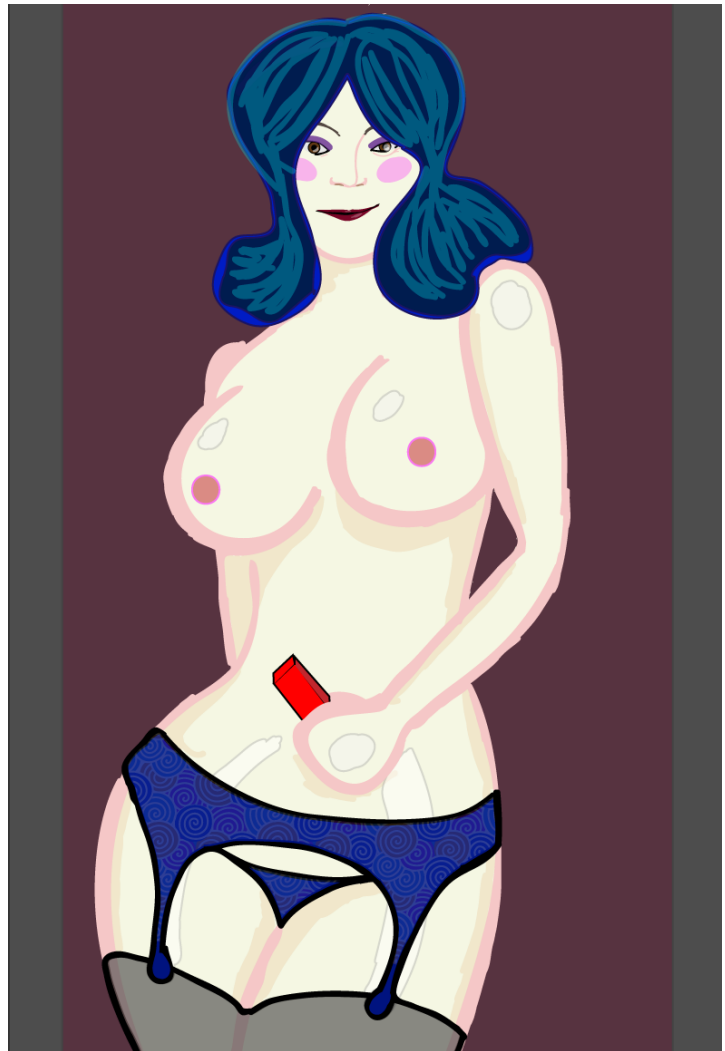


Confetti Spaghetti Serengeti

By Blake Isaac Gordon

October 31, Friday- the best kind of Halloween. The night was cool and clear, not a cloud in the moonless sky. The sounds of a big party traveled across the expertly tended lawn. A long rectangular pond had countless jack-o-lanterns floating about in various expressions of glee.



The long cobblestone pathway was empty except for a young woman. Her three-inch heels caught on the stones and she stumbled forward. Mei steadied herself, let out a sigh and then checked the hooks underneath the shoes. None had become bent or damaged. She then reached past the baggy folds running along her arm and tapped the side of a glossy black bracelet. A large -71C winked back at her and all other systems were green. Mei let out another bigger sigh, as long as her little impromptu device remained at -70C the Sabatier process would remain dormant. So far, her costume functioned perfectly, but even with the insulation the flexible plates inside gave her the shivers.

Mei blinked a tear from her eye. She reached into her small purse doing a quick mental check of her essential items: glasses, contact case, digital camera with motion sensor, the cell phone Paul had given her, a gaudy orange invitation, a red box the size of a candy bar, and a bundle of Kleenex. She removed one Kleenex and dabbed her eye so as not to ruin the pasty beige make-up caked on her face. She couldn't stand to wear contacts. She then checked her dark hair. Her fingers brushed the near calci-

fied strands, she had used an entire bottle of product, but she achieved the desired effect. Her hair looked big and plastic.

Mei took a calming breath and closed her eyes in concentration. After a few seconds she reached for the intercom button. The party's main entrance, on the opposite side of the estate, was flowing with guests, cars, and fun seekers, but she chose a familiar and more discrete entrance. The door chimed three times. The door opened and on the other side was the one person Mei did not want to see.

"Mei Kao, the smartest girl from Peking University, what brings you here?" asked a very tall, very blond, and very beautiful young woman dressed in a skin tight cat-suit with matching ears and tail.

