

Costume party

JULY 2024



One day, news spread that a long-abandoned manor perched on the fringes of one of America's oldest cities, a remnant of forgotten aristocracy, was now reborn through the hands of unseen restorers, and, to inaugurate the venue, a costume competition had been organised. A grand prize of a five hundred thousand dollars was declared for the winner.

Many didn't believe the rumours, stressing the lack of official sources. It felt as if nobody had started the rumour, yet it was on the mouths of everyone.

Posters, embellished with gothic fonts and remarkably, lacking any signature, began to materialize around the city, each alluding to the night's arcane festivities. The public's curiosity, now piqued beyond restraint by the manor's enigmatic allure and the promise of a spectacle rarely seen in modern times, grew into a fervent buzz. Some were drawn by greed, others by the thrill of the grandiose event, and a few by the darker allure of the manor's spectral legend, wondering if the night would unveil more than just the faces beneath the masks.

COSTUME PARTY



Brielle was there for the money prize more than anything. She had chosen her costume as a defiant statement against the racial taunts she'd endured, wearing a "sexy monkey" outfit crafted to challenge and subvert the racial vitriol she had endured. But the irony of her choice turned cruel when she understood the nature of the magical transformations happening through the hall.

As the night unfolded, a surreal twist transformed the celebration. Magic, inexplicable and potent, seeped through the room.

When she first noticed the confusion around her, she didn't immediately understand what was happening. As chaos swirled around her at the party, Brielle stood frozen, her mind racing to comprehend the surreal scene unfolding before her eyes. Some people were literally becoming the characters they were dressed as.

Brielle's heart sank as the gravity of her situation dawned on her.. What cruel twist of fate had led her to choose a costume that now threatened to engulf her identity in its darkest irony?

COSTUME PARTY



Frantically, she tugged at the fabric of her costume, hoping to shed it before the transformation was irreversible. Yet, as she reached up to remove the large monkey ears, a pang of pain stopped her. The ears were no longer a part of the costume; they had become a part of her. The soft touch of fur under her fingertips sent a wave of horror through her body.

Her scream pierced the air, a primal sound of fear and disbelief. As her hearing sharpened alarmingly, every subtle sound in the room amplified—a clink of glass, the rustle of fabric, distant whispers. The sensory overload was disorienting, her ears twitching instinctively towards the sources of the noises. Brielle staggered back, her mind struggling to accept that her body was now merging with the very caricature she had sought to ridicule.

In a world that had inexplicably turned costumes into reality, Brielle faced not only the physical transformation but also the emotional and psychological battle of navigating her altered existence.

COSTUME PARTY



She focused on the rest of the costume, hoping to at least preserve her human body - she could maybe conceal her bestial new years with a hat but it was too late.

As she noticed the unfamiliar feeling of a real, thick fur on her arms and torso, a chilling realization struck her. The faux fur of her costume had been replaced by real black fur that sprouted over her arms and torso, thick and coarse, now alarmingly real. It crept over her skin relentlessly, encroaching upon her chest, where it multiplied around her nipples, concealing them beneath an animalistic pelt. She had furry tits now - she realised in shock. Her appearance blurred the lines between human and simian, the features of her costume becoming her own.

Her hands, too, were transforming—fingers elongating, skin darkening to an almost obsidian shade.

Brielle's scream tore through the cacophony of the transformed party, her high-pitched shriek a chilling testament to her internal turmoil. She was trapped in a rapidly altering body that behaved and responded like a primate's, yet her mind remained painfully human, aware and intelligent, caught in the grotesque irony of her chosen costume.

COSTUME PARTY



As she navigated the chaos, Brielle spotted a group of people who seemed to be organizing a response. Among them was a figure who, despite a dramatic transformation, was directing others with clear authority. Brielle approached them, struggling to stand erect, helping herself with her long arms, her heart pounding, her fur-covered hands shaking.

Her heart racing, Brielle approached, her hands, now clad in thick fur, trembling visibly.

