

# The Birthday

*Written by "Ina Izumi"*

It has been a very complicated year for Kyrie, but the holiday season is finally here. That does not mean an end to the complication though, as several birthdays are crowded in among the other celebrations. As it so happens, her daughter Riyis shares a birthday with her best friend, and so the families decided to celebrate them together with one big party. All the preparation involved means little rest for Kyrie. Usually Riyis tends to be a bit shy so she doesn't interact much with people outside of her close friend circle, so Kyrie wants to take the opportunity to encourage her daughter to socialize a little more. It's always good to meet new people, and besides, what is the worst that could happen? Truthfully though, Kyrie is also interested in making new friends, so she will take this opportunity to meet the mother of her daughter's best friend.

Kyrie has been so busy in the last year, escaping from some embarrassing situations, that she hasn't had much time to socialize herself, so she thinks it's a good time to meet new people. And ultimately, despite being so shy, if her daughter gets along very well with that other young woman well enough that they have agreed to share their 19th birthday, perhaps there could be some chemistry between Kyrie and the girl's mother too, or so Kyrie thinks. Also, even if she can't start up a friendship with the mother, at least she will have put herself out there. Kyrie is a pretty laid-back woman who doesn't get stressed out about what other people might think of her. Most of the time she hangs out with other people she's just looking to have a good time, so Kyrie doesn't consider that she has anything to lose and is looking forward to meeting the mother.

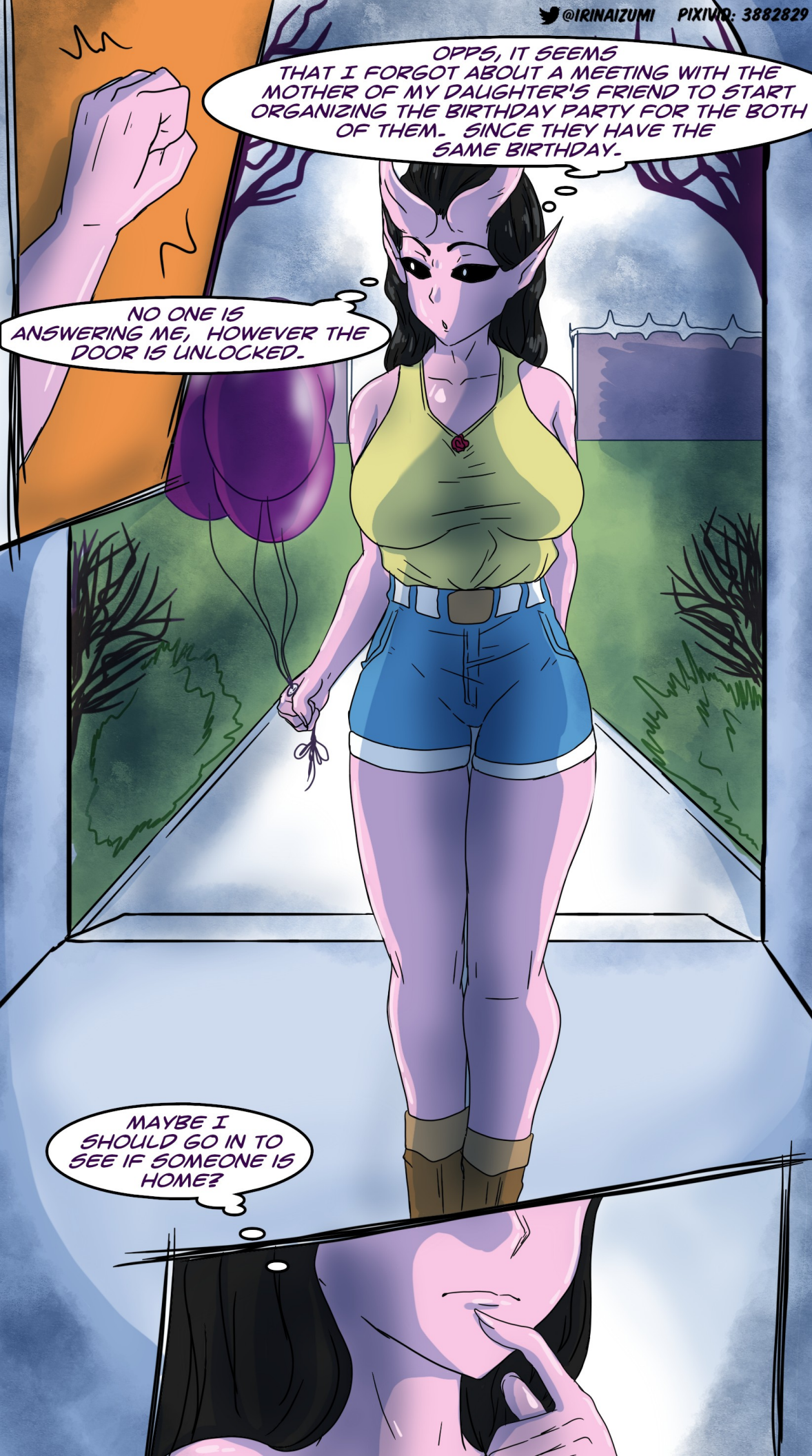
Even so, despite the fact that Kyrie thinks it will be a great day for everyone with this double-header of a birthday, she regrets not being able to spend more time with her daughter on her special day. She left early to help the other mother make their preparations for the party. That involves buying a number of items and such, so it will be a very busy day for Kyrie. Leaving her own house, party supplies in tow, she soon arrives at the other family's place where the big event is supposed to be held. Kyrie knocks on the door and waits patiently, but no one answers. This is odd, since they had already discussed some of the details and the other woman wasn't working today or anything. She should have been home, and Kyrie starts to wonder if she might be taking a nap to rest up, or perhaps had slept in. Did she really forget that Kyrie was coming over this morning? Kyrie starts to get uneasy and a little desperate, knocking repeatedly and still not receiving any response.

