

Firingwall Preview Guide: 7/8/2019

Table of Contents

Electrical Lion Love – Page 1

Smoke It Up: Smokey Incense – Page 2

Sudden Pizza Craving – Page 3

Inflated to Agent Status – Page 4

Electrical Lion Love

Peter yawned, stretched out on his couch as his mind drifted off. He turned his TV off and buried his head against the pillow. He yawned again, his jaw cracking as he adjusted himself.

“Time... time for a long nap,” he muttered, his eyes creaking shut. Today has been lousy and dreadfully boring to boot when it wasn’t. It wore him down that he felt like just getting some long, long shut eye for a while.

He sighed softly, his eyes fully shutting. The world and the senses it brought faded out, taking away to a place where he can simply rest and not think about things. It would be so pleasant, wonderful.

“Awww, don’t go snoozing just yet!” A woman’s voice rang throughout the room, shivers running up his spine.

His eyes shot open, and they came face to face with another set of eyes, bright, shining eyes. His head pulled back, his mind still not fully adjusting or comprehending what he was looking at in front of him. He saw a figure with blue and black fur, slender, large feline ears, and a feline mug. Yet, it wasn’t any ordinary animal.

It was a Luxray, a real, honest-to-God Luxray. It was a female one at that, fully nude with large breasts pressed up against the side of the couch.

“OH! You’re awake now! Goodie good!”

It finally snapped within his head at that point what was happening. He jumped onto his back and tried his best to crawl his way up and over the armrest of the sofa. However, the female Luxray was far quicker, jumping quickly on top of him.

“Awwwww, don’t run away! We only just met handsome!” She loomed over him, her clawed paws laying between his head as she upon him. He looked over her face, his eyes falling onto her breasts, her thin, but fit waist, thick thighs, and-

Peter shook his head, his face getting all flustered and red. He needed to focus. He cleared his throat, nervously asking, “Wh-wh-who are you?”

The anthro Pokémon beamed brightly. “My name is Bia, the lovely, dashing, mystical Luxray here to bring you some well-deserved love and joy.”

“...what?”

Bia giggled, sitting up and on his lap now. She felt rather light upon, her plush rear seeming to rub itself a little too much against the crotch of his pjs. She explained, “I am very attuned with the world around me; the negative electrical waves that pass through my fur. It bothers me so much and there’s not much I can do. But your negative waves... I sensed them a mile away and I knew I could do something about it.”

Smoke It Up: Smokey Incense

Helen sighed, pouting her lips as she looked from one stall to another in the vast sea that surrounded her. *I don't see it, she thought disappointedly, I've looked for about an hour and I haven't found them. Guess they don't have any this week.*

It was Saturday, mid-day, and the young mother was wandering through the marketplace like she did every weekend. It was a local affair, dealers and people who made their own products coming to an empty part of the park to sell their wares. Helen herself was a big fan of it, usually finding interesting items and knick-knacks for home.

Today though, she was frustrated. Her favorite stall, one run by a local candlemaker, was nowhere to be seen at all. *Great... looks like I'll have to deal with the apartment smelling like Zak's stinky gym clothes for a while.*

She chuckled at the thought, shaking her head and turning to leave. *Oh well... maybe next week. Hopefully Jim is back and has some of his-*

“Hey dere toots! Whys da long face?”

The words froze the long-haired woman in the spot, a vein bulging in her head after hearing. She turned her head, glaring in the direction of the noise as she snapped, “Excuse me? Who are you calling to-”

She was greeted a mountain of a figure. Standing at least two feet taller than were was a large brown bear anthro. However, it wasn't a normal anthro either. His fur was too bright and too... flat. His nose was big, black, and glossy, shaped like a bean almost. He wore bright blue overalls and bright white gloves. Most curious, there was a dark outline surrounding him.

Oh... it's a toon, she thought, frowning. She cleared her throat and said, “Oh... never mind. I'm just gonna go now.”

“Awwwww,” the large bear declared, leaning over the counter of his stall. He spoke with a deep, thick baritone, a breath smelling like cigar smoke, but not a nasty, powerful scented one either. He continued, “I's was just worryin' dere. Youse look upset!”

Helen huffed, realizing the toon wouldn't just leave her alone easily. “My favorite stall is not here Mister... Bear, so no point in me sticking around.”

“It's Smokey Steve, lil's lady. What stall was dat?”

“...it was the candle one.”

“OH! Jimmy Boy! He's super-duper nice ands stuff! Dat's a shame youse can't get any of his candles. Dey's really nice!”

