Troy’s heart was pounding in his chest. The room was seemingly empty, but it was never that simple. There was always a specter waiting around the next corner, and more likely than not, the apparition was not going to be the friendly kind. Troy heard a floorboard squeak. He spun around and grabbed his camera close in preparation for whatever would jump out at him. If he was going to have to stand and fight, he would prefer to be armed and ready. Suddenly Troy’s heartbeat wasn’t the only pounding he could hear. It started faint, but it slowly grew louder… and louder… it was getting closer with each passing second. Soon it was so loud that it practically echoed in his braincase.

 Troy sighed and paused the game. It was no good. His focus had already been shattered, and Troy knew enough about the pounding of feet that was tearing up the stairs towards his room to know that he wouldn’t be able to continue his game for more than a few seconds longer anyway.

Sure enough as in right on cue the door to Troy’s bedroom flung open and Troy’s two best buddies burst in. Both twins were clad in a crushed red-velvet vest, a short black cape with red lining, tiny black booty shorts that barely contained their thick cocks, and black tennis shoes to complete the ensemble.

“Blah.” Mike shouted in his most ridiculous Dracula voice.

“Tonight ve are going to suck.” Ike responded in a similarly comedic vampire voice.

“Your deek.” Mike finished for his brother.

“Fine…” Troy replied with a feigned tone of bored annoyance. “But no teeth this time.” He added playfully.

“Of course no teeth.” Mike concurred as he quickly crept over beside his seated pal with his cape held up covering his face like the Phantom of the Opera.

“Yeah. These teeth are for your neck anyway.” Ike explained as he too sidled up beside Troy.

“Blah!” Mike shouted once more in a comedic vampire voice.

“Bwah!” Ike parroted his brother’s tone.

The two brothers latched onto either side of Troy’s neck as if they were going for the jugular vein. “Nyararar rararar.” Mike growled like a tiny dog frantically gnawing on a piece of rawhide while he playfully nibbled on the nape of Troy’s neck. Meanwhile Ike was on the opposite side making comically overdone sucking sounds while he passionately kissed the nape of Troy’s neck.

“Hahaha. Haha. G-guys… Cut it out… T-that… that tickles, haha!” Troy tried to protest, but he was laughing too hard. The brothers obviously had him right where they wanted him. By the time the twins were done with their vampire feasting act, Troy’s sides were aching from laughing so hard. As Troy struggled to stop his giggling he slowly became aware of an awkward silence that had settled in upon the room.

“What is *this!?”* Mike gasped.

 “What *is* this!?” Ike parroted.

 “It’s Halloween and you’re alone in your room playing video games?” Mike gasped in mock indignation.

 “This will not do!” Ike replied.

 “This will not do at all!” Mike agreed.

 “I’m getting into the spirit of things in my own way.” Troy stated matter-of-factly.

 “Nope.” Mike said flatly.

 “Denied.” Ike remarked in a similar tone.

 “You are coming with us.” Mike explained.

 “Uh… where are we going…?” Troy asked nervously.

 “Where do you think, dude?” Mike replied.

 “It’s Halloween!” Ike explained excitedly.

 “We’re going Trick or Treating!” Mike added giddily,

 “Uh… aren’t we a little old for Trick or Treating?” Troy asked uncertainly.

 “Nonsense.” Ike replied.

 “No way, Jose.” Mike concurred.

 “You’re only as old as you feel.” Ike explained.

 Troy rolled his eyes and replied, “In that case, I’m so old I need to stay home and go to bed at a reasonable time.”

 “Nonsense! The night is young, and so are you!” Mike retorted.

 “Yeah! Your dick isn’t even done growing yet!” Ike added playfully. He then patted Troy’s huge cock as if he was rubbing the belly of an excitable dog which caused Troy’s massive four plus feet of fat cock which was splayed out in front of him to wobble.

 Troy tried to come up with a good counterargument. He tried to protest, but all he could manage was a barely audible and completely incomprehensible grumble. As much as he wanted to act mature he was a kid at heart, and the twins knew that. The mere thought of going trick or treating had Troy excited. He hadn’t done that in years! He had had so much fun going from door to door with his plastic bag and asking for treats. He would gorge himself on candy each and every year until one year his dad had insisted he was too old. Troy was heartbroken. If that was what growing up meant then he wanted no part of it. Each year after that he was relegated to hand-out duty. Watching all the happy kids show up with their cool costumes and the big smiles on their faces made him miss more and more the days where he too could join in the fun, and now he had a chance to do just that… although things with the twins rarely went so smoothly. Something was up, and Troy was already wracking his brain trying to figure out what quirky gimmick the twins had up their metaphorical sleeves.

 “Did you hear that?” Mike asked his brother in a giddy tone.

 “It sounded like a grumble!” Ike replied just as happily.

 “That can only mean one thing!” Mike replied. Mike then turned to Troy and with a huge grin plastered across his face said, “Just wait til you see the costume we picked out for you!”