Eventually her patience wears thin enough that she tries the knob and finds to her surprise that the door is unlocked. Perhaps Kyrie was meant to come in and wait for the other woman? For what other reason would the front door have been left unlocked when it seemed like there was no one home. Unsure what else to do at this point, Kyrie cautiously opens the door and makes her way inside. If there really wasn't anyone home, at least she could drop off the already inflated balloons she had brought. Much less chance of them accidentally flying away, and she really did not have time to go buy replacements with everything else that needed to be done today.

OPPS, IT SEEMS THAT I FORGOT ABOUT A MEETING WITH THE MOTHER OF MY DAUGHTER'S FRIEND TO START ORGANIZING THE BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR THE BOTH OF THEM. SINCE THEY HAVE THE SAME BIRTHDAY.

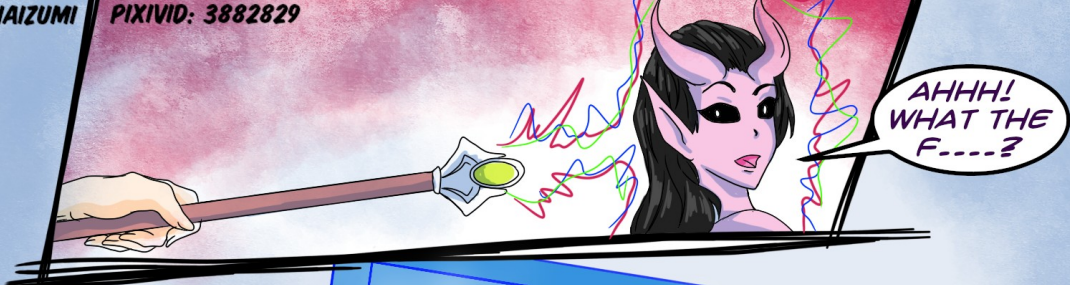
NO ONE IS ANSWERING ME, HOWEVER THE DOOR IS UNLOCKED.

MAYBE I SHOULD GO IN TO SEE IF SOMEONE IS HOME?