"Oooooohhhh pleaseeee," she stammered, her voice carrying an odd, bestial quality that distorted her words. "Is there any way to reverse this? Eeek! Can anyone help us?" As she spoke, her voice faltered, interspersed with involuntary, high-pitched shrieks that betrayed her new, simian vocal cords, making it difficult to communicate clearly. A few among the group murmured in recognition and sympathy. "Poor Brielle," one whispered, "that transformation is one of the most severe we've seen."

"It's hard to tell, this is unprecedented in the history of medicine. Something supernatural."

COSTUME PARTY



A different destiny awaited Nicole, a young pretty white girl who was the life of the party, dressed as Smurfette. Her costume—a simple white dress and a pointy Smurf hat—played off her light brown, wavy hair and deep blue eyes, making her one of the cutest girls around. She had skipped the blue makeup, preferring to avoid the hassle. Nicole had entered the evening more intent on the social whirl and the prospects it might bring than on the elusive lure of the grand prize.

When magic hit the hall, Nicole's skin began to tingle, an odd, itchy sensation crawling over her. Within moments, blue patches bloomed across her skin, spreading until her entire body was enveloped in a vibrant, unnatural shade of blue. At first, Nicole mistook the transformation for a trick of the light, perhaps to announce the entrance of the mysterious organisers.

Noticing that colours around her looked normal, she understood that something had happened to her skin after all. In the meanwhile, her chestnut brown hair turned lighter, until they reached an unnatural bleached blonde colour.

COSTUME PARTY



Panic clawed at her composure as she beheld her transformation in a nearby mirror. Her once light brown hair now shimmered a bright blonde, uncannily completing the fictional character's signature looks. Her blue eyes, previously a charming complement to her attire, now merged eerily with her altered complexion. To complete the transformation, the simple white dress she was wearing was not a sexy smurfette-style dress exposing her cleavage. In desperation, Nicole scrubbed at her skin with a napkin and some water, but the blue was implacable, as if her very flesh had absorbed the hue permanently. She realised that her costume was no longer just fabric and whimsy; she had been rendered into the very essence of Smurfette, with skin dyed deep Smurf-blue.

Her laughter turned to screams, piercing the music as the realization set in. She was trapped as a real life Smurfette, as a freak! Her transformation was complete and irreversible by physical means. The party around her, once a blur of music and laughter, now felt distant as she grappled with her shocking new reality.

COSTUME PARTY



The morning after the inexplicable transformation, Nicole slipped back into her Smurfette costume, the only outfit that could justify her startlingly blue skin. As she dressed up, a mix of desperation and absurdity washed over her. How long could she hide behind the guise of a cartoon character?

Determined to find answers, Nicole headed to the hospital on a local bus her anxiety mounting with each stop. She took a few selfies to send them to her family and friends, something she hadn't mustered the courage to do yet.

The medical team was overwhelmed by the large amount of people with overnight body modifications but found the time to conduct a series of tests to unravel the mystery of her sudden change, although her case was given a low priority. After hours of waiting in a sterile, white room that made her blue skin seem even more alien, the doctors returned with their findings.

COSTUME PARTY



"Your tests show that you're perfectly healthy," one doctor began, trying to offer a reassuring smile. "Why do I look like this then? What's happened to me?" "Well, according to our analyses, your skin contains a high concentration of a melanin-like molecule. It's similar to what provides pigment in darker skin tones, but in your case, it's blue."

Tears welled up in Nicole's eyes as she absorbed their words. "So, I'm like this forever? A freak?" The doctor hesitated, choosing his words carefully. "Well, it's certainly unprecedented, but you're not a freak. Today alone, we've seen transformations that are far more... extreme. People have turned into human-animal hybrids, some have nearly lost their minds... You should count yourself lucky. Your condition might even be somewhat protective against UV rays, more so than typical skin." He continued, "In case you're thinking about it, I would advise against trying to cover it up with too much makeup; your skin seems to be particularly sensitive, and it could be harmful over large areas of your body. I'm afraid this might be your new normal, Nicole." As Nicole left the hospital, her mind raced with a chaotic blend of fear and resignation.

