

## Halloween Wishes

October 2021

"You're sure this is a shortcut, right? You're absolutely, positively sure?"

Hannah's voice echoed through the chilly night air, accompanied by the quiet crunch of two sets of feet on the fallen leaves. "Yeah, of course!" her masked companion assured her, batting irritably at the inky cloak that trailed from his shoulders. "We're parked on the other side of this lot, see? It's like I told you: instead of running all the way down to the main road and around, it's gonna be so much easier to cut through here."

"Okay, Jake, you great map guru!" she sighed, rattling the candy in her feebly glowing jack-o-lantern bucket. "If you and Siri say this is the way, then I guess it is. I just wish you didn't have to pick, like, *literally* the darkest and creepiest night of the year to go running through some godforsaken, tree-filled abandoned lot!"

"Aww, is my wittle giwlfiend scawed of the dawk?" Jake snarked, the glow of his phone screen revealing a sarcastic grin under his Batman mask. "Or maybe I should have left you at the party, huh? Let you drink a couple more beers until you're too pissed to care about how dark and creepy it is?" His voice lowered in mock terror. "Oh, no! What scary-looking beasties are gonna come get us? Think they'll eat us? Or maybe just tie us up and drink our *blood*!?"

"Stop it!" Hannah half-wailed, her eyes beneath her Catwoman mask a mixture of fright, embarrassment, and anger. "Jake, you promised we'd have a fun night, okay? So quit trying to be a jerk already, and just-"

The ominous figure standing silently in their path sent the girl's protests trailing off into a strangled wail of terror.

"Be thou friend or be thou foe, I pray thee now before thou go..." came a rasping chant from beneath the shadowy figure's wide-brimmed hat, as one dark arm rose as if in supplication.

"Whate'er thou hast, thou share with me – a kindly treat for Hallowe'en!"

"What the-?!" Jake's voice was unsteady despite his apparent bravado. "What the fu-" "Yeah, yeah, I know," came the unexpected answer, and the hat lifted to reveal a pair of green, strangely catlike eyes. "I know that last one's a pretty shitty rhyme, but hey! What ya gonna do? I ain't no poet!"

"Are you a- a- a witch?!" Hannah quavered, her eyes wide behind her mask as she took in the figure before them. "I mean, sure. I guess, if that's what you want to call me," the witch returned, with a dismissive wave of one gnarled hand. "But I don't much care. Now about those sweet treats I heard rattling around in those buckets of yours..."

"Oh- um, yeah." Jake fumbled stupidly with the plastic jack-o-lantern in his hand. "So you um... you like, want to try some?" "That's literally the whole point of my rhyme, young fellow," she cackled, and gleefully dove her wrinkled fingers into the crinkling mass of candy wrapped within. "Who doesn't like candy on Hallowe'en, hey? Ooh, now there's a good 'un!" She gave a toothy grin and bowed strangely in Jake's direction. "Thank you kindly, now. And you, miss? Would you care to spare a bit of candy for me tonight, too?"

To which Hannah, still half-sputtering with surprise, could only giggle nervously and thrust out her own candy bucket in answer.

"Well, then!" the witch cackled, having tucked away her sweet treats into the unfathomable depths of her black robe. "Tit for tat, as they say. Scratch my back and I'll scratch yours. Since you both have been such dears tonight, what do you say I let you each have a wish, hmm? Now, let's see. Standard magical fine print, of course. No killing, no wishing for more wishes, yadda yadda ya. Okay, who wants to go first?"

"Uhh... Wait, what?" Jake was clearly befuddled, and even Hannah's incredulous noises showed she was struggling to keep up. "Wait, hold on. So you mean to tell me you're, like, a real witch? And you go around granting wishes? Like a fairy godmother or genie or something?"

"Oh, please, enough with the genies and the fairies already!" The witch heaved a melodramatic sigh and shook her head at Hannah's skeptical face. "Yeah, yeah. They get all the press and the Hollywood remakes and the stupid CGI these days. But believe me, girl – I may not be a blue Will Smith, but I sure as heck can crank you out a wish all the same. Okay? Or would you rather I just turn you into a toad and call it a night?"

"No, no, no, please!" Hannah tittered in nervous alarm at the witch's words. "Okay, okay, I get it. So, um, let's see... Um, I guess... Oh, I know!" She leaned forward in sudden enthusiasm, stifling her half-incredulous laughter as she enunciated her next words with mocking eloquence. "For my first wish, oh witch, I command that you make me, like, well... an absolute babe!" She grinned over at Jake impishly with a downward motion over her own slender bust. "I don't think you'd mind a little, you know... enhancement, would you?"

"Well, now!" The witch was clearly amused as she peered amiably up and down Hannah's Spandex-clad frame. "Like most wishes, not all that specific. But never you mind that!" She produced a slender wooden wand from a sleeve and flourished it with a grand gesture. "Magic works on intentions, you know – so we'll make it happen, dear. Now all I need you to do is close your eyes for me. Focus your mind on exactly what you want to see, okay? And lil ol' me, I'll focus on what I think you want, too. And here we go: *Chipotle, A dónde, Harambe, Kazoo!*"

What happened next was a sight that Jake would never, ever forget.

