

Emergency Costume:

By: IndigoRho

Various aromas of pumpkin dominated the living room of a small apartment, perhaps too much so. Scented candles, scattered air fresheners, pies, cookies, muffins, a few literal pumpkins...all gave off their own variation of the smell. The residents of the apartment hadn't intentionally created the seasonal onslaught, though. Some were merely a spur of the moment attempt to clear the place of a lingering weed smell before the Halloween party, despite the fact most of the guests would be smoking during, while the bounty of desserts were a result of the host enthusiastically trying to improve his cooking skills. Adam—the cook in question—was rather proud of his creations. The plump crow carefully arranged food and drinks on a table against the living room wall, doing his best to avoid adding any bits of his scarecrow costume to the mix. He'd admittedly decided on the costume while blazed, but had grown fond of it even after sobering up, especially since it gave him an excuse to stuff his flannel shirt with an excessive amount of straw.

All his friends knew of his fondness for being bigger, and most had seen him blimp up to well over three hundred pounds on a few past occasions. Even with the padding, though, Adam would likely still appear the smallest at the party, a thought that put a grin on his face. At least he was certain the food he'd labored to make would be ravenously consumed to the very last crumb, if not by the guests then by his blubbery boyfriend. The crow abruptly stopped fussing over the food and glanced over his shoulder; where *was* Victor? Adam swore the lizard had wandered into their room to put on his costume well over half an hour ago, and the task was little more than zipping up a suit. Hopefully he hadn't just passed out on the bed again.

Adam walked towards the middle of the room and called for his boyfriend. “Victor, hon, you finished putting on your costume yet?”

“Um, Adam, I think I've run into a bit of a problem,” Victor said.

Before Adam could investigate further, Victor trudged out of the room. The obese lizard was half-dressed in a cow costume that must have been at least two sizes too small for him. He'd torn the seams on the legs just putting them on, while the upper half hung behind him, draped over his thick tail. Victor's face was contorted, conflicting feelings of embarrassment and pride on full display. He *was* fond of bursting out of clothing, after all. Shredding a “one size fits most” costume with his girth was a whole different issue, though.

Adam didn't even try to hide his arousal at the situation. “I...I could have sworn that fit you perfectly when you bought it. I saw you try it on and everything.”

“Well, that was before I taste-tested your cooking for a whole month,” Victor replied, shaking his belly in his claws. “Apparently I'm too fat to be a cow.”

Adam snorted. “Hey now, I didn't force you to eat all those desserts, you plumped yourself up all on your own!”

“You literally tied me to a chair and fed me pies all afternoon two weeks ago,” Victor said, struggling to wiggle free from his tattered costume. “I think you even joked about making me too fat for my costume!”

“Oh, yeah, I'd forgotten about that.” A lie. The crow had recorded the entire feeding, he'd even watched it again just that morning.

After kicking away the ruined suit, Victor was left in only his briefs. “Well as fun as it is being this big, the party starts in thirty minutes and I don't have a costume.”

While Adam enjoyed his boyfriend's clothing problems, he also didn't want the poor lizard to feel left out at the costume party. Buying something new wasn't an option on such short notice, and the crow couldn't think of anything in the apartment that could be tossed together to make something from scratch, either. His mind wandered while ogling Victor's gut, though, which proved to be an unexpected source of inspiration. He wasn't sure Victor would share his enthusiasm.

Adam casually strolled past a drawer and quietly withdrew a pill from within, adding it to a mixed drink he'd been sipping on. "You know what, I think I've got a solution. I just need to check the closet real quick, will you hold onto my drink?" He handed the glass to Victor, who accepted without a second thought.

"Please don't tell me sheet ghost. I'll never hear the end of it from Niall if it's a sheet ghost," Victor said, idly spinning the contents of the drink.

"First off, that dumb goat can't talk about bad costumes since he always just wears his work uniform as one," Adam said, pretending to dig around in the closet despite finding exactly what he needed right away. "Second, will you give that drink a try? I experimented a bit with it and need a second opinion. Feel free to drain it if ya want."

Victor took a nervous sip, and was surprised with how fruity it was. "Is there actually liquor in this thing? All I can taste is whatever juice you mixed with it." He took a second, larger gulp.

