

The Curio Shoppe
... or Treat

“Mom, do we have to get candy at this place? Everyone says it’s, like, super weird.”

“We’re patronizing a local business, honey. Besides, it’s closer to home, and trick-or-treating starts in half an hour!”

“Why do we even have to hand out candy? It’s not my fault Jack ate it all, the stupid little pig! Why can’t we just turn the lights off and ignore the doorbell?”

“For one, because you know it drives Wrigley crazy. That’s why we sit out on the driveway to hand it out so he doesn’t hear voices outside and lose his mind. And for two, because it’s fun! Come on, you always used to like handing out candy with me.”

“Not that it’s any of your business, but I’m trying to go down another dress size the next dance, so the last thing I need is to plant myself in front of a big bucket of temptation for two hours.”

“You look beautiful already, sweetie. Besides, it sounds like a character development opportunity to me! Now are you coming in or what?”

“Or what.”

“All right, Miss Grumpy-Britches. What do you want me to get?”

“A new mother?”

June privately rolled her eyes and left Isabelle in the car. She’d been so moody lately, ever since... well, since her twelfth birthday or so. Six years and counting. Blossoming into what even her mother had to admit was a pretty dynamite body had only exacerbated the attitude. Wavy blonde hair, big booty and bigger boobs on an hourglass figure, with that pretty little face with its button nose and infectious dimples. Not that June had seen her daughter smile much of late. She was always on the warpath over something.

June flashed her daughter a parting smile and made her way into the Curio Shoppe. She’d never actually been in here before, but she liked it immediately. It was so cute! Such ambiance. Remarkably authentic cobwebs clung to the walls; a bubbling cauldron of a foul-smelling (but-not-too-foul-smelling) liquid brewed near the door, stirred by what she thought was an animatronic witch. It felt like everywhere she looked, there was some impression of creepy crawlies fleeing from her peripheral vision. She didn’t know how they did it, but it was delightfully on theme.

Besides, here it was, what had to be their biggest holiday of the year and they still had some inventory left. The costume racks were picked over, but options still remained for those receiving last minute party invites. Decorations, party favors, a range of occult products from child’s toys to what could almost pass for genuinely supernatural. But she finally laid eyes on the candy aisle and made her way over.

A curious-looking gentleman with tall hair and an antiquated coat met her en route. A nametag on his lapel introduced him as Mr. Jasper. “Can I help you with anything, madame?” he asked in a reedy voice.

“Oh? Well don’t you just look spooky,” she laughed. “I’m just here to get some last-minute candy replacements for trick-or-treating. My son found where I’d hidden it and scarfed it all down. He’s at home feeling terrible on account of it, so my daughter and I came to restock.”

“Oh, the poor boy. Well, as to your problem, you’ve come to the right place. What are you looking for tonight? We’re running low, given the hour – you understand, of course – but we still have a bit of this and that.”

“Do you have anything to pacify moody teenagers?” she joked. “Sorry, my daughter’s being a bit ‘extra,’ as the kids say. A lot more trick than treat, lately.”

“Pacify teenagers? I think I have just the thing.” June didn’t really get his joke, but she supposed the man must have been run ragged running a store like this in October, so she excused it readily. He fished out a nondescript bag of candy. The transparent plastic packaging showed scores of round hard candies, each with swirls in various colors.

He presented her with the bag. “I should warn you – they’ll work on adults, too.”

His eyes twinkled with mirth, and she gave him a pity chuckle. “Oh, what are these? There doesn’t seem to be a label.”

“Trick-or-treat candy, just like you asked. Something special made right here in house, but quite good. Not great – all of our great candy flew off the shelves weeks ago – but it’s certainly good. I’ve never had to reimburse a customer for it, I’ll say that much!”

She tested the heft. “Hmm. I’m not sure this will be enough. Our neighborhood has a lot of kids. It did, anyway. Now half them are teens who barely bother with costumes, but oh well. Better they’re wandering around asking for candy than something more mischievous, right?”

“Of course! Though candy can be plenty mischievous, I dare say. And don’t worry about the quantity. This is premium stock – nobody should need more than one.”

June considered, but a glance at her watch told her she didn’t have time to dawdle. “Sounds great. Ring me up, my good sir!”

“Right this way, fair maid!”

“Maiden, please. My mother is maid.” They chuckled at her jest, and \$12.99 later – expensive for one bag of candy! – she was on her way.

“Trick or treat!” exclaimed the latest brood of children. The youngest, six at best, was yet another fairy princess. Her big sister was Katniss from Hunger Games, and their brother was some kind of monkey thing as near as Isabelle could guess.

“Don’t you look cute. Here.” Isabelle thrust the bowl of candies at them. “Limit one per customer.”

“Um, these aren’t in wrappers,” said one of the parents. Exactly like the last six parents had said.

“It’s all we have.”

They gave her a reproachful look, as if this stupid candy were a conspiracy to terrorize overprotective parents. “Come on, kids.”

She rolled her eyes, slumping back in the lawn chair and propping her feet up in the vacant one her mom had abandoned to go look after Jack, who was still inside on the brink of puking his guts out. At least the thick canopy of fir trees lining the house kept the wind off of her. Still, this was so stupid. Fifteen minutes in, and so far no parents had been bold enough to let their little brats eat this candy.