"Sasha Hanson, I'm surprised you're here at the delivery entrance." Mei could not stand the woman for many, many reasons. The first and primary reason was she stole her man. This over-pampered model was tall, a solid five foot eleven and even in three inch heels Mei could only look at the chiseler's throat. "Your friend's estate is perfectly decorated. How did you all ever manage, must have taken a huge amount of work?"

Sasha's lip curled for the briefest of moments. "I am glad I happened to be here, you never know who will try and sneak in to these exclusive events. By chance what brings you out here?"

Mei pulled out her invitation and held it under Sasha's nose. "My invitation, from your good friend, Derik," Derik was anything but Sasha's good friend, "and I was hoping to run into Paul, have you seen him?"

Sasha tensed then snatched the invitation from Mei's two fingers. Her fair complexion darkened to an angry tomato red and she leaned forward. "Paul's here. I'm sure he will be polite and say hello."

"I'm sure," Mei answered.

Sasha's angry flush cooled away, "But dear don't be a pest, okay- he's going to busy tonight talking."

"Me... a pest?" said Mei with dramatic false sincerity, "How would I be a pest to Paul?"

Sasha's sky blue eyes darkened with malice, "By bothering him, understand. By being somewhere where you are not wanted. Besides..." Sasha's malice shifted from anger to pure cruelty. She leaned further her costume seemingly painted on her elegant figure. She traced her hands, slowly, from her hips, up her torso, and then she gave herself a vivacious grope while a superior smile spread across her face. "You're not his type, Paul's into this."

Mei unconsciously took a step back, she had expected this behavior, but seeing it in all its arrogant glory almost smashed her resolve. Sasha took Mei's silence as fear and continued to gloat.

“And what,” she asked, “is that costume you are wearing. You look like a discarded plastic bag on the side of the road. I mean is that thing hanging loosely off your hips supposed to be underwear? What are you supposed to be?”

“Me?” answered Mei as she reached into her purse and pulled out the small red box. With a flip of her thumb a narrow panel opened up revealing a single switch. The entire thing looked like a cheap plastic toy from a Mr. Cod Kiddie meal. Her thumb hovered over the switch, “I’m one of those Blow-Up dolls you find on the internet, you know, the ones with the face like, “Mei opened her mouth wide then smiled, “never mind, I’m certain you’re familiar with the face.”

Mei pushed the plastic button. A small ‘beep’ echoed from the bracelet on her wrist. Sasha glanced down confused then her eyes bulged with surprise. Deep inside Mei’s costume a sound much like the release of a can of Silly-String purred gently for a moment. All the numerous bunches, folds, and crinkles began to stretch then become perfectly smooth as Mei’s petite figure puffed up. Plump bulk coerced around her hips, buttocks, arms and breasts; Mei’s figure became more and more voluptuous with each second. The wet, crinkling sound faded and Mei’s new figure jiggled briefly before settling down. Her body now had curves reminiscent of the 1950’s pin-up girls.

Sasha’s mouth hung open, her eyes wide with surprise. Mei examined herself superficially then glanced up at Sasha with a cool smile.

“Extra Voluptuous-” Mei pressed the button again. Her hips, thighs, butt, and breasts inflated with a similar ‘PFFFFT’ as her new shiny curves indulged into something more buoyant and generous. Yet her increasing figure wasn’t the reason why Mei smiled wickedly at her rival. During her second puffing-up Mei gained four inches in stature and watched with unrestrained glee as their height difference faded away.

Sasha recoiled back, her hand tight over her mouth. This gave Mei an opening. She allowed herself in, her round buttocks squeaking like balloons as she strutted past. Sasha continued to shrink back her eyes darting up and down; back and forth. A realization congealed in her eyes and her surprise reformed to vivid jealousy. She crushed the glossy invitation in a balled fist.

Mei had to keep her teeth clamped shut so as not to laugh hysterically. She didn’t have much time and now that her thrill began to cool, a crippling anxiety began to build.

She never, in her wildest fantasies, thought she would wear something like this to a costume party. Her blow-up costume covered her from chin to toe, but she was naked underneath. It didn’t help her modesty that the costume only had a thong, matching garter, and fishnet stockings as its implied coverage. Her boobs, or her costume boobs were completely exposed. The nipples, obviously fake, poked out in a half aroused state. The costume was bound to draw all kinds of attention which was all a part of the plan. Still she worried because the attention would make it difficult to find Paul. She wanted to talk to him if only for a moment- to ask one question.

