

The Curio Shoppe Tricks, or...

John let out a sigh of irritation as he strode into the Curio Shoppe, his last hope to satisfy McKenna. Halloween was her thing, not his. She put up Halloween decorations in September. Had a whole drawer in her dresser of Halloween-themed clothes rife with black cats, crescent moons and pumpkins of a thousand and one faces. John? He didn't care if another trick-or-treater begged for candy at his house so long as he lived. His wife, however, had other designs, and since this year she had agreed to escort their niece Trisha, it fell to him to satisfy the pre-diabetic masses. It was his wife's way of trying to suck him into Halloween fetish. It hadn't worked in all the years they'd been together; he doubted it would work now.

He'd had all week since this pronouncement to procure the necessary candy, but deep down he'd hoped she'd forget about it. Instead, McKenna had hounded him every night until now, with mere hours to go before people showed up at his door, he was forced to do his shopping.

It *should* be simple. It was candy, for pity's sake, not TNT. Every gas station, drug store, grocer and vending machine in town ought to be flush with the stuff. Except no, McKenna had insisted that their house distribute only full-size candy bars. They had to be the "cool" house, as if free suckers weren't good enough for these total strangers leeching off his generosity. By this point, however, John was learning that stores were plum out.

The Curio Shoppe was his last hope.

It was his first time in the place, and god willing, it would be his last. The man who ran the place, a Mr. Cornelius Jasper, had a reputation for being a little too much in the Halloween spirit pretty much year round, and a bit of an oddjob. John had been in here a couple times with his wife, but she'd never done more than window shop. He was surprised she'd step inside a place like this. Hell, the banner hanging outside the front door promised "the greatest haul of Halloween booty." What kind of creep phrased it like that? John hoped that he would be able to slip in, grab some candy, and get back out without being beset by—

"Ghoulish evening, sir!" greeted a man who could only be Mr. Jasper. He stood behind the counter grinning toothily. Regrettably toothily. John hoped those things were part of a costume. "Welcome to my shop. Your need must be great, to darken my door at so late an hour."

"Um, yeah. Do you have candy bars?"

"Candy bars? Why of course! We have all manner of—"

"Not the rinky dink fun size crap. The big ones."

“Big ones, you say? Why, I have just the thing. Right this way, customer.” Mr. Jasper started down an aisle, and, wishing the old guy could have just pointed instead of dragging out the sales pitch, John had no choice but to follow. It was that or be banished to the couch again and even further from the sex that had become ever more elusive since their marriage.

The shelves were fairly picked over, but there was still a bit left – more than the butterscotches, candy corn and bland taffy the other places had had. Mr. Jasper stopped and pointed to a spot on the shelf that had what appeared to be candy bars, though not any brand John had ever seen.

“Take a gander, see what strikes your fancy,” invited Mr. Jasper. “We have–”

“Those look fine,” John said, pointing to the nearest bag. *Butter Nutters*, read the label. Sounded more like a knockoff cookie, but the wrappers were candy bar shaped at least. Good enough for him. John was diabetic, so it wasn’t like he’d have to eat whatever nasty junk was inside.

“Are you sure? Those hardly seem the sort of full-size confection you specified. Perhaps you’d rather try–”

As Mr. Jasper gestured to another bag opposite the *Butter Nutters*, John cut in. “Fine, sure, whatever. I’ll take those, then.” Anything to spare him a sales pitch for a goddamn bag of candy.

“You’re certain? For these may–”

“Are they candy bars?”

“Um, well, yes.”

“Size looks good. I’ll take them. No bag needed. Can I pay you here, or do I have to go to the register?”

After stuffing a \$20 bill into the old wackjob’s mitts, John was gone. This was a stupid chore on a stupid day that was about to get even stupider when it forced him to sit in his freezing driveway and interact with a bunch of stuttering six-year-olds being guided around on leashes by parents who somehow labored under the delusion anyone wanted the brats. Any part of it the evening he could hurry, he would. If that meant not waiting for a buck and a half change for candy that was already priced for extortion, so be it.

He was home by 6:00, just enough time to change into something warm before the kids started showing up at 6:30. He even gave himself a few swipes with his razor; McKenna had made such a fuss about their house being the first one by the entrance to the subdivision, as if there was some pride in making a good impression on people getting their first taste of this indistinguishably bland slice of suburbia. Let it not be said he didn’t give McKenna’s quest to inspire Halloween spirit his best effort.

Downstairs, McKenna was welcoming her sister Lisa and their niece Trisha. McKenna was already in costume as a football player, some girl power idiocy that he

didn't dare comment on except to assure her she looked great in the bulky get-up. Trisha's costume was a mermaid outfit. The bodice of it was a tan flesh tone mesh that was so much darker than its wearer's complexion that it looked more like a sweatshirt with two barely protruding plastic seashells glued on than the Disney version it was shooting for. The scales were just a long green dress with U-shaped bumps drawn on it, with long green socks peeking out the bottom that failed to disguise not-green sneakers.

Lisa, evidently, was dressed as a short, fat white woman, same as every other Halloween since he'd known her. The days between Halloweens, too. It was hard to believe she and her daughter were blood related. Tall and shapeless met short and far too shapeful. He felt bad for Trisha, though Lisa had exhausted his pity before she'd been his in-law.

"Evening, ladies," he said as he came downstairs.

"Hi, Uncle John!" cried Trisha, beaming, clearly waiting for him to compliment her costume.