Nice going Mom, she thought.

Up and down the street, children were begging their way through the neighborhood. Isabelle didn’t much care for kids, but she had to admit some were a little bit cute in their costumes. She herself had skipped out on a costume aside from a hairband with furry black bunny ears on them, something she’d borrowed from a costume she was holding for a friend for the party tonight. She couldn’t wait for this childish ritual to be over so she could go shake her booty at the big party, but for now, it wasn’t worth pissing off her mom and bailing. Not quite, anyway.

Isabelle actually felt a little bad that these parents wouldn’t let them take the candy. They looked so disappointed, as if they didn’t already have a fat sack of sugar bombs. What her stupid mother was thinking buying this bag of mystery candy was beyond her. Should she test it? Maybe if she could open her mouth and show that she herself was eating it, the parents would chill. Besides, it smelled good. Like... smoked butterscotch, or something. Weird combo, but it still seemed oddly appealing. And it was only one, right? One piece of candy wouldn’t keep her out of that dress.

She selected one with a pink and white swirl and popped it into her mouth. Tucking it into her cheek and letting the flavor seep out of it as she sucked, Isabelle had to admit, it was good stuff. Not great, but good.

Its presence on her tongue was not, however, enough to induce parents to overcome the deeply ingrained precaution. If anything, it made their refusal more insulting, as if she were conducting some insidious conspiracy in which she’d brewed a safe candy for herself and some sort of toxic concoction for the unsuspecting children.

“So how’s it going out here, honey?” came June’s voice from the garage.

“I told you, nobody’s going to give their kids unwrapped mystery candy. Why didn’t you just get Skittles or something?”

“I seem to remember someone telling me not to get stuff that they liked. I forget who. Five foot ten, blonde hair, cute smile when she actually lets people see it...? Ring any bells?”

Isabelle simply rolled her eyes, refusing to give her mother the satisfaction of a laugh. “Well nobody’s taking it.”

“So try a little salesmanship, OK?” She grabbed a candy and popped it in her own mouth. “See? This stuff’s really good. Maybe try that smile, eh Izzy?”

Every fiber of her being told Isabelle to intensify her look of disdain, but as her mother brazenly tugged upward at the corners of her mouth, the expression inexplicably locked into place in her cheeks. What the hell? Why couldn’t she stop smiling? It was like some hyper-specific form of paralysis, where she could move everything else except where her mother had adjusted her.

“See? Isn’t that nice? Now I’m going to go help your brother keep his lightsaber out of the toilet. Jack won’t put the stupid thing down.” June kissed her daughter on the forehead and proceeded back inside, where her son was forlornly yelling for her.

Why couldn’t she stop smiling? No matter how hard she concentrated, though, her muscles held. She might as well have been trying to control someone else’s face for all the difference it made. Yet as bizarre as it felt, she was strangely calm. Her heart wasn’t racing. She didn’t get up and start shrieking in panic. She didn’t – and couldn’t – try to use her hands to readjust her face as her mother had. She sat there, smiling at nothing, as helpless to stop as she was to understand what was going on.

Then a few more groups of children came in one after the next, and she had to leave her thoughts behind to repeat the routine. The kids said trick-or-treat, she muttered an insincere compliment on their costumes, the parents got jittery about unwrapped candy and dragged them away. If they noted the gulf between her tone and her smile, they didn’t comment on it. One group was old enough to be unchaperoned, maybe ten or so, and simply gave the mystery candy a pass on their own. Their loss. It was actually pretty good. Its trickle of flavor might be the only thing keeping her calm.

That thought caused a mental double take. The candy! Could it have something to do with the idiot grin seemingly indelible on her face? It made no sense, but admittedly, she’d put it in her mouth seconds before all this started. Was it paralyzing her cheeks? Her suspicion felt all the more plausible when, as she tried to spit it out, she found she could no more remove it from its place in her mouth than she could remove the smile. What on earth did her mother buy?! But there was nothing she could make herself do but sit there smiling, offering the unwanted candy like her mother had asked. She found herself trying harder to convince people to take a piece now, yet the harder she pushed, the faster they ran away.

Another group. Two little boys, a pirate and some kind of monster, lead by their dad, who shared his predecessors’ predilection for mistrust of strangers. Unlike the others, after his boys

hustled on ahead, disappearing behind the wall of trees, he lingered behind. He gestured to the headband and its two droopy pink ears. “So, that’s your costume? Bunny ears? That’s it?”

“Yep.” She shrugged, wishing for the world she wasn’t smiling. It was clearly communicating her willingness to be engaged and permissiveness towards his rudeness.

“Where’s the rest of it? What kind of bunny has nothing but ears? Come on, nice young girl like you should be dressing for the occasion!”

That was all he said before strolling after his kids.

Isabelle immediately stood up and headed inside.

Becky and Cara were having a fairly fun Halloween. Best friends since second grade, ten years later they were enjoying what would doubtless be their final night of trick-or-treating. None of their friends would even come with them; everyone else was getting ready for the party later on in the evening. Like there was something wrong with acting like kids for one last Halloween night.

