

# No Costume, No Problem by Cowkites

“You sure about this place Chris?”

Chris and his girlfriend, Samantha, stood in the moonlit yard of a house that sat at the end of a quiet cul-de-sac. Aside from the occasional cat’s meow, the only thing the two teenagers could hear was the wind rustling the half dead leaves that clung to the gnarly branches of a nearby tree.

“Hell yeah! When I came here as a kid, the lady that lived here always gave out full king-sized candy bars. What more could you ask for?”

Samantha remained at ease and stuck close to her boyfriend’s side, “Is she gonna be mad that we don’t have costumes? There was this one house I heard that turned their hose on those teens, the kind that just shove on a mask and carry a bag. We don’t even have masks!”

“Nah, she’s super chill. Plus, hoses on kids; seriously Sam? Where are you hearing this stuff?”

The two climbed the front porch steps, arm in arm. No bowl on a chair for this house. Pumpkins of all sizes littered the floor and in between, fallen leaves covered the old wood of the porch. A lantern with a flickering bulb drew in a few moths and illuminated a hand written sign that said: “Please knock.”

“The last time you trick-or-treated was like six years ago, right? Do you think big candy lady still lives here?”

Chris shrugged as he wrapped his fingers around the old iron door knocker, the worn down face of which reminded Chris of a gargoyle, “I’m pretty sure ‘big candy lady’ still lives here; she was here every Halloween when I was a kid. She’ll probably remember me too; I don’t look much different than thirteen year old me.”

Gripping the iron firmly, Chris knocked on the door three times, “And don’t call her ‘big candy lady’; sounds weird.”

“I’d want kids to call me that.”

The door swung open without warning, taking Chris and Samantha by surprise. A young woman in her mid-twenties stared back at the two of them. She stood at least six foot, before the 4-inch heels she wore were added in. Dressed as a sexy witch, her large breasts were practically a moment away from slipping loose from their spooky, lace prison. A black cat wrapped itself around her feet briefly before retreating behind the door.

“Hello, my sweets. How can I help you this evening?”

The first thing Chris noticed about the enticing woman before him was her breasts; due to the difference in height, the witch’s chest came to just under eye level for Chris. Samantha stared wide-eyed at the woman’s gorgeous face, marveling at the woman’s flawless makeup and fantastic bone structure. The second thing Chris noticed was that this could not have been the woman he remembered; she was way too young.

“Oh! Umm...do you happen to know what happened to the last resident here? I always came here for Halloween when I was a kid and she gave the best stuff out...I wanted to show my girlfriend.”

The witch laughed; not a cackle, but a soft and melodic laugh which she covered behind one of her hands, “I must say, Chris, I’m flattered. I’m the only one who has ever lived here. Do you not remember me?” The witch stooped slightly and leaned in close to his face, “My how you’ve grown.” She gripped his chin lightly and turned Chris’s head from left to right. Chris could feel her long fingernails as they tickled his neck, “And what a lovely girlfriend.”

Sam shared her boyfriend’s disbelief as she thanked the woman for her compliment.

“But neither of you have a costume! Before I allow you your trick-or-treat, we’ll have to get you two costumes. Come inside, come inside. We’ll find something for the both of you.”

“T-thank you very much, Mrs....”

“You can call me Auntie. It’s what everyone calls me. Makes me feel old, but it’s stuck over the years.”

Not wanting to refuse such an offer, the couple walks forward into the house.

The inside of the house was just as well decorated as the exterior. Amidst the older looking furniture, candles littered the house. Plastic spiders sat in cobwebs that took up each corner of the entryway and living room. On the couch, a black cat snoozed between two pumpkin shaped pillows.

“You two have a seat and watch. It’s rare that I get a chance to demonstrate my skill on Halloween. People typically only come for the candy; which is such a minor thing to do really.”

Chris and Samantha sat on the couch, both surprised that the other continued to follow the woman’s instructions without questioning. Their weight added to the couch, the cat’s eyes flicked open and it quickly jumped down to move out of sight once more.

“You two are a bit old for trick-or-treating, aren’t you? Not that I have anything against it; it’s society really. Regardless, I’m thinking cute will be the direction we need to go.”

“Oh, well I kind of wanted to be something sexy this Halloween. Chris always likes when I dress up for him and I find it fun to show some skin.”

“Is that true Chris?”

Not sure how to approach the subject of his relationship’s sexual nature to a woman who claimed to have known him his whole life, Chris found himself shrugging.