"You mind closing the front door, sweetie? I'm not paying to heat the outdoors," he said instead. Then, after it was closed, "Great costume, Trisha. Ariel's got nothing on you."

"What's that supposed to mean?" snapped Lisa, gracious as ever. Since the day Trisha had hit puberty years back, she'd been forever on the lookout for any comment that she could misconstrue, as if the girl would have been his type even if she weren't his niece. Lord, the day he'd tossed out an innocuous "look how big you've gotten!" The girl's mother had acted like he'd told her to shake her nonexistent tits for him and slapped her on her barely existent ass. McKenna had had to intercede on his behalf, but the stinkeye had gone on for months.

"Come off it, Lisa, he's complimenting her costume."

"Yeah, mom, chillax already. Thanks, Uncle John."

"No problem. You gotta be getting back to hand out candy at your place, don't you Lisa?" Not that he wanted to rush her out the door.

"It's a six-minute drive. I have fourteen minutes," she explained coolly.

Sensing drama brewing more rapidly than usual between her husband and his sister-in-law, McKenna came to his rescue with a veiled accusation, pointing to the bag he had left on the stairs near the front door. "Honey, is this the candy you bought? 'Buster Bars?' I've never even heard of these. Are they safe?"

"Of course they're safe. They're candy bars. Unless you're worried about cavities, but I can't help you there."

"People are going to think they've got razor blades in them or something, John," stated Lisa disapprovingly.

"They were all out of razor blades, unfortunately."

“Oh, honey, stop,” said McKenna, leaning in to blow her husband a kiss from close range since she couldn’t get her face close enough on account of the helmet. She’d even attached horns to the side of it, though he had no idea how that contributed to the aesthetic. “They can’t be too bad or they wouldn’t sell them in stores. Where did you get them?”

“The grocery store,” John lied. No sense letting her know about the extent of his procrastination. “Some new thing they rolled out for Halloween, I guess.”

“Can we try one?” asked McKenna. Seeing her mother’s disapproving glare, she hastily pointed out, “Mom, they’re all gonna be gone by the time Aunt McKenna and I get back! I just wanna try one. Please, Aunt McKenna? We could split one. Get out sugar on before we get our trick-or-treat on!”

McKenna caved quickly, though for her, it was a matter of conducting quality assurance for her house’s candy delivery branding rather than satisfying curiosity. John opened the bag and handed one to his wife. The candy bar inside was a lumpy little thing, smooth on the bottom but the rest of it a chocolate shell around who the hell knew what. Once broken roughly in half, some sort of pale pink goo strung out from the two ends before snapping and spattering against Trisha’s mermaid top.

McKenna fed it to herself between the gaps in her face mask, McKenna taking a nibble at first, then quickly wolfing down the rest.

“Wow, that thing is *rich*,” said McKenna. “Good, though. All right, husband mine, I’ll say it: you done good. Wifey seal of approval granted. In fact, screw it, we’re splitting another one – the entire full-size candy bar experience.”

“Hot diggity dog,” he replied dryly as they unwrapped another, but he gave her a smile. At least she wasn’t mad. With that, he withdrew a bar and tossed it to his frumpy sister-in-law. She barely reacted in time, then scowled at the gesture.

“Why would you throw something at me? I didn’t ask for one.”

“Lucky you, huh? I knew you had good reflexes.” He’d bet good money the thing didn’t survive her six-minute drive.

Twelve minutes later, at 6:30 on the dot, John settled into his folding lawn chair at the end of his driveway. Most of the houses along the street had a similar setup, some with cheesy decorations, some in costumes, and the house two doors down even had sound effects going, a witch cackle and some ghostly moans John was tired of the first time he heard them. By the time this thing wound down, there could be shots fired.

Try to have fun, came the echo of his wife's voice as she and McKenna made their way down the sidewalk. *It's Halloween!*

The first handfuls were all in what he considered the prime age range. Kids being pulled in wagons by parents still fresh enough to smile; a group of boys in some kind of Asian-looking costumes he didn't recognize; a set of twins no higher than his chin in his seated position, both dressed as Elsa. He handed out his candy bars, even let the Elsas have two apiece. The sooner he was done here, the better.

John put on a smile and doled out those candy bars. Some of the kids even have the grace to look impressed, though puzzlement was the more common reaction to the unorthodox candy. Meanwhile, he tried once more to comprehend McKenna's Halloween obsession for the life of him. Sure, once upon a time, he'd dressed up and done the whole trick-or-treat thing. When he was ten. Then there was Trisha, who'd be starting trade school by this time next year, and his wife, more than a decade her senior. He couldn't understand the impetus for the life of him. Why couldn't people just grow up?

Sure enough, it wasn't ten minutes before a group came along that made him mutter that very thing.

The teens.

By the looks of them, they were around Trisha's age. The Asian girl was dressed as that skanky blonde girl from that comic book movie he'd seen on TV, or at least she was wearing shiny purple shorts, fishnet stockings, and carrying an aluminum baseball bat. Her blonde wig was close enough, though her glasses missed the mark from what he'd seen on TV. The white girl was Superman – or make that Supergirl, or Superwoman, or Superchick, or whatever the hell wore a skirt instead of just the leotard. She was plump around the middle, plumper than up top even; John had immediate doubts about her crime-fighting capacity, as well as her self-awareness draping that doughy body in spandex. Her tights weren't even the right color, for pity's sake. He'd certainly never seen Superman in green leggings. No effort at all.