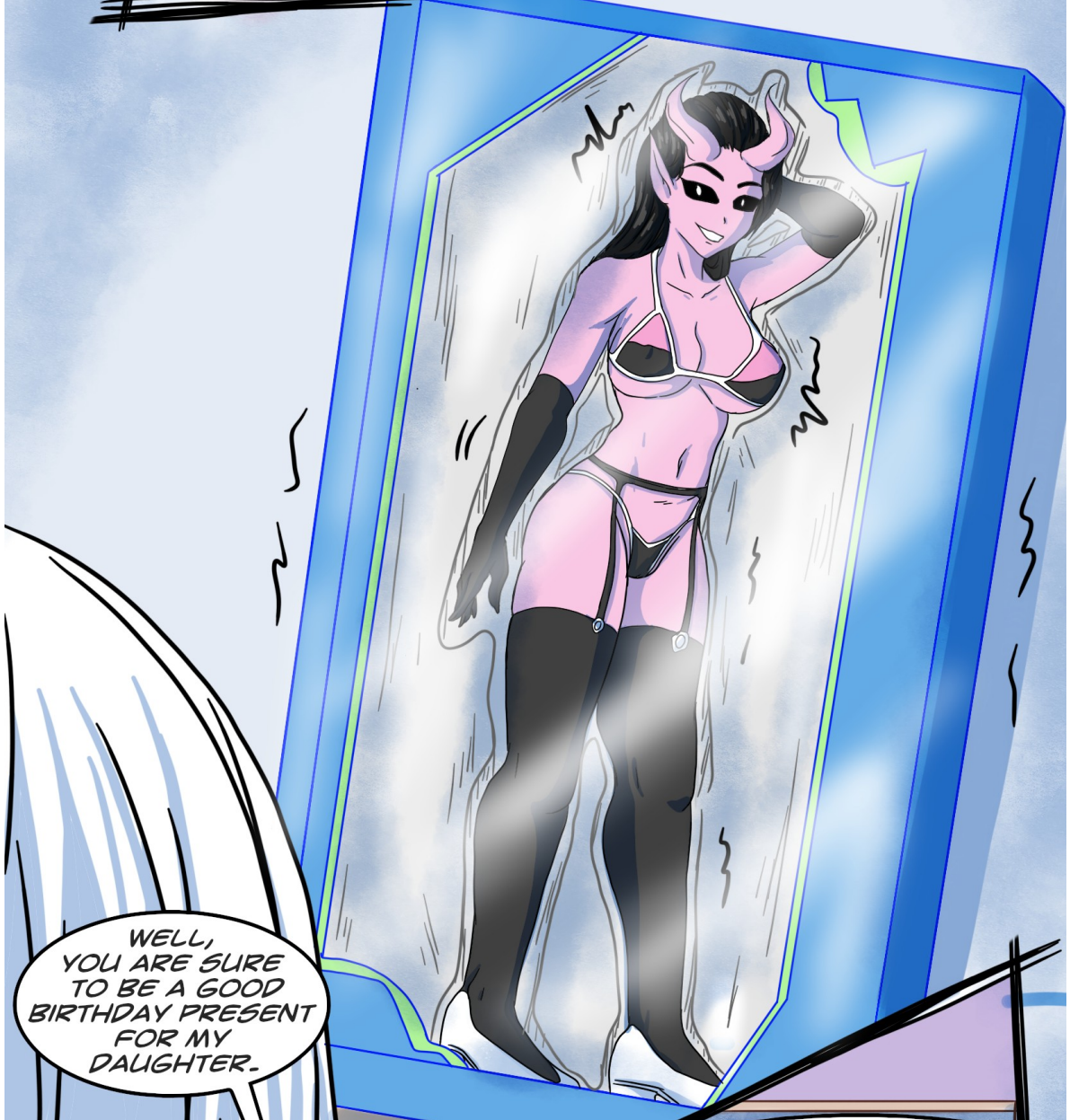


Inside the house of Riyis's friend, Kyrie is struck by the oddly dark, almost funeral atmosphere of the place. The eerie vibes only add to her anxiety, and she tries calling out again, hoping to be noticed now whereas her knocking before had not been. Alas, there is still no answer, which does nothing for her nervousness. So Kyrie decides to tie the balloons to the handrail of the staircase that leads up to the second floor of the house and return later when someone will actually be home, hopefully. She has been watching horror movies lately, and this was starting to resemble a scene from one of them. Stumbling upon a homicide scene, with the gloomy aura and dim lighting of this spooky house was not on Kyrie's bucket list. Quite the opposite in fact. However, when Kyrie turned around, she found that the front door she'd just come through had closed, seemingly all on its own. Really nervous now, Kyrie started considering alternate means of escape. With the front door seemingly haunted, perhaps she should try going through a window? Was this some sort of trap? All she was certain of was that she needed to leave, right now, before she met with an unfortunate end.