Mei put a hand on her temple to help clear her head. Talking to Paul was important, but that wasn't her reason for coming to this party. She was here to let Sasha know you can't just walk in and snatch a man away without repercussions. She would have a little fun at Sasha's expense, but she still needed to prepare. She set up her camera, made sure there were no sources of open flame present, and found the bar. She ordered whiskey-neat and slammed it down. Being a little buzzed would help matters progress, but she had to be careful not to over indulge. Her costume had no 'pee-hole'. She probably could go pee in an emergency, but that was plain gross.

The Halloween party steadily ramped up in fun. People noticed her costume right away. They would come over and comment on how great she looked. Often, both men and women wanted to touch her butt or play with her boobs which she encouraged- each time her inflated assets would squeak sharply causing shock then laughter. She posed for pictures often sitting in people's laps with the classic 'open-mouth' expression. Everyone she talked to loved the costume and wished her luck in the contest.

Any time where she got a break, she looked for Paul yet she never saw him. Sadness began to sour her buzz, but then a voice echoed over the speakers. It was John, one of Paul's buddies; if he was here then Paul was here too.

"Attention everyone, tonight's costume party will begin shortly. Interested contestants please head over to the gazebo and register for a number. Then go out and mingle. Vote for your favorite costume on the back of your invitation. We have some good prizes this year, so good luck."

Mei smiled, everything continued to fall into place. She went back for another whiskey and headed to the gazebo. Her competition was typical, people dressed in sexy costumes were signing up. She saw Alexander the Greats, gladiators, sexy goth girls, sex kittens, S&M nuns- anything that was skin tight and sexy had a number. Then she noticed Sasha.

Sasha had changed her costume. She now wore a perfectly fitted white bodysuit that left her legs bare, a red cape, and blue gloves and boots. Mei kept her expression friendly, but inside she boiled. She knew exactly why Sasha chose that superhero costume. The boots had hidden heels that added inches to her already impressive height and well disguised falsies that added inches to her already imposing bust-line.

Sasha walked forward and handed her a white number, twenty-six. "Here you go. I got you a number so you wouldn't have to wait in line." She said then gestured to a skinny woman behind her. Sasha's friend attached a Judge's Badge to her school-girl costume while she reapplied her lip gloss. She gave Mei an evil wink. Sasha then placed a hand on Mei's shoulder with bogus compassion. "I can do this because I have connections. And it has straps because I know you have aversion to pins, right?"

Mei remained calm on the outside, but inside she wanted to throttle the cheater with her own cape. There now was no way Mei had any chance of placing in the contest. She began to reach for her purse, and Sasha's eyes widened with worry. Then Mei stopped and smiled.

“Thank you, that is very thoughtful and very sporting,” she answered as she took the number. She then reached over and gave Sasha a full hug, fake boobs touched and then squeaked together. “And may the best costume win.” Mei walked away unable to suppress the smile on her face. She’d let Sasha have her fake victory; the time to steal all of her thunder was only one hour away.

...

“Attention costume contestants, the results of tonight’s contest will be announced in the courtyard by the pool. Please join us in ten minutes.”

Mei downed her shot of whisky. It was hard to believe an hour had gone by. She had no problem getting free drinks from anyone in this crowd. She had spent all her time at the bar being the center of attention and she kind of enjoyed it. As she walked off, with a bit of stumble, the group all applauded. She gave them a friendly wave and made the ‘face’, they all cheered.

Mei made her way to the courtyard and examined her competition. Sasha was already there and smirked in a self-satisfying fashion. Next to her was a guy who looked like a fitness model dressed as a highlander with a fake broad sword. He stared blankly at Sasha’s perky boobs. There was another guy; at least she thought it was a guy, dressed as Predator, a woman wearing a Little Bo-Peep outfit made entirely out of pink Lycra, and woman dressed in a tight 1950’s house-wife costume with a fake turkey on a tray- her boobs were almost as big as Sasha’s.

There were six contestants but only three places. Mei knew without a doubt who would win first place. She took a slight detour around some big speakers and dropped off her purse. Her phone’s GPS beeped as it activated. In her right hand she held her red remote. She kept her grip relaxed but firm. Already her costume hands were a tad bit bigger; as she continued to get larger her grip would worsen. She needed to be careful.