Then again, compared to the other girl, she was practically a pro cosplayer. The third one, an ambiguously ethnic girl with browner skin and black hair that from John's provincial standpoint might be Philippino, Latina, or hell maybe Italian... well, her costume was the only thing he was sure of. Schoolgirl. Except he knew from seeing Trisha in that very outfit that it wasn't a costume, just the standard issue white blouse, navy blue skirt, and matching sweater. The girl simply hadn't changed after school, and

now wanted candy as a reward for her laziness. The only concession to the holiday she seemed to have made were pigtails. A thirty cent, thirty second costume at best.

“...and I was all, ‘no way,’ but he was like ‘yes way,’ and oh my gawd you’ll never guess who showed up then,” rambled Schoolgirl.

“Becky?”

“Nope.”

“Oh shit, was it Derek?”

“Yeah right, like Derek even would. No, it was—” The girl suddenly paused, turning to glare at me as her hand remained empty. “Can we have some or what?”

“Yeah,” added the girl with the bat persuasively.

“Aren’t you girls a little grown up for trick-or-treating?” John asked.

The girls shared a giggle at the preposterousness of the claim. “You’re never too grown up for trick-or-treating,” answered Supergirl. The three of them simply kept looking at this grumpy stranger expectantly; only the prestigious full-size confections retained their interest in the crabby fellow.

“So, can we have a candy bar, or what?” pressed the one with the bat.

John let them bathe in his glare for a moment, lest his disapproval go unnoticed, and finally, grudgingly held out the sack. Dipshit kids or no, it would deplete his supply faster.

“Buster bars? Wait, or does that say... What the huh?”

“They’re premium stuff, clown girl. Imports.” At least they should be for what that weirdo was charging for them.

“Clown girl? I’m Harley Quinn.”

Her friend was still examining the candy bar though. “Yeah, are you kidding around with these things or what? They’re probably full of razor blades and meth,” warned Schoolgirl, scowling.

“Meth costs extra. And if you find any razorblades, call your daddies’ lawyers and I’ll be right here.”

“Bet your ass we will. Come on, let’s leave, this house sucks anyway,” said Harley, jerking her head. Her friends followed suit, scowling at John as they headed next door.

“Aunt McKenna?”

“Yes, sweetie?”

“Do you feel... funny?”

“Funny how?”

“I dunno. Like... funny.” Trisha frowned. She’d never felt like this before. Whatever it was, it wasn’t bad. She wasn’t sure it was good either. She was warm in some unusual places, which was especially weird with the pre-winter breeze tearing through the mesh top of her mermaid costume. Her thinking was that it was thick enough not to show anything beneath it, which apparently also trapped in body heat and... magnified it? Somehow.

Plus, her sense of smell was off. It was like she was holding her pumpkin-shaped plastic candy bucket right up to her nose. The odor of chocolate and sugar and, from the orthodontist’s house, toothpaste was so strong it was like it was going straight to her brain.

And scrambling it.

As for McKenna, she was trying not to scowl as she made her way down the block. She’d taken drugs a few times when she was younger, and it was clearer by the minute that there was something going on with those ridiculous candy bars. *Buster Bars*? Pff. She’d only read it that way because she didn’t want to gross out Trisha or give her sister another excuse to lash out at the man. The way those letters were jumbled and spattered with confetti haphazardly on the candy packaging, that thing could as easily have been a Bust ‘er Bra as the way she’d instead pronounced it. Had he bought these at some skeezy sex shop or something?

Now, as she and Trisha trudged through the neighborhood, there was no doubt whatsoever that “funny” was the mildest way to put whatever had been in those things. Her stomach was rumbling like crazy, only she wasn’t really hungry, and she wasn’t gassy, and she wasn’t in a panic trying to find a bathroom. It was like it was just... moving things around. Which for all she knew was some hallucination of the PCP or whatever her idiot husband had fed her. She’d known he was lying about having gotten candy before tonight, but it didn’t occur to her that empty shelves would drive him to the black market!

She adjusted the straps on her shoulder pads again. Why was this thing so confining all the sudden? Did plastic shrink this much in the cold?

They hit a few more houses. None of them had full-size, though. None of their candy was weird off-brand junk though, either. A wash.

“Do you, um, think it would be OK if I ate one, Aunt McKenna?” asked her niece timidly. She licked her lips hungrily.

“One would probably be fine.”

When her aunt was distracted adjusting those straps for the fourth time this block, she snuck another piece. And another. The warmth got warmer. It was weird to say it, but somehow the mesh was starting to feel *too* warm. A little tight, too, Trisha reflected as she wolfed down a trio of KitKats.

“I’m gonna try it,” announced Harley.

“Don’t! It’s probably some weird Chinese virus in it or something,” cautioned Schoolgirl.

Harley smirked. “Well, I’m Chinese, so...” She shredded the wrapper and took a whiff. When she didn’t detect anything overtly off-putting, she took a bite.

“Well?”

“It’s... good. Not amazing, but for sure good. There’s like... I don’t know what it is. But I think I like it.”

One by one, they all took a bite, and one by one, they all scarfed it down.

“I really figured that creep was trying to drug us or something!” giggled Supergirl.

“Hey, the night is still young. We might score something good somewhere yet.”

“That rotten son of a bitch!” Lisa pounded her fist into her palm. “I’m gonna... I’m gonna...!” She trailed off with an animalistic growl.

It had taken less than half an hour to realize something was wrong. She’d let her guard down, eaten his stupid cheap knockoff candy bar, the Bust ‘er Bra – no matter what anyone said, that’s all she could see now when she looked at the wrapper – and now she was... was...

