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<Spooky Stories>

by <Growing Desires>

Trick or Treat

Chapter Five

My body moved on its own, a puppet obeying its master. I stumbled to my feet, my legs weak and trembling, and turned towards the kitchen. The command echoed in my skull, overriding every rational thought. My wife—or the thing that was my wife—was hungry. I had to feed her.

The kitchen was different. The familiar scent of coffee and cinnamon was gone, replaced by that same cloying, sickly-sweet smell of magic and decay. I flicked on the light and froze in the doorway. Our neat, modern kitchen had been warped into something else. The pantry door was wide open, and inside, it wasn't our mundane boxes of cereal and cans of soup. The shelves were laden with jars filled with glowing liquids, with pulsating, fungal-looking cakes, and with piles of the same ruby-red candies that had started it all. They seemed to breathe in the dim light, casting shifting, coloured shadows

on the walls.

My hand shook as I reached into the pantry. My fingers brushed against a cake, about the size of a dinner plate, frosted with a shimmering, iridescent icing that swirled with colours I couldn't name. It was warm to the touch, and it seemed to thrum with a faint, rhythmic pulse. It felt alive. This was what she wanted. This was the fuel her impossible body craved.

I carried it back to the living room with the reverence of a priest carrying a holy relic. She was still standing where I had left her, a monumental statue of flesh. Her colossal belly seemed to absorb the light in the room, making everything else feel dim and distant. The only true light came from the red glow in her eyes, which tracked me as I approached.

"Ah, perfect," she rumbled, her voice vibrating with anticipation. She didn't move to take the cake from me. She just watched, waiting.

I understood. I was not just the provider. I was the server.

I broke off a piece of the strange, pulsating cake. It was spongy and warm, and it left a shimmering, oily residue on my fingers. My heart hammered against my ribs, a frantic drumbeat of terror and exhilaration. I was about to feed this creature. I was about to make her bigger.

I raised the morsel to her lips. She opened her mouth, and I saw that her teeth were no longer the familiar, slightly crooked teeth of my Elaine. They were sharper, more predatory. She took the cake from my fingers, her lips brushing against my skin, sending a jolt through my entire nervous system.

The moment she swallowed, the magic in the room intensified. The low

hum grew into a deep, resonant thrum that shook the house to its foundations. I watched, breathless, as her stomach responded instantly. It swelled with a low groan of stretching skin and protesting muscle, the angry red of its surface deepening to a furious crimson. The silvery stretch marks seemed to widen, new ones spiderwebbing across the taut flesh in real time. It grew another foot in diameter, the lower curve of the great sphere now brushing against the floor where I knelt.

"More," she commanded, her voice strained, guttural.

I broke off another piece, larger this time. And another. And another. With each piece I fed her, she expanded. Her belly became a living, growing entity, a force of nature unleashed in our living room. It pressed against the coffee table, shoving it across the floor with a screech of wood on wood. Her back was against the wall, and I could hear the drywall creak and groan under the immense, building pressure. Her other features began to swell in proportion. Her thighs became massive pillars of flesh, each one thicker than my entire torso. Her hips widened, her backside swelling to an impossible breadth that strained the very concept of her human frame.

I was no longer just aroused; I was in a state of ecstatic terror. This was a religious experience, a horrifying, beautiful sacrament. I was feeding a god, and her temple was our suburban home. The world outside, the quiet street, my job, our old life—it had all faded away into nothingness. The only reality was this room, the pulsating cake in my hands, and the colossal, ever-expanding woman before me.

When the last piece of cake was gone, she was a true monster. Her belly filled the space between the couch and the far wall, a great, quivering mountain of flesh that blocked out the rest of the room. I was trapped in her shadow, kneeling at the base of this living monument. She was so big now that her head seemed small, a tiny feature atop a landscape of soft, warm flesh. The floorboards beneath her were screaming in protest, and I could see a visible bow in the centre of the room.

She let out a long, shuddering sigh of satisfaction. The red glow in her eyes softened to a dim ember, and the intense pressure in the room lessened slightly. She looked down at me, and for a fleeting second, I thought I saw a flicker of the old Elaine in her gaze—a flicker of confusion, of fear. But it was gone as quickly as it came, replaced by the ancient, knowing smirk.

"Good boy," she purred, her voice a deep, lazy rumble that resonated in my chest. "We're almost ready. The Great Feast is coming, Caleb. And I need to have an appetite."

The Great Feast. Halloween. My mind finally put the pieces together. This wasn't just a random curse. It was a ritual. This whole neighbourhood, the children with their strange treats, it was all part of a preparation. My wife, my sweet, beautiful Elaine, was being fattened like a prize pig for some terrible reason.

A spiritual sacrifice? An offering to some underworldly lord?

The thought sent a spike of pure, undiluted horror through me, so cold and sharp it momentarily extinguished the fire of my lust.

But as I looked up at her, at the magnificent, terrifying spectacle of her immense, swollen body, another dark thought followed.

What if she was the guest of honour... Was she lost forever?

The entity wearing my wife's skin must have seen the dawning, frantic horror in my eyes. The smirk widened. She raised a hand, a gesture that was slow and deliberate, weighted with impossible power. Her fingers, now thick and sausage-like, danced in the air for a moment.

"You've been a great help, Caleb," the rumbling voice echoed in my head, not my ears. "But you need to rest. We have a big day tomorrow."

She waved her hand.

The world didn't go black. It dissolved. It was as if the very atoms of my being were gently unspooled, the frantic energy of my terror and lust smoothed away into a profound, bottomless calm. The sight of her monstrous form, the groaning floorboards, the sickly-sweet air—it all receded, replaced by a velvet nothingness. It was not sleep. It was an absence. A complete cessation of being, utterly peaceful and utterly terrifying.

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