

Trick or Treat! (Friends to Mother & Daughter TG AP/AR)

By FoxFaceStories

Lloyd and Martin are two college aged guys with nothing better to do on Halloween than pull pranks on and jeer at the enthusiastic young kids happily celebrating Halloween. But when they prank the household of a mother who is secretly a witch, they soon find themselves having to participate in the festivities, as mother and daughter!

Trick or Treat!

Lloyd nudged his friend Martin and pointed at a group of kids passing down the street. They were dressed, rather cheaply, as a squad of ghosts with silly expressions cut out of the cloth for their heads to poke out of.

“Check out these marks,” he said.

Martin chuckled. The redhead was in his early twenties but still had a pimply complexion and edgy expression that most other boys had grown out of by this time. The baggy hoodie he wore only gave him more of an immature appearance. Lloyd, on the other hand, looked a bit older despite being the same age, a result of his hair neater and his shirt and jeans fitting more neatly. He was almost handsome, at least compared to his friend, but down in his soul he was just as willing to indulge in misbehaviour, as was about to occur.

“Oh yeah, I think we can have a bit of fun with this lot.”

The pair strode out. It was the evening of the 31st of October, and Halloween festivities were everywhere across towns: Jack O’ Lanterns, spooky scary skeletons, witches hats and creepy webs, the works. Numerous children were out and about, excitedly dressed in their monstrous costumes, going from door to door and receiving candy from equally costumed adults, or simple stay-at-home residents who enjoyed giving out sweets for this special event.

But Martin and Lloyd had never trick or treated. Their parents had never let them, and now that they were older, their frustration at having been left out of this event had turned to anger, then scorn, and finally a disdain for those who were enjoying it. On this night, as they had last year, they were travelling down the streets without any costume, conning and tricking the kids and taking away their treats, or simply ruining the experience entirely for them.

“Trick or treat!” the ghosts shouted, seeing Martin and Lloyd approach with a basket in hand. They held out their hands to hopefully receive some candy and chocolate, and this was exactly the image the pair of boys wanted to impress upon them.

“My, what great costumes!” Martin sneered, chuckling to himself. “Just a white sheet, huh?”

One of the boys looked a bit crestfallen at this, but Lloyed put a hand on his friend's shoulder briefly, warning him to be subtle. He'd always been the better leader in that respect.

“My friend is just joking,” he assured them in his more mature-sounding voice. “These are so simple and so clever! I thought you were real ghosts for a second!”

“We are!” one girl said in a cute voice. She couldn't have been older than four, and was clearly being led around by the elder siblings. “Boo!”

Lloyd faked being terrified. “You know, we do have a lot of candy here. If you guys hold out your own basket and close your eyes really, really shut, we might just be brave enough to put some chocolate bars in. How does that sound?”

The kids all got quite excited, even as Martin snickered. But the moment they closed their eyes and extended their shared basket, the redhead of the pair reached his hand in quickly and snatched as much of their candy and chocolate as possible. He quickly batted their basket to the ground, knocking their accumulated prizes across the sidewalk, and by the time the children realised what had happened, Martin and Lloyed were already cackling as they ran away, fists full of chocolate bays and candy. The shocked children began to cry, and it was music to both young men's ears.

The 'pranks' continued throughout the night. The delinquent pair laughed at a mother and daughter dressed as pirates, mocking her young boy for dressing in a 'woman's blouse', to the point where he begged his mother to take him home. They splashed icy water on a pair of devils, grabbing more candy on the way, and shouting as they ran: “Looks like hell just froze over for you two!”

Most of the candy they didn't even want, leaving a litter trail or just throwing it straight in the trash right in front of the children they'd stolen it from. Martin in particular loved this childish fit, usually when a more aggressive parent tried to give chase. But Lloyed was a planner, and he wanted to get to the heart of the issue.

“We need to make a bigger dent. Really fuck over this dummies for enjoying this stupid holiday.”

“We haven't done enough?” Martin said, licking his lips of chocolate and scratching a few of his pimples.

“No, not by a long shot. We need to do something worse.”

