

Holiday Outfit Malfunction

By: Firingwall

“I’m sorry master,” Eve apologized, bowing repeatedly to her witch friend and coven leader, Cassidy, “I don’t know what went wrong with the spells! I thought I did everything right, but... all of the outfits...”

“It’s okay honey,” the head witch spoke calmly, patting the young green lady on the head, “It’ll be fine. Accidents happen.”

“B-b-but all of these costumes and outfits I made for us to sell and...”

“It’ll be fine! We’ll just trash these things.” Cassidy reassured with a bright smile.

“What?!” Beatrice, another witch in the testing room, yelled, “But all of this will be a waste then! We can’t get rid of perfectly good enchanted clothing!”

“Well what do you propose we do with a bunch of rejected, unstable magical garments?” Cassidy asked sternly, her eyebrow raising and her arms folded.

“Who wants Santa costumes?!” Yelled Beatrice, “75% and more! Get them while their hot and absurdly cheap!” At the local mall, the bright green witch was working her mojo at her makeshift stand and movable changing room booth, trying to hock her questionable wares off on some poor, unsuspecting sap.

So far, she’s managed to unload three costumes and she was hoping to move more before the end of the day. “Come on folks,” she called out, “You know you want one that’s this cheap and affordable!”

A short, scrawny looking guy with messy, greasy black hair walked up to her and glanced at the bin of clothing she had. “So... what sizes are all of these?” he asked curiously, “I need one for somebody throwing a Christmas Party.”

“One size fits all my good sir!” Beatrice stated, “It’s the power of magic at work! Care to try it and see for yourself?” She pulled out a Santa coat, hat, and pants, handing them to him.

She nodded towards the booth besides her and he nodded back, stepping into it. Locking the door up and kicking off his shoes, he put on each piece of baggy clothing on individually, curious to see this “one-size-fits-all” magic she had put on the outfit.

With every piece of clothing on, including the hat, the young man waited patiently for something to happen. He expected the clothing to shrink and fit him, hopefully no longer needing him to constantly pull his pants back up. But there was nothing to them at all.

The guy huffed and reached for the buttons on his jacket. However, that’s when he noticed them. His hands... there were completely alien to him. He now had four fingers, each

that pulled out into a razor-sharp point at the end. They were covered in thick, shimmering red scales with no trace of human skin at all.

“What the hell is this?!” He yelled frantically, yanking up his coat and shirt sleeves. Much like his hands, his arms were also covered in the same exact scales much to his utter confusion and surprise.

His head jerked to the door and he grabbed the doorknob, twisting it open. However, pushing on it, he found that he couldn't move the door at all! In fact, it was like it was glued in place and no amount of pushing could bulge it.

“What the hell?!” He growled, “What the steaming pile of ssssssssmoke?!” As he lashed out angrily at his situation, dark green and red smoke emanated from his mouth. It smelt of peppermint and wreathes, dissipating not too long as it escaped his maw.

He smacked his hand over his mouth. His hand shook from the impact, even vibrating a bit. Said vibrating didn't stop, slowly moving from his wrist to his arm, across his shoulders, and to the other arm. Once there, it finally stopped, but only to be replaced by a sudden burst of fat that swelled his arms up three times their original size.

“What the hell?!” He yelled through his hands, thick smoke poking out of it. He pulled his head away from his hands so that the fumes wouldn't go straight up his nose, but unexpectedly, his head pulled very far away. His neck shot up an extra two feet, green scales covering the sides and back while ruby red covered the front.

“Too weird too weird!” The guy turned his attention back to the door and he began banging on it as hard as he could, even scratching with his dragon talons. “HEY! Hey, open up and let me out! I know you can hear me!”

There was no answer. The only response he got back coming was a loud **RIP**. The young man looked to the source of the noise, seeing his feet tearing through his socks as they slowly shifted into something just like his hands. They were bright green with talon-like ends to them, though one of the toes were jutting out of his heels. They clicked against the ground as he wiggled them, just to be sure he was seeing this right.

However, seeing this new turn of event started to become problematic on top of things. His belly rumbled and began to swell like a water balloon, his red jacket pushing forward and stretching. Thankfully, due to its size, the piece of clothing had no trouble of containing the guy's swelling belly while also showing how round and protruding it was.

The young man reached down and gripped his stomach, feeling how soft and heavy it was in his scaly hands. “What the hell is going on?!” The guy groaned, “all I did was put on this jacket and... that's it!”

He reached down to his pants, wanting to remove them first before any problems came up. However, by the time he did reached down, his legs wobbled and ballooned up several times

as layer upon layer of fat quickly piled on. His oversized pants filled right up with the enhanced limbs, no longer needing his hands to hold them any longer.

As his rear bubbled and larded up, the back of his Santa outfit burst right open. Two large, several foot-long wings had torn right out and smacked against the sides of the booth. There were green on the outside with shining red scales on the inside, sharp horns jutting right out of the ridges.

The young man flinched and groaned. He did not like the feeling of the enclosed space pressing on his wings. If anything, it was making him feel claustrophobic despite not even being that. He turned his attention back on the door and hit on it again, yelling, “let me out of...”

The door swung open and the dragon-like man fell out, smacking his face right onto the stone tile flooring of the mall. Some of the mall customers noticed the stumble, but kept on walking, more interested in finishing the rest of their holiday shopping.

“You banged sir?” Beatrice cooed, looking down upon him with a large, mean grin.

The large dragon-looking guy got up to his feet and hissed, large horns growing out of his head as he did. They curved halfway up to their razor-sharp point, having candy cane style to them. He angrily yelled, “what the hell did you do to me?! You got to fix this right...”

“Fix what now?” Beatrice grinned, snapping her fingers as she stared him right in the eyes. His pupils turned bright, gleaming yellow, turning into reptilian slits as his jaw suddenly drooped. His mouth filled with dangerous fangs and his nose flattened into his face, leaving behind small slits to breath out of. Wrapping it all together was hair falling out as his face pushed into out into a sharp-pointed muzzle.

“Ahhhhhhhh,” the guy mumbled, his mind woozy and his body swaying as Beatrice helped him onto his feet, “I... I ah... uuuuhhhhhhh...”

“Do you like the outfit or not my dear?” The witch asked pleasantly, leaning in, “A simple yes or no will suffice.”

The dragon man shook his head and even bonked it with his noggin, his belly and fat jiggling slightly. He nodded and happily said, “Y-yeah! This outfit is great! It fits me so well and the party is gonna be awesome now!”

“Great!” Beatrice cheered with a small applause, “That’s wonderful! Now, let’s talk about the price. What do you say... 35 bucks all together?”

“There is a hole in the back though...”

“Which you caused dearie,” she replied simply with a smug little smile, “You shoulda said something about your wings before you put that outfit on. Now, you got to pay.”

“I...” the dragon mumbled, “I guess that make sense.” The beast reached into his pocket and pulled out his wallet, flashing some cash within it.

Beatrice’s smile turned to a wide grin as she thought, *another satisfied holiday customer!*

THE END