Luckily, they were both short and fairly petite, so it wasn't too hard to pass for girls young enough not to get dirty looks from those parents who'd decided teenagers shouldn't be part of the celebration. Cara, a brunette with plump lips, was dressed as Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz, pigtails and all. It had been one of her favorite movies since forever. Becky, the blonde and the curvier of the two, was dressed in a one-piece orange jumpsuit and clunky black boots, an inmate number stenciled on the back amidst patches of dirty and even some fake blood. (Cara had said the blood was over the top, but Becky insisted she was playing the sort of badass convict who was constantly making the other inmates her bitches – which made for one of the very rare occasions Cara used vulgar language.)

They skipped – Cara did, at least; Becky swaggered – up a steep driveway surrounded by thick pines, reassured by the presence of spooky decorations on the mailbox that there may be candy to be had here. Only when they neared the top of the drive, there was nobody there, just a couple lawn chairs arranged facing each other in front of the open garage and a bowl of hard candies.

“Hello?” called Cara. Nobody answered.

Becky inspected the bowl. “Maybe they're just letting people take some?”

“There could be razorblades in there or something, Becky!”

“I told you, call me Natty Nine Lives,” she said in her cheesy mobster voice. “And you don't put razor blades in hard candy. The whole point is that you bite down on it.”

“Poison then, 'Natty,’” Cara retorted.

“You're such a buzz kill. I'm 90% sure this is Isabelle Huff's house, anyway. She had that big party here over the summer, remember? I remember those big fuzzy trees.”

“Fuzzy? They're called conifers. But yeah, I think you're right. So what?”

Becky sighed. “You really think Isabelle Huff's family are out to murder a bunch of children? Her mom chaperoned, like, every field trip we ever went on. She's the sweetest lady ever. She wouldn't hurt a fly.”

“Fine. But still, I don't want loose candy rolling around my basket with Toto. It'll be all fuzzy before I even get to it.”

Becky – or Natty Nine Lives – nodded. “Eh, screw it. Maybe it's homemade or something.” She snatched a candy from the jar and popped it in her mouth.

“Well? And don't do that thing where you pretend you're being poisoned.”

“I wasn't going to,” the blonde lied, then took a moment to suck on it. “Kind of like a honeyed macaroon...? I don't know. But it's pretty good. Not great, but good.”

Cara was partial to macaroons and grabbed one for herself. “Mine’s more... strawberries and a little bit of mint. But in a good way? I think. Like you said.”

“Do you wanna wait a sec? Maybe they had to go to the bathroom or something,” Becky suggested.

“Hell no. Isabelle Huff is a total bitch.”

With that, they went on their way. Trick-or-treating was still fun, every bit as much as they had remembered. They role played their parts, complimented the little kids on their costumes, and did their best to secure decent loot. It was shaping up to be a really fun night, a final evening of innocent childlike delight.

At least, until there was a minor hiccup.

They saw the car approaching them, a red jeep with bass-heavy music playing too loudly. Only, as it drove by, it slowed to a near stop and the music went silent long enough for the two boys riding in it— probably students at their high school, but the masks obscured their identities — to yell at the girls.

“Show us your titties!” they yelled in unison. With that, the two peeled out, cackling hysterically at some male instinct Cara and Becky couldn’t begin to fathom. The girls stared after the retreating vehicle for a moment.

Then, before either quite knew what they were doing, they began to run after it.

Becky dropped the napsack she’d been carrying her candy in, if only because trying to undo the zipper on the back of the uniform while chasing down the jeep required more coordination than she could muster with the napsack throwing her off balance. Cara dropped her own candy soon after, mentally wishing Toto the best as she abandoned him and his carrier in the street. It pained her, but she likewise needed both hands to undo the buttons on the blue gingham suspenders attached to her skirt. She could very nearly show her titties without doing so, but the only way to get the blouse off was to lose the suspenders.

Becky was less recognizable as Natty Nine Lives with her jumpsuit lowered to her waist, but she still bore more resemblance to her character than did Cara. Without the suspenders, her dress immediately drooped down over her narrow waist and tight caboose, down to her knees. She nearly tripped over it in the process of stepping out of it. She still had her pigtails, thigh-high white tights, and of course the ruby slippers, but even her matching ruby red underwear soon became panties only as she threw her discarded bra to the curbside. Becky’s bra (white, not orange, having not worried about anyone seeing it matched her costume) soon followed, landing hooked over some house’s mailbox.

Up and down the streets, the myriad groups of trick or treaters stopped to stare at the two teen girls sprinting topless — and nearly bottomless, in Cara’s case — down the middle of the street. Mothers covered their children’s eyes; fathers fixed their own on the display of nubile bodies. Here and there a couple groups of unescorted boys gaped after them, for many their first entry in burgeoning spank banks.

The boys in the jeep were surprised to see the dark forms of the two girls dashing after them, but realizing their mobility advantage decided to let what they presumed were outraged girls have their chase. They kept it slow, letting them linger a couple hundred feet behind as they slowly cruised through the subdivision.

“WAIT!” yelled Becky desperately. She was falling behind, awkwardly holding up the baggy pants of her uniform with one hand, ample boobs wobbling frantically.

