

One Halloween Date Coming Up

By: Firingwall

Wes let out a long, tired, exhausted sigh, drooping deep into his couch as his fingers weakly pressed buttons on his remote control. His eyes moved slightly to the right, looking out his window at the darkness beyond. The rain was falling hard, the wind gently roaring by and rattling the bushes outside.

Another damn gloomy night, he thought, his eyes returning to his television screen, *it sort of fits I guess, but what a waste...*

Halloween had finally arrived on the blond's sleepy hometown, something that most everyone was looking forward to. But with the weather, almost all trick-r-treating had been cancelled by the town, as with most outdoor events. For Wes though, the gloomy weather wasn't what was bringing down his mood.

It was the party tonight. Even despite the weather, there was a cool, yearly costume event that would be taking place that night in an hour or so. Despite some of his friends going there, he himself couldn't show up. For one, he had no costume of his own. Second, and most importantly, he never got an invite to even attend.

As such, there the young man was, sitting on his couch and looking for some spooky movie to watch to at least do something appropriate for the night. However, hanging out with friends and getting dressed up? That would have been a lot more preferable for him.

He let out another sigh, flipping through more and more channels in some desperate hope to find something to watch to get his mind off his disappointment. His face twisting into a frown, he muttered, "man... I wish I could go to that party."

Ploop!

Wes jolted to the left, falling on this side and scrambling his way to the armrest. Something had just landed down beside him on the right cushion out of nowhere, its vibration and sound startling him.

He scrambled to his feet upon reaching the edge and looked around the room. There was no one there, all the doors to his living room still closed with no signs of life anywhere. He then looked to his sofa and to his surprise, something sat upon. It was a golden lamp, one that looked like it was ripped right out of Aladdin. It was bronze gold with a smooth, polish shine to it that made it look like it had never been touched.

Taking one more glance around the room, Wes nervously approached the item, leaning in to look at it. "What the hell?" he muttered, not daring to touch the item.

"Well that's just rude! Is that how you greet moi?"

Wes jumped backwards again. A soft, feminine voice had rung out from inside the lamp, the metal container vibrating ever so softly. “What the?!” he cried out, “What the hell was that?!”

“It was me silly!” the voice called out, the lamp shaking again, “My name is... ummm, mind rubbing this lamp? Introductions are so much better in person, you know?”

“Rub the... wait, are you a genie... an evil genie?!”

“Sooooo rude and no, I’m not evil! Just rub the lamp already, will ya?” Wes frowned, staring at the strange, metal object speaking to him. It had to be a dream, at least, that’s what he told himself. There was no other odd explanation for what was happening.

He took deep breath and approached the lamp, picking it up. *Here goes nothing*, he thought, rubbing it gently with his hand.

SQUEAK SQUEAK! His hand rubbed against the rather polished metal lamp, leaving smudges all across it as he did. After doing it only three times, the lamp rattled and warmed, causing him to drop it onto the sofa in shock. Even doing so, the lamp continued to wiggle as a blue haze began to leak out.

The blue gas rose from the lamp and floated around the room, circling him and the sofa. A second fume, a much darker blue, bellowed out and floated up in front of him. The gas began taking shape, forming a shifty, hazy head. It looked distinctly like that of a cat, a humanish, toony one though.

A face appeared on the gaseous head, giving him a bright smile. “Hiya!” it spoke, “My name is Cera, the magical cat genie of the lamp!”

In this instant, in a sea of endless questions that could be asked, Wes could only blurt out, “...okay?”

“Okay indeed!” Cera spoke, “I have been summoned by a strong, earthly desire! You wish for something to improve your current situation, don’t ya? Well then, Cera is here to make that wish a reality and make things all better.”

“...okay?”

A minute passed, the two staring at each other, waiting for the other to speak. Cera frowned, clearing her “throat”, “so, ummmm, what do you wish for, oh humble human?”