“Well perhaps it would be nice if Chris dressed up for you this year; you Sam will wear something cute, while Chris will be the sexy one. How does that sound?”

“Well...um...I guess that’s fine, but how did you know my name?”

The witch smiled as she walked to the far side of the room, “I’m sure Chris said it at some point.” She approached a pair of curtains that stretched from ceiling to floor and pulled them apart, revealing a long hallway; the location of which made little sense judging by the outside of the house, but Chris was too busy ogling the host to pay much attention. Samantha on the other hand had begun to grow more and more uneasy.

“If you two wouldn’t mind following me to the costume room.”

“Costume room? You must really love Halloween.”

“It’s my favorite time of year actually.”

Samantha wearily followed behind Chris, taking note of how much her boyfriend was enjoying himself. She briefly wondered if she could see an erection or if it was a trick of the light.

Eventually they reached the lone door at the end of the hallway. The witch opened the door and lightly pushed the couple inside, “If you two wouldn’t mind standing side by side in the center we can get started.” The room was large and circular, lit only by a cobweb covered chandelier that hung above the center of the room. In the center, two square platforms stood an inch above the ground. Circling the center were racks upon racks of costumes and outfits that looked well-worn in age.

Closing the door behind her, the witch clapped her hands. Chris and Sam stared in wonder as the room slowly began to brighten; the clothing on the racks began to change, becoming more modern looking, the fabrics becoming brighter and repairing themselves.

“How did you do that?”

“Isn’t it obvious? Don’t tell me a smart boy like you Chris has become so dense in age. Or maybe you’ve been too busy filling your brain with thoughts of me and common sense has been pushed out. Either way, it’s costume time; and I’ve got to think of something fitting for the both of you.”

“Chris can you move?”

“N-no I can’t”

The two young adults struggled to move their bodies to no avail. Their limbs sat perfectly relaxed as if the two of them were applying no effort at all.

“Let’s see. Something cute for little Samantha...how about a doll? You would look absolutely precious as a doll.”

“Please let us go. I just want to go home.”

“Now, now Sammy that’s no way to treat your gracious host. Maybe an alteration is in order? Oh! I know. Crybaby Sammy, what an adorable baby doll you’ll make.”

“Chris, do something!”

“What do you want me to do? I can’t move either!”

The two watched in terror as the witch began to move her hands in the air before her, purple smoke issuing from the long black sleeves of her dress, “Talk to her! You know her!”

“That’s right kids, it’s Crybaby Sammy. She even wets on command.”

The witch snapped her fingers. The room was silent for a moment before Samantha cried out, “No! No no no no! Stop! Make it stop!”

Chris watched as a dark stain appeared at his girlfriend’s crotch and began to spread down her legs, “Sam what are you doing?”

“What do you mean what am I doing?! She just made me piss myself!”

“How could she do that?”

“Are you being serious right now, Mr. Boobs-for-brains? Why can’t you move? SHE’S A FUCKING WITCH.”

Chris was taken aback by Samantha's outburst. He had never seen her so mad, but neither had he ever been in a situation like this.

"Sammy, it's very naughty to talk like that, especially to my little Chrissy. Once we get you properly dressed, a punishment will be in order."

"Oh fuck you and fuck your 'little Chrissy.' Why don't you two just go ahead and fuck already and get it over with."

The witch just smiled. "Would little Sammy like that? Does she want to see her boyfriend with someone that will satisfy him? It'd be hard to tell how wet you are considering how thoroughly you pissed yourself just now." She approached Samantha and bent down. She unbuttoned the girl's pants and pulled them down around her ankles. Next came her panties, which clung to her skin as they were dragged down. More purple smoke poured from the witch's arms as she gestured to her right. The smoke collected together into a dense cloud, the shape of a hand, and picked a wooden paddle up from off the floor.

"It's time for Crybaby Sammy to look and act the part. Only, I'll let you decide Chris. When you've decided she's had enough, I'll stop her punishment."

"Chris! Look at me right now; you better not fuck this up or we're through. Do you understand me. Chris! I sa--," Samantha cried out in pain as the ghostly arm swung the paddle against her exposed rear. In a poof of pink dust, Samantha disappeared for a moment. When the dust settled things had obviously changed. Her hair looked a shade lighter than before, now more dirty-blond than brunette, and had been pulled back into a pony-tail. Judging by her nipples, her bra had vanished. Samantha's underwear had gone from red lace to a plain pair of pink cotton panties that lay atop a pair of denim shorts. Her form fitting top had become a loose pastel yellow t-shirt. Most noticeable to Chris, Samantha's pussy looked shaved.

