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Hallows Fae

By Keliadom

Beware of the trickster, especially on this sacred eve...

Martin paused, stricken by the immaculate form that now stood just outside the entrance to his home. His eyes belied his surprise at the tall, lanky shape that appeared before him, while his breathing gave away the contrasting exasperation filling his lungs.

“I’m sorry, but, are you not a bit too old to beg for candies?” the middle-aged man told his visitor. “I have so little to give, and we are so far out in the woods, that I promised myself I would only hand out sweets to children this year. No adults. No teenagers.” Her form was bare, only covered by dark garments that gave an impression not unlike vines clutching a tree in its grasp. Her long, cape-like hair draped behind with the purest of tangerine glow.

Hearing Martin’s response, her large lips parted ways, the wide gap of her mouth extending to an eerie span as she laughed. “Don’t make me repeat!” said the woman, the corner of her mouth rising to form a sly smile.

Martin shook his head. —*When will these people learn?*— he wondered. His gaze shifted to her gangly arms, holding up an ancient-looking basket. Her pale white legs stretched downward, escaping the mess that was her skirt. Her elongated feet rested barefoot on the cold carved stones of his porch. Despite her beauty, the woman’s abnormal behaviour gave Martin a strong sense of foreboding.

Something did not feel right. His brow furrowed, and rapidly the door to his home found itself closing on the visitor. “I said no, and I meant it. I’m sorry!” yelled Martin in annoyance —*What a bother*— he thought —*I was not needing an outburst tonight.*—

Beyond the door, Martin heard a soft, distant laughter. Fragments of whispers reached his ear. A cold gust of wind seemed to seep through the cracks of the door. Leaving the entrance hall, Martin sat, exasperated, in the adjacent living room. Imperceptibly at first, then with more and more strength, the ground vibrated. Small memorabilia clattered against each other. The vibrations became tremors. Martin stood up, his eyes darted around instinctively, searching for a cause. The lights flickered as the distressed man walked groggily back towards the door he had just closed, unable to keep his balance as the tremors increased to an all-out earthquake. A vase flew off the table behind him, while a wooden representation of a large rodent tumbled off a ledge. —*Oh God, not the capybara!*— thought Martin as the statue hit the floor with enough force to break. The distressed man reached the door, unable to stand any longer as the ground moved around like a surfboard on a large wave. The sound of a deep, profound, guttural voice hit the man’s rib cage. —*Laughter?*— wondered Martin. He flung the door open and witnessed the impossible.

The girl’s slender foot took up most of the space in front of him. In rhythmic pulses, it grew larger, encroaching on the space of his front yard. Craning his neck, Martin saw her legs extending to the sky, towards a still growing body leaning forward. The woman’s lanky fingers were descending upon the house, her palm wide open.

“TRICK...”

The deep bass of her voice added to the tremors of her growth. Martin ran inside just as the woman’s digits cradled around his home, soon large enough to hold it between her thumb and index finger. He slammed the door shut, afraid for his life. The walls bent, deformed by an external pressure and all the windows shattered simultaneously. Roaring sounds not unlike a landslide covered his yells. The floor leaned forward. The falling man had no choice but to grab the ledges of a nearby door frame. Lights popped, leaving only the pale moonlight filtering from the broken fenestration.

The vibrations had diminished. Martin crawled to an opening, peeking outside. An apocalyptic vision filled his sight: a bulbous, unending wall of growing, turgid red flesh. Far below, he could see the distant canopy of the forest. Nearby, the mass of pulsing meat seemed to grow with rhythm, every second, until close enough to smash in the window with mountainous strength.

“OR...”

The woman's loud voice was almost unrecognizable as something human. Martin backed away, unsure at what he was looking at. The red mass was pushing inwards, expanding to fill his living room. Hand sized holes, in between two mounds of flesh, contracted in rhythm with its growth, until suddenly white liquid began to spill out. What started as a slow discharge increased in intensity while the lump expanded. The poor man, unable to find solace, searched around in confusion as the white liquid rose rapidly to his knees. The smell was unmistakable: —*milk!*— Martin ran upstairs, but he found the upper area similarly invaded with engorged skin. The milk ducts, now large enough to fit a body inside, were expelling liquid so fast that only moments later, Martin was swimming for his life. His head was covered, and his world became white.

“TREAT!”

The voice echoed, then, silence. The man, now repentant, felt dragged down by a current. He barely recognized elements of his house as he was pulled past them, until his lungs found fresh air again. Above him, he saw his house, barely grasped by the very tip of two nails, hardly noticeable like dust would. The torrent had drawn him out of the openings of his house, only to plunge through a giant open chasm. His fall was cushioned by a damp floor, extending as far as he could see. It contracted, moved and changed shape. Behind him, the chasm closed, engulfing Martin in darkness. The floor suddenly lifted, while torrents of a new clear liquid threw the poor man down a seemingly giant oesophagus. A deep rumbling echo, not unlike a moan, traversed the air, until darkness took him.

Never cross a trickster...
