxgirl in a Halloween witch's costume. She has a slim build—minus her butt, which is like a pair of balloons stapled to her pelvis—and her skin is as shiny as if oiled. Only on closer inspection does it become apparent it's not skin at all, but flesh-colored plastic. When you pinch it, your fingers squeak.

"I-I—" You cover your mouth with a gasp of surprise. That's not your voice! You sound like a vtuber!

Even as you struggle to process the shock of this, the tip of your tail catches your bed, and a fresh pang of delight surges down it to strike you, stronger than anything you've ever felt before. You whirl, squealing in surprise, and it catches the wall instead, knocking you to the floor with a wild scream of pleasure. Your new body is so sensitive you practically cum on the spot. Ecstasy rings you like a bell, leaving you shaking.

It takes a few minutes and a *lot* of panting, but in the end you manage to regain control of yourself. Pulling yourself back up, you swallow and try to process what happened. You put on a costume, and now you're a sexy inflatable Halloween fox witch!

What?!

What?!

Tugging down your skirt, which seems a little shorter every time you look at it, you look back at your tail—yes, *your* tail now—and bite your lip. It's enormous! It must have more air in it than the rest of your body combined.

Cautiously, you reach back and wrap your hands around it, wondering whether you can pull it off. Maybe if you do that, the transformation will reverse? It was the tail that caused it in the first place, wasn't it? It's worth a shot, at least.

When you tighten your grip on your squeaky new extension, you quickly realize the flaw with this plan: when you squeeze, it forces the air into your body inward, inward to your belly and from there your buttocks and your thighs, which bulge, blown even larger by this fresh influx of air. Also, it feels like you're stroking your shaft.

With a squeak, you let go. Clearly pulling your tail off isn't an option. Maybe you could tie it to a door like a bad tooth, but it feels so much a part of you now. Who knows what effect it would have if you ripped it off?

Shivering at the thought, you turn your attention to another of your more notable changes. Lifting your skirt, you examine your penis in the glass. Or its absence, because you're not sure you can get anyone pregnant with a *cap*, even if you could find anyone willing to let you stick it in them.

Blushing and sweating you prod at it, delicate as ever—you don't want to accidentally open it, after all. The instant your finger contacts it, you experience a shocking jolt of pleasure, even stronger than the one you got from touching your tail. Snapping your hand back, you slam your legs together and shudder. Y—you can tell it used to be your penis. It's a good job you didn't try to open it—who knows how *that* would feel.

Dropping your skirt, you back away from the mirror and examine yourself with a gulp. You can't deny you look cute like this, but it's just so otherworldly. You're not even sure it's happening. What if you have some kind of weird rubber allergy that results in hyper-realistic hallucinations of turning into inflatable foxgirls...? That's a possibility, isn't it...?

Whatever the answer, you think you need to call for a doctor. Possibly a psychiatrist, but you'll settle for A&E in the short term. Rushing across the room, you grab your phone...

You haven't quite gotten used to your squeaky new hands yet. In your haste, you only get half a grip: jerked off the bed, your phone flies from your hand, does an elaborate flip, and promptly throws itself at the hard floor of your bedroom.

With a gasp of panic, you flail at it, but you only succeed in clipping it with a fingertip. On contact, however, you feel something strange, a little like static.

Your phone strikes the floor of your bedroom. But instead of the familiar crack of an expensive electronic striking wood, you heard only another squeak.

Blinking, you bend down and pick it up. Sure enough, it's a lot lighter than it used to be. A lot softer too, and more pliable. Squeezing it, you force the air from one end to the other, listening to the squeak of the plastic as it's strained.

Did you just turn your phone into a balloon?

Bizarrely, it still works. When you hit the on button, the screen flashes on, and you're able to input your code. It's a little squeakier than normal, and all the icons appear a little cartoonier, but by all accounts, it's as functional as you. (Maybe more so.)

Placing your phone back on the bed (with an absurd delicateness, given its new nature), you step back and study your hands, wondering what the hell just happened. Did your transformation also give you the Midas Touch? Only, the inflatable version? If that's the case, why haven't you transformed the floor though? Maybe it needs intent as well?

Curious, you scan your room for something to test your new power on, and settle on your pillow. You give it a slap, but nothing seems to happen. Not until you pick it up and really squeeze it do you feel that little jolt of static. And sure enough, when you let go, your pillow strikes the floor and bounces, just like a good inflatable.

You find yourself grinning, the strangeness of your transformation forgotten. You can turn things into pooltoys! It's like you've got superpowers! Or magic, you guess, seeing as you're a witch now. Maybe that would be the more thematic comparison.

As you're staring at your palms, wondering what you should test them on next, your phone rings: a text. Picking it up, you find it's from your friend, wanting to know if you're still coming to the Halloween Party tonight. You know, the one you definitely weren't going to wear the costume you're now trapped in to? That party.

Biting your lip, you blush. What are you supposed to do? You can't go like *this*, can you? As a cute foxgirl witch with an inflatable body and the power to spread her curse to anything she touches? You can't show up to the party like *that*...!