Cara didn't know if her friend was yelling at the jeep or at her, but either way she wasn't slowing. She had to show these boys her titties, and she couldn't very well do that from all the way back here. “MY TITTIES!” she cried, trying to get their attention. Once they showed their her titties, she figured she could go back and find her dress and put it back on. If someone hadn't taken it.

It was only the presence of a car passing in the opposite direction that finally made the driver of the jeep realize there was something amiss with these girls. The headlights lit up the pair, their bare chests bobbling in the chill night air. The driver slammed on the brakes, and for a moment his passenger stared at him in shock, blindsided by the possibility that the two girls might actually be able to confront their harassers.

Then Cara stumbled into his field of vision alongside the car, and Becky a moment later. “Here,” she panted, bending over and resting her hands on her knees. (They could still see them, right?) “Our titties.”

Becky ran track in the springtime and was thus less winded, propping up her hands behind her head. Only when her pants started to fall down did she lower one to stop them, but not before treating the boys to a glimpse of her in naught but her panties. “Is that enough?” she asked.

“Holy fuck, dude!” said the passenger. “Dem titties!”

“Check out the blonde's!” said the driver, admiring the way they heaved according to her labored breathing. Cara tried not to feel too insulted; they weren't the first guys to have ignored her little chest in favor of her friend's, but they were the first to do so while they stood side by side nude from the waist up.

“I dunno, the pigtail chick's got those big pointy nipples. I like those. Dick-sucking lips, too.” Like the girls couldn't hear them. Typical.

“Can we go now?” Cara asked, reminding them of Becky's question. “We showed you our titties, after all.”

“Aw, come on. Why don't you hop in? I bet you two could show us a lot of things,” said the driver, pressing his luck.

After sharing a brief nervous look, the girls started toward the car, climbing into the back seat. They were still half naked. “What do you call yourselves, ladies?” asked the passenger.

“I'm a convict. Natty Nine Lives,” answered Becky. “She was supposed to be Dorothy, but... well, I guess she still has the shoes.”

“Well I know those signs say that hitchhikers may be escaped cons, but I think we can make an exception for you. So why don’t you click your heels together, Dorothy, and we’ll take you home.”

Cara started clicking. “There’s no place like home.”

Isabelle, meanwhile, was positively shivering in the driveway, but there was nothing to be done for it. Her mom had said to hand out candy, and that man had said to put on a proper bunny costume. So, here she was.

He probably hadn't know what passed for a bunny costume from the supplies at hand. Isabelle had only been storing the thing for her friend Jeanette, whose parents would have flipped their shit if they caught their daughter intending to wear such a thing. And they had major privacy issues, so like as not they would've found it. When Isabelle and Jeanette had talked about it at school, Isabelle remembered feeling like her friend's fuss over the costume was much ado about nothing, but now that she was wearing it in her driveway, she began to see their point.

It was, of course, nothing like the pink fluffy monstrosity she remembered the kid wearing in *A Christmas Story*. No, this was the other kind of bunny. The top was a grey and black tiger pattern. Strapless, it was only held up by the way it clung to her boobs. Since it had been intended for Jeanette, on Isabelle it was squeezing her far bigger tits so much they were almost popping out with every breath. The thing fit like a swimsuit, but her legs still had the incredibly scant covering from the pair of fishnet stockings Jeanette had gotten to wear with it. Again, Isabelle had more curves packed onto her body than did her friend, and so it was digging into her skin, it was so tight. Rounding it out was a pair of white cuffs at the wrists and a white band around her throat with a black bowtie on it. Aside from the headband she'd already been wearing, the only thing even vaguely bunnyish about it was the little white cotton ball of a tail glued onto her half-exposed butt.

She looked whorish. Desperate for male attention. The sort of girl whose only contribution to the world was to inspire boners.

And she was still smiling.

It still did nothing to ease parents' phobias about unpackaged candy. Much as she was increasingly sure that her bizarre compulsions were due to this mysterious confection, it was still really insulting that they'd assume she was out to harm their kids.

Naturally, the longer she sat out here, the more attention she got from the boys who stopped by. In fact, one group of three boys a couple years her junior, each a different super hero, came by her house three times. The first time they bashfully took a piece of candy apiece, tossing it in their bags and practically fleeing. The second, they pretended they'd forgotten that they'd already been here, exclaiming too conspicuously that they must've accidentally doubled back. (And somehow not noticed the distinctive pine-shielded lane up to her post, she might add.) The third...

"You three again?" she said. With that broad smile, it must have seemed an expression of pleasant surprise rather than a rebuke for coming back to ogle her again. "I think Commissioner Gordon is shining the bat signal somewhere else, guys."

Batman laughed nervously. "I'll get right on that," he said in a scratchy imitation of the movie voice.

"So what do you want? I know the candy's not that good."

Even her most snide tone was rendered impotent when delivered from her mirthful maw. “Uh, actually, we wondered, um, you know, if maybe, like...” mumbled a puny Thor.

“Could we take a selfie with you?” finished the Hulk, who at an easy 250 pounds was the closest to resembling the real McCoy. He did not wear it well, either.

“A selfie?” she asked. But before she could tell these twerps to fuck off, she was already uncrossing her legs and striding over to them. “Sure, why not.”