The woman dumped another packet of the M&Ms down her throat in between visitors. It was usually the best part of Halloween, indulging in a little gluttony while giving out some fun to the neighborhood kids. Tonight, though, it had been like her stomach was a bottomless pit. She’d probably eaten over a pound of candy, and she didn’t feel any fuller than she had before. The opposite, actually. It was like she could sit here all night and stuff herself without growing any more or less satisfied. But hey, as long as it wasn’t making her fuller or sicker... or so she’d thought.

“How does a *candy bar* make your breasts swell?” she grumbled. If she’d been able to see past them, she might have grumbled less to notice that her waistline had shrunk several inches, nearly as thin as before she’d had Trisha. A momentary rumble in her tummy, and it was the narrowest it had been since middle school. She could not see past her breasts, however. Less so by the minute.

It wasn’t until the heat between her legs finally built to the point where she stood up, the first step in her intended dash to the restroom to relieve this mad sexual need, that she discovered that her dress no longer fit. It had been tight when she’d put it on, something she’d bought three years and forty pounds ago, but it had cartoon skulls and witches on it, so it was her default Halloween garb. Instead, it dropped around her ankles and tripped her right there in the driveway. Her underwear followed, at least until the crotch of it met the bottom of her newly developed thigh gap. Her bare ass and pussy – *someone’s* bare ass and pussy; she wasn’t sure it was hers – were completely exposed to the neighborhood.

A father approaching with his two toddlers in a wagon covered their eyes just in time, though he didn’t cover his as she shrieked, gathered up her clothes, and dashed into the house.

She paused halfway to the door to about face for her bowl of candy. The man had already seen it all anyway, after all.

“Can we pause for a sec, Aunt McKenna?” Trisha asked. She’d been waiting to ask until they reached a particular spot. It had been a good haul so far, she thought, though by now she was simply eating the candy as it was handed to her. The bucket was simply to avoid littering with wrappers. She’d probably scarfed down three thousand calories of sugar by now.

“Sure. What’s up?” Her aunt fanned her helmeted face with a hand. It was forty-five degrees out.

“I, um, need to make a quick adjustment to my costume,” she answered sheepishly, praying her aunt wouldn’t make her explain it.

She was in luck, because McKenna was far too distracted by the incredible pressure building beneath her costume. She’d already undone the straps on her pads a couple blocks ago, but she was still trying to tug it into fitting right. “Sure, sweetie. Go right ahead.”

Trisha hurried behind a hedge that formed a shady nook on the corner of the block. Her scales were a serious hindrance; it was difficult to go more than six inches at a step without ripping it, which was only getting worse for some reason. The moment she felt like she was out of sight – as out of sight as she was going to get – she pulled her mesh top over her head and heaved a sigh of relief as her bare torso kissed the free, cool Halloween air.

It had been obvious that something was happening down there, but only when she caught full sight of them did she realize the extent. Trisha had been teased since fifth grade for being a late bloomer, and by now she accepted that she was simply never going to reach that coveted B cup. Her skinny body could be, and often was, mistaken for a boy’s. She didn’t want to wind up like her mom, but still, it would have been nice if her body could put *any* fat in those few right places.

Not any more though. Now, she had *boobs*.

They weren’t huge. (Not yet.) They were *big* though. They were sexy. They were like someone had taken a cantaloupe, cut it in half, sanded it perfectly smooth, and slapped a pair of rock hard nipples dead center. They barely looked real. They *weren’t* real, she supposed.

Reality was overrated, though.

Trisha was still inspecting her new booby bounty when she became aware someone had joined her behind the hedge. She didn’t bother to cover herself. Should she? Probably. She shouldn’t walk around with her ta-tas out, now that she had them. For some reason.

As if hearing her thoughts, her aunt’s voice gently chastised her. “Trisha, you can’t walk around with your boobs out. There are children.” There were also plenty of adults, but... that wasn’t nearly as big a problem. Adults should know about these things.

This was apparently something her Aunt McKenna agreed with, because when she turned around, Trisha realized her aunt was having a similar experience. The helmet came off first out of necessity, a mane of thick black hair pouring loose. It looked six inches longer than it had been when she'd arrived. How had all that fit in there? A moment later her jersey and shoulder pads followed, dropped carelessly on the dewy grass.

The sport bra she'd put on to keep the pads from rubbing her nipples looked like she'd stuffed it, much the way Trisha had tried to do in middle school gym class to no avail. If there was a reason not to take her bra off standing three feet from a crowd of trick-or-treaters on the opposite side of the hedge, she couldn't think of it.

"Aunt McKenna!" squeaked her niece.

Oh, right. She didn't usually flash her boobs at her family, for some reason. Not that anyone could possibly complain about a spectacle like these. From the look of her, McKenna had gotten the same perfect tit gene she had. Grandma Jeanie must have had some incredible knockers in her day.

Rather than rebuke her immodesty however, Trisha pointed at her aunt's midsection. "Have you lost weight?"

"Oh. Um, yeah, I guess I have." She'd stashed her purse's contents in her own candy bucket, since she wasn't actually receiving any, and fished out her phone to use as a mirror. Sure enough, years of sedentary living had melted away. Some part of her dimly speculated that it must have all gone straight to her tits. She tightened her belt and tugged out some of the inserted padding. There. Much better. Now her bubble butt could get the attention it deserved, too.

"Can we keep going?," asked McKenna.

“Girls, should you really be walking around like that? There are children,” chided a middle-aged woman as the trio helped themselves to another handful of candy.

