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<Spooky Stories>

by <Growing Desires>

Trick or Treat

Chapter Two

Sunlight filtering through the blinds woke me. I blinked, the strange events of the previous night feeling like a bizarre, vivid dream. I rolled over, reaching for Elaine, but my hand met cool, empty sheets. A knot of anxiety tightened in my gut. I sat up, my eyes scanning the room, and then the bathroom door opened.

She walked out, humming softly to herself, wrapped only in a towel. My breath hitched in my throat. It wasn't a dream.

The impossibly taut, stretched belly from last night was gone. In its place was a soft, settled roundness that gravity gently pulled downwards. It was a proper little potbelly, a doughy, pale curve of flesh that was undeniably new. The towel, which a week ago would have closed with room to spare, was now stretched snugly across the high, full curve of her hips and the generous swell of her backside. Her thighs were thicker, softer, pressing together with a plush

new intimacy. The light caught the gentle swell of her upper arms, which had lost their slender definition and now held a delicate, touchable softness.

This was a body remade by magic, by those creepy, glistening cookies. The sheer wrongness of it sent a shiver down my spine, yet I couldn't look away. It was terrifying, but a deeper, more primal part of me was captivated. She was softer, rounder, more voluptuous in a way that was both alien and intensely alluring. She turned to grab her clothes from the closet, and the towel shifted, revealing the deeper curve of her waist and the way her new belly rested softly against the fabric. A wave of heat rushed through me. I was scared, yes, but I was also mesmerized. My wife was becoming someone new, and a dark, thrilling part of me was desperate to see more.

"Morning, sleepyhead," she chirped, her voice completely normal, completely unaware of the turmoil in my head. She pulled a pair of work slacks from a hanger. I watched as she dropped the towel and began to dress. She had to wriggle to get the slacks over her newly plump hips and thighs. When she tried to do them up, they wouldn't close. A good two inches of fabric separated the button from its hole, framing the soft paunch of her belly.

She let out a frustrated little huff. "Ugh, I knew I shouldn't have put these in the dryer. They must have shrunk." She rummaged in her drawer and pulled out a pair of leggings and a loose-fitting blouse. "I guess it's a comfy clothes day."

Elaine didn't even seem to care that she was wearing clothes that are not work appropriate, she just threw on some stretchy leggings and walked out the

door, only stopping in the doorway when she realised I wasn't following her.

"You coming? I'm starving. You want to have breakfast together?"

I rose to my feet and followed her.

She's fatter...

Downstairs, the kitchen smelled of coffee and something else. Bacon. I always made us toast and coffee, maybe yogurt on a weekday. Today, Elaine had a whole pack of bacon sizzling in a pan.

"I woke up absolutely starving," she announced, flipping the strips with a fork. "Want some eggs? I'm going to have four, I think. And maybe some toast."

I shook my head, my voice gone. I watched as she loaded her plate. Four scrambled eggs, a pile of crispy bacon, and two slices of toast slathered in butter and jam. She sat down opposite me and dug in with an enthusiasm I'd never seen from her so early in the morning. She ate quickly, methodically, a small, happy hum vibrating in her chest. She finished her entire plate before I was halfway through my first piece of toast. Then she got up, grabbed the box of cereal from the counter, and poured herself a large bowl, dousing it in milk.

"Just need a little something sweet to finish off," she said with a wink, completely oblivious to my stunned silence.

After scraping the bowl clean, she pushed her chair back, her still-bloated stomach pressing against the table's edge. She came around and planted a greasy kiss on my lips. "Have a good day, hon. I'm heading out."

I watched her grab her coat from the hook by the door. It was a fitted

trench coat she loved, but now it was a challenge. She had to force her soft arms into the sleeves, and when she went to button it, her new belly and full chest strained the fabric. With a determined grunt, she managed to get the buttons closed, but they pulled tightly, creating deep creases in the material. She gave a little shrug, as if it was a minor annoyance, and bustled out the door.

My day at the office was a complete wash. I stared at spreadsheets, but all I saw were those glistening red orbs in the cookies. All I could think about was the sound of her sweatshirt seam ripping, the sight of her button popping off her jeans. I was terrified. What was happening to my wife? But beneath the terror was a dark, electric hum of fascination. I shifted in my office chair at one point; my mind was dancing with the feeling of Elaine's belly in bed last night and I realised I was actually hard.