Suddenly a strange, purple, magical energy appeared and flowed around her. She tried to move away, but the energy encircled her extremities and seemed to hold her in place. Kyrie was really starting to regret intruding inside this freaky house. Here she was in another embarrassing situation, her body and limbs seeming to tense up as arousal began to build inside her. Before she had time to really process that, her skin started taking on a bright sheen, almost as if it was turning into some other substance. Was this a form of transformation magic? To add insult to injury, unearthly tentacles moved to quickly undress her and then packed her into a nice, comfortable box. Kyrie struggled and tried to resist, but the purple energy held her firm as her body itself became more and more rigid and the excitement inside her built and built. So overcome was Kyrie that she started to have sexy thoughts about being packaged and displayed. That made no sense, but she was too far gone by this point to put up much of a defense, physically or mentally. As all this was happening, a mature woman with white hair looked on with an enigmatic smile on her face, clearly pleased at the idea of Kyrie becoming a piece property.

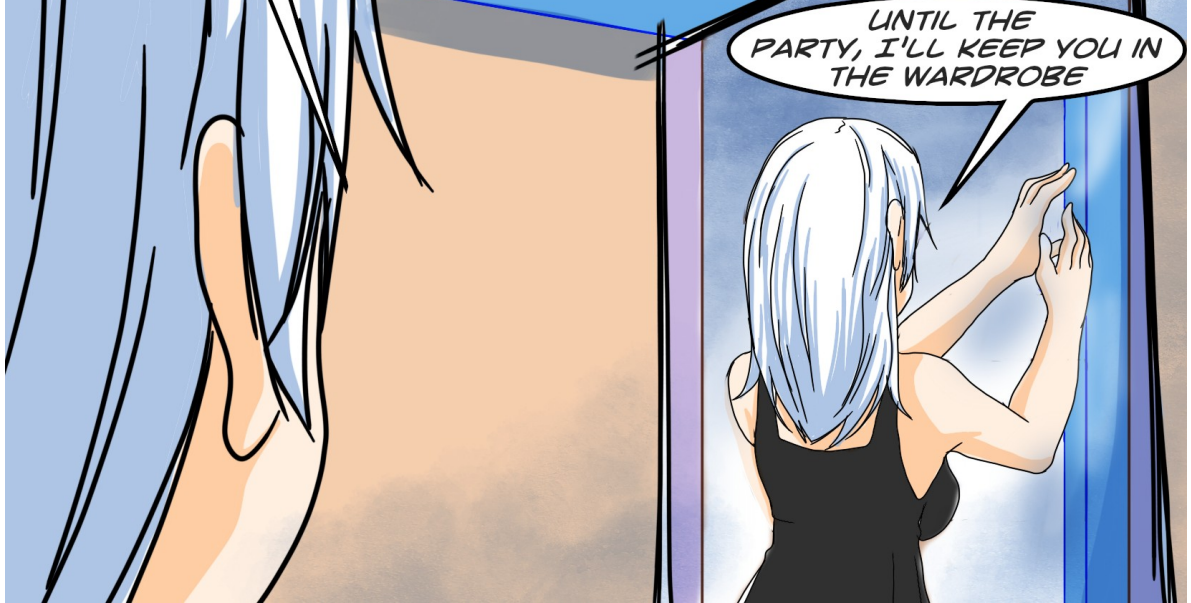


AHHH!  
WHAT THE  
F....?