Martin grinned. He knew when his more strategic friend had a plan, and sure enough he did. Instead of waylaying children for meagre gains and meagre miseries, they'd instead visit the houses themselves, and snatch up all the available candy that was put out for them to enjoy. It was an easy raid; far too many people were trusted. As the most energetic of the pair, Martin was tasked to run up to the house and grab everything on offer, tear apart some

decorations, and then take off, all while the more cautious Lloyd kept lookout. Soon children were unable to find candy anywhere, and the houses with parents playing dress up were likewise fooled when the more charismatic Lloyd convinced them to hand a lot over, claiming to represent a group of children who couldn't trick or treat due to chronic illness.

There was no low the pair wouldn't sink to in order to bring the holiday down.

But fortunately for those enjoying the spooky festivities, and unfortunately for the delinquent pair, there was one house, the most richly decorated, that would prove their undoing. It was at the end of a cul de sac, and was considered *the* Halloween house, looking already like a witch's home with its old boarded construction and uneven tiles. Now, with decorations galore and gnarled trees and webs out the front, it drew the children like flies. It also drew them, and they had gotten some new supplies to make this prank all the 'sweeter.'

"This is it," Martin said, jumping on the spot like a fool. "This is when we kill Halloween!"

"Exactly. A two person job," Lloyd said, indicating the huge baskets full of candy for the children to take.

They surged forward, their own basket swapped out for a bucket, one that was full of a new and nasty prank. They quickly grabbed all of the candy they could find, and then just for extra measure, they knocked on the front door, Martin giggling like a fool. As soon as it opened, a woman dressed as a witch stepped forward, a little daughter witch by her side, and both were holding out baskets of candy.

"Hello th-"

The woman didn't get to finish, but Lloyd dunked the bucket over her head; the bucket filled nearly to the brim with *molasses*. The daughter screamed as her basket was taken, and the woman struggled to get the bucket free, utterly humiliated as she landed back on her rear the moment she got free. Lloyd and Martin were cackling maniacally, making their getaway.

"You assholes!" the woman called, holding her daughter's ears even as molasses dripped down over her own. "You don't mess with a witch on Halloween!"

"Try and curse us then!" Martin yelled back giddily.

"Worse, I'll *hex* you! By the end of the night, you'll both be sorry! Time to learn the true meaning of Halloween festivity!"

Lloyd and Martin just cackled again and fled, flinging half their ill-gotten gains down the drain. It was only when they stopped that both of them felt a little funny. Lloyd winced as his stomach grumbled, and Martin's did the same.

"Dude," the latter said. "Do you feel kinda . . . weird?"

"Y-yeah. I'm hungry. Like, really hungry. For candy and chocolate, though."

"Me too!"

Lloyd grinned. "I guess ruining Halloween makes you famished, huh? Good thing we've got a solid haul."

They devoured their thieved goods, unwrapping lollipops, guzzling down gummy snakes, eating bars of chocolate, snacking on the various sweets. As they did so, their stomachs continued to twist and turn, their organs shifting weirdly, almost as if something new was growing there. They ignored the shared sensation, so caught up in the need to consume were they.

"Wow, we just ate so much," Martin said, burping a little. "I feel kinda full."

"Weird, 'cause you look like you've lost weight."

Martin looked over himself and gasped. He *did* look like he'd lost weight. His hoodie was even more loose than usual, and same for his pants. His hair felt strange, like he needed a haircut.

"Well, you look weird too," he snapped back. "Seriously, did you put on makeup or something? Your face is all smooth!"

Lloyd felt over his features. They *did* feel different.

"It's just the molasses. I probably got some on my face. And clearly you just need more snacks."

Martin grinned. "I reckon we can steal some more," he claimed.

"Let's do it, Maria."

"Martin, Mom."

"Oh, yeah. That's what I said. Did you just call me?"

Martin gave him a funny look. "Call you what?"

Lloyd shook his head. "Nothing. Let's get going."