“OH!” Wes snapped out of it, finally realizing this was all really happening to him right now. A magical genie had truly appeared before him and was interested in granting him a wish. This was wild, but a reality.

Wes blushed, scratching the back of his head. “Ahhhhhhhh,” he mumbled, “I ah... well, it’s not really special... I mean, there’s probably plenty of other people right now who need something more than me.”

“Even if that’s the case, I am here now. I wish to help you. Please, allow me to help you.” Cera smiled, giving him a wonderful, sweet smile, a radiant aura beaming off of her that he couldn’t help but... feel a bit better by.

“Well... I... I guess I want to go to this costume party, but I don’t have an invite or costume or anything like...”

“You wanna go to a costume party?!” Cera asked, looking stunned. “Why, so do I! This works out even better than I could’ve hoped for!”

Before Wes could ask what she meant, the face and head returned to their transparent blue gas state. All the fumes in the room began to pull back towards the center of the room. They all congregated in one spot, flowing into each other together and forming into this thick, dense, small blue cloud.

The cloud stopped upon the top of his small coffee table, the fumes sucking all in as the hazy mass began taking shape again. This time, instead of forming some sort of head, it took on the shape of a tiny kid. It stood about three feet tall, gaining cat-like features with a tail, cat eyes, and fuzzy cheek fur. It also seemed to be taking on an aviation stewardess outfit from the cute, cylinder-shaped hat to a blue vest and skirt.

After only a few seconds, the gaseous cloud became solid and real. It was now a young, kiddie cat girl with a familiar face and head to her. She smiled brightly, declaring, “so... what do you think?”

Wes just blankly stared at the newly form cat girl that stood before on his table. It was a far cry from the mystical, otherworldly shape that genie had before. She was just absolutely adorable in every sense of the word.

“You’re... ah... you’re...”

Cera giggled, saying, “an airplane stewardess! An old one sure, but an oldie look is certainly a goodie, don’t you agree?”

“I ah... guess?”

“You guess?” Cera replied, looking almost hurt. She looked down at herself and then up at Wes, pouting. “Am I too small? Do I look too much like a kid? Is my outfit too old fashion or something? I mean, I haven’t been out of the lamp in a while, but if my costume is too dated, then I should probably...”

“No! N-no, your outfit is fine! This is all just a bit surprising and-”

“Outfit’s fine? Noted! Then I know what the problem is!” Cera exclaimed, ignoring Wes’s confusion and shock as she thought something over.

She looked over herself excitedly, grinning ear to ear. She lifted a thin, white leather glove to her mouth and stuck her thumb in. With one big, powerful gulp of air, she exhaled as much of it straight into her thumb.

TWOMP! Her tail suddenly vibrated like a stretched-out wire out of some cartoon as a strange sound blared. Her tail shot forward two extra feet as its width tripled, becoming thicker than a soda can. Once it stopped growing, her tail swished about happily, swinging from side to side.

“Whoooa...” Wes mumbled.

“Yes whoooooa!” Cera giggled, looking at her giant tail, “But a big edition like this isn’t the only thing I really need, don’t you agree?” Before Wes could answer, or even think about that, Cera took another big gulp of air and blasted it back into her thumb.

ZIIIIIP! Cera leapt into the air after her finger puff, jumping straight towards Wes. However, as she leapt, her body stretched up and down. Her legs grew much longer than her entire body before her torso expanded to better fit them. Her arms stretched out to match as her head resized itself to better suit her form.

She now stood before Wes, a good two feet taller than him and with her flat chest in his face. His jaw dropped, his eyes feeling like they wanted to bug out of his skull. She was a magic genie after all, but still seeing the sight alone... it was almost hard to comprehend.

Cera did not take a second to pause before blowing into her thumb again, an excited, yet manic look of glee filling her face. **FWOMP!** From her scalp, her light coating of fur began growing, slowly at first before picking up the pace. It cascaded down her head like a waterfall, making an elegant-looking, fine brushed head of hair.

