

Halloween Party

by Bill Hart

The Lambda's Halloween party was tonight. Just about everybody, who was anybody, on campus would be there. CeeJay Larson hadn't picked out a costume yet. But then, he hadn't figured on being invited at all. His fraternity was the butt of some really weird rumors, so he'd been almost shocked when he and a couple of his brothers received invitations.

He was looking for something unique. What he had seen so far rummaging through the fraternity's costume selection was not overly inspiring. In fact, calling the costumes crap would have been a compliment.

"Hey, CeeJay," came a voice from behind him. "Find anything worthy of being worn to the party tonight?"

"Naw. Not in this garbage," he replied, as he turned towards the source of the voice. He thought it belonged to Patrick, one of the frat's new pledges. Or maybe it belonged to the pledge standing beside him, Patrick's virtual shadow, more commonly known as Shawn.

CeeJay couldn't remember their last names. But it really wasn't very important, since he didn't think either had a snowball's chance in hell of making it past being a pledge. In fact, he'd never understood why the frat council had allowed them to pledge in the first place.

"That's too bad," said Patrick. "You can't get in, unless you're in costume."

"Well, then I guess that maybe I won't be going."

"Really bad move, dude," replied Patrick. "I hear those two foxes, Charlotte Morgan and Samantha Johnson, from the new sorority were invited and are going to be there. It'd be a real shame to miss an opportunity to meet either one of them."

"For sure. But it's getting late and I don't have a costume."

"Maybe you could try that place in the mall," said Shawn quietly, almost too soft for CeeJay to hear.

"Shut up!" exclaimed Patrick.

"What place in the mall?"

"It's really nothing," replied Patrick. "Ignore Shawn's ravings."

"What place in the mall, Shawn? Tell me."

"It's a little hole-in-the-wall place and it might be a little hard to find," Shawn replied sheepishly. "It's called Spells 'R Us and it's run by an old man who says he's a wizard. I think Patrick and I bought something there once, but I can't remember if they sell, or even rent, costumes there."

"It might be worth a look. Thanks." And as CeeJay left, he thought, "Maybe I've misjudged them. But then again, maybe not. A store in the mall run by a wizard. Yeah, right."

As soon as CeeJay entered the mall, he knew he hadn't misjudged them. A hole-in-the-wall? Might be hard to find? "Bullshit," thought CeeJay. The shop was in plain sight. It was as clear as the tits on Samantha Johnson's chest.

"But I'm here," he thought. "It can't hurt to look."

The bell over the door tinkled as it announced CeeJay's entry into the empty shop. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, in the shop, unless you counted the door in the back.

"Bad joke, guys," he thought angrily. "Looks like your days as pledges are over. Someone's gonna pay for this."

CeeJay strode to the back door. He knocked, then knocked again. There was no response. As he turned to leave, he was suddenly face-to-face with a bathrobe-clad old man carrying a large cardboard box tied with a piece of string.

"Greetings, Clarence Larson, Jr. Welcome to my shop. And don't worry, from now on I'll call you CeeJay. I know you detest being called Clarence Junior. Sometimes parents don't have the slightest idea what a name can do to their children."

"What? How?"

"CeeJay, CeeJay, CeeJay. Weren't you listening to Shawn, when he told you the shop was run by a wizard? It was my idea to tell you up front, so I wouldn't have to repeat this boring repetitive scene. I can see it didn't work. Oh well, back to the drawing board."

CeeJay just stood there, mouth agape.

"By the way," continued the wizard holding out the cardboard box, "This is for you. It's your costume for the Halloween party tonight. It's all I had left, but I think you'll like it. And don't worry if it doesn't fit at first, it's self-adjusting."

Still speechless, CeeJay took the box.

"And you need to remember these three things. Don't forget them. With the conflicting spells about your fraternity house, the consequences could be dire. Very dire, indeed.

"One. You must be in costume and away from your house before seven this evening.

"Two. Once you leave your house, you cannot return before two in the morning of tomorrow.

"Three. You must return to your house before the rising of the sun.