"That's what I thought. There's rum in it, but I think I overwhelmed it with the juice." Adam grinned and picked up one of the many full air tanks the pair had stored in the closet. His boyfriend would start to feel the *real* effects of the drink soon, and he'd be ready to initiate phase two once that happened.

As he was rather fond of fruity drinks, Victor finished off the rest of the glass quickly. Unbeknownst to him, a rapid transformation was starting. The scales on his flabby belly silently fused together and became glossy, while his entire gut rose slightly and grew more rigid. His body became lighter as the sheen spread outwards across his chest and hips, a tingling sensation preceding the advance. When he attempted to scratch an odd itch on his middle, the feeling of cold rubber nearly made him jump. Victor looked down in confusion at the sight of his now taut and shiny belly. From past experience he knew he was transforming into a pool toy, and he correctly assumed both the source and perpetrator.

"A-Adam this really isn't the time for a prank like this!" Victor grumbled, his legs beginning to stiffen as scales turned to rubber and muscle to air.

"Well we needed to find you a new costume fast, didn't we?" Adam asked innocently, hiding the air tank behind his back as he returned from the closet to his boyfriend.

Victor frowned as the transformation reached his arms, his claws slowly puffing out and fusing together. "Yes, but there were better solutions than this!"

"Maybe, but this was quicker and funner." Adam watched Victor's tail stiffen and turn to rubber, a nozzle forming on its tip. Perfect. "Besides, I realized we're short on seating, and an inflatable lizard couch will solve that problem easily."

Before Victor could process his boyfriend's intent, Adam flicked open the valve on his tail and hooked it right into the air tank he'd been hiding, before turning the nozzle to full blast. Victor yelped as he heard muffled hissing and felt his belly begin to swell. The itching and tingling finally ended as his transformation into a pool toy completed, but his much lighter and more rigid body was difficult to grow used to. He wobbled about in place as he attempted to walk, giving up after nearly losing his balance, soon realizing there was no way for his rubbery claws to reach the hose attached to his tail, let alone grasp it. Victor's body creaked as he inflated and the rubber was stretched. While his limbs swelled slightly, most of the fresh air concentrated in his middle, which had ballooned considerably.

Adam gave Victor a playful shove, causing the bloated lizard to stagger and roll onto his rounded belly with no hope of standing back up. Despite the ominous groans made by Victor's body, the rubber continued stretching with ease. Victor had taken on a somewhat bean shape by this point, rocking back and forth atop his middle while futilely flailing his puffy arms and legs. Adam couldn't resist drumming on Victor's sides a bit while he continued to bloat, delighting in the hollow, echoing sound that resulted. The crow felt the teensiest amount of guilt for transforming his boyfriend without his consent, especially since their friends would undoubtedly tease Victor over his predicament, but he'd been unable to resist an opportunity to blimp up the adorable lizard.

Finally content with Victor's size, Adam turned off the tank and removed the hose, barely allowing any air to escape as he firmly closed the pool toy's valve. "Perfect! I think you'll have the most realistic costume at the party."

Victor let out a low whine, his whole body squeaking as he made another pitiful attempt to stand up. "Man...I don't want to be a couch. Niall plays rough when I'm like this, he's popped me before just by sitting on me!"

"Don't worry, I'll protect you from the big mean goat," Adam said, before giving Victor a warm hug. "If he tries anything silly I'll turn him into a couch, too, and make sure he's sent home with a bang!"

Victor laughed. "Watch out, he can be pretty destructive as a pool toy." He gave up on trying to right himself and just accepted he was going to be seating for the rest of the night. "I'm sure if you claim me as your spot I'll be fine."

"I'll give ya plenty of use," Adam said, giving his boyfriend a peck on his rubbery snout. "Honestly I'm thinking about rolling you over and using ya as an air mattress tonight, too. Maybe the whole weekend if I'm feeling it."

Victor blushed, though he wasn't sure if he was eager to be stuck as an immobile blimp for two days straight. "I...um, well..."

A few loud knocks at the door ended the conversation, and Adam grinned. "Looks like our first guests have arrived a bit early!" He said as he hurried over to answer. "I can't wait to show them your costume."

A wave of embarrassment struck Victor again. It was going to be a long, interesting night.