"Wha-what the fu--? What the f-f-fudge did you do to me? Why can't I say fudging bad words? Why is my p-p-p—girly parts hairless? Chris, stop it! Tell her to stop it!"

The witch had a firm grasp on Chris's cock, gently stroking it through his pants while the ghostly hand spanked his girlfriend. The words were caught in his throat as he was caught between wanting to keep his relationship, and wanting to see how things would go.

*SMACK*

Samantha yelped in pain as another burst of pink smoke enshrouded her. As her face came back into view she looked to Chris to be paler than before, her cheeks rosier. Her now blonde hair was still in a pony-tail, only now it was held up by a large pink ribbon of lace. At her feet her panties had acquired a bit of thickness and a juvenile, cartoon princess print making them look more like training panties than something a potty-trained individual would wear. The shorts

remained as well, only now they were a bright pink and were covered in hearts. Around her ankles, frilly socks were bunched up against a pair of pink, light-up sneakers. Her shirt now had a duck on the front of it with a pacifier pinned via a strap to the material near her neck. Her butt was reddened from the punishment and appeared to have become quite larger as well.

“Stop touching my boyfriend’s peepee!” Samantha looked far less composed than Chris had ever seen her. After a moment of whimpering she looked as if she regained some composure, “Chris she’s putting a spell on us or something...we have to get out of here...here...I can’t even talk right now...make her stop!”

The witch breathed deeply onto Chris’ neck, “Doesn’t she look so cute? Being spanked for wetting yourself is pretty normal for a child being potty-trained. I’d say it’s only proper she be put back in diapers. Wouldn’t want her ruining her costume, would we?” Chris opened his mouth and for a moment Samantha felt relieved that her boyfriend had actually saved her, but instead Chris moaned loudly. Samantha watched as the witch kissed her boyfriend’s neck, her breasts pressed firmly against his shoulder. She could see his cock twitching, a small stain appearing at the crotch of his pants as he emptied his load into his underwear.

*SMACK*

Chris was still orgasming as the pink dust settled around his girlfriend. The witch’s whispers sustained his pleasure for far longer than he thought possible. He moaned as each humiliating aspect of his girlfriend’s ‘costume’ came into view.

Her platinum blonde hair was in pig-tails now, the pink ribbons of which hung past her shoulders. A large, pink pacifier was stuffed in her mouth and secured with a thick pink strap that circumscribed the girl’s head. Her cheeks were puffed out from the nipple and drool had formed at the bottom of her chin. Gone was any semblance of adulthood, as her hands and feet were covered in mittens and booties that would prevent any use of them. Her t-shirt and shorts had been replaced by a poofy pink dress that barely reached past the bottom of her ass, doing little to hide the thick diaper underneath. A frilly diaper cover replaced her training panties around her ankles. Even though she was eighteen, she effectively looked far younger and had been dressed like a two year old.

The ghostly hand that had punished Samantha quickly dissipated, causing the paddle to clatter to the floor. The witch left Chris’s side and bent down to pull Samantha’s diaper cover up around her waist.

“There, there little Sammy. Doesn’t this feel much better? Not much to complain about in such a fantastic costume, is there? Although I don’t think you could complain if you wanted to.” Samantha did not look the witch in the eyes, instead she stared daggers at her boyfriend; her beet red face revealing just how enraged she was. “Oh, but don’t be so upset dear! We haven’t

gotten to Chrissy's costume yet...and I think I've got something a bit different in mind considering someone's little accident."

Chris was confused for a moment before he followed Samantha's eyes down to his own crotch.

"Before, I was thinking 'sexy,' and I still am, but I'm going to add something else to the mix. You see some people, like little Sammy here need diapers...but for people like Chrissy, they can have different uses."

The witch approached Chris and pulled his pants and underwear down around his ankles. She kissed his cock lightly and began to stroke it. Sam was too curious to be upset. Having been reduced to dressing like a baby by her cheating boyfriend, she didn't mind seeing him getting erect in front of her. She had a feeling she would be getting her revenge.

Chris only had to look down to remain hard for the witch. Her large breasts and sultry expression kept him close to orgasm as soon as he was up, "What do you think Chris: ABDL slutty cheerleader. You might have to explain your outfit at every house, but that gets you off doesn't it?"

"W-what?"

Chris looked around wearily as he heard Samantha laughing behind her pacifier. From the corner of his eye he could see purple smoke lifting the paddle off the ground once more.