Her response made them smile even brighter than she was, and the three hastened to her side. Each boy took one with her individually, and she was experienced enough at the art of selfie posing to realize they were aiming the cameras to center on her bulging breasts. She couldn’t stop them, though. Again.

She gritted her teeth – mentally, since she couldn’t physically – and let them snap away. All the while, her smile encouraged them to keep taking more license, taking shots with their arm around her shoulders, then her waist, then the Hulk did one standing right behind her looking over her shoulder where she could definitely feel his hardon pressing into her butt. Then he went to take one of the other two as they flanked her, each letting his hand stray to her hips, covered only by the fishnet stockings.

Isabelle was a passenger in her own body, and let them do as they liked. When Thor suggested a finger gun pose that, she was sure, was a flimsy pretext to letting his friend get some shots that showed off her ass, she played along. When Batman said – joking, probably – that it’d be funny to get one of her squatting down hopping like a bunny, she did it. And when her boobs predictably burst free from the corset-like confines of her costume, she let them take pictures of that, too.

Thankfully, a family came strolling up the drive then, and while she’d have definitely stood there with her boob out if not stopped, the Hulk leaned down and suggested that she put it away, as if she simply hadn’t realize she was exposing herself in her driveway. With that, the boys scurried away, each holding bags of candy to cover their erections, already comparing who’d gotten the sexiest shots of the skanky bunny girl. Meanwhile Isabelle – beautiful, busty, beaming Isabelle – settled back into her chair and counted the minutes until trick-or-treating ended.

Jessi Whitman took a moment to straighten her baby sister Kristen's tiara before starting up the driveway enshrouded in pines. At only two years old, Jessi had mostly wheeled her around in a wagon tonight, but at this house, the kid had to be at her best. This was Isabelle Huff's house, after all, one of the most popular girls in school. They needed to represent.

Not that Jessi cared about impressing her. Not at all. If Isabelle happened to get impressed, sure, but that wasn't why she triple-checked her costume to make sure every component was exactly in place. They had something of a cold war rivalry. Sure, Isabelle had a few cup sizes on her, a booty that was the toast of the school, and of course the pretty hair pretty face pretty everything. Blah. But Jessi knew she was every bit as pretty (and many actually told her she was prettier). While her body was not such a lewd advertisement for the pleasures of the flesh, she kept it nice and tight, and didn't get any complaints. She was proud of it. She didn't need huge boobs to get guys.

She strutted up the front walk in her princess costume, more or less matching her little sis in aesthetic. Both of them had left their coats behind in the wagon at the base of the driveway. It was chilly, but she wanted to look her best. Finally, she cleared the last of the pines only to find Isabelle Huff herself sitting there in one of the sluttiest costumes she'd ever seen anyone wearing.

"Twick oh tweat!" Kristen said adorably.

Jessi was immediately nervous upon seeing that the bowl of candy seemed to be a bunch of stray pieces of unwrapped hard candy. Her parents would flip if they found that in Kristen's bag. She wasn't about to tell Isabelle she was scared of a little candy, though, and let Kristen walk over to Isabelle's seat.

(How was she not freezing in that thing?)

"Hi, Isabelle."

"Oh. Hey, Jessi. Who do we have here?" Jessi tried to think of a time she'd seen Isabelle smile that big. It was almost creepy on the usually condescending face. She must get a real kick out of little kids in their costumes or something.

"I'm a pwintheth!" Kristen declared proudly, doing a twirl and waving her wand. It was a move Jessi had taught her, and she'd be lying if she said she hadn't taught it at least partially for this very moment. Jessi and her family were fucking adorable, all right. Not that she cared about Isabelle's approval.

"You sure are." The little girl thrust out the sequined purse she was using for a candy bag, waiting for a piece.

"Oh, sweetie, I'm afraid this is all, um, adult candy," Isabelle said apologetically, a tone Jessi had never heard from her before. "I wish I had something for you, but we're all out."

"Adult candy? What do you mean adult candy?" Jessi asked, curious. Was it laced with drugs or something? Who the hell sat in their driveway handing out edibles?

"It's just... it's hard to explain, but believe me, she wouldn't like the stuff. You can take my word for it."

“Why? What’s wrong with it?” Jessi stepped forward and took a sniff. It smelled like her mom’s sweet potato pie with a hint of lemon, which went together better than she might have thought.

Kristen started to cry just then, though, and Jessi had to rush over to console the kid. Progress was slow, to say the least, even promising her that the next house was going to give them double candy. (A fair prospect, considering pretty much everyone had done so for the precious princess already.)

“I know she was being mean, but that’s just how she is,” Jessi said in a voice she knew would be quiet enough to make it seem like she was trying to avoid being overheard, but loud enough Isabelle would hear it. “At least you know how to actually dress yourself, huh. Unlike some silly people. You look amazing.”

Isabelle responded quickly to the covert slight. “You know what? Here, sweetie, here’s two. One for you, and why don’t you give that one to your sister. OK?”

Kristen cheered up immediately, eagerly snatching the offered candies, depositing one carefully in her bag before handing the other to Jessi. “I thought you said there was something weird about these,” she said guardedly.

“They’re totally fine. Look, I’m eating one.” She opened her mouth, showing one partially dissolved on her tongue. Ugh, even her tongue was sexy, somehow. Not that she was jealous. Different guys liked different things in girls. Not every guy was fixated on boobs and butts. Probably.