COSTUME PARTY



The world had transformed overnight, and Nicole wasn't the only one who woke up to a radically altered reality. In this strange new world, her bright blue skin could be seen not as a curse but as something uniquely beautiful. This small consolation planted a hopeful thought in her mind—perhaps she could help redefine normalcy.

As time passed, Nicole began to find her footing. Public awareness of cases like hers had grown, removing much of the stigma once associated with such drastic changes. Although she had to let go of her dreams of becoming an actress—no longer able to pass for the "regular woman" roles she had hoped for—she found a new niche. Nicole became a beloved Smurfette mascot at a local amusement park.

In this role, Nicole embraced her new identity and became known for her vivacious personality, particularly when it came to playfully flirting with her male colleagues.

"Hey babe, wanna try some blue pussy?" - was her favourite line.

COSTUME PARTY



As Emma observed the commotion at the party, she began to realize something bizarre was happening. Amidst the turmoil, she noticed some strange half-human hybrids running around. Costumes so realistic, they seemed almost real.

She had chosen to go to the costume party dressed in an a detailed mermaid costume, hoping for the money price for the best costume. Her friend Cynthia, instead, showed up dressed in a simple dress, skeptical about the whole thing but curious enough to join it. Emma suddenly began to feel an odd tingling sensation across her body. Her beautiful scale-patterned dress, which had garnered compliments all evening, now seemed to grow tighter and tighter, more integrated with her skin. Glancing down in shock and confusion, Emma witnessed the fabric of her costume shimmer and shift, the scales becoming vivid and lifelike.

In a mix of awe and fear, Emma reached down to touch her new skin. To her astonishment, the scales felt cool and slightly rough under her fingertips—undeniably real. The sensation was so vivid that she could feel the touch through the scales, confirming that this was no illusion but a startling new reality.

COSTUME PARTY



Her legs, once agile and strong, began to weaken alarmingly. The muscles felt less responsive, and her balance wavered. As she tried to steady herself, a horrifying realization dawned on her: her legs were slowly fusing together, morphing into a powerful caudal fin.

Collapsing to the ground, she clung desperately with her arms, too terrified to confirm the transformation by looking behind her shoulders. "Cynthia," she called out to her friend, who had avoided the strange magic by not wearing a costume. "Listen to me, Cynthia, I don't dare to look, but I can feel my legs... they aren't legs anymore. Do I really have the back of a fish now?"

Cynthia, looking on with a mixture of shock and sympathy, nodded slowly. "Oh God, Emma, I'm so sorry... Yes, you have a caudal fin now, and it looks fucking real."

"Is this really happening?" Emma murmured, her voice trembling with disbelief and sounding a bit rougher than usual, as if she had a cold. Bracing herself, she finally turned her head around to look. There, in place of her legs, was a genuine caudal fin, completely coated with beautiful, glistening scales. Tentatively, she tried moving it, and to her astonishment, the fin responded, undulating gracefully with each motion, hitting the floor with a loud sound each time she relaxed the new muscles.

COSTUME PARTY



As the initial shock subsided, Emma began to experience sensations alien yet distinctly marine in nature, like a pervasive, unyielding urge to immerse in water as her lungs gradually lost their function, replaced by gills. "Water... water," she murmured, trying hard not to cough as her throat felt as if she hadn't had a drop to drink in days. Her skin too was starting to feel dry, and in pure instinctual desperation, she began trying to crawl towards the sound of water. Cynthia recalled seeing several decorative pools on the property as they were enjoying the party, and after grabbing a cart used by a waiter and helping her friend onto it, she took Emma to a swimming pool outside. As soon as Emma somewhat ungracefully landed in the water she immediately felt better, taking several deep breaths as she learned to move around with her new tail. After soaking for a few more seconds, she rose back up to the surface, only to be met with a shocked face from her friend. "Emma, you've changed even more," Cynthia gasped, prompting a perplexed look from Emma before she took the time to examine her arms and hands, the backs of which were now covered in deep blue scales. Her tail too had shifted to the same deep blue color, and even her eyes now bore the striking shade of blue, a deep contrast to her blonde hair. It seemed like entering the water had caused the changes to her body to progress even further. As Emma curled her tail up in the air behind her almost playfully, she eyed her friend, who now was nervously looking around as more people seemed to be becoming their costumes.