WELL,  
YOU ARE SURE  
TO BE A GOOD  
BIRTHDAY PRESENT  
FOR MY  
DAUGHTER.

UNTIL THE  
PARTY, I'LL KEEP YOU IN  
THE WARDROBE



Several hours later, close to when the party was scheduled to begin, Riyis receives a visit from her beautiful friend, who also happens to have white hair. Riyis has been growing increasingly nervous all day. Her mother hasn't contacted her at all since she left that morning, which is unusual for a special day like this. Riyis' friend is able to calm her down though, and they conclude that Kyrie is probably just busy buying things for the party. With that quandary solved for the time being, the two friends decide to head to the other house where the party is slated to be held. Surely Riyis can meet up with her mother there. In spite of this logically persuasive argument, Riyis can't help but feel a troubling premonition from the hitherto strange events of the day. She is perceptive like that, and can't shake the feeling that her mother definitely would not have been out of contact for the whole day were something not wrong.

A short time later, Riyis and her friend entered the dark and gloomy house that Kyrie had gone into not so long ago. As the door closed just a little too quickly behind them, the uncanny feelings Riyis had before burst into full blown agitation. Even as a sinking feeling developed in her stomach, her limbs felt strangely light, almost floaty even. That was odd to say the least, and she thought back to what she had eaten for breakfast thinking that might be the cause. Riyis' musings on what she was feeling were interrupted by her butt bumping into the ceiling! Now things were getting proper weird, and Riyis started to panic in earnest, flailing her arms about and calling for help.