"No no no no no. This isn't fair! Sam can't even say anything! What are you going to do to me?"

"You should have thought of that before you placed poor little Sammy there back in diapers. I'm sure she'll make it apparent if she wants me to stop. As for what I'm going to do to you...why I'm just going to get you dressed."

*SMACK*

"OWWWWWW. That hurts so much! Can't you just, like, make it a light smack?"

Samantha didn't bother to notice the pressure in her bowels building as she watched her ex-boyfriend feminize before her eyes. The first thing she noticed was his now fully shaven and slightly smaller cock standing at full attention. His ass had gone from the typical flat boy butt, to a slightly rounder more girlish one. His legs had become hairless as had the majority of his body and his frame overall had slimmed down. The boxers around his ankles had turned into a plain pair of white briefs, and his pants had become a pair of tight running shorts. His shirt had shortened, revealing his hairless and flat tummy and his hair had increased in length and brightened to a lighter shade much like Samantha's had.

“Why does my voice sound like this? Sam, please you have to, like, stop this!”

*SMACK*

“OMG. LIKE, STOP SPANKING ME, LIKE, RIGHT NOW!”

“I apologize Sammy, looks like Chrissy here whines far more than you.”

‘Chrissy’ frowned angrily as he looked down at the changes that had overcome him. He could now see his blonde hair out of the corners of his eyes as it tickled his shoulders. His hips had widened and small breasts had formed on his chest; the nipples of which were easily visible through the thin fabric of the pink and white striped cheerleading top he now wore. A matching skirt laid crumpled up around his now much smaller plain white sneakers, and atop that sat a pair of plain white cotton panties. His cock now stood at a meager 3 inches hard.

“LIKE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?! I THOUGHT YOU WANTED MY DICK YOU CRAZY BITCH.”

“Why would I force myself upon a clear cock-slut like that?”

“Wait, I’m, like, a wha--,”

*SMACK*

“WTF IS IN MY ASS RIGHT NOW. IT F-F-FEELS AMAAAAZING.”

Chris’s cock was no longer in view. It had been easily tucked into a large diaper that now spread his legs apart with its thickness. A vibrator had been shoved firmly up his ass and now left him shaking with delight. His hair now sat along his shoulders in braids with pink and white ribbons, the tips of which touched his breasts. The cheerleading skirt he wore barely hid the diaper at all, acting more as an accent to his humiliation than anything else. The matching top did the same for his D-cup breasts; the underboob of which nearly fell out of the material. Sam stared in wonder at the kinky bombshell before her and marveled at how much Chris had been changed.

“Tell me Chrissy, what are you thinking about right now?”

“All the fucking dicks I’m gonna, like, be sucking on tonight. God I need a good fuck! Someone’s gonna make me their dumb little slut tonight.”

“Someone already did, Chrissy.”

With a clap of the witch’s hands, purple smoke billowed around the transformed teens. Samantha could move again, but only for an instance as her knees buckled under her and she



fell into the soft cushion of a baby stroller that had appeared suddenly beneath her. Ghostly hands gripped her limbs and restrained them to the chair and placed a large teddy bear in her lap. Chris's legs were spread as a pink bar materialized between his knees, forcing him to bend at the waist to stand upright.

"There! Now the two of you are set for a fun night of trick-or-treating, wouldn't you say? The only thing left now is for you two to be on your way."

"Mmmmmph!"

Samantha struggled against her bonds, desperately wanting to get out of her predicament. Despite the difference in transformation, Chris seemed less about his wits than Samantha. He was far too eager to be led along back down the hallway from whence they came. Reduced to a slow waddle, Chris's diaper crinkled with every step as he pushed Samantha along in her stroller.

"The transformation will be removed once the clock strikes midnight, but you will be compelled to continue to trick-or-treat until there are no nearby houses you haven't been to or you have been returned to normal."

Samantha groaned behind her pacifier as she was jostled down the steps by her lumbering slut of an ex-boyfriend. She could hear him moaning with each step, the sound of the vibrator lowly humming underneath the thick padding around his waist. She didn't care what he said after he was returned to normal, there was no way in hell she was dating him ever again.

*"At least I can fall asleep in here. That'll make things go by fa—,"*

Samantha felt a sudden pang in her stomach before a loud noise issued from her diapered rear. It was mere moments before her bowels emptied into her diaper. She stared in horror at her bulging diaper as she sat in her own mess. Tears began to well in her eyes as Chris approached their first house. Unable to sleep sitting in the mess she made, Samantha openly sobbed; tonight was going to be a long night.