Jessi’s eyes narrowed, but she wasn’t about to look like a chicken in front of Isabelle, so she took it from Kristen and popped it in her mouth. It tasted just how it smelled. Good, not great, she decided.

“You going to the party later?” Jessi asked. All the cool kids were going, and maybe Jessi was no Isabelle Huff in that department, but she was enough so to score an invite.

“Maybe,” said Isabelle, then moved on quickly. “Say, would you smile for me?”

What? Was that code for something? Some kind of weird joke? Still, Jessi found herself smiling before she could stop herself, beaming as brightly as the girl opposite her. “Uh, OK I guess.”

“Cool. Can you stop smiling?”

“What kind of question is that? Of... of course I... of...” Jessi stopped herself. Why couldn’t she stop smiling? Isabelle really *had* laced this thing with something! Was she... high?! Isabelle stepped in closer, allowing her incredible bosom to brush up against Jessi’s small – but super cute! – bust. She spoke in a low tone, though Kristen was already on her way back to the wagon to prepare for the next house.

“Great. So when you leave my driveway, how about you drop the brat off at home, then head over to the house three doors down that way. That kid from our English class that weighs like three hundred pounds and always smells like fish lives there. I want you to find him and

fuck him like a porn star, however he wants. Oh, and why don't you record it and post the video to your instagram. K? Thanks, see ya."

Isabelle settled back into her lawn chair. Jessi gaped at her for only a moment, for then she realized she had things to do. Horrible, disgusting things to do. "Come on, Kristen. Mommy and Daddy need you back home, OK? They'll have more candy for you there."

"I doh wah go home!" she declared. Jessi ignored her, depositing the kid in the wagon and starting towards where she'd parked near the entrance to the subdivision. She knew exactly who Isabelle was talking about, though didn't know the boy's name either. Three doors down, she said to herself a few times, fearful she might forget it. She couldn't fail at this.

For once, she found herself wishing her body was proportioned more like Isabelle's. Her fucking would be much more porn-star-esque in that body. Nonetheless, she'd do her best, then throw it in Isabelle's face with how many likes she was sure to get.

That'd show her.

All right, so her cheeks hurt, she was so cold her whole body ached from shivering, and she was displaying her body like a total skank. But still, watching Jessi hustle down the driveway to make good time heading over to that fat slob's house to fuck his brains out felt therapeutic. The bitch thought she was such hot shit. Maybe this would help her learn her place.

Was the instagram thing too far? Isabelle remembered the time Jessi had invited herself to her sixteenth birthday party and not even brought a present.

Nah, her followers deserved it.

A few more rounds of panicky parents later, the garage door opened again and her mother joined her on the driveway. "Oh! I see you, um, changed," June said carefully.

"Yeah. Somebody said I didn't look like much of a bunny, so..." She shrugged. "How's the gluttonous wonder?"

"He's... feeling better. More himself. Actually, he was asking for you. I can take over candy deliveries while you check on him."

Evidently the exchange was amenable to whatever power was fueling the candy, and Isabelle made her way inside. Immediately, she was relieved to be back someplace warm. She wanted to find a vent and stand over it until she warmed up, but instead she began calling for Jack.

"Up here – in my room!" he yelled back.

She made her way upstairs and down the hall to Jack's room. She used to have the room across the hall from him, but right around the time he hit puberty she'd had enough of the sounds and smells emanating from his room and relocated to what had once been the guest room at the other end of the hall. Some nights she could still hear him down there, but it was better, at least.

The door to his room was open for once, and the smell of his unemptied trash can and that odor of teen boys hit her like a blow. Dirty clothes littered the floor, among them his Jedi robes she'd seen him wearing earlier that evening. Now he was sitting in his computer chair in his boxers and an old wife beater.

"Feeling any better, shitstain?" she asked. Damn that smile. It sounded affectionate, coming from that face.

"Yeah, quite a bit, thanks to mumsy. Damn, Izzy, look at you. You went full slutty teenage girl Halloween costume, didn't you? One part cuddly mammal, ten parts T&A."

She put her hands on her hips. "And you went for the whole deadbeat closeted gay loser on the brink of an ultimately suicidal midlife crisis aesthetic. Good preparation for your mid-20's."

"Ah, sis, you and that killer wit. Say, did you try that candy Mom got for Halloween?"

She narrowed her eyes. "Yeeeeeah... why do you ask?"

"Oh, no reason." A shit-eating grin spread across his greasy teenage face. "Still sucking on it?"

"Yeeeeeah..."

"Really? Open your mouth for me."

She did so, extending her tongue, careful not to let the candy fall off. Despite how badly she wanted it to. “Well, there it is, all right.”

“Hehh-eh neh?” She was trying to say “happy now” but when she couldn’t close her mouth, it was hard.

“Yeah, I don’t know what that was, but you can close your mouth now. And wipe that stupid smile off your face.”

At last! She immediately reverted to the scowl she wanted to be wearing. Only now, she couldn’t open it to tell him to go fuck himself.

“I gotta say, having Mom up here at my beck and call was fun and all, but you? Sis, you have had this coming for a long time.”