John walked forward dressed like Bob Barker, from the Prices Right. Mei figured it was no coincidence he was announcing the results of the contest. He picked up a microphone and gave it a little tap.

“Welcome everybody to tonight’s Hallows-Eve Costume Contest. We have six contestants that you all have voted for. “

People gathered around with more joining by the moment. Mei had to gulp down a huge wave of anxiety, there had to be over one hundred people in the audience. Then she watched as Sasha’s friend handed John the judging results. As she walked away she flashed Mei a terrible smile. Mei smiled back and caressed her little red remote with her thumb.

John opened up the envelope and began to read. “Tonight’s third place winner with 28 total votes is, Highlander-guy.”

The audience applauded with some ladies whistling. He went up to Sasha’s friend and took a small trophy and a gift-basket full of random stuff.

“Second place with 54 total votes goes to Miss-Good-Housekeeping.”

The audience applauded louder and the winner tossed her fake turkey tray aside and rushed over to get her gift basket. She ripped the plastic bagging off and began sorting through the spa gift-certificates.

“Tonight’s first place winner,” John gestured for a drum role. The fake ‘bdddde’ pouring from the oversized speakers made Mei almost jump. “With 102 votes is...” John looked over and she blinked. Was there a chance she could win? A small bundle of excitement tickled at her. But then John winced with confusion, “goes to Power-Babe.”

Instantly Sasha began to shriek and jump up and down. Her boobs and cape bounced everywhere. Sasha’s friend snatched up the large, first place trophy and rushed over to hand it to her. Sasha took it and hugged it tightly. Some of the crowd cheered but many looked confused. Most had the expression of *if the Blow-up Doll didn’t win then how did she not place?*

Mei took a long breath and tried to fight off all the impending feelings of anxiety, fear, and being stared at. She calmly walked over to John and gave him a warm and friendly smile. He blinked back confused then his smile matched hers. He handed over his microphone.

Mei took it and faced the crowd, “I demand a recount!” Her loud tone echoed harshly through the speakers and the crowd grew silent except for Sasha still cheering and hugging the large trophy. Her judge friend rushed over and yanked the microphone from Mei’s hand.

“Sorry,” she said with a stern hiss, “All results are final.”

The crowd started to murmur. It continued to build until the judge snapped back. “All results are Final!” Mei took that as her cue and pressed the button. She waited nervously for the crowd’s imminent reaction.

Mei’s costume reverberated with a loud whoosh which traveled into the microphone, and out the large speakers. Everyone watched blankly as Mei began to inflate. She had designed her costume to get very big. An essential design spec she planned to exploit as she kept her thumb securely on the button. Her costume kept inflating making her larger, rounder, and bigger- much like a female Michelin Man. She watched, a devilish exuberance coursing through her as the audience recede away. Her field of vision became slightly obscured by boobs the size of trashcans. But that was nothing compared to her belly and butt, she had more bulk than a pair of hippos waiting for the bus. Yet nothing matched the thrill of sliding up through the costume as it continued to build around her. By the time she took her thumb off the button she had to be close to ten feet tall.

The judge’s eyes were huge with fear. She dropped the microphone and bolted. As much as Mei wanted to chase after her and torment her some more she had to be careful. All the methane gas inside her costume made her lighter than air. She did a little wiggle and felt it travel down the pneumatic endoskeleton to the fake feet attached to the ground. The hooks held securely and as long as she moved with care everything should work as planned. It was now time for her moment of glory. She took a

cautious step. The costumed leg came free and much to her surprise, moving proved to be easier than she anticipated. She rotated forward and stomped the ground. Her entire costumed bulk floated with her. She brought the other foot up and repeated the process, she moved like the Stay-Puff-Marshmallow-Woman.

Mei checked her black bracelet. It had dilated to match her growth. The temperature still read 71C and her secondary compound had almost reached optimal conditions. She continued her waddle towards a cowering Sasha.

Sasha was anything but heroic. She crouched low clutching the trophy as if she thought she could hide behind it. Mei took her time advancing, allowing the tension to build. The situation coaxed a triumphant smirk to her face as the entire crowd watched in wide-eyed amazement. She stopped right in front of her rival plunging Sasha deep in shadow.

Mei glanced down her gigantic, overinflated boobs parting gently over her Mini-Coupe sized belly. “Gimme that trophy!” she demanded.

