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<Spooky Stories>

by <Growing Desires>

Trick or Treat

Chapter Three

The next morning, I woke first, filled with a sense of dread and anticipation. I didn't have to wait long. She emerged from the bathroom, and the sight made me dizzy. The grotesque, inhuman bloating was gone, but in its place was a body transformed yet again. She was no longer just curvy or chubby. She was fat. Her soft potbelly had become a full-fledged gut, a heavy, low-slung apron of flesh that wobbled with every step. Her hips were vast, her thighs thick and dimpled, rubbing together with a soft, constant friction. Her face had lost its angles completely, her cheeks full and round, flowing into a soft double chin.

She stretched, and the motion was different—slower, heavier. She caught me staring. "What?" she asked, a hint of her old self in her eyes. "Like what you see?"

I nodded, and it was the honest truth. It wasn't bad. It was terrifying

and wrong, but it was also intoxicating. I liked what I saw very much, and I wanted to touch her, to explore her body and feel the differences that the night brought.

"Good. But. I am *starving*," she announced, and waddled past me, her heavy footsteps making the floorboards creak.

Saturday and she spent the entire morning in the kitchen, a whirlwind of flour and sugar. She made a mountain of pancakes for breakfast, drowning them in syrup and butter, before starting on three different kinds of Halloween cookies. Her appetite was a force of nature. For every dozen cookies she put on a cooling rack, she ate three. Her new, larger body required constant fuel, and she was more than happy to provide it.

Every bite was making her rolls form into one rounded mass, a bloated orb that seemed to be her normal state more often than not.

In the afternoon, while she was kneading a large ball of dough, her brow furrowed with effort, I tried to breach the subject. "Elaine... honey. Don't you... feel different?"

She looked down at her heavy belly, which rested on the countertop as she worked. She patted it fondly. "I mean, yeah, I've packed on a few pounds. My clothes are all tight. But I feel amazing, Caleb. I have so much energy. And everything tastes so good!"

"But it's not just a few pounds," I pressed, my voice trembling slightly. "You saw what happened last night. The corset..."

She laughed, a deep, throaty sound that jiggled her whole body. "Oh,

that old thing? It never fit right. I feel so much better without it, don't you think? All this room to breathe... and eat!" She punctuated the sentence by popping a lump of raw cookie dough into her mouth.

She didn't see it. She genuinely, truly did not see the impossible nature of her transformation. To her, this was all perfectly normal. The terror that had been simmering in my gut began to boil.

What was the end goal here? Was there one? Or would this just continue, night after night, until she... what?

I couldn't finish the thought.

That evening, she dressed herself in a flowing, black witch's robe she'd bought. It was a one-size-fits-all garment, but on her, it was stretched taut across her broad shoulders and ballooning stomach. She was giddy with excitement, pacing the living room, her heavy frame making the house tremble.

The treats that night were the strangest yet. Vials of thick, glowing green liquid she said tasted like lime and electricity. Gummy worms that writhed in her palm before she swallowed them whole. With each new offering, her body ballooned. The robe, which had at first seemed so roomy, was now a prison of black fabric. I could see the distinct, heavy shapes of her enormous thighs, her massive belly, her thick arms pressing against it from within. She became so large she couldn't get out of the armchair she'd wedged herself into after she had seen the last group of kids that evening. She simply sat there, a mountain of soft, ever-expanding flesh.

Her face was flush, her breathing heavy, her eyes glazed with a euphoric haze. She was lost to it. And I, her husband, was lost with her. The initial shock had worn off, the fascination had deepened into a dark obsession, but now a new feeling was taking root: absolute, paralyzing fear. This wasn't a game. This wasn't a strange kink. This was a metamorphosis, a slow, deliberate consumption of the woman I married. And the worst part? A dark, shameful corner of my soul thrilled at the sight of it, desperate to see just how much more of her there could be.

Her heavy witch's robe was stretched to its absolute limit, the black fabric pulled so taut across her distended stomach that the clear outline of her belly button was pressed against the material. It looked like a taut, round button of flesh, a perfect, inescapable focal point on the vast, soft expanse of her gut. Her belly was no longer merely a bulge; it was a firm, rounded globe, hot with the recent feast, straining against the confines of the robe. When she shifted, it would jiggle with a slow, heavy oscillation, a liquid tremor that sent a strange pulse through me.

She reached down, her thick fingers splayed across the rounded expanse, trying to rub away the pressure. A soft, guttural groan rumbled in her chest, a sound of deep, uncomfortable satisfaction. "Oh, my," she murmured, her voice thick, "so full. So, so full." She kneaded the firm, swollen mass of her gut, her thumbs pressing into the flesh, and another sound escaped her, a low, drawn-out moan that was half pleasure, half effort. It was the sound of a woman completely consumed by sensation, oblivious to the monstrous change

enveloping her.

I watched her, my own breath coming in shallow gasps. The terror was still a cold knot in my stomach, the knowledge that this was unnatural, dangerous. But it was warring fiercely with a rising tide of something else. Something dark. Her belly, stretching her clothes to their breaking point, the way her fingers tapped and bounced off her overfilled stomach, the way she moaned—it was all constructing an image that was both grotesque and utterly compelling. The sight of her, so utterly lost in her gluttonous bliss, made something shift inside me. The fear was still there, but it was being slowly, inexorably overshadowed by an undeniable, almost electric arousal. The forbidden thrill of witnessing her transformation, of being the only one to see it, to feel the heat radiating from her ever-expanding form, was becoming unbearable.

What would she look like tomorrow? How much bigger could she get?

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