"Is this clear? Do you understand?"

"Yeah. Sure," replied CeeJay finally finding his voice. "How much do I owe you?"

"Owe?? Why nothing, my boy. It's Halloween. Everything in the shop is free on Halloween. That's why the shop is empty. Now, I really must be off, Halloween's one of my busiest days. Enjoy the party! But remember what I told you."

CeeJay blinked, and the wizard was gone.

"Weird. Really weird," mumbled CeeJay.

CeeJay went straight to his room after his return to the house. He would have denied it, but he was anxious to see exactly what costume the wizard had given him to wear.

He untied the string and dumped the contents of the box onto his bed. He stared at what lay on his bed. He couldn't believe what he saw.

A skirt.

A sweater.

A pair of frilly lace panties.

A pair of white cotton socks.

A pair of tennis shoes.

A skull cap.

A wig of long raven-colored hair.

"It's a god damn cheerleader's outfit," he thought. "I can't wear this. Wizard or not, that old man can't expect me to wear this.

But the thought of the old man reminded CeeJay of his first warning. He needed to be dressed and out of the house by seven, or else. Right now, it was the "or else" that had him worried. He hadn't really believed in magic. Until today.

CeeJay stripped and tossed his clothes into a heap on the floor. Then he slowly put on the costume. First the panties. They felt really soft as he slid them on, but they didn't fit well. Then the skirt, which stretched out at his waist. Remarkably the socks went onto his feet, as did, even more remarkably, the shoes, which had to be at least five sizes too small, slid onto his feet. Curiously, he felt no pain in his obviously cramped feet. And as he pulled the sweater over his head, it pulled taut his chest and waist.

CeeJay looked into the mirror. "What an awful sight," he thought. "He looked like he'd slept in these clothes. Even with his shoulder-length brown hair, there was no way he'd be mistaken for a girl. Thank goodness for small favors."

"Ugh!" he thought. "I'm going to be hearing about this for years. After all this trouble, I'd better get to meet those foxes from the new sorority. That's the only thing that will make this all worthwhile."

He looked again in the mirror and saw his hairy legs. His thin, scraggly mustache. What was that on the upper left side of the sweater. It looked like writing of some sort. He looked closer and saw that it was writing. It was "Name" embroidered in script.

"The costume is self-adjusting the old man had said," thought CeeJay as he looked once again at his pitiful reflection. "What a load of a crap. But, it's getting closer to seven, so I guess I'd better put on the cap and wig, and head for the party. Oh, the pain."

CeeJay had never worn a skull cap before and he was surprised that his shoulder-length hair fit under it completely, seemingly without a trace. To a casual observer, he could easily have been taken as bald. Amazing.

Standing in front of the mirror, CeeJay pulled on the wig and discovered the wizard's meaning of "self-adjusting" clothes. It wasn't the clothes that changed, it was CeeJay himself, or perhaps herself, that changed.

Long, slender legs.

Wide hips.

Narrow waist.

Delicate feminine fingers on equally delicate hands.

Full pouty lips.

Pert nose.

Attractive face.

And tits. Not as big as he would have preferred, but still perky, full bodied tits.

And unmistakably written above the left one was "CeeJay" in embroidered script letters.

He couldn't believe what he was seeing reflected in the mirror. He ran his hands across his new form along his new curves. He cupped one of his braless breasts. Then reached down into his panties to discover ... HIS womanhood.

"Damn, am I going to have fun at this party, or what? No one is going to believe it's really me dressed up like this. Hell, no one's gonna know I'm really a man."

"Wow, what a costume, CeeJay," remarked Patrick as they passed in the pantry. "Is that really you? I wouldn't have guessed you could fit into a costume that small."

"Yeah, amazing isn't it. I got the costume at that shop in the mall you and Shawn told me about this afternoon. I really owe you guys."

"Did the old man give you any instructions?" queried Patrick.

"He gave me a couple of do's and don't's. No big deal."

"Make sure you do exactly what he told you to do. Don't deviate, even slightly," said Patrick, who then disappeared up the stairs.