The foolhardy pair continued to patrol the streets, seeking out kids to prank and steal candy from, sometimes jumping from the bushes to terrify them and keep the treats they left behind. Even as they did so, though, their bellies rumbled, and the need to devour more sugary things only increased. Soon they were constantly eating on the go, but instead of feeling sick, they were feeling *sweet*. With each bar and flake and pop and fizz consumed, their bodies continued to change. Lloyd was shocked to find that his hair was growing longer, his hips creaking wider, his nipples becoming oddly large and sensitive against his shirt. His voice had become a low contralto, sounding a little feminine at times, while Martin was looking even more changed: he'd lost nearly a foot in height, and his limbs and stomach and everything about him was becoming more petite. His red hair was also growing longer, and he was finding his runaway energy even more chaotic than usual.

"We need more candy! Need more candy! Lloyd, Mom, we need more candy to make it a good Halloween!" he cried.

Lloyd clutched his head, feeling his chest push out a little more after yet another candy binger. “Maria - Martin! We can’t! Something w-weird is happening to us, m-man! Don’t you see that we’re changing!?”

“Of course I see, *silly!* I’m shrinking so tiny, and my thoughts are going a thousand miles a second. I’m feeling like a goddamn *kid* again, and I can’t stop calling you *Mom!*”

“Then we need to get to a hospital. Something really fucked up is happening to us.”

But Martin cringed at the very mention of hospital, as did Lloyd. It was not the right direction for the night, and their minds burned with how sad it would be to skip Halloween for a mere *checkup*. The two groaned.

“Need more candy.”

“Need more chocolate,” Lloyd added. “I mean - no! We don’t need more. I think - I think every time we glutz ourselves on all these Halloween treats, we’re changing more and more. We’re - oh fuck, Maria - we’re getting tricked. That witch lady *did* hex us!”

At that very moment, the pair suddenly doubled over, the next set of changes upon them. Lloyd moaned in unwanted pleasure as his chest began to push forward, and his hair descended further over his shoulders. His waist pulled in just a little, while his going pulled back, becoming smaller and smaller. He whined as his face softened, nose becoming a bit more defined, lips fuller. He was getting breasts! He was growing an ass! And even his clothes were changing, becoming darker, with a cloak and now a pointed hat and a broom in one hand and-

“S-shit! I’m b-becoming a lady dressed up as a witch!” he groaned, voice now entirely feminine. He felt a bit more tired, like his body had gone through so much more, and this was confirmed when Martin gaped at him.

“Mommy! You’re getting older! You look like a total Halloween mom now!”

Lloyd bit his fuller lip, trying to take this in as more changes occurred. He looked at his friend and gasped in return. “And you’re shrinking, Maria! Holy moly, you’re turning into a little girl!”

Martin was indeed: his clothes were also changing, becoming bright orange and flaring out into an adorable child’s dress, one that fit him all the better as his body shrank and shrank and shrank. His voice whined, getting almost squealy in tone from the reduction in age. The ability to think rationally went out the window, his emotions heightened as his member shrank almost to nothing, as his fiery red hair became an adorable red mop down his back. He was now dressed as a Jack O’ Lantern girl, complete with black stockings for his hairless legs and adorable little boots. He looked less than ten years old, and getting younger each moment.

“I’m not a little girl!” he whined. “I’m not! I’m not!”

“Are too, young miss!”

"I'm not! You can't make me say it!"

"Yes I can," Lloyd chided. "I'm your mother, remember. You will be a little girl because you're my little girl, and I know you want to go trick and treating, right?"

Martin sniffled. "Y-yeah, I - what the hell!?"

Lloyd snapped out of it too. "Holy shit, what was that?"

"It was like I was locked behind a wall. I could see everything my body was doing and feel it too, but I couldn't control it. These . . . things were in control."

"Like compulsions?"

"Yeah!"

Lloyd grit his teeth, still unused to his womanly voice. He looked down at his new, small but present bust and cringed. "Me too. Come on, we need to get back to that witch and apologise and beg or even threaten to beat the shit out of her and her daughter. Maybe then she'll change us back."

"Great plan, Mommy!"

"Thanks Maria."

They both exchanged a horrified look, and then the pair ran. Their aim was to travel the three blocks necessary back to the witch's house, but the best laid plans were easily fooled, especially now that a better planner than Lloyd had set things in motion. Even as they tried to beeline straight to their destination, the cravings for more trick and treats occurred. Only this time, the compulsions set in. Instead of raiding for ill-gotten gains, the pair approached every single house on the block, Lloyd knocking for his 'daughter,' and she holding up her basket adorably and begging for more treats. It was humiliating, but the people loved the cute display, complimenting the pumpkin dress in a way that made Martin embarrassingly proud.