COSTUME PARTY



"I've got to go find some help," Cynthia said as she looked down at her friend, noticing her fingernails growing longer and sharper, almost like claws.

"Can you get some shrimp while you're away," Emma asked, her teeth looking sharper in her mouth, which also seemed to be growing wider, "Or anything to eat, I guess. I'm starving all of a sudden." As soon as her friend ran off, Emma began to hear something strange, almost like singing, coming from under the surface of the pool. Curious, she dove back down into the pool, immediately hearing the sound clearer, and identifying it as indeed being singing, in a soft and beautiful voice. As she dove deeper into the pool, she found a small tunnel that seemed to drain out for the pool, and determined that the singing was coming from there. Enthralled by the voice, she began to swim through the tunnel, moving with impressive speed through the water as she kicked her tail behind her. After several minutes of swimming through almost complete darkness, she saw something unexpected, a large opening at the far end of the tube. When she made her way out, she was shocked to see that she had made her way out into the ocean, thinking it impossible at first, as the manor where the party was held was an hour's drive inland. Had she really been swimming that fast? The question was fleeting, though, as she once again heard the gorgeous singing coming from nearby. She swiftly made her way to where it was coming from, stunned by what she saw.

COSTUME PARTY



A pair of mermaids were swimming around some rocks playfully, laughing in a melodic tone until one of them spotted her and gasped, causing the other to freeze and look in her direction as well. Emma couldn't believe it, or, couldn't have before tonight, as she realized she was amazed to see real life mermaids while swimming through the water with her own tail. Excited, she tried to swim over, only for the two of them to begin swimming away even quicker than her." Wait, come back," she yelled, "Are you from the party too?"

The pair of mermaids finally stopped once they heard her speak, causing her to nearly blow past them through the water, "You speak? What party," one of them asked, confused, "Who are you?"

Emma explained all that happened to her that night, all the while feeling like she were telling an epic tale to the listening mermaids, who finally spoke up when she finished, "What a strange tale! There must have been some sort of magical event that took place to turn so many people into different things! And I haven't heard of anyone turning to a mermaid like you in a very long time." "You know how to turn people into mermaids," Emma asked, excited, "Then, does that mean you can turn me back into a human? It must just be some sort of reversal thing."

COSTUME PARTY



"I'm sorry, but no. We don't have a way to turn you human," they said to her as they swam around Emma, "But we can give you a more pleasing and less fearful appearance. One which will allow you entry to our kingdom. You'd be able to live out your life as a mermaid, and we could take you in until you get used to it."

"Tha-thank you. I...I would appreciate that," Emma said as she buried her face in her hands, sorrowful for the loss of her former life on the surface, but pleased to not have to spend her new life below the waves alone. As she sat on the sandy bed below, she grabbed her tail, watching as the hands of the two mermaids began to glow and bubble, as if the water around them were boiling.

"This may feel a bit odd," one of them warned, "But it won't hurt." As they said that, both of them began to gently caress Emma's arms with their bubbling hands. It didn't seem to do anything but tickle at first, but soon after, the scales along her arms and hands began to flake off, revealing human-like arms once again. Her hands regained their normal shape as well, claw-like fingers shrinking back down.

COSTUME PARTY



Opening her eyes to reveal ones much more like the ones she had had all her life, she examined her hands and arms as the last of the scales broke off and floated away, feeling a bit more comfortable with the familiar appearance.

