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<Trick or Treat>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for three wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter One

The last of the moving boxes, the ones filled with honeymoon souvenirs and things we probably didn't need but couldn't bear to part with, were finally stacked in the garage. I watched Elaine from the kitchen window as she stood on our new lawn, hands on her hips, surveying the street. A cool October breeze was kicking up, rustling the leaves of the big maple tree that had sold us on this place. She was wearing my old college sweatshirt, and it was a little snugger on her than it was a month ago. I smiled to myself. She'd really made the most of that cruise ship's all-you-can-eat buffet, and honestly, she'd never looked better. A little more of her to love.

She turned and caught me looking, a grin spreading across her face. "Caleb, come look at this. The Hendersons are putting skeletons on their roof. Skeletons... climbing the chimney."

I grabbed two mugs of coffee and joined her on the porch. Sure enough, next door, Mr. Henderson was perched precariously on a ladder while his wife

directed the macabre scene from below. Across the street, the Jacksons' house already looked like a haunted mansion, complete with fake cobwebs covering every bush and a giant inflatable spider sprawled over their entryway. It was only the first week of October.

"This street doesn't mess around with Halloween, does it?" I said, handing Elaine her mug.

She took a sip, her eyes sparkling with a familiar, mischievous light. "Nope. And neither will we if we want to fit in." She looked at our bare porch, the uncarved pumpkins we'd bought at the farm stand sitting hopefully by the door. "We have a reputation to build, mister. Our first holiday as the new couple on the block. We need to go big."

And go big we did. The next weekend was a blur of orange and black. We bought a fog machine, strings of purple lights, and a life-sized animatronic zombie that was supposed to lurch out at anyone who walked up the path. By Sunday evening, our house looked like it had been pulled directly from a horror movie set. The pumpkins were carved with maniacal grins, the zombie was wired up, and the fog machine was blanketing the lawn in an eerie mist. We stood on the sidewalk, arms around each other, admiring our handiwork. We fit right in.

"Think we're ready for Halloween?" Elaine asked, a proud smile on her face.

"We're ready for a zombie apocalypse," I laughed.

Just as we were heading inside, a sharp knock echoed from our front

door. We looked at each other, confused. It was still three weeks until the big night. I peeked through the living room blinds and saw a small cluster of costumes on our porch—a tiny vampire, a ghost that looked suspiciously like a bedsheet with eyeholes, and a miniature Frankenstein's monster.

"Are they trick-or-treating already?" Elaine whispered, panic flashing in her eyes. "We don't have any candy!"

She was right. In our frenzy to decorate, we'd completely forgotten the most crucial part. A frantic five-minute search of the pantry turned up a box of fancy Belgian chocolates from the cruise and a bag of granola bars. "It'll have to do," she said, grabbing a handful of each and heading for the door.

She swung it open with a wide, apologetic smile. "Hi guys! You're a little early, but we might have something for you."

The little vampire, who couldn't have been more than six, looked up at her, then held out a small, decorated paper bag. "Trick or treat," he said, but instead of holding his own bag open, he pushed his offering towards Elaine.

Elaine froze, her hand full of granola bars hovering in the air. "Oh. For me?"

The ghost nodded. "It's for your first spooky night," she squeaked from under her sheet. "Welcome to the neighbourhood."

Elaine thanked them, closing the door softly as they scampered off into the fog. She peeked inside the little paper bag. "Homemade cookies," she said, bewildered, pulling one out. It was thick and pale, but instead of chocolate chips, it was studded with glistening, ruby-red orbs that looked like hard candy.

"They smell... weird," I said, leaning closer. There was a cloying sweetness, like overripe fruit and something else I couldn't place, something vaguely earthy. But Elaine brought the cookie to her nose and inhaled deeply, her eyes fluttering shut. "Oh, no, they smell heavenly," she breathed, her voice dreamy. "Like cinnamon and honey."

Before I could say a word, she took a bite. The moment it touched her tongue, a loud, blissful moan escaped her lips, a sound of pure pleasure that made the hairs on my arm stand up. Her eyes went wide, and she devoured the rest of it in three quick, greedy bites, licking a few stray crumbs from her full lips.

"Elaine, maybe you shouldn't..." I started, but the words died in my throat. I was watching it happen. The old college sweatshirt she wore, already snug, began to strain. The fabric pulled taut across her bust and shoulders, the seams groaning. The hem crept upwards, revealing a soft, new roll of flesh blooming over the waistband of her jeans. Her cheeks flushed, rounding out, and her whole body seemed to... settle. She softened, expanded, as if that single cookie had instantly padded her frame with another five pounds of plush weight.

My mind was reeling. I saw it. I wasn't crazy. "Elaine," I stammered, my heart hammering against my ribs. "Your... your sweater. It just... you just..."

She looked down at her newly rounded belly with a lazy, satisfied smile. "What about it? Oh, it is a bit tight, isn't it?" She patted the soft swell of her stomach. "Wow, that cookie was incredible."

Another knock at the door, and then another. Each time, a new group of costumed children appeared, and each time, Elaine's hands were filled with more strange treats. She sank onto the couch and entered a gluttonous haze; her eyes glazed over with pure bliss as she worked her way through the pile. I could only watch, speechless, as the changes accelerated. A seam under the arm of my old sweatshirt ripped with a soft tearing sound. Her belly grew from a gentle curve into a prominent, soft mound that strained the denim of her jeans. Then, with a sharp ping, the button on her waistband gave way, and her gut spilled forward, a warm, doughy expanse of skin. Her thighs thickened, pressing against the inseams of her jeans, and her arms softened.

By the time the last treat was gone, she was a different woman. She pushed herself up from the couch with a groan of effort, her overstuffed belly jiggling. She waddled toward the bedroom, seemingly oblivious to her unbuttoned jeans or the torn sweatshirt that now looked a size too small.

Later, in bed, she cuddled up against me, her body radiating an intense heat. I wrapped my arm around her, my hand resting on her stomach. It felt incredible. It was tight, the skin stretched taut over the sheer volume of food she'd consumed, yet profoundly soft underneath. I could feel the new, pillowy softness of her hips pressing into me, the heavier weight of her thigh resting over mine. This wasn't just a food baby; this was... more. It felt permanent. My wife had inflated before my very eyes, and as I held her fuller, softer body, a confusing mix of shock, concern, and undeniable fascination churned within me.

What would tomorrow bring... It's only the 10th of October...

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.

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?

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."

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.

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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