"Let's hurry up, before we have to stop at every house in the block! I don't wanna be a little girl!"

"And I don't want to be your mother, young miss!"

But stop at every house they did, and each time Martin was called cute and adorable, while the residents acted like they knew Lloyd, calling him 'Leslie' and seeming to think he was some kind of lovely contributor to their lame suburban community. It was a Halloween nightmare, and it was only getting worse, because soon those stomach rumblings (or tummy rumblings, for Maria) were returning. The two tried to hold off, but it was impossible, and soon they were devouring more of the Halloween treats they had earned the proper way, paving the path to their final changes.

By the time they were two blocks away, Martin and Lloyd were actively calling each other 'Maria' and 'Mommy', and were even thinking of themselves as Maria and Leslie.

By the time they were two blocks away, Maria looked to be only five or six years old, and was struggling to fight against her childish energy and desire to show off her amazing costume. Likewise, Leslie's shape was even more female, her looks attractive in a 'soccer mom' kind of way, her witch's outfit looking stylish and campy all at once.

And by the time they reached the witch's house, the worst had come to pass: with one final devouring of chocolate and sweets, the pair groaned as they finally made the transition from male to female, completing their changes fully.

"N-noooooooo!" Maria shrieked, tears forming in her eyes as she balled her little fists. "I'm not a little girl! I'm not a pumpkin girl! No fair!"

Leslie was more composed, simply repeating over and over again: "I can't be a mom. I don't deserve this. I can't be a mom. I don't deserve this!"

But still, they found themselves walking hand in hand to the witch's doorstep, their hearts pounding in their chests. They were mother and daughter now, forced to follow their new roles, and unable to even think of themselves as not being in this new relationship, no matter how humiliating it was for them. Their new dynamic was present as Leslie knocked on the door before ushering her daughter forward.

"Trick or treat!" Maria said as the woman opened the door, her hat now gone and her face scrubbed. Evidently, there was no spell for proper molasses removal.

"Well, if it isn't my two pranksters from earlier today," the witch said, smirking. "I believe you owe myself and my little daughter Ebony an apology."

"S-sorry!" Martin squeaked to her, and the little daughter hiding behind the witch's legs.

"Of course," Leslie added, trying to ignore the fact that she now had noticeable breasts on her figure. Trying to ignore the slit between her thighs. "We're sorry! Please turn us back!"

The witch cackled, and it was a true witch's cackle. "Not until you've restored some Halloween spirit, you two. You're lucky I was able to conjure up some more candy for the kids, but since so few are coming after all your stunts, it's now up to mother and daughter to spread some spooky cheer."

She handed Leslie a heavy basket, and Maria a smaller one.

"Make sure it's all empty by midnight, with the candy spread evenly among all the children of this street. And if you're not fast enough, you can enjoy your new mother-daughter relationship for life, and the far more friendly communal spirit they bring. Au Revoir!"

And with that, she slammed the door shut. Maria and Leslie exchanged a look, then both eyes turned to Leslie's wrist, where her watch thankfully remained.

“Mommy, what’s the time say?” Maria asked, feeling her mind recede back into child mode.

Leslie gulped. “Eleven thirty, my sweet little pumpkin princess. Only half and hour to get trick or treating back on track, or . . .”

“Or we’ll be stuck as mommy and daughter for life?”

Another gulp, as Leslie looked down over her female, single mother’s body.

“It looks like, yes.”

The two moved as quickly as they could, mother pulling her daughter along but having to limit her speed to make sure she was safe. Her new maternal instincts flared, as did Maria’s desire to give as much candy as she could to her neighbourhood friends. Still, it was a mad dash.

The witch watched them go through the window of her kitchen, checking the time on the large clock up above on the wall.

“Just half an hour left, you two,” she said with a grin. “Hmm, I wonder if they’ll make it, sweetie?”

She looked to her daughter. The little witch in training gave a very good cackle.

A Spooky End