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<Spooky Stories>

by <Growing Desires>

## Trick or Treat

### Chapter Six

My next sensation was the soft texture of a pillowcase against my cheek and the familiar weight of our duvet. Sunlight, warm and golden, streamed through the bedroom window, painting a bright rectangle on the far wall. I blinked, my mind a sluggish, foggy mess. I felt... normal. My limbs were heavy with sleep, but the electric hum of fear was gone.

A dream. It had to have been a dream. A horrific, stress-induced fever dream brought on by the move, the pressure to fit in, and maybe a few too many beers before bed.

*That had to be it... Yeah...*

My heart leaped with a desperate, soaring hope. It was all a dream. The cookies, the corset, the glowing eyes, the... the feast. None of it was real.

I rolled over, a relieved laugh already bubbling in my chest, ready to

wrap my arms around my wife, my normal, wonderful Elaine, and tell her about the absolute nightmare I'd just had.

The other side of the bed was empty. And cold.

The laugh died in my throat. The cold dread from the 'dream' seeped back into my bones. "Elaine?" I called out, my voice hoarse. The silence that answered was heavy, absolute.

I threw the duvet off and scrambled out of bed. I stood there for a moment, listening. The house was quiet, but it was the wrong kind of quiet. Not the peaceful silence of an empty home, but a weighted, oppressive silence, as if the very air was holding its breath. I ran a hand through my hair, my body slick with a cold sweat. It was just a dream. She's probably just downstairs making breakfast. A huge, artery-clogging breakfast, but a normal one.

I half-ran, half-stumbled out of the bedroom. The hallway was normal. The pictures on the wall were straight. I took the stairs two at a time, my bare feet slapping against the wood. "Elaine?" I called again, louder this time, a pleading note creeping into my voice.

The ground floor was... altered. The air was thick with a faint, lingering scent of cinnamon and something else, something rich and fatty, like rendered meat. As my eyes adjusted to the dimmer light, I saw the coffee table wasn't in its usual place; it was shoved hard against the far wall, one of its legs splintered. There were deep, long scratches in the hardwood floor. And a fine layer of what looked like drywall dust coated every surface.

My breath hitched. My hope began to crumble, replaced by a rising tide

of nausea. I took a hesitant step into the living room; my gaze fixed on the floor. I followed the deep grooves gouged into the wood, the signs of an immense weight having been dragged, to where they stopped.

And then I looked up.

She was there. My wife. She was slumped on the floor in the centre of the room, her back propped against the reinforced base of the couch, which was itself groaning under her immense pressure. But it wasn't the taut, impossibly spherical monster from my dream. The magic had done its work. The grotesque, pressurized bloating had settled, transforming into something far more real, and infinitely more horrifying.

She was a mountain range of flesh. A colossal, sprawling landscape of soft, fat that had consumed the woman I knew. The skin, once stretched thin and crimson, was now a doughy white, cascading downwards in a series of massive, overlapping rolls.

Her face, the first thing I focused on, was barely recognizable. It had become a perfect, round moon, her features seeming small and delicate within the vast, puffy flesh. Her eyes were closed, her dark lashes resting on plump cheeks that swelled out from either side of her nose. Her mouth was a small, serene bow, and below it, her chin had vanished completely, subsumed by a thick, powerful neck that cascaded down into a series of soft, deep rolls of fat, each one wider than the last, resting on a chest that was now a vast, high shelf of flesh.

Her torso was a testament to gluttony. Her breasts, once merely full,

were now stupendous orbs of fat that had succumbed to gravity, spreading wide and sagging down to merge with the top of her belly. And her belly... dear God, her belly. It was no longer a single, tight orb. It was an avalanche. A massive upper roll, itself bigger than her entire body had been a month ago, crested and folded over, creating a deep, shadowy canyon where her waist used to be. Below that was the main event: a colossal, pendulous apron of a gut that spilled from her torso, a quivering, doughy mass that spread out over her lap and cascaded down onto the floor in thick, heavy folds. It completely obscured her legs, burying them under hundreds of pounds of soft, rippling fat. I could see the cavernous, shadowed slit of her navel, distorted and stretched wide in the centre of that top roll, a deep, dark abyss in the pale flesh.

Her arms were stupendous, thicker than my thighs, hanging heavy at her sides. There was no definition of shoulder, bicep, or elbow; they were just seamless, dimpled columns of fat that ended in puffy, almost useless-looking hands, her fingers like little sausages peeking out from fleshy mittens. The sheer, unadulterated mass of her was breathtaking. She had taken over the room, her presence, her sheer size, warping the very dimensions of the space around her. This wasn't just a fat woman. This was something beyond that. This was a monument to excess, a masterpiece of magical, horrifying consumption.

I stood there, frozen, for what could have been minutes or an hour. The terror was a physical thing, a cold, heavy stone in my gut. This was real. This was my wife. The woman I had promised to love and cherish was gone,

replaced by this... this creature of immense, soft flesh. But as the initial shock wore off, the other feeling, the dark, shameful feeling that had been my constant companion for weeks, began to stir from its slumber. The sight of her, the sheer, overwhelming softness, the way the light played on the curves and in the deep shadows of her rolls, the slow, rhythmic rise and fall of the mountain of her stomach with each deep, wheezing breath... It was utterly grotesque. And it was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. My horror was absolute. And so was my arousal.

As if sensing my gaze, the mountain stirred. A low groan rumbled from deep within the mass of flesh. One of her puffy hands twitched. Then, slowly, her eyes fluttered open.

They weren't glowing. They were her eyes. The warm, chocolate-brown eyes I had fallen in love with, now nestled deep within their puffy sockets. They blinked slowly, adjusting to the light. They found me, standing paralyzed in the doorway.

And she smiled. It was her smile. The real, genuine, loving smile of my Elaine.

"Caleb," she murmured, her voice thick with sleep, but undeniably hers. "Morning, sleepyhead."

She shifted, and the entire landscape of her body quivered with the motion. A soft, wet sound of skin rubbing against skin filled the silence.

"God, I had the weirdest dream," she continued, her voice becoming clearer. She tried to stretch, an act that resulted in a series of deep, rippling

undulations across her torso and arms. "I dreamed I was as big as a house. It was crazy." She let out a small, sleepy giggle that sent a tremor through her chins.

"Yeah... That's crazy..." I murmured.

My eyes dashed around the room seeing the physical scars left by the events of last night. I looked back at my wife, every movement she made, her body shook and jiggled, I found myself losing myself again, like some sort of powerful spell was taking hold.

But there was no magic.

Not yet.

This was me. All me. The burning desire within was bubbling up. Elaine saw my body stiffen.

"Caleb, are you... Okay?"

Watching her body quiver and shake from the simplest of movements. I needed more. My mind flooded with ideas of helping her eat, helping her grow, making her somehow even fatter, even bigger than yesterday and waking up tomorrow to see her too big to fit through doors, if she wasn't there already. My cock bulged and flexed against my pants.

"Yeah fine... More than fine... Hey, do you want some breakfast?"

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