It began with a faint stirring under the girls' close-fitting costume – a churning, writhing motion in her belly, as if it had somehow taken on a life of its own. Hannah gasped and clutched at her belly as a wave of nausea seized her, and she bent forward in sudden revulsion even as the cheap polyester fabric continued to swell and shift beneath her fingers. "Jake- oh, fuck- Oh, I feel weird-"

Jake watched, open-mouthed, as his girlfriend slumped forward, her face contorted in rising panic. The flimsy black fabric of her Catwoman costume was stretching, straining to contain the growing mass of flesh swelling within it. For now it was not only her abdomen that was growing. Each breast, formerly so modest, was rising and filling now, mushrooming from A to B to C cup in less than a minute, and fast approaching double-D territory as she gazed down in horrified fascination. "I- I can't breathe-" she gasped out... and then, with a sharp ripping sound, her costume tore and her newly engorged breasts, full and heavy, burst out into the chilly night air.

"What the fuck-!" But there was nothing to be done but watch in shock and horror as the transformation continued. The swelling was spreading now, as with another rending and a terrified shriek from Hannah, the seat of her catsuit split completely down the middle, leaving her plumping hips and buttocks to bulge free and unimpeded for all to see. Her thighs were swelling too – and her arms – and even her face and her fingers. As her body swelled out with rolls of chubby fat and her cheeks filled out into the soft semblance of a toddler's dimpled face, she let out a whimper and wail of disgust. "Help- no, no, I didn't want to be *fat!*"

The wail was strangely burbled, and it sounded much higher than before, sending a fresh spasm of fear over her face. "Wha- what's happened- my voice?!" "Wait 'til we're done," the witch chuckled, seemingly unperturbed by the grotesque spectacle unfolding before them. "There's a good bit more to come, you see..."

"Moaw?" Hannah shrieked now, then clapped her newly pudgy hand over her chubby lips. "Wha da

hew? Why me tawk- Me- me-" "You said you wanted to be a babe, didn't you?" the witch shrugged, even as Hannah stared at her with a look of growing horror on her babyish face. "Apparently you might have meant something else? I dunno. Folks use words in the weirdest ways these days..."

"No! No, me aduwt! Me big giwl!" Hannah was almost crying now, even as she bent forward with another spasm of pain. "Stop- stop, pweeze, me- my tummy feewing icky-" But even as her lips formed the words, a dribble of drool escaped down her chin, and she gazed up with terrified eyes as her half-naked body began slowly to shrink down gently, lower and lower still. She was shrinking, becoming smaller with every passing second. Was she about to actually become a- a-

But mercifully, the shrinking seemed to stop soon after passing through the five foot mark. She was not going to become an infant, clearly... at least not in height. But as her newly chubby fingers clutched desperately at the shreds of fabric still between her legs, she gave a high-pitched shriek and let go as if she'd been burnt. "Wha- wha is dat?!"

What it was, as she and the two spectators soon discovered, was nothing less than a wee little potty accident.

"Well, only to be expected!" the witch chuckled with a shake of her head, as the streams of urine grew stronger, running in rivulets down the girl's chubby legs and splashing to the cold ground between her feet. "Babies don't have the best bladder control, do they? Guess we might have to do something about that..."

"Wait, no!" Hannah yelled, her high-pitched wail ringing out strangely in the night air. "What? You really want to be leaving puddles now everywhere you go?" the witch queried, with a flourish of her wand. "Don't worry, honey. I'm just going to give you a nice, soft dia-"

"No, no moah!" Hannah shrieked, and Jake finally spoke up, his masked eyes strangely fixed on his newly transformed girlfriend. "Yeah, that's enough for one wish, right? I mean, I haven't even gotten mine yet..." At which the witch, half-amused, lowered her wand reluctantly and shrugged. "Fine, suit yourself, young fellow. I hate leaving a wish unfinished, that's all. So then... what shall I do for you?"

Jake, with the strangest expression on his lips, beckoned the witch closer, then bent down and whispered something in her ear.

"Aha, I get it!" she smiled at last, her toothy grin flashing out in the light of the rising moon. "Now

*that's* something I like to hear! No half-assing tonight, hey?" And then, before the still whimpering Hannah could react, the glowing wand flashed out again: "*Lutefisk, tuna fish, lobster bisque, whoo!*"

As the sudden flash of light around the cowering girl dissipated, Jake blinked, rubbed his eyes... and then gave an incredulous chuckle. For in place of the shredded, useless catsuit, Hannah now wore what could only be described as a costume fit for a bimbo... turned toddler. From the skimpy blue gingham dress and plaits of hair, to the red Mary Janes and white stockings, to the bulging, lace-covered seat of her well-padded rear, she looked every bit the part of a slutty, babyfied Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz.

And what was more... judging by her strangely wide, vacant eyes and the thumb slipping into her drooling mouth, she didn't seem the least bit concerned about it.

So as Jake stepped forward and took his pudgy hand in his, he turned to thank the witch in wondering tones. "Damn, that really worked! You really- Hey, what? Where are you?!"

But the witch was gone, having vanished as if the night itself had swallowed her up once more. And so complete was her disappearance that Jake, staring after her in the dark, might have been tempted to think he'd hallucinated the whole thing.

Well, that is, until he glanced over and watched the former Catwoman bending down on her pudgy legs and, with a heave of her ample bust and a screwing up of her chubby face, beginning to fill the frilly seat of her new diaper.