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<Spooky Stories>

by <Growing Desires>

Trick or Treat

Chapter Four

The questions, once filled with dread, now carried a perverse, undeniable excitement.

I moved without thinking, my legs carrying me across the room as if pulled by strings. I was a zombie, drawn to this new, strange goddess wedged into her armchair throne. I stopped before her, the sheer heat coming off her body washing over me in waves. My eyes were locked on her stomach, this impossible, perfect sphere of flesh that was the epicentre of her transformation. It was the size of a prize-winning pumpkin, a solid, immovable mass that pinned her to the chair.

Slowly, I dropped to my knees. The floorboards creaked under my weight. From this angle, she was a mountain. Her belly rose like a black-robed peak before me, vast and intimidating. I tore my gaze away from it and looked

up at her face. Her eyes were heavy-lidded, drowsy with satisfaction, her cheeks flushed a deep red. She looked down at me, her expression unreadable at first. Then, a slow, lazy smile spread across her swollen lips. It wasn't a question, but a confirmation. An invitation. She gave a slight, almost imperceptible nod.

My hand trembled as I reached out. The air grew thick and heavy around my fingers as they approached the taut fabric. The moment I made contact, a jolt, like static electricity, shot up my arm. The material was hot, and beneath it, her belly was solid, unyielding as a drum. It was packed so tightly with the night's magical feast there was no give, no softness. It was pure, raw pressure. I splayed my palm against the curve, feeling the immense, contained power within her. She let out a soft, shuddering sigh as I touched her, a sound that was pure bliss. My fear and arousal crashed together, and in that moment, kneeling before my transformed wife, I knew I was utterly, hopelessly lost.

I pressed my palm harder, sliding it over the fabric that was stretched thin as a whisper over her skin. A low, resonant hum vibrated from deep within her, traveling up my arm and into my chest, a primal thrum of magic and digestion. Emboldened, I brought my other hand to her stomach, attempting to span its width, to comprehend its scale. My hands were dwarfed. I began to knead the great, firm globe, my fingers digging into the unyielding flesh. It was like massaging a giant, overripe fruit, the skin stretched to its absolute breaking point, threatening to burst with its sweet, forbidden contents. A deeper, more guttural moan escaped her lips, and her head lolled back.

"Caleb..." she breathed, her voice a thick, syrupy whisper. That sound, my name on her tongue in that moment of pure sensation, shattered the last of my restraint. The fear didn't vanish, but it was consumed by a ferocious, burning desire that coiled hot and tight in my gut. This was madness. This was a monstrous perversion of the woman I loved. And I had never wanted anything more in my life. I traced the perfect, impossible circle of her belly again and again, my thumb finding the hard knot of her navel pressing out against the fabric. I wasn't just touching her anymore. I was worshipping at the altar of her gluttony, utterly devoted to this terrifying, magnificent transformation.

"What's that..." Elaine moaned as my hands worked their way around her orblike stomach.

She was making reference to my throbbing cock, something that I was still unsure just why I was so hard, the dark thoughts were no longer slowly getting buried under my rising arousal, it was now just pure lust that was within my core.

"Do you love what I've done to my body?" Her words had a sinister tone to them; it wasn't something that could stop the rising heat within. "Look at me... So... Full... So big..."

Elaine reached out to try and grab my throbbing erection, but she was unable to reach around her stomach, it was just so big and packed that there was no way she would be able to do anything about it. Her fingers instead started to rub her swollen middle. Moans filled the room, I wasn't able to tell if they were theatrical or not, I just knew that I wasn't going to last too long like

this.

My arousal had built up so much over the course of the evening that now it was unstoppable, my orgasm felt inevitable, I just knew I needed to keep my hands on her stomach.

Just as that thought crossed my mind, the air in the room changed. It grew heavy, thick with a pressure that made my ears pop. A low hum started, a sound I felt in my bones, and the string of orange Halloween lights we'd hung began to flicker erratically. I looked up from her belly to her face, and my heart seized. Her eyes were no longer hazy with satisfaction; they were wide open, and they were glowing with a soft, internal, ruby-red light. The same colour as the candies from the very first night.

The smell of cinnamon and overripe fruit filled the air, and I could hear a faint crackle, like static electricity building before a lightning strike. Her lips curled into a smile that was all her and yet... not her at all. It was ancient, powerful, and terrifyingly amused.

"You think this is big, Caleb?" she purred, her voice layered with a strange, resonant echo. "You think this is full?"

Before I could process her words, the hum intensified. I watched, mesmerized, as the fabric of her robe, already stretched to its breaking point, began to strain even further. There was a series of sharp, ripping sounds as threads popped along the seams. Her belly pushed forward, swelling another few inches in a smooth, impossible expansion. It didn't jiggle; it grew, the skin pulling even tighter, the curve becoming more perfectly, unnaturally spherical.

The heat radiating from it intensified, becoming a furnace.

"I'm going to get so much bigger," she whispered, the red glow in her eyes brightening. "And you're going to watch."

The raw, explicit display of magic, the sheer wrongness of her body defying the laws of physics right before my eyes, should have sent me screaming from the house. Instead, it was like a match thrown on gasoline. My last vestiges of my fear were incinerated in a blinding flash of pure, unadulterated lust. This wasn't just my wife getting fat; this was a force of nature, a goddess of excess, and she had chosen me as her sole witness. The sight of her impossibly tight, magically expanding stomach was the most terrifying and erotic thing I had ever seen. My devotion was sealed.

I scrambled backwards, shuffling on my butt across the hardwood floor, my breath catching in my throat. The sheer force of her expansion, the palpable wave of heat and power, was too much to process up close. I had to create distance, to try and take in the whole impossible picture.

With a sound of tearing fabric, the witch's robe finally gave up, splitting from hem to collar. It fell away in two useless pieces, revealing her for the first time. My mind went blank. Her stomach was a planet. A gigantic, perfectly round sphere of flesh that dwarfed the rest of her body. The skin was stretched so thin it was translucent, glowing with a faint inner light. It was a canvas of angry red pressure and a roadmap of silvery stretch marks that shimmered in the flickering lights.

Then, with a casual grace that defied her immense bulk, she stood up.

The armchair groaned in protest, but she rose from it as if she weighed nothing at all. She stood over me, a colossal, terrifying goddess, her glowing eyes fixed on mine. Her gargantuan belly hung before her, so round and heavy it seemed impossible for her to remain upright. The skin was flushed a deep, alarming crimson from the pressure within, and the network of stretch marks looked like jagged bolts of lightning across its surface.

She looked down at me on the floor, a smirk playing on her lips. The ancient, powerful entity wearing my wife's face tilted its head.

"All this growing has made me hungry again," she said, her voice a low, seductive rumble that vibrated through the floorboards. "Go get me a snack, Caleb. Something sweet."

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