“Like what?” snapped Harley. She scratched at her swelling booty, less and less mindful of the fraying threads that were fighting to hold her metallic pink-purple shorts on her steadily improving body. It was a good thing she had the bat, in case her pants ripped in the back and her booty hole got exposed. She’d need to be able to cover it.

The woman’s baleful gaze was the only explanation they were going to get, which they forgot the moment they turned and sauntered away. Schoolgirl halted first, though, once more greedily sucking down the container of Junior Mints they’d just been given. Supergirl valiantly held hers out to her friends. Her body didn’t seem as needy as theirs did. Her new jugs were being fueled by layers of stored belly and thigh fat. Thank goodness she’d worn spandex, so people could see how amazingly huge her new tits were.

And so her clothes still fit, she supposed.

Her friends weren’t as lucky. Schoolgirl only had love handles to nurture her sprouting curves, and Harley not even that. If they didn’t have candy to nourish them, they’d be stuck with mere tits, not the incredible titties they were now proudly displaying. Schoolgirl had needed to make concessions to her school uniform, unbuttoning it house by house until there was nothing left, then eventually tying it together in a snug knot to make a shelf for the pounds upon pounds of cleavage. Nobody knew where the sweater had gone.

Harley was less fortunate; she couldn’t take her shirt off because of stupid laws, but neither could she adjust it to make room for all the new work it had to do showing those whoppers off. Instead, it simply stretched, and stretched, and when it was finally about to pop, started shifting the leftovers to her booty and going to work on her shorts. Meanwhile, her shirt was now so tightly stretched that it was translucent. Her nipples may as well have been drawn on in red ink, they were so present.

Supergirl’s spandex, meanwhile, had expanded cordially to invite extra space for her tits, already at least as big as her head and so perky they were trying to rise up to compare side by side. It had exposed a smooth, flat stomach. If not for the green leggings she’d chosen to keep off the cold, her panties would be falling around her ankles inside of three steps. There was nothing left to hold them up.

“Guys, do you think we should, I dunno, worry?” asked Harley. Her fishnet stockings dug into newly sumptuous thighs fetchingly. Across the street, a dad steered his baby’s stroller into a light post as he got caught up rubbernecking.

“Worry?” Supergirl giggled. “We don’t have to worry unless somebody has kryptonite.” She flexed, but then thought better of it and hefted her tits. No, titties. She’d earned that, at least.

“Or cocks,” ventured Schoolgirl, resuming a slow-paced skip alongside her friends. Her tits kept flopping out, but who could care.

It wasn't easy driving with these things. If Lisa moved her seat as far back as it went, she could fit without her nipples rubbing on the steering wheel. That was very important, because the slightest pressure set these things off. She'd ditched her black and orange sweater for a garbage bag so she could cut holes out for them without destroying her clothes. Her lower half was just a second bag wrapped around her waist like a towel. It hadn't occurred to her until she was halfway back to her sister's house that her reduced posterior could have fit in now baggy clothes and just used a belt to hold them up. That would be less hot, though. Not that she wanted to look hot. She was angry. She was so angry, it was hot.

That no-good husband of McKenna's was going to pay for this. She didn't know how it was possible to transform someone's saggy, floppy breasts into a pair of enormous, pneumatic titties, but there was no denying what had happened.

Lisa had barely recognized herself in the mirror while she was rubbing one out. (And then another one, and then she lost count, and then she forgot how for a while until she finally stopping coming.) Suddenly her pear-shaped frame had been replaced by two downward-pointing triangles stacked on top of one another. All the extra belly had been slurped up right into her tits, and all the ugly blech in her legs had been squeezed into an ass that simply would not quit. The feeling of it wobbling in her wake was nothing new, but the realization of how fucking sexy it looked sure was. Meanwhile her boobs were so ridiculously prominent, so impossibly light, that they looked like someone had put invisible nipple clamps on her and attached them to invisible suspenders. She was suddenly so sexy she couldn't not want to stop not fucking herself.

Wait, what? Fuck, her nipples were touching the steering column again.

It had been a six minute drive to McKenna and John's place to drop off her daughter, and eleven minutes back on account of Halloween traffic and her decision to pull over and truly savor the remainder of the Bust 'er Bra bar.

It took her close to an hour to drive back. Lisa got lost a few times, and had to masturbate a few more.

"That no-good sonofabitch!" she cooed pleasantly. Her voice was an octave higher, and the damage years of smoking had done to her lungs had disappeared. When she got her hands on him, she was going to show him what his stupid candy had done to her ugly awful unfuckable worthless stupid body, and the newly scrumptious bigly-boobied bobble-bootied bod she had now. And then, once she showed him her body, she would...

Um.

She would...

Well, whatever. She'd show him. If there was one thing she was still sure of, it was that a man would know what to do with a body like this. God, she couldn't wait to find out.

“Aunt McKenna, my booby is out again,” announced Trisha proudly.

McKenna smiled affectionately at her young niece. *They grow up so fast*, she thought. *One day, you're helping them put on a costume and taking them trick-or-treating, then later that same day they have the tits of a porn star and can't stop flashing them at any stranger old enough to appreciate them.*

“Do you want some more costume glue?” she asked, reaching for the tube she had in her bucket. As for her own costume, McKenna had ditched her sports bra behind the hedges, shoulder pads in a tree, her helmet on somebody's front porch, and her cleats at the Gordons' house.