Sasha whimpered and offered up her prize. Mei bent forward her costume body let out a deep rubbery raspberry that echoed through the crowd causing a few chuckles. Mei then reached out with a puffy, over-sized hand and her costume fingers intertwined around the three foot tall trophy with ease. Mei couldn’t help but be thrilled on how the pneumatic endoskeleton performed flawlessly. It moved smooth as if she piloted a giant, plushy crane. She gave a small bit of thanks it wasn’t windy tonight. Then with a triumphant laugh she lifted the trophy high and her captive audience whooped and cheered. With her victory complete, it was now time to finally humble her rival.

Mei squatted low her belly compressing on the ground. Her super inflated costume rumbled as if a giant herd of balloons stampeded by. Sasha seemed so tiny and had gotten to her feet glaring up at Mei as if she were about to throw a temper tantrum. Her lower lip puffed in and out and her ideal face boiled with resentment. Revenge never felt so good. Mei leaned even deeper her stupendous boobs descended towards Sasha causing the little brat to recoil in terror.

“Look who has the biggest boobs now,” gloated Mei as she pulled up both her arms and attempted to grope herself much like Sasha did when they first met. Her costume boobs wiggled in wobbled to the delight of the crowd, and in Mei’s greatest moment a flash of red fell to the ground.

Her remote, she had dropped it!

Sasha’s angry eyes widened with surprise. She snarled while lunging for the small red box resting on the grass. She picked it up with both hands and stared at the object. Her hands trembled as she flipped open the plastic guard. She licked her lips as she lightly caressed the button with her thumb.

“Look-eee what I have,” she said in a low voice. The crowd grew quiet eagerly waiting for what would happen next. Sasha’s breathing became erratic and her crazed voice stuttered with a low pitch growl. “Little Mei is so big... I wonder how much bigger she can get?” Sasha then studied the remote and gave the button a little push. She then looked up her eyes never blinking.

Mei kept calm, while deep within her costume more compounds were warmed and became gas with a loud wet sizzle. The growth started in her belly and spread to her butt, boobs, and limbs. Mei watched helplessly as her costume grew larger and rounder. Shrill gasps echoed through the crowd.

Sasha released the button, her hands still shaky from all her excitement. She never took her eyes off the inflatable-goliath in front of her. Mei glared at Sasha and put her bloated arms on her hips as best she could.

"You sure you want to make me bigger?" said Mei with severity, but she couldn't hide the tinge of fear in her tone.

Sasha seemed to think for a moment and cackled, "YES!" and pushed the button again.

Mei gulped as the world below drifted away. A nervous excitement filled her. She had to be close to fifteen-feet tall for she could easily touch the roof of the first floor. The crowd began to laugh and a few people shouted for more. Mei reached out with her empty hand. She had no intention of dropping the trophy, not until all of this was finished. Her puffy mitt descended toward Sasha causing Sasha's superior look to instantly change to fear. That was until Mei's costume fingers stopped short. Mei had become so large she couldn't reach Sasha. Her rival stared at her blankly then snorted.

Sasha hooted with triumph while dancing around Mei's giant bulbous shape. People joined in with laughter and discourteous gestures. Bitter pangs of embarrassment rushed through Mei and she couldn't help but cower inside her costume.

Sasha stopped her dancing and tilted her head playfully up. "Well, well, well- Mei's all big but she's no longer bad is she." Her finger hovered over the button and her venomousness spread through her smile making her teeth almost sparkle.

"Come on," pleaded Mei, "this costume took a lot of time to make, please don't ruin it."

"Me," huffed Sasha, "I'm not going to ruin it. But I'm going to ask everyone else what I should do. I won't be my fault. My hands..." Sasha held up the remote, "are clean."

Mei remained silent. She knew too many people were too drunk to be satisfied by a quiet resolution.

"More?" Sasha screamed. The crowd answered with ecstatic cheers. She pressed the button – hard– resulting in a light pop. She blinked with confusion as the plastic button fell to the ground. She bent over and looked at it with false sincerity and said, "Oops."

"Noooo!" moaned Mei. She placed her hands on her giant tummy waiting for the internal reactions to begin.