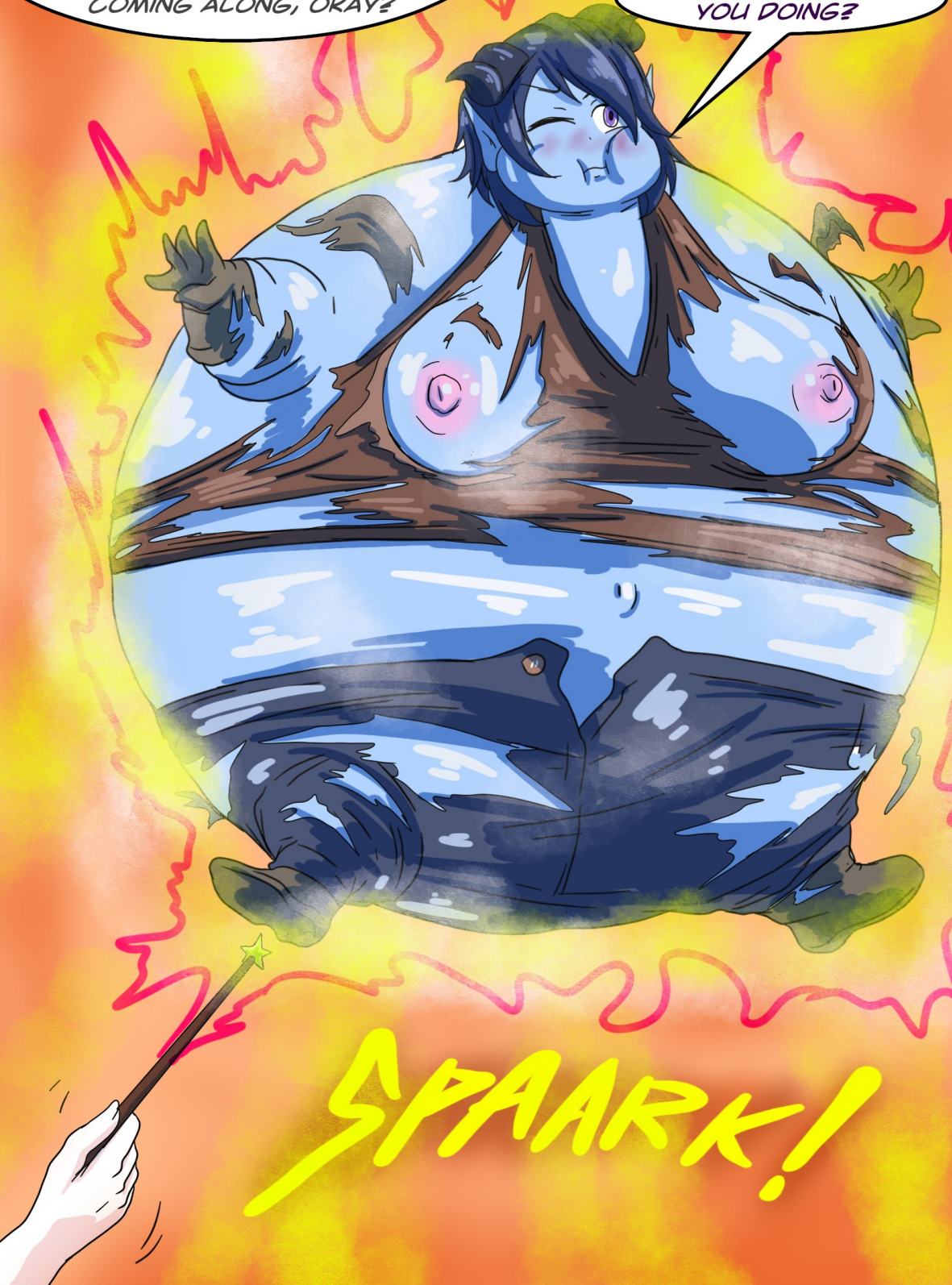
Help was not forthcoming however. Her friend was standing below looking up with a confident smile on her face, seemingly unconcerned that Riyis was floating on her ceiling. Then the unthinkable happened. Suddenly the floaty feeling in Riyis limbs was accompanied by visible inflation. They grew fatter and fatter before finally detaching and bumping away along the surface of the ceiling. Riyis was simply stunned by these bizarre events, but could do nothing as portions of her body grew and detached into distinct, colorful balloon shapes. With the speed of the transformation, Riyis hardly had any time to process things before her friend reached up and rubbed her head with a finger, which promptly inflated into a large heart shape. As Riyis' head expanded and filled with air, her mind seemed to empty out and fill with arousal. Her friend continued to rub, and as she did the arousal continued to build until it was the only thing Riyis could think about. Her concerns about her mother, her worries about getting older, the strange phenomena she'd just experienced, were all pushed out of her mind as she drowned in a vast sea of pleasure that eclipsed even the bounds of her newly swollen head.

LATER, SOMEWHERE ELSE

YOU SHOULD STOP WORRYING ABOUT YOUR MOTHER. I'M SURE SHE'S JUST BUSY HELPING ORGANIZE THE PARTY. LET'S HEAD OVER TO MY HOUSE AND SEE HOW THINGS ARE COMING ALONG, OKAY?