"What's with these people and their rules?" thought CeeJay. "After all, it's Halloween. Time to party."

And CeeJay partied, just as he had always partied.

At midnight, he was still going strong. He had by then introduced himself to both Samantha Johnson and Charlotte Morgan. They'd become friends.

And he danced with Samantha.

And he danced with Charlotte.

And the beer and the wine flowed like water.

At one, he was starting to slow down. He failed to realize that he didn't have the capacity for alcohol that he normally had.

He saw Terry from his frat.

And his date, Crissy.

"What a fox," he thought. "Damn, I wonder where all these big-breasted women are coming from."

At that moment, he noticed Crissy staring intently at him.

Instinctively, he knew that she was telling him "Hands off, Terry's mine." He was surprised by that thought, but it made him smile. He wondered how she'd feel if she knew that he was really a man.

And the beer and the wine continued to flow.

At two, things were fuzzy.

CeeJay was in a fog.

Samantha and Charlotte had left, as had Terry and Crissy.

So he danced with his frat's president, Dennis Reilly. CeeJay, like everyone else who knew him, thought Reilly was an obnoxious prick. But Dennis didn't recognize CeeJay and thought he was a girl. But then, everybody knew that Reilly was a couple dozen cards short of a full deck.

It was a slow dance. And as the music ended, CeeJay figured he'd make Dennis' day. It wouldn't take much, a quick peck on the cheek.

That was his thought, but it wasn't his deed. CeeJay and Dennis were soon locked in embrace, deep in a kiss that might be better described as a tonsillectomy.

"Wow!" exclaimed a stunned Dennis as the embrace ended.

And CeeJay only smiled, and then giggled slightly.

And still the beer and wine flowed.

At three, CeeJay was asleep.

In a cot in one of the spare Lambda rooms. No one was allowed to leave the party in the condition CeeJay was in, unless a friend accompanied them.

"C'mon, CeeJay. Time to go home," spoke a familiar voice.

"Okay," mumbled CeeJay.

"Are you alright?"

"I'ma fine. I musta hada little too much to drinky. A little more sleepy poo and I should be just okey dokey. Could youse peese close that curtain, the sun inna mine eyes."

"Okay. You go back to sleep, and we'll take you home."

It was past noon, when CeeJay woke, still decked out as a cheerleader.

"Oh, shit!" thought CeeJay as a hand reached up and cupped a feminine breast.

Getting out of bed and walking over to the mirror, CeeJay stared at the girl reflected there. It had been fun last night to be her. But CeeJay didn't want to be her forever. Nervously reaching up, CeeJay pulled off the raven-haired wig.

CeeJay's body tingled, as it changed.

A glance in the mirror showed disheveled, ill-fitting clothes, once again fitting tight across the chest. The embroidery once again read "Name."

CeeJay sighed in obvious relief. "I must have gotten home in time to prevent anything bad from happening to me. I'm me again."

CeeJay reached up again and removed the skull cap. And felt once again the familiar feel of shoulder length hair.

The sweater was pulled off and tossed on the bed. It felt wonderful to be free of that constriction.

There was a knock at CeeJay's door.

"Come in. It's not locked."

Into the room came Sam and Charlie. "Are you alright?" they asked simultaneously.

"You weren't looking so good when they brought you here this morning," added Sam. "We were really worried about you."

But Charlie was alternately staring at CeeJay and the sweater. "You know, that sweater fit you perfectly last night, and it looks simply awful this morning. You really must tell us, how you managed to fit into something so much smaller than you."

CeeJay smiled, answering simply, "It was magic."

"Yeah, right," said Sam. "Now tell us the truth. I know I'd never look as good wearing that sweater as you did last night. And neither would Charlie, and her tits are only a little smaller than yours, Clarinda Jeanne."

"Damn it, Samantha," said CeeJay. "You know I absolutely detest being called Clarinda Jeanne."

And CeeJay smiled but couldn't hold back her laughter.

And it wasn't long before her sorority sisters joined her.

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