It started with a low hiss, and then promptly grew to a loud rumble. Her belly began to distend followed by the rest of her costume. The crowd mocked her with hysterical taunts and wild laughter. The costume belly was taking over growing bigger and faster than the other parts. Her legs were nothing

more than two round limbs keeping her connected to the ground. The boobs, though each larger than her car, were being stretched out by the ever expanding tummy as a round mountain continued to take her higher and higher. All around, she could see the costume billowing out. Her ever increasing beige bulk obscured more and more of the crowd. People were still laughing but now there were gasps as well. Soon all Mei could see were the beige curves of her costume boobs. It was impossible to move her arms for they had become something that looked like fat antae with five round fingers attached. The second story roof of the estate reached her eye level and it would be much longer before she could see the third. The costume emitted a heavy moan as it began to reach its maximum capacity.

“Somebody, please, help ME!” she screamed, but all she could hear was the loud rush of expanding gasses.

The crowd wasn’t laughing any more. She heard panic spread as people tried to escape. Mei figured anyone who remained behind did so for a cheap thrill. She closed her eyes as the costume began to puff up around her chin. Then the moaning from deep inside stopped and there was silence.

Mei opened her eyes and estimated she could easily fill up half a football stadium. Then deep within her costume came a loud bing, much like a microwave ending its cycle. Mei snorted, “Happy Halloween... bitch.”

BOOM!

The Costume exploded in a white flash. Fluffy white confetti went everywhere and buried every inch of the 80 acre estate. The high stone walls turned the whole place into a massive white swimming pool of fluffiness.

Mei fell through a lingering cloud of white confetti and landed softly on a six-foot deep pile of fluff. It was like landing in a pile of leaves. She sank through and felt for the ground with her bare toes. She heard jagged shrieks of people crying out hysterically, but soon the panic turned to laughter as many began to frolic and play in the stuff. At least no one could see her naked, but she needed to make her escape. Once the novelty wore off the ‘patrons-of-the-party’ would be furious. Not that it mattered, the confetti was similar to powdered sugar. One good rain and all this stuff would become a white mushy smear then dissolve away.

Mei listened for her phone. It beeped and she used the sound to find her purse. Then it was child’s play to use the GPS to find her car. She burrowed her way through, climbed over the wall and made it back to where she parked her car. Thankfully it remained uncovered except for a light dusting collecting on top like snow. She reached under the bumper to find the magnetic key box she had put there earlier. She unlocked her car, climbed inside, and turned the ignition key. She locked the doors and closed her eyes. She started to giggle and soon couldn’t stop laughing. She hoped her camera had captured the final moments of her expansion. The look on everyone’s face must have been glorious. She’d remote download them once she got home.

A tap on her windshield started her. She covered herself up with her hands as best she could and then blinked when she saw who stood by her car. Paul grinned ear to ear and held a bottle of Champagne and a pair of glasses. A light dusting of confetti collected on his head and shoulders. He gestured with his other hand pleading for Mei to unlock her car.

Mei's indecency didn't stop her from opening the door, though she still kept her naughty parts covered as best she could. Paul climbed in and then turned to face her. His smile almost melted her.

"Fantastic costume," he said.

"You liked it," then Mei hesitated, her curiosity got the better of her, "how come you're not covered?"

"I watched from the third floor. John told me what was happening between you and Sasha and pleaded for me to remain inside until things played out."

"He DID?" She exclaimed with disbelief, then her expression darkened and she stared out her windshield, "Paul, why did you leave me in the dark while you were seeing Sasha?"

Paul tensed as if punched in the gut and then smiled sheepishly. "Horrible lapse of better judgment and manners, all I can do is offer this gift and my apology to say it will never happen again." He tapped his finger on the bottle.

Mei snorted, "Can't, need to drive home and you should probably..."

"Wait," Paul pleaded, "That whole time out there, it was an act right? You had control of the entire situation. I mean you were having fun right?"

Mei didn't answer right away, she glanced meekly down before speaking, "Yes, everything was planned, one big act. I was going to get back at Sasha no matter what." Mei played with a bit of confetti stuck in her hair, "But it was a little fun... doing all that...you know."

Paul leaned back in the seat, "Wow, wow, wow," he mumbled. Then he sat up and with puppy-dog eyes asked, "You don't have any more of those costumes, do you?"

"As a matter of fact, I do- lots more," she said coyly as she put the car in gear and drove off-tonight's first place prize riding with her in the passenger's seat.

This story is dedicated to the 'Prose that Blows 3" mentioned by Inflate123 on his DA page. Sadly I cannot write a story under 750 words, it's just too painful. But I loved writing it and had to post it here. Thanks again for Inflate123's blog and the time he took to mention the contest. ~**Blake**