(McKenna been out to drinks with Mrs. Gordon several times; she'd recalled a drunken admission that her husband had a foot fetish, and thought she might give him a fun trick. Who knew a girl could come just from having her toes sucked on?)

Her pants she'd taken off... When had she taken them off? Meh. Now, all she had left was a jersey with so many holes in it was basically just a screen over her titties, more of which were squishing out the hem of the brief shirt by the minute, and a pair of once-loose boxers that now fit her like a glove at the OJ trial. She'd gone from football player to halftime slut.

(Was that a thing? She hoped it was a thing. If it were, she could enjoy watching football games with John.)

“I dunno, it keeps getting unsticky,” McKenna said with a pout, cupping the exposed tit with her hand. Before she could snatch up the accessory, a small gust of wind spirited away the pink plastic seashell that had popped off. By dumb luck it tumbled right down a storm drain. The girl was quietly relieved.

By now she'd managed to ditch all but one shell of her original cheap, lame costume. The scales had seemed indispensable until she'd bumped into some girls she knew from school. She forgot their names, but there was this slutty Supergirl chick skipping along with her friends, a slutty schoolgirl and a slutty Asian hooker. Or maybe Harley Quinn? There was a blonde wig.

Trisha and Aunt McKenna had stopped to compliment them on how awesomely ginormous their titties were, and the girls had reciprocated, which had made Trisha cream her already soaking wet panties. Nobody had ever said anything nice about her titties before! It was really obvious, probably because Trisha yelled out “oh my fucking gawwwwd I'm coming my tits off!” when it happened. They all had a nice laugh, compared titties, and costumes, and butts. Aunt McKenna had asked why Supergirl had green tights, and nobody had an answer for that so the heroine took them off, along with her panties (which she wadded up and tossed at a passing car). Every tiny breeze that came along flashed her pussy now. But the leggings had made way better scales than her original costume. Or if not better, sluttier. Which was better.

They parted ways, wishing each other the best of luck at scoring candy, or dicks. Dicks, mostly, they agreed with a burst of tittering. McKenna assured them she had her own handy supply of dick waiting for her at home. She was a lucky woman.

“Want me to help you cover them, sweetie?”

“Oh gosh, would you? That would be tits!” McKenna jumped up and down, clapping her hands. A wolf whistle issued from somewhere in the darkness. Who kept doing that? She wished they would just come out so she could see if it was someone she wanted to fuck. Meaning, basically, a boy.

Aunt McKenna planted a kiss on her niece’s forehead. Then another one on her lips. Then they made out for a while, craning their necks to swap spit past the barrier of a couple dozen inches of smushed-together titties.

“Come on, Trisha. Only a couple more blocks until we’re back home. We can’t stand around out here tongue-fucking each other all night.” Aunt McKenna moved behind her niece, wrapping a hand around her exposed boob. The girl sighed as her nipple received a soft squeeze, then trembled, then smiled vacuously over her shoulder.

“Yeah, let’s hurry back home and do it there.”

“We have like *no* candy,” observed Schoolgirl, turning her pillowcase inside out to double check. Then she turned it back outside in to see if there had been any on the outside inside. No such luck.

Harley, or Clown Girl, she thought she remembered a man renaming her, was similarly dispirited. “Yeah, we sort of suck at trick-or-treating, you guys.”

Supergirl sniffed indignantly. “It’s not my fault. She’s the one who keeps asking all the men handing out candy if they wanna fuck her before we can snag anything.”

Schoolgirl glowered. “Whoa whoa whoa, I’m not the one who keeps giggling so hard they think I’m teasing!”

“Because it’s funny!” retorted Schoolgirl, untying her blouse to make room for the latest burst of titty. A passing car honked; she let go of the halves of her top to wave back.

“How is that funny?”

“Because I’m the one who went as a slutty schoolgirl, but you’re the one who keeps trying to get older men to fuck her!”

“That is so not true! I’ve offered to let all the younger ones fuck me, too!”

“That’s enough, you two.” Supergirl rounded on her friends commandingly. She had the biggest titties, which made her the leader. “Look, the three of us came out tonight to... Shit. Um, to...” She scratched her chin. When that didn’t jog her memory, she twisted her nipples on either side of the red and yellow S emblazoned on her outfit. The orgasm knocked her down on her ass, the cold grass tickling at her bare cunt.

Still, her mind was clearer after. So very clear.

Her friends studied her, both of them playing with their tits enviously, as if they could coax them into competition with the Cunt of Krypton. “So as I was saying, we came out tonight to look hot and show off our tits and get fucked and get our titties fucked and get boys off with our tits. Right?”

“Right.”

“Oh fuck, that’s so right.”

“Right. Now I know we all want more fuel for our titties, and I know it’s not fair that I had such a head start.” She reached up her hands, and her friends helped haul her back to her feet. She gripped an ass in each hand, pulling their bodies into a huddle tit to tit to tit to tit to tit to tit to... *oh crud, triangles go in circles*, she realized. *Of course they do.*

“Still, we’ve had our treats. I think it’s high time we turn some tricks,” Supergirl purred in a voice of pure honey. The trio each squirmed about helplessly rubbing their nipples together. Girls were the next best thing to boys.

“Please tell me tricks means dicks,” said Clown Girl, whimpering as Supergirl effortlessly shoved a finger through the widening hole in the back of her shorts and into her asshole.

“Yeah, please let me fuck someone,” echoed Schoolgirl as she thrust her bat up into her shirt and started to gently titty-fuck it. No doubt about it, she remained the smart one of the trio.