Once she looked more like the pair of mermaids who had helped her, she followed them to their kingdom, which like they had said was full of mermaids and mermen. She came to enjoy her new life under the sea, but still sometimes wondered what happened to the rest of the party-goers that fateful night.

Her hands regained their normal shape as well, claw-like fingers shrinking back down. Opening her eyes to reveal ones much more like the ones she had had all her life, she examined her hands and arms as the last of the scales broke off and floated away, feeling a bit more comfortable with the familiar appearance.

Once she looked more like the pair of mermaids who had helped her, she followed them to their kingdom, which like they had said was full of mermaids and mermen. She came to enjoy her new life under the sea, but still sometimes wondered what happened to the rest of the party-goers that fateful night.

COSTUME PARTY



Liz attended the costume party dressed in a pink satin dress that screamed Barbie vibes. Her natural blonde wavy hair and piercing blue eyes completed the look, making her the epitome of a real-life Barbie doll. She looked stunning, turning heads as she entered the room.

Brian, a guy from her college, nervously approached her, trying to strike up a conversation. It was clear to everyone that Liz was out of his league, but he was determined to make an impression.

"Look, Brian, it's been nice catching up," Liz said after a while, her voice gentle but firm. "But why don't you go back to your friends? I'm sure you can find other enthusiasts to discuss collecting statuettes of your favorite sci-fi characters."

Brian's face fell, his hopeful smile fading into disappointment. "Oh, um, yeah, sure," he stammered, his cheeks flushing with embarrassment. "I just thought... never mind."

Liz felt a twinge of guilt but knowing she had to be honest. She turned back to the party, her radiant presence quickly drawing the attention of more admirers.

COSTUME PARTY



As Liz watched Brian walk away, she suddenly felt a strange sensation. Her blonde hair took on an artificial texture, the roots looking as if they were sewn into her scalp, and its shine became unnaturally glossy, just like that of a doll. Her blue eyes grew larger and flatter, becoming more inexpressive. Her lips plumped up, and her entire face gained a doll-like perfection, losing its natural beauty.

“Oh God, I feel so stiff all of a sudden. Brian, wait, come over here, help me!” she called out, panic rising in her voice.

Brian turned around, shocked to see how dramatically Liz had changed in just a few moments. Only an insane amount of botox and a very skilled surgeon could have turned her into the plastic beauty she appeared to be now.

“Liz, you look like a doll!” he exclaimed, his eyes wide with disbelief.

“Thhh ohhh,” Liz tried to speak, but her mouth was stiff, unable to articulate words. Her eyes rolled up in despair. “Hehh mhh,” she pleaded, her voice muffled and strained.

Brian rushed back to her, his initial embarrassment forgotten in the face of Liz's bizarre transformation.

COSTUME PARTY



Brian, used to living in a fantasy world, didn't lose his mind like others might have. As he steadied her, he noticed her weight decreasing, making her feel even more like a doll. Realizing what was happening, he saw an opportunity. He glanced around to make sure no one else was witnessing this bizarre transformation. "You can't say no now!" he declared with a mix of excitement and desperation, leaning in and kissing the girl of his dreams.

Liz's large, inexpressive eyes widened slightly, the only sign of her surprise. Her muffled protests were silenced as Brian pressed his lips against hers. The kiss felt different - her lips were now unnaturally smooth and plump, lacking the warmth and softness they once had. He could feel her body stiffen even more under his touch, as if she were truly becoming a plastic doll.

COSTUME PARTY



But Liz couldn't respond. Her size started to change too, shrinking smaller and smaller until Brian was holding a standard-sized Barbie doll. Her transformation was complete. She was now a perfect replica of a Barbie doll, unable to move or speak, only able to stare blankly ahead, her articulations visible and plastic.

Brian, realizing the full extent of what had happened, felt a pang of guilt and horror mixed with his initial excitement. He had seized his chance, but at what cost? He stared at the tiny, inanimate doll in his hand, the weight of his actions settling heavily on his shoulders.