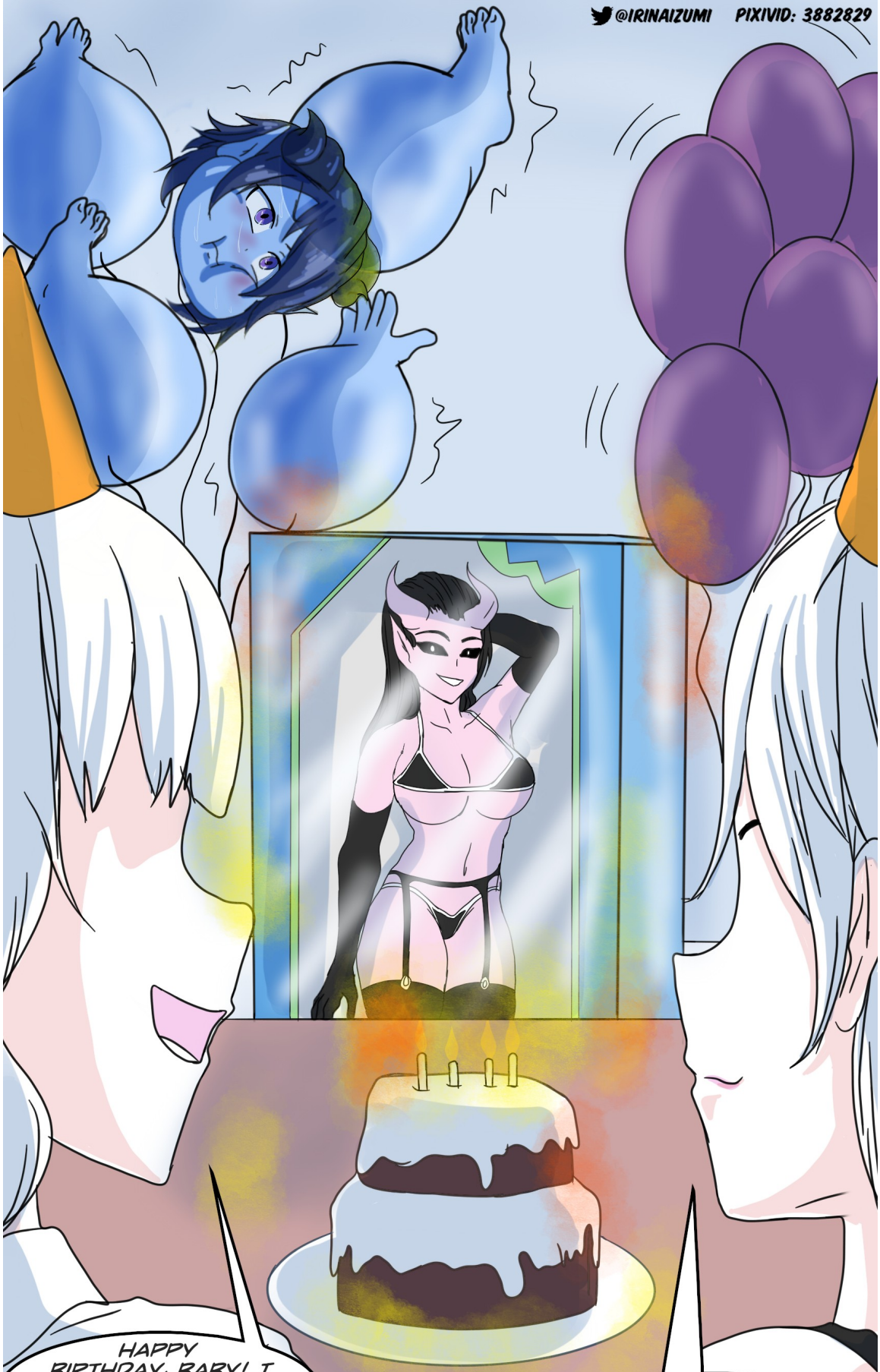
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT... WE'RE 18 ALREADY AND I NEED TO BE MORE INDEPENDENT. PLUS, I DON'T WANT TO BE A SPOILSPORT AT THE PARTY.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?



SPAARK!

Finally it seemed that everything was ready for the birthday party. Balloons of all colors, sizes, and shapes floated around the house. Some seemed to be pieces of a larger whole, having vague outlines that suggested more defined shapes. The large doll in its pretty package was definitely the centerpiece though. The white-haired mother had lovingly boxed up the gift for her daughter, and they now posed for a photo that highlighted the cake, the balloons, and the amazing life size figure. What a sublime scene it was.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BABY! I HOPE YOU LIKE THE LIFE-SIZE DOLL I GOT YOU ❤️

IT'S GORGEOUS, MOM! THOSE HORNS WILL BE PERFECT FOR KEEPING MY EXTRA SPECIAL BALLOONS TIED DOWN, HEHE.