“Don’t worry, ladies. I have a plan.” She nodded confidently, then giggled like a hot little idiot. “Oh, and you forgot to re-tie your blouse.”

John was back in his chair by seven. The chill hadn't done much to diminish foot traffic, and weird wrapper or no, his candy bars had disappeared fast. While the better prepared husbands were out there freezing their asses off – or worse, opening and closing the door and letting all the goddamn heat out all night – he'd been back in his chair watching football and sipping beer like a king.

He heard the door open. 8:00? He wouldn't have imagined McKenna and Trisha would cut their expedition short. "Back so soon, honey?" he called out.

"Don't you 'honey' me, you bastard." A strange woman sauntered into the room. She was short, almost as short as his sister-in-law, and wearing nothing but a pair of trash bags. One had a hole cut for her arms, for her head, and for some reason for a pair of thumb-tip sized nipples, pink as bubble gum. The other bag she wasn't wearing so much as holding up in front of her pussy like a screen.

She was sexy as hell. Amber blonde hair hung down in shimmering waves framing a face that was plump in precisely the right places, what could only be some kind of freak luck of genetics or well-spent money at a plastic surgeon. That was far less interesting than the colossal tits stretching the plastic in that trash bag, though, yet her waist was as broad as his leg.

"Um, do I know you?" he asked, standing up.

"Oh, do I not look like you remember? Here, let me help," she snapped in a smooth, inviting soprano. The one bag dropped, revealing an equally blonde cunt. He only had a chance to marvel at it for a second, however, before she literally tore off the bag covering her torso. Tried to, anyway. Somewhere in the middle of it her arms got tangled up in it and she fell down on a thoroughly rounded butt, whimpering helplessly.

"Recognize me now?" she pressed, pouting.

Certain that a married man should not be helping this bizarre woman, yet also certain he couldn't leave her on the living room floor, he awkwardly approached and offered a hand up. "Ma'am, I think you have the wrong house. Whoever you're looking for is a lucky man, but I'm happily married, and—"

"You are *not* a lucky man. You're a dead man!" she protested with an incongruously pleasant lilt. "When my sister finds out what you've done to me, she's going to..." Lisa trailed off. What *was* her sister going to do? Hopefully not send her away.

"Your sister... wait *Lisa*?!" he cried. He couldn't have even said how he recognized her. Different voice, different face, and a very, *very* different body. There was something in the eyes, maybe, the ratios of her features. She looked ten years younger and ten points hotter. But it was her.

"Of course it's Lisa! Your dumb-dumb Bust 'er Bra candy bar gave me *huuuuuuge* titties and this stupid slut voice and a volcano pussy that won't quit erupting and fat dick-sucking lips and... did I mention how big my titties are?"

“Um, yes. You said the *candy bar* did this?”

“As if you didn’t know!” With a fit of energy, she tore off the remaining tatters of her plastic bag clothing and revealed the whole of her naked body. She was... well, pretty much exactly like she’d described. He opened his mouth in startlement, but then she had grabbed his face and was smothering him in forty pounds of tit.

“Look at me! Get a good, close look!” she begged. Angrily? Greedily? She was hard to read. “I’m tits on legs! I’m a fuck slot with handles! I’m a giggling, squirming, babbling, orgasming set of... of... oh god, you’re... that feels so... oh, my sister is such a lucky...”

John wasn’t even doing anything. He’d struggled, precisely too feebly to resist, for a minute, but these things were tractor beams that were designed to suck in men whose wives didn’t put out enough. He didn’t know what was going on, but right then, he didn’t care. Only a total moron would pass on a chance to suck on these things. Besides, McKenna and Trisha wouldn’t be back for—

“We’re *ho-ome!*” called out McKenna.

“Uncle John? You gotta see how Aunt McKenna fixed my—”

The duo paused as they entered the living room, where their respective husband and uncle was in the midst of being smothered by their respective sister and mother. Lisa gasped – in pleasure, mostly, but a little bit in guilty surprise – as they took in the sight of her.

“Mom?” said Trisha.

“Lisa?” said McKenna.

“Oh fuck, don’t stop sucking my titty nipples,” said Lisa.

He had stopped though. *This isn’t what it looks like!* was on the tip of his tongue, until he took in the sight before him.

McKenna’s jersey looked like it had been sized for Pee Wee football and then been stretched over a pro linebacker, except instead of superhuman muscles, it was stuffed with superhuman tits. Tits the hole-riddled fabric did very little to conceal, since it was now so hard-pressed to contain her that the bottom third simply hung down beneath the hem. Her boxers faced a similar dilemma, the slit in the front stretched until her pussy hair was visible.

Then there was Trisha, wearing a pair of green leggings she definitely hadn’t left the house in and a single piece of plastic that he recognized from before. Then, it had dominated her chest; now, it covered the nipple and not much else. Then it fell off while he stared, and covered nothing.

The women were distinct, though each of them was unmistakably sexier than anyone present would have ever dreamed. Their tits, however, were not distinct at all. Size-wise, a bit, with mother and daughter respectively in first and second, with

McKenna right on their heels. Those half-globe titties were all made in the exact same mold. Perfect.

“Look how hot and fuckable and with big huge sexy titties your husband made us!” chirped Lisa. She thought she’d meant it as an accusation, but when she heard it in her voice, it sounded like it might be gratitude.

Her sister still recognized the rebuke behind that sunny voice, however, and pulled her big sister in for a hug. “Oh, Lisa. You need to loosen up. It’s Halloween, after all.”