She whipped her hip-length hair teasingly back and forth, like out of some shampoo commercial. She gave Wes a wink, blowing him a gentle kiss as her bottom lip swelled seductively to a pout. He merely blushed, trying to look away from swiftly beautifying feline.

Spurn on by his embarrassment, Cera went to town on her inflation. For this round, she brought both of her thumbs to her muzzle and blew into them together. **CREAK! CRACK! FWOMP!** Her shoulders broadened by quite a bit, gaining quite the muscular physique to them. Her arms vibrated from her shoulders to her thumbs and back again as her biceps and forearms swelled out like balloons. Her uniform/costume stretched to match the impressive bulk she gained, perfectly extending over her muscles to show off every fine detail.

“Hehehe,” she chuckled, flexing one of her arms, “Betcha I’m stronger than She-Hulk with these guns, right?” Her poor uniform stretched further as her biceps bulged, looking like it was barely staying together under the strain.

Wes did not think of her uniform, only her godly form. He mumbled, “y-yeah... that’s... that’s sure big... I mean, you’re big!”

Cera smiled, before cooing softly, “but I betcha you’d like me to be even bigger?”

Wes’ entire face went red as Cera blew into both of her thumbs again. He watched quietly as her legs suffered the same fate as her arms, bulking up with incredible muscle. He was just memorized by the sight, his heart beating faster and faster. Deep down... he did really want her to be “bigger”.

Stroking her legs for the briefest of seconds, she eyed the young man carefully before glancing down at herself. Her smile gained a mischievous bent to it as she stepped forward, her chest almost right against his face. “Oh honey,” she sweetly spoke, “I bet you will really like this big finale.”

She took the largest, deepest breath yet, her waist pulling inward comically and giving her sort of a ridiculous hourglass shape. Then, with both thumbs one final time, she blew into them. **KA-BOOMPOW!**

Wes found himself being flung across the room and against the wall as two large airbags smacked him hard in the face. With Cera’s final breath, her flat chest gave birth to two large, impressive, volleyball-sized breasts. Outrageous on almost any woman, but Cera wasn’t just any woman. Her enhanced chest seemed almost fitting for her.

Cera swung her hips to the side, Wes noticing how wider and curvier they were now as well. She put both arms around her head and cooed again, “So, is the problem solved?”

Cera was one hell of a cat woman. Her figure was otherworldly curvy with an incredible chest that put all humans to shame. However, despite her wider hips and heavy bust, her figure was rather Amazonian with her impressive muscles and bulging biceps that stretched her costume to its limits. Wes had a feeling that beneath her stewardess top lied an amazing set of abs.

Wes gulped, slowly nodding his head. His face was completely red, burning with embarrassment as he took her full form in. The seductive cat smiled brightly, her childish, silly aura coming back to the forefront as she began to wiggle and shake like an overeager child.

“Oh yeah!” she declared, pumping her fist into the air, “I’m awesome! I’m gorgeous! I’m ready for a costume party!”

She paused, freezing in place for a moment. Her face went blank, her brow furrowing as if an annoying thought entered her mind. She looked back at Wes, studying him. “Something wrong?” he asked her, his nerves losing him.

“Welllllllllll,” explained the cat genie, “it’s just this wish of yours... I was so eager to make it a reality that I gave myself one heck of a makeover. However, now that I look at the two of us... I just don’t think we match anymore.”

“What do you mean?”

Cera rubbed the bottom of her chin, before her smile returned once again. “Thinking about it, instead of giving you JUST a new costume... perhaps I should give you a fun makeover like me. Then, we can go to the party and have a really goooooood time.”

Wes’ feet trembled, a chill running up his spine. Yet, an exciting urge was rising within him. Anxiously, he asked, “what... what do you have in mind?”

“Something simple really... something nice and *big*.”

THE END