She glared daggers, and after a moment he realized she couldn’t talk. “OK, you can talk again – *but* you have to keep it respectful. In fact, from now on, call me ‘sir.’”

“May I ask what happened with you and Mom, sir?” she asked. Ugh, there was a note of actual reverence in her voice.

“Don’t you worry, Izzy. I saved some for you. Now, why don’t you start by cleaning my room.”

She did, of course. What else was there to do? All the while, the little perv sat back, arms folded behind his head, leering at him. He didn’t even try to hide his erection. She could even see part of his dick through the slit in his boxer. Deep red, almost menacing. Every time she had to ask him how he preferred something, the “sir” on her lips made the thing visibly jump.

“All right, that’s enough,” he said after a little while.

“But there’s still such a mess, sir,” she protested. Abandoning the job midway through would be quite disrespectful, after all.

“I said, enough. Now how about you turn around and make that little cottontail of yours dance for me, eh?”

“Gladly, sir,” Isabelle replied. She could hardly believe it, but the next thing she knew she was standing in front of her brother, bent at the waist, twerking her ass off. She’d practiced before in her bedroom mirror, figuring it’d be the sort of thing she could do for a special occasion with a boyfriend, if she ever found a guy worth settling for. She never would have believed that all those hours watching tutorials and copying moves, teaching her ass to quaver to a rhythm.

Then he put his hand on her.

It threw her rhythm at first, but soon she learned to put a little extra oomf into her hips to compensate. Holy shit, here she was giving her brother the ass fondling of a lifetime. She’d caught him looking at her before, and she was pretty sure he’d gone through her hamper before to do unspeakable things. How far was he going to take this? Was he going to...?!

Nope. Nope, Jack definitely just came in his underwear from feeling up her butt.

“You can stop,” he said after a moment, cheeks colored as much from the post-orgasmic bliss as from embarrassment at his premature ejaculation.

“You don’t need to feel respectful, sir. You’re, um, not the first guy I’ve done that to,” she said gently. God, was she really sharing this? With Jack?

“I can’t believe that happened, especially after Mom... never mind. But man, you’re just so freaking *hot*.”

“Thank you, sir.” She tried not to picture what the freak had done to their mother.

“I bet I could get it up again if... why don’t you come sit on my lap, Izzy.” He patted his thighs invitingly.

“Happily, sir.” She settled into his lap sideways, but he quickly adjusted her so she was facing him, her pussy right over his flaccid cock.

“Perfect. Fuck, your tits are so big. Are they really that big, or does that slutty outfit make them look that big?”

“Some of column A, some of column B,” she answered, not sure quite how to handle such a stupid question.

“Can I... oh, what the fuck am I saying. Isabelle, act like you’re totally desperate for my cock. Totally cunt-drooling, THO, can’t-get-enough-dick desperate. Like your my own personal filthy slut.”

While she wanted her jaw to drop, all it did was open slightly, just enough to say, “Oh fuck yes, sir, thank you for letting me ride your lap. Do you wanna feel my big titties? Come on, I want you to see how fucking big they are for real. Then you can fuck ‘em, if you want. And when you’re done with that, fuck my slut mouth. Then when you think I’ve earned it, maybe you’ll let me take it in my tight, wet, cunt? I can’t wait for you to bend me over and fuck my fucking slut brains out.”

In the course of that incoherent babbling, two things happened, each horrifying. The first was that Isabelle slowly eased down the top of her costume, popping her boobs out right in Jack’s face. Her nipples were, per his vulgar request, rock hard. She placed his hands over them, which was when the other thing happened.

He came. Again. In the span less than a minute, she felt him go from soft, to hard, to *really* hard, to trembling in a pitiful little orgasm, back to soft again.

“Was that from me, sir? Oh, I love it when you—”

“Yeah, you can go.” He sighed, plucking at his thoroughly sodden boxers.

“So how’d it go, honey?” her mom asked as she rejoined her in the driveway.

“I got him off twice and I barely even tried!” she shared, still awash in the need to gush over her lust for Jack. “I didn’t even get to taste him, Mom. He did feel my titties though, even if was only for a second before he exploded in his shorts. But it was amazing, the feel of those hands on my big fat tits—”

“You can stop, honey,” she said, and like that, Isabelle’s jaw clacked shut. “Just to be sure, all of it. Go back to your normal self.”

Like that, Isabelle was herself again. “Holy... thank you, Mom.”

“Sorry Jack didn’t do it himself. Once he finished up with me, he gave me the go ahead to act like myself again. I guess he... well, let’s not dwell on it.”

Isabelle, in fact, wanted to do anything but dwell on it, and was all too eager to change the topic and never think about what had just happened again. “So, uh, how’d things go out here?”

June glanced at her watch. “We officially finished ten minutes ago, but really, it dried up a while before that. I didn’t manage to give away any candy. You were right about how the lack of plastic wrapping spooked people. Everybody’s so nervous these days! Good thing it came in such a small package, too. Only a couple dozen left.”

Each of the women picked up one of the lawn chairs and maneuvered its folded frame into their holding place in the nook beside the freezer. “Still sucking?” she asked.

“Almost. How about you, sweetie?”