“Don’t wanna,” Lisa pouted, rubbing her bare nipples against the fabric of her sister’s jersey.

“Seriously, Mom!” laughed Trisha. “You can be so lame sometimes! Uncle John, would you help loosen her up?”

John looked between the women, settling on his wife’s gaze over her sister’s bare shoulder. McKenna gave a soft nod and raised a thumb. “Go ahead, honey. You did such a good job with the candy this year. You deserve it.”

“Huh? Deserve wh—” Lisa began, but that was all the longer it took for his cock to shove inside her.

“Can I go next, Uncle John? You could fuck my yummy nummy titties!” She clapped her hands together. “I’ve waited my whole life to say those words! I totally get why this is your favorite holiday, Aunt McKenna.

The doorbell rang before she got an answer. By then, Lisa had flopped on her back with her cheek resting on her daughter’s discarded seashell, eyes vacant as a line of drool tricked out onto the remnants of the failed attempts at gluing her modesty back on.

“I’ll get it!” offered Trisha.

“You have your titties out,” chided Aunt McKenna, giving them a long, intimate pinch to remind her. The girl swooned when her aunt released her, falling back into John’s chair. “I’m still decent. I’ll get it.”

At the door, she was happy to take in the familiar sight of the three girls they’d bumped into earlier. Their tits were only a teensy bit bigger, but otherwise they looked about as fuckable as before except that Schoolgirl’s tits were out, and Clown Girl’s shorts were simply being held in front of her, a wad of chromatic fabric narrowly obstructing her pussy. Her bat was missing after the others had to wrestle it away from her to prevent another fight about whose tits it fucked next.

“Trick or treat,” the three said in unison.

“Oh, sorry girls, we ran out of candy!” McKenna said apologetically. “Don’t worry. Bodies like yours, I’m sure you’ll get those boxes stuffed easy enough.”

“Um, we were actually, um, wondering if we could have a different kind of treat...?” said Supergirl. Only when she clasped her hands pleadingly in front of her truly

legendary titties did McKenna realized they'd been in her friends' pussies when she answered the door.

It was refreshing to see such close friends having such a fun night together. Halloween really brought people closer together.

McKenna didn't miss their meaning, of course. Sluts like these could only want one thing. Cocks. And maybe also pussies. Titties, too, she'd bet. Then more cocks. "Oh, I'm sorry, girls. I'd offer you my husband's, but he has this chip on his shoulder about high school girls trick-or-treating." She frowned sympathetically. Boy would he be whistling a different tune when he found out how his stupid hang-up was costing him some world-class trim.

"Honey? Who is it?" yelled her husband from the next room.

"Just some trick-or-treaters," she called back.

"We were here before!" yelled Supergirl. Would he remember them? They'd been so *ugly* then, she hoped not. So far her plan wasn't working at all. The man was supposed to answer the door, and they were all supposed to say *trick-or-teats!* and giggle and ask if he would fuck them. Women, though, she didn't understand at all.

McKenna ruined their chance at making a new first impression, however. "It's a slutty Supergirl, a slutty schoolgirl, and an Asian hooker," she added.

"Well shut the door already," he yelled back. "I'm not paying to heat the outdoors!"

"Um, can we at least thank him for before?" asked Supergirl before the door could close.

McKenna smiled. "Sure. That's very considerate of you. Such nice tits. Girls. Girls with big nice tits."

She escorted the trio into the living room, where John was pounding the hell out of his bitch sister-in-law's newly sculpted cunt. Trisha was playing with herself, but she waved hello with her free hand.

"Oh hey, it's you!" exclaimed Supergirl cheerfully. "You know, those leggings look totally better with your costume than they did on mine."

Trisha, who currently had them wrapped around her ankles, which were hanging in the air above her as she assaulted her clit with abandon, blushed at the kind words. "And you look better without 'em!"

The three only had eyes for the one with the cock, however. John noticed them, but they'd had their bras busted same as the rest, so no rush. Only, surrounded by all these mountains of exquisite tit, buried to the balls in his sister-in-law, taking his time wasn't an option. Not the first go, anyway. He grunted, tensed, and flooded Lisa's insides with months of stored up cum. McKenna was so happy to see them getting along so well for once.

He stood up, cock glistening. "You three again."

“We just wanted to thank you for the candy,” gushed Asian Hooker. No. She was... somebody. A person. Shit, what had her parents called her? Whatever. Asian Hooker was way hotter, she was sure.

“And we’re sorry we weren’t nicer,” added Schoolgirl, twisting her leg nervously back and forth, tits jiggling rhythmically.

“And we took your advice about our costumes,” finished Superslut. “Do you like them better now? We stuffed all the ass and titties we could grow into ‘em. We really tried hard this time.”

“We’ll really try hard as long as you want,” promised Schoolgirl, shrugging off her pitifully inadequate blouse. When had she taken her panties off? Why had she ever worn any?

“Dear?” he asked.

“Oh, go on, John. I was hoping to watch a man fuck these hotties anyway. Might as well get a front row seat!” McKenna guided the girls to him and they fast formed a cooing, dripping, pleading, wriggling web of intertwined flesh. Trisha hurried over to join in, but nearly tripped over her leggings. Her mom, who had finally stopped coming, caught her and helped her upright.

“You’re sure this is OK, Mom?”

“Like I always tell you, you be good for your aunt and uncle.” She patted her daughter’s rounded rump, nudging her into the pack surrounding her Uncle John.

“You know, McKenna, maybe you’re onto something about this whole Halloween thing after all.”

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