

A Proper Magician

By: IndigoRho

As soon as August got home he hurried into his room, gleefully dumping the contents of his bag onto his bed. The chubby gray-and-white lion had spent all morning shopping around for the perfect Halloween costume, and initially his luck had been poor. Then he'd visited a smaller local shop he stumbled upon by happenstance.

The place had felt like a thrift store, without a single recognizable brand in sight. There were plenty of costumes packed into the shop, and while they were all rather traditional they also looked brand new. Amidst the eclectic clutter August had discovered a wonderful magician's outfit, complete with top hat and wand. A few minutes later he was being rung up, the hefty wolf who ran the shop praising his choice and promising he'd be satisfied beyond his wildest dreams. August hadn't paid much attention to just how wide the wolf's grin had been.

Back at home, August simply couldn't wait to try on the costume. Though the tag—and clerk—had insisted it was one size fits all, he was slightly worried it'd end up a bit loose on him. He stripped down to his boxers—undershirt still on—and picked up the top hat. It fit perfectly on the lion's head.

As August smiled and adjusted his hat the wand suddenly began to move. From its white tip came pink sparks, and it lifted into the air on its own. When August turned around he found himself facing the wand, which now had a sparkling pink aura emanating from the tip.

August was dumbstruck, and when the floating wand abruptly lunged and tapped his chest he didn't have time to react. A chill surged through his body, pink sparkles appearing around him. With a startled yelp the lion's footpaws left the floor. He flailed awkwardly as he lifted higher, until he was hovering right in front of the wand, helpless.

A ribbon of pink energy shot from the wand at the rest of the costume on the bed. Each article of clothing began to sparkle just like August. One-by-one they came to life, rising upwards and circling August. The lion's gaze darted from one piece to another as he grew increasingly worried.

The black pants were the first to act, gliding onto August's legs. August tried in vain to kick them off, but his struggles only delayed the inevitable a few seconds more. The white dress shirt took advantage of the distraction to force itself upon the lion, too. Shortly behind it was the black, tailed jacket, which was left open. August couldn't help but notice it almost felt too small to close around even his small middle. A red bow tie snaked itself around August's collar and a matching cumberbun wrapped around his waist.

All the while the wand was dancing around August, its movements directing the clothing as the hapless lion was forced into his costume. August squirmed and wiggled, occasionally letting out concerned whines. Being magically clothed wasn't *painful*, but it was impossible to know exactly what intentions the wand had for him afterward.

Soon enough the pants were zipped up, the dress shirt tucked in, and everything neatly tied and wrapped. August would've adored it had the circumstances been different. He hoped the wand would be content and he'd return to solid ground, but instead he continued to float.

The wand swirled and gave August a rather forceful tap on his belly. His gut glowed pink, and then dramatically ballooned outward. August yelped, guessing he'd probably gained close to fifty pounds in an instant, the costume stretching to fit him comfortably. A second tap added another fifty pounds, August's cheeks getting rounder and his rear wider. The sudden weight-gain left him somewhat dazed, as if he'd been spun around. He was finding it hard to concentrate on the ordeal at hand.

Again and again the wand prodded August's increasingly larger belly, turning the once merely chubby lion first plump, then doughy, then just plain huge. Beyond the mass of his growing gut different changes were occurring. His footpaws shifted and warped, turning into broad hooves. Fur flattened out, solidifying into thick, leathery hide. August was too dizzy to notice what was happening to him, the lion having mostly forgotten what he was so worried about only seconds before.

August was flipped around by the wand's dance so his large belly pointed to the floor. The wand tapped the lion's snout and flew backwards pulling at August until a trunk extended from his face, prompting groggy groans. August's eyes were only half-opened, either ignoring or ignorant of the brand new appendage he'd grown. As his trunk was pulled his mane receded into his face, vanishing completely.

August aimlessly flailed his hooves as he floated in place, stretched out. The wand poked one side of his mouth, and then the other, a pair of tusks appearing. A zap of his left ear caused it to unfurl like a flag, followed shortly by his right. August's look of confusion had been replaced by one of content, a dopey smile on his face. He was gently turned and lowered to the floor.

The once chubby lion was now a blubbery elephant, recognizable only by the markings and coloration that had stuck with him throughout the transformation. Despite over doubling in size August's costume still fit perfectly, belly faintly bulging over the rim of the cumberbun. He was a very fitting magician.

August reached for the wand with his trunk and grabbed it, twirling it around a little as he adjusted to his new form. He only had the vaguest memories of ever being anything different, and lacked any inherent desire to figure out more. Being an elephant suited his role as a magician, after all. However, his stage presence could use a little improving. August tapped his enormous belly with the wand, causing it to swell and wobble. Another hundred pounds and he'd be perfect. *Tap*. Or two hundred. *Tap*. Or maybe three hundred. *Tap...*