“Barely anything left, thank fucking god.” She grimaced at her language. Isabelle wasn’t delicate, but she tried not to go out of her way to piss her mom off. “Sorry.”

“No, you said it, Izzy. Thank fucking god.”

The sound of someone humming alerted them to a presence in the driveway, and sure enough, there was plump old Mrs. Guerrero waving hello. “Howdy, June! Oh my, Isabelle, look at... well, I hope you’ve got a costume to put on over your costume!”

Mrs. Guerrero had lived next door since before Isabelle had been born; she was like a second mother, almost. A nagging, henpecking second mother. “I’m changing as soon as we go back inside,” she assured her.

“Good, good. You guys have a lot of traffic tonight? Robert and I were saying it felt like there was hardly anyone compared to last year. Must be this chill.”

“Yeah, pretty light over here, too,” Isabelle agreed.

“I’ll say. Looks like you still have a whole bowl of candy there!”

“Yep. Speaking of, time to say bye-bye to that.” Isabelle snatched up the bowl and started for the trash can in the corner of the garage.

“What? Hold it right there, missy. Waste all that candy? Isabelle, you’re practically skin and bones!” Mrs. Guerrero, like most people fatter than her, seemed to think that the only course of action was to encourage Isabelle to become as fat as they were. “Come on, the two of you can finish that off.”

Isabelle froze. “I... I’d really rather not.” She hadn’t been told to eat it, only to stop. *Oh please don’t say it*, she pleaded silently. Please please please please...

“Come now, you could stand to gain a little weight. You finish those off, and you can thank me for it when you don’t turn out anorexic.”

Isabelle’s eyes squeezed shut. “I... thank you,” she said. She popped a fresh candy in her mouth. This one was like a mix of watermelon and pretzel. It seemed grotesque even to think the combination, but again, her mouth seemed glad for it. A few moments later the tiny pebble of the old candy disintegrated at last, but no matter. She was back to full again. Her mother replaced her own candy as well.

“Anyways, you look like you have big plans tonight. Don’t you let me get in the way – I just wanted to say hello. You go to your party, sweetie.”

That November third, at around half past ten in the morning, Mr. Jasper was in the process of conducting inventory to begin restocking when the door to the Curio Shoppe swung open. Stumbling in was a piteous sight, a girl not yet even twenty years old, her curvaceous body stuffed into a worn, dirty, torn-up costume that clearly served only to accentuate her body and give her the excuse of pretending to be a bunny. It was as cum-stained as the girl herself, tears all over the fishnet stockings matching the ragged expression on her white-flecked face.

“Are you the manager?” the girl demanded.

“I absolutely am, miss. How can I help you?”

“Your candy,” she said. Growled, practically.

“Oh, it’s right over here. We still have a bit left in stock, though we’re currently low on—”

“I don’t want any more of your candy! I want a refund and some kind of recompense for the past few days!”

Mr. Jasper frowned. “Oh? What seems to have been the trouble?”

“You sold my mom candy that makes people do whatever they’re told. *Whatever* they’re told. I’ve done things these past few days that…” She shuddered.

“Oh? Do go on. I am happy to refund defective merchandise, but I’ll need to hear what went wrong.”

She followed him over to the counter, her breasts heaving in her tattered stripy garment. “Well, let’s see. Wednesday night, I put on this slutty outfit, then I twerked for my brother and dirty-talked him into a second orgasm. Then someone told me to finish the bag, so I spent the next two days popping one after another, every time I started to run low. I went to a Halloween party where I must’ve gotten off a dozen different guys, including in my ass. The next day in school I fucked sixteen more, not including the three teachers I seduced after that bitch Jessi Whitman told me to trade my pussy for grades. Yesterday, after going home with some sophomore whose real name I never learned but who told me to refer to him as Overgod Exaltius and worship his dick, I let him sell videos of me playing with myself, sucking his dick and letting him fuck me in every hole to porn sites. Videos which, by the way, he’ll be getting the money for rather than me. The only reason I even still had clothes to wear was because he thought it was funny for me to act like some stupid valley girl bimbo and he thought the outfit accentuated the role so he let me keep it.”

Mr. Jasper nodded. “I see, I see.”

Isabelle placed her palms on the counter. “Well?”

The proprietor shrugged. “I’m afraid I can’t issue a refund. The candy seems to have done exactly what it was meant to do.”

“It was meant to turn girls into obedient whores?!” she hissed. “What, was that your idea of some kind of sick Halloween trick?”

Mr. Jasper wagged a slender finger at her. “Not remotely, miss, not remotely! You purchased candy for trick or treating, and I believe the product delivered as promised. Your mother requested something to pacify you, and it did just that.”

“You tricked us!” she shouted, slamming her fists on the counter so hard that the disheveled ears on her headband jiggled.

Mr. Jasper clicked his tongue. “Pardon my saying so, silly bunny, but tricks? They’re for kids.”

“What did you—” she shrieked. She was cut off, however, when he deftly tossed something into her wide open mouth. Something hard, sweet, and yet misplaced. Like green tea and meringue? But it was good, somehow.

“The candy is for trick or treating, yes? Given the options, I chose the latter. And I’m sure you made an excellent treat. Now if there’s nothing else, please show yourself to the door, and I look forward to seeing you in another eleven months!”

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