...Or *can* you...?

You struggle to keep yourself from giggling as you march up the path to the house. Your transformation hasn't just inflated your body: it seems to have pumped your spirits up too, and by the time you reach the door you're so excited your tail is wagging like a dog in a bone factory. You barely notice the path changing under your feet, tiles turning slick to the touch, as if someone has spilled varnish on them, and slowly rising, a little plumper and rounder with every passing moment.

Pausing to collect yourself, you raise a hand and knock. Unfortunately, you haven't thought this through properly, because instead of the harsh clunk you're expecting, your knuckles produce nothing more than a meek squeak, like you've just stepped on a dog toy. Blushing, you try the doorbell instead. It's going to take a long time getting used to your new body.

Unbeknownst to you, the door is already slickening too, a small patch of plastic spreading from where you knocked.

After a second, the door swings open, and a young man dressed as a dog and holding a party cup appears in the frame (jeez, what is it with you and dogs tonight? Is it something to do with you being part-fox now?). Looking you up and down, he blushes a bright pink. "Wow, that's a crazy costume," he says, clearly fighting to drag his eyes out of your cleavage. "How long did it take you to put it together?"

"Oh, not that long," you reply, recalling your transformation. "It was harder to pick it in the first place. Can I come in?"

"Go ahead," he says, waving you on, and with a giggle and a grin, you slip past, barely grazing him with your arm in the process.

Closing the door behind you, Dogman frowns when it makes a squeak instead of the more typical thunk. He's so surprised he doesn't even notice his own changes: neither the sudden sleekness of his skin nor his rapidly diminishing height.

You, on the other hand, proceed into the party, your grin growing wider with the second. Creatures of every conceivable type fill the room: Draculas and Frankensteins and Mummies—it's like the fucking Monster Mash, as hosted by Harley Quinn.

Instinctively, you search for the kitchen, your tried-and-tested shelter from the social aspects of this social gathering, but it seems to be full of people too: a small crowd is beating up a guy in a Harry Potter costume. The punchtable isn't much better—if it's been spiked, it's clearly with something more addictive than mere alcohol. On the other side of the patio, meanwhile, people are talking and chatting around the pool: a couple have even stripped off their costumes and leapt in, but for the most part the pool and the Halloween theme seem to be at odds. Maybe you'll give it a go yourself, later—inflatables are meant for the pool, after all.

First things first though... It's time to put your new magic to the test~. Who should be first? Hmm... Hmmmmmmm... Hmmmmmmmmmmm...

Just as you think you're never going to be able to decide, your eyes settle on a young woman in a loose orange sack, a carved grin stitched vaguely in black across her bust: that's right, folks, it's everyone's favorite cliché Halloween costume: the slutty pumpkin. You've never been a fan of this particular kind of costume—what's the point of a pumpkin costume that isn't round? Is it meant to be overripe? Honestly, it's just so annoying.

Fortunately, who better than you to pump up the pumpkin?

As you approach, the young woman wearing the costume turns and takes a look at you, her eyes widening in much the same way as the dogman guarding the door (incidentally, he's started to attract a small crowd now). A slender brunette, freckled and short, with a mischievous grin that belies her mousy looks, she cocks her head and throws you an amused look. "What are you supposed to be?" she asks. "Some kind of anime character?"

You pull yourself up proudly, making your boobs bounce boobily. "I'm the inflatable witch," you say, giving her a look up and down that's practically calculated to make her feel a little insecure. "I love casting spells to fill things with air. Want me to pump you up? You're looking a little deflated at the moment..."

She stares at you for a second, blinking, clearly wondering whether this is some kind of strange insult or a come-on. Finally, she laughs. "Okay, sure. I could do with being a little perkier, you know?" She squeezes her chest, in case you didn't get the innuendo.

"Great. Hold tight." You draw your wand, taking a second to twirl it around your fingers (you've been practicing the whole way here), raising it to tap her head, pause for a second, wondering—

Can you actually do this? Like, physically *and* morally? You've clearly got the power, but can you do it on command? And if you can, *should* you? What if Ms. Slutty Pumpkin here doesn't *want* to be an inflatable?

From the other side of the room comes a scream. Raising an eyebrow, you turn to find half of the party's guests gathering around a strange object on the floor. It's hard to tell with all the people pointing and gasping in the way, but it looks like a sexy inflatable doggirl. And, uh, the kind that *really* wants a bone, going by the thick pink doughnuts serving her as holes. Even as you watch, a handsome Dracula grabs it and mimes a thrusting motion—

—and jerks away with a gasp of a surprise, clutching his hand, which seems a little sleeker and plumper than is typical for human beings, even ones dressed as the terror of the night. Even as you watch, the plastic spreads down his arm, and the rest of his body starts to swiftly slenderize, slimming out, becoming gradually more feminine. With a high-pitched squeal of terror, he lurches away from the doll, scrabbling through the crowd in his panic to escape, and setting off a chain reaction of the kind not seen since Chernobyl: in seconds, half of the guests are clutching themselves and squealing in horror as they plasticize.