Sudden Pizza Craving

Melissa yawned as she happily collapsed onto the couch, embracing the soft cushion padding beneath her. It was a quiet, uneventful day at the house. Her roommates were busy at work, while she was enjoying her continued, earned vacation from her own job.

For the first time in a while, the thin, small woman was taking it easy. Very easy at that.

She yanked off her socks and stretched out on the long piece of furniture, nuzzling her head against one of the pillows. She grabbed her thick-rimmed glasses and put them on the coffee table nearby. She felt like a long, peaceful nap, even though it was only 9 AM.

Do what I want, she thought with a wide smile. Her eyes slowly creaked closed, the room fading out around her. *Finally catch up on that beauty...*

Let's eat to the beat~ A Pizza Hut, a Pizza Hut~ Kentucky Fried Chicken and a...~

Melissa's eyes shot open, staring at her cellphone. It had just buzzed, playing a rather familiar, novelty song as a ringtone. She knew exactly who it was.

She sighed and stretched out a hand, grabbing the phone. She had a new text from a certain, rather large figure in her life. It read: *Heys Mel~ No u on vacation, but why didn't u come yesterday?*

The scrawny brown-haired woman sighed, grabbing her glasses now. Putting them on, she texted back: *U didn't burn down the pizzeria did u?*

A few seconds later: *No! Yesterday was huge! Did u forget?*

Melissa mumbled, sitting up on the couch. Brushing some of her hair away from her glasses, she responded: *Sorry. Don't remember. What was it?*

Yesterday was National Pizza Day!

It was like the entire world stopped at once, or at least it felt like her heart did. Sound vanished, everything in the room but her phone in her hand faded out despite her eyes remaining open. Her mouth went dry, her mind emptying of almost all thoughts.

VWOOP! Her ears jiggled because ballooned out into large, wide animal ears. Bright, rather flat-looking grey hair covered their backs while the insides were pinkish red. They twitched slightly; her glasses somehow not being knocked off her head by this change.

Yet, she did not notice it at all. All she did was stare at her phone; her body beginning to quiver as words formed in her mind again.

National Pizza Day... I... I missed National Pizza...

Inflated to Agent Status

As such, Fran leaned up against one of the walls and slid down onto the floor. She let out an exhausted sigh and pulled out her cell, checking her messages. *Just wait until everyone finishes going to lunch*, she thought, the same thoughts that crossed her mind more than once, *then I can go in and not be hound by everyone wanting me to do crap...*

She shook her head, a deep, frustrated sigh following soon after. “I feel like I do everything for everybody around here when it's not my damn job. I’m finally promoted and I’m still some fresh-faced new kid!”

Fran slouched further against the wall, her mood continuously dropping with it. *Maybe if I had some presence or was even starred in a movie maybe everyone... no, frickin’ Linda would still boss me around like she owns the damn place...*

She sighed more time, more exacerbated and exhausted the longer she thought about things. She glanced around the room, looking at many of the outfits that were hanging up or stuffed into boxes and crates. Maybe she could take out her frustration on one of old costumes that was going to be tossed out?

No, she thought, shaking her head again, *I’m pretty sure I’ll get into trouble for-*

Her train of thought halted as her eyes fell upon a curious item amongst the racks. It was a bright, chestnut brown trench coat, like out of an old noir film. It was the kind of outfit that silly, cartoon characters wore when trying to walk out in public and be inconspicuous.

It hung among many other coats like it. Fran stood up and walked over, examining the piece of clothing more closely. *Oh yeah, Cindy bought a bunch of these for the film. I wonder where she got them?*

Fran looked at the tag attached to the bright coat. It simply read: “A Miss Airbag Original.” *Huh... never heard of them before. Definitely not the usual place we get stuff from.* A quick check of the other trench coats showed they were all from different brands as well.

The young woman looked over the coats for a moment before returning to the Miss Airbag edition. All of the coats looked used or partially damaged, probably why they were bought in the first place given recent budget issues the higher ups mentioned. The only exception was the coat that caught Fran’s attention. It looked positively brand-new.

She touched and felt the coat. It had a very nice texture and feel to it, much softer than the one Linda was sporting in the movie. Checking the size on it, it was much smaller too. *Guess that’s why she isn’t wearing it*, Fran thought, nodding softly, *...heh... kind of a perfect fit for me...*

“Perfect fit”. The words echoed within Miss Bailey’s mind.