When I pulled into the driveway that evening, I saw she was already home. And she'd been busy. A large, bubbling cauldron now sat on the porch, billowing with dry-ice fog, and fake bats hung from the eaves. I walked inside to find her in the living room, adjusting a string of orange lights. My jaw went slack.

She was dressed as a vampire. A very well-fed vampire. She wore a black corset top with red lacing pulled tight, which only served to dramatically swell her breasts upwards and cinch her waist in. The effect was staggering. It made her hips look wider, her behind rounder, and her belly, still bloated and soft from her morning feast, pushed prominently against the fabric below the

corset's edge. She wore a long, flowing black skirt and had even put in a pair of plastic fangs.

"Caleb, you're home!" she exclaimed, her voice giddy. "I got off early; I just couldn't wait. Do you like the cauldron? I'm hoping they'll come by again tonight. I've not stopped thinking about all those candies..."

She turned to face me fully, placing her hands on her hips. The pose was pure, confident Elaine, but the body was something new and bewitching. She was a gothic fantasy brought to life, all plush curves and dangerous appetite. She patted her round stomach, a gesture that was becoming unsettlingly familiar. The hunger in her eyes wasn't just for food; it was for the feeling that came with it. And a shameful, thrilling part of me couldn't wait to see her get it.

The first knock came as twilight bled into true night. Elaine practically flew to the door, her wide skirt swirling around her thick legs. A group of older kids, teenagers, stood on the porch. This time, the offerings were different. Not cookies, but heavy, fist-sized candied apples, lacquered in a red so deep it was almost black. They gleamed under the porch light. Elaine accepted them with a thrilled gasp, her fangs clicking together.

She didn't even wait for the door to close. She sank her teeth into the first apple with a loud crack that echoed in the hallway. A syrupy red juice trickled down her chin. Her eyes rolled back in her head. "Oh, Caleb," she moaned around a full mouth, "this is... this is even better."

She devoured three of the massive apples in less than five minutes. I

watched, my throat dry, as the corset began its protest. The red laces, already taut, seemed to thin, digging deep into the plush flesh of her back. The top edge of the garment cut into the swell of her breasts and the soft flesh of her underarms. But the real show was her belly. Confined by the rigid boning, it couldn't spill forward as it had the night before. Instead, it swelled downwards, a hard, round globe of a stomach that peaked out under the tight garment, a heavy, pendulous weight straining the very bottom of the corset. A metallic groan came from her midsection, and I saw one of the metal grommets holding the laces tear free from the fabric with a sharp *pop*.

"Whoa," she giggled, patting the impossibly round sphere of her gut. "A little tight in here."

More knocks, more treats. Chocolates shaped like spiders with liquid centres, cupcakes frosted with a strange, shimmering black icing. With every bite, she grew. Her thighs, pressed together under the skirt, began to audibly chafe. Her backside swelled, stretching the black fabric to its limit, the seams showing white. She tried to sit on the couch but her widened hips, and prodigious rear wouldn't quite fit, perching her uncomfortably on the edge. The single popped grommet was joined by another, and then a third, the gap in her corset widening to reveal a strip of pale, straining skin.

By the end of the night, she was a prisoner in her own costume, a bloated, groaning goddess of gluttony. Getting her upstairs was an ordeal. She had to take the steps one at a time, her breath coming in short, wheezing gasps. The real struggle was the corset. The laces were so tight I had to cut

them with scissors. The moment the last lace was severed, her belly sprung forward with a wet, heavy sigh. It was magnificent and horrifying, a great, swollen dome of flesh, hot to the touch and stretched so tight the skin shone. I helped her out of the ruined costume and into one of my largest t-shirts, which fit her like a sports bra, her massive gut hanging free below it. She was asleep before her head hit the pillow. I could only watch as my wife laid on her back as the mountainous stomach she had grown over a few short hours rose and fell in a hypnotic rhythm.

This is crazy...

I reached out to touch the orb, as if not trusting my eyes that it was real. My finger tried to sink into the flesh, but the orb was too tightly packed, and I just made her whole stomach move, almost toppling my wife over onto her side, and thus losing my side of the bed to her gut.

When I released my finger, it quivered from the subtle movement, and she groaned in her sleep. I felt an uneasy energy about what I was looking at, something in me wanted to feel her more, to touch this growing mass but I couldn't bring myself to do it.

I instead laid down in bed and turned the light out, her stomach still rising and falling behind me as I tried not to let the thoughts in.

How big is she going to get?

The question lingered in my head until the peaceful night took me into its embrace.

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