 “W-wait! I didn’t agree to anything yet!” Troy sputtered in response.

 “You didn’t disagree either.” Ike replied casually.

 “I – …“ is all Troy managed to say. He knew he couldn’t argue with that. They knew as well as he did that he had already agreed to join in this little outing. He just hadn’t admitted it yet.

 Troy folded his arms in front of his chest and grumbled something under his breath. He let out a short “hmph” and looked away as if he was annoyed by the twins’ antics, but the slight smirk that played at the corner of his lips betrayed him.

 The twins quickly exchange a knowing glance and then turned and bolted back out the door they had just come through. They weren’t gone for long though. In a matter of mere seconds they were came barreling back through the door with bags in hand.

 “Here. Try this on.” Mike said excitedly as he shoved one of the bags into Troy’s arms.

 Troy didn’t even try to protest. He just rolled his eyes as if he was annoyed by the whole scenario, but the fact that his whole body was shaking because of how excited he was completely blew his cover and the fact that he was grinning from ear to ear didn’t help his case either.

 Troy quickly reached into the bag and pulled out an orange clump of fabric that he recognized instantly – it was a new pair of shorts! Troy was no stranger to being given new clothes by the twins, but Troy knew better than to take this gift at face value. The twins usually had some sort of game in mind, and this being all hallows’ eve meant that the twins were sure to be on their most mischievous behavior.

 Even before Troy began to put the pants on he was able to figure out what it was supposed to be. The colors were his first clue. The shade of orange was one of those quintessentially Halloweeny colors, and the shade of green that made up both the waistband and the rims of the leg holes made it clear that these briefs were pumpkin themed. Troy only gave the front of the briefs a cursory glance before he began to pull them on. After all, if you’ve seen one Jack-o-lantern face you’ve seen them all, right?

 The twins weren’t about to let Troy handle the monumental task of hoisting his humongous cock and balls into the pouch of his new briefs by himself. Not only was it an incredibly time consuming and tedious endeavor to do by oneself, but the twins were always more than happy to get some more hands on contact with Troy’s enormous schlong. Troy’s fantastically huge dick was as massive as ever. In fact it seemed even larger than before! That could have just been the twins’ imaginations playing tricks on them, but both exchanged a quick glance as if to ask “are you thinking what I’m thinking?”

The shared glance said it all. It didn’t make sense for both of them to be imagining things. Troy’s dick was definitely creeping ever closer to the fated five foot mark. Troy’s massive cock was already thicker than his whole body, and in just a few more inches it would be longer than the lanky teen’s whole body too. The twins couldn’t help but wonder how much longer it’d be before Troy’s dick got to be so frickin’ massive that it dwarfed his entire body. They were already imagining how cute Troy would look as he got seemingly smaller and smaller compared to his amazing cock. The twins were already wondering just how much bigger he would get and how much bigger he would be when his dick finally got too huge for him to handle by himself. It was already amazing that Troy was able to hoist such a stupendous schlong on a daily basis. If he added on another foot or three to his already person-sized schlong then there would be no way in hell he could lift the beast by himself. Fortunately Troy had two best friends who were more than happy to help pick up the slack.

After a brief second of shared introspection the twins were on Troy and quickly helping Troy cram his cojones into the pouch. The twins were surprisingly gentle despite their speed. Troy’s cock and balls were being jostled, but it didn’t hurt at all. In fact the closest thing to pain he felt was the occasional pressure on his butt when one of the brothers decided to give his bubbly butt cheeks a playful squeeze in between helping adjust his package.

It wasn’t long at all until Troy found himself staring at his own reflection in the mirror hanging from the backside of his door. Troy had assumed one jack-o-lantern face was the same as any other, but he had been very, very wrong. The face on his bulge didn’t seem that out of the ordinary at first glance, but he quickly noticed a few little details that made this particular pumpkin stand out from the rabble. For starters this pumpkin had very noticeable eyebrows above the black circles which passed as eyes, and on the left eyebrow there were two very noticeable rings drawn on. The piercings didn’t end there though. There was also a pair of snakebites right below the pumpkin’s mouth.

Troy quickly shifted his bulk around so that he could see the side of his sack reflected in the mirror. He half expected to see a few more piercings drawn onto the side, but like most jack-o-lanterns, this pumpkin’s face didn’t have any ears on it.

“I think he’s figured it out.” Mike said with an impish chuckle.

“I told you he would.” Ike responded in a similarly devious tone.

Troy rolled his eyes as if annoyed, but he wasn’t fooling anyone. “Seriously guys. Did you have to put my face on it?” He asked.

“Well, no…” Mike replied as if lost in thought.

 “We didn’t have to…” Ike added in a similar tone.

 “It’s just that we wanted to give it a cute face…” Mike began to explain.

 “… and yours was the cutest we could think of!” Ike finished.