You and the pumpkin stare as the change spreads. *Well*, you think, pinching your chin. You suppose that answers the whole 'should I or shouldn't I?' question. Without further fanfare, you turn and tap your observation partner on the head, and with a squeal of surprise, she starts to transform too.

Hers goes a little faster than the others'—whether this is because you've put more of your mojo into it or because your magic just thinks it would be funny is hard to tell, but the results are dramatic: a wave of plastic washes over her skin in an instant, painting her face as a wild-eyed mask with a big cartoon grin, and with three gigantic boings, she explodes, blown to tremendous new size. Her boobs go first, doubling in an instant, but it's her stomach that really grows, pumped from flat to the size of a beachball in an instant, and then twice that, stretching her once-loose costume tight around her (even as it turns to plastic as well). She doesn't stop there though: she continues to grow, her head slamming into the ceiling and forcing her down onto her ass, legs spread, as she continues to swell and swell and swell.

A hole appears between her legs. Belatedly, you realize she's becoming a bouncy castle.

As the punch table topples, pushed over by the *Guinness Book of World Records'* No.1 World's Largest Slutty Pumpkin, you raise your wand, give it another spin around your finger (God, you're getting good at this), and search for your next target.

The wave of transformation is spreading rapidly through the party now, all those Draculas and Frankensteins and Mummies being rapidly replaced by sexy, inflatable Brides of Dracula, Mrs Frankensteins, and Hot Egyptian MILFs in your area. Those guests who've yet to be transformed, or at least fully transformed, are fleeing the scene, bumping into each other and spreading your magic even farther in the process. There's no shortage of easy targets; it's like taking candy from a trick-or-treater.

Raising your wand, you tap a fleeing a fleeing cowboy on the head, and with a pop and a *bowwing*, he swiftly metamorphoses into a sexy inflatable cowgirl, her balloon-boobs bouncing in her tight cowprint bra as she stumbles squeaking for the exit.

No sooner have you turned from her than you bump into a lumberjack, his hairy chest practically tearing through his colorful flannel shirt. Well, a quick tap of your wand, and it's no longer hair leaping out of his top: no, he's gone all Monty Python on you. Now it's a pair of taut, inflatable breasts, and the fake axe in his hand has become even faker: the older one might actually have cut something if you were persistent enough, but now it's a big, plump balloon toy, just like the rest of him.

Next, you strike a guy dressed as a skeleton—you know, the whole black bodysuit dealy—and with a pair of bowwings, rapidly add some meat to his, now her, bones. Well, it's more air than meat, but... You get the idea. Picking her up, you toss the slutty new skeleton into the lap of the doggirl, who would presumably be very happy to meet her, assuming she could still talk.

In the kitchen, you find a banana hiding by the fruit bowl. You don't bother to tap this one, simply twirling your wand and launching a bolt of magical sparkles in their direction. On impact, it explodes like a firework, spraying fairy dust all over Mr. Tall and Yellow. Cleary inflation isn't *his* fetish, because he soon starts to fall limp—by the time he's done changing, all that remains is a beachball in the style of a peach: spinning it around, you find a strange valley in its back, just begging for something to be stuck between its cheeks.

Leaving the kitchen behind, you return to the main room, where your spreading magic has left little in the way of people to target: all that remains are a bunch of inflatables. There are dolls, lots of dolls, some animate, some inanimate, some sexual, some merely cartoonish. There are beachballs and other random pooltoys, even a couple of bouncehouses to go with the Slutty Pumpkin. Even the furniture has changed: plopping your ass on the couch, you hear a familiar squeak and smirk at the sound of it.

Above, the light flickers—it's plastic too, of course, but somehow it's still shining.

Just as you're about to lie back and relax, you hear a tapping sound and look to see someone knocking on the patio: a young blond in soaking Y-fronts and little else. "H-hey," he says, shaking in the cold. "C-can you let me in? It's freezing out here."

After a pause, you shrug and make your way over, sliding the patio open.

"Thanks," says the blond, struggling to slip past you. "Hey, what happened in—"

You don't let him get any farther. Raising your wand, you tap him on the head, and—

He ripples, like a pool struck by a cannonball. The transformation passes from his forehead downward, making him bulge as he changes: twintails spring from his head, his eyes open wide, his mouth stretches into his grin, and two giant spherical boobs spring from his chest, while his hips explode to twice their size and then some. She swells, her legs stretching longer and longer. Finally, her Y-fronts split and reshape into a tight, pink bikini, and with that,

the blond is gone, replaced by a plump, taut inflatable in the image of a sexy blonde.
“Mmmphf! Mmmphf!” She clutches her mouth with a mitt-like hand, struggling to speak.

With a grin, you pick her up, haul her outside, and toss her straight back into the water, where she flounders for a second, still squeaking, before you take a running leap and launch yourself onto her.

“Ah...” Resting your head on her own, you sigh in delight.

Maybe parties aren't so bad after all.