Panicking, he dropped the doll and ran away, fear gripping his heart at the thought of being held responsible for this bizarre transformation. In the chaos and excitement of the party, the little Barbie doll went completely unnoticed, lying on the floor amid the dancing feet and laughter.

COSTUME PARTY



Alexandra, a history major with a deep love for ancient cultures, decided to attend the costume party dressed as Cleopatra. She wore an elaborate and sexy Egyptian queen costume, complete with a golden headdress to decorate her naturally blonde hair. It was a huge hit at the party.

As the party progressed, Alexandra mingled with friends, enjoying the music and the atmosphere. Suddenly, a strange sensation washed over the room. Stephanie noticed first other people around her changing looks, but as the magic engulfed everyone, Stephanie also began changing.

At first, she only felt an unusual tingling sensation on her scalp.

Her beautiful blonde hair quickly darkened to a rich brown, the color spreading from the roots outward. Her bright blue eyes lost their brilliance, fading into a duller shade.

COSTUME PARTY



"Alex" her friends exclaimed, horrified, "you're getting darker!"

She pulled out her phone to use as a mirror, her heart pounding with confusion and fear. She was a brunette!

"What! There is no such thing as magic, how is this possible?" Alexandra stammered, her voice filled with disbelief.

As she watched in horror, her skin began to tan, the fair complexion she had known all her life deepening into a sun-kissed glow. Her friends gathered around, equally shocked by the transformation.

Some people began filming it to post on Twitch.

"Alex, I think... Whatever is doing this, they are turning you into the real Cleopatra!"

Alexandra started freaking out. There was no way those ancient Gods would rise again and punish her for wearing the garments of pharaoh Cleopatra, right?

COSTUME PARTY



"No, I don't want to become a real-life Cleopatra, this was just a costume, please!" she screamed, as her eyes turned brown. The changes continued, her once blonde hair turning a deep, lustrous black. Now she looked very Mediterranean.

"Oh shit, I look like an Middle Eastern version of myself. This is crazy! What am I going to say to my family?"

But the transformation wasn't over yet. She had assumed that the magic or whoever was behind this knew the real Cleopatra was ethnically Greek from the Ptolemaic dynasty, possibly half Egyptian but certainly not Black African. Her looks were then somehow justified.

However, the magic entity behind the change hold a different opinion. Her skin tone darkened further, moving past a Mediterranean tan to a rich, deep brown. Her facial features subtly shifted, taking on the characteristics typically associated with African ancestry.

COSTUME PARTY



Her hair also curled up. Reaching up, she touched her hair and felt the texture change.

"This can't be real," Stephanie whispered, panic rising in her voice. "This isn't historically accurate! Cleopatra wasn't African!"

"I'm turning into... I don't know," Alexandra said, her voice trembling. "This is so wrong on so many levels!"

Despite her knowledge and her protests, the magic of the party had changed her irreversibly. She was now a very attractive Black Cleopatra, a living contradiction to the history she loved and respected. Her friends could only stare in disbelief as Stephanie's transformation completed. She could have tolerated maybe being turned into a realistic Cleopatra but not this. As someone well-versed in historical accuracy, she hated being a real life embodiment of a historical misconception.

Then, to her horror, Alexandra found herself unable to speak English.

COSTUME PARTY



"Nuk kheperu en ankh," she muttered, her eyes widening in shock. The words that came out were in Ancient Egyptian, a language she had studied but never expected to speak fluently, let alone involuntarily.

"Ma'at diis en iret kheftiu," she tried to explain to her friends, who now looked at her in utter confusion. She clapped her hands over her mouth, realizing she could no longer communicate with them in her native tongue.

Alexandra's transformation was now complete. She had become a version of Cleopatra that did not look the part but at least spoke the ancient language. The irony and insult of the situation were not lost on her as she grappled with her new identity and the daunting task of explaining this transformation to her family and friends.

And I can't even speak ancient Greek, she thought, despair washing over her. How can I find someone who speaks my language now?