

## Plumpkin Pie

Selene's arms began to ache as she held them out straight to either side, legs also splayed in a wide stance. The orange body paint and sealant she'd covered herself in was, at last, just about done drying. This stupid costume idea was turning out to be more hassle than it was worth, but there was no going back now. As the cold sensation of the drying paint faded, she let her arms drop limply against her sides with a heavy exhale. She decided to leave her straight, black hair in a ponytail for at least a while longer, maybe the rest of the night.

Next was the micro bikini, consisting of two black triangular patches bound together by thin orange strings. Selene had dismantled two different bikinis and combined them so that the strings mostly blended in with the body paint. She slipped the skimpy article on without issue. Turns out it's hard to have too much of a wardrobe malfunction with a chest as flat as hers.

The last piece was the bikini bottom. Selene had cut jagged angles around the waistband and legs to resemble a jack-o-lantern mouth. The edges were fraying a little already, but it was structurally holding up otherwise. It felt a little loose around her narrow hips and sad excuse of an ass. Once she had it situated, she turned back to the mirror, hands placed on her hips.

Technically, all the elements were there. She was unmistakably \*supposed\* to be a jack-o-lantern, but the proportions were quite a bit off with her skinny body. She felt silly and overly exposed, but her friend, Violet, had assured her that it was a great idea for a costume.

Selene was already getting chilly. She hoped a little alcohol and some more people around would offset that a bit. Already fifteen minutes late, she hurried to get out the door, donning a pair of cheap flip flops and almost forgetting the jade choker Violet had given her. Selene quickly snatched it off her entry table and snapped the clasp shut behind her neck, somehow feeling a little more secure by its presence, before setting off down the hall.

Violet lived a few floors below her in the same apartment building. She was a little witchy and macabre but surprisingly outgoing. She was always hosting parties, and Halloween was her obvious favorite. Selene had visited with her often, and she frequented Violet's little book and trinket shop. Lately, the pair had been spending even more time hanging out, and Selene was forming a bit of a crush.

Selene's anxiousness rose as the elevator descended. This was far from her typical attire, even if it was for a costume party. She regretted not pregameing a drink or two, or maybe smoking a little weed to unwind. She didn't want to run any later than she already was, though, and tried to steel her nerves to tough it out.

She exited the elevator, relieved that it hadn't picked up anyone else on the way, and quickly scuttled down the hall. The music and chatter from the party could be heard from a few units away. Wisps of artificial fog spilled from the jamb around Violet's door, making the immediate area hazy and dreamlike. The cool air was quickly getting to Selene again as she knocked.

"You came!" Violet shouted, throwing the door open almost instantly. "And, oh my god, you look so cute! I told you jade was totally your stone," she noted, glancing at the necklace. She excitedly wrapped Selene in a warm, smothering hug.

Violet was dressed as a sexy witch, unsurprisingly. A purple and black lacy corset hugged her waist, accentuating her fairly curvy hips and pushing up her ample breasts. Her blonde hair was tied up and mostly confined under her pointed black hat, and a relatively short black cloak fell about halfway down her fishnet-wrapped legs.

A couple dozen other women, all in some form of skimpy or 'sexy' version of a costume milled about Violet's apartment chatting and playing games. The decor was usually slightly spooky, but hit a whole other level for Halloween. It could easily be mistaken for an actual vampire's lair.

"C'mon, let me introduce you to some of my other friends!" Violet offered, taking Selene's hand and pulling her inside.

After a whirlwind of quick 'hellos' and new names, half of which were already forgotten, Selene finally got a glass of hard cider in-hand. The apartment was pretty warm compared to her own, but the hot drink was what she really needed to warm up and mellow out a bit.

She made a bit of small talk with a few people she'd met before. The cider must have been very heavy on the liquor because she was feeling a decent buzz almost immediately. Though, Selene was a bit of a lightweight, and she hadn't eaten dinner yet. As she neared the bottom of the cup, it was apparent that she'd at least need a snack before drinking any more.

"Here sweetie, eat up," Violet commanded, having snuck up behind her, and presented a slice of pumpkin pie with a dollop of whipped cream. "I can see you swaying already, so take it easy on the booze for a bit."

Selene needed no further encouragement. She took the plate and smeared the cream more evenly over the slice before digging in.

"Did you make this? It's amazing! The crust is so flakey! And the whipped cream- there's no way this is from one of those spray cans..." Selene raved as she housed the pie, clearing the plate in mere moments.

"I did! It's one hundred percent from scratch, and I'm glad you like it. I overbought on pumpkin and figured I'd just make as many as I can. There are, like, six more pies staying warm in the oven," Violet beamed, smiling wide. "I might need to send you home with a couple."

"Shit, I'll take you up on that," Selene giggled. "I might even polish one off while I'm here. I need to get a little more drunk first, though, before I remember how naked I am and hide in a closet," she joked, turning to refill her cup at the table nearby.

As she shuffled back over to resume her chat with Violet, Selene accidentally bumped another partygoer's hip in passing. She quickly apologized and moved along- this wasn't usually an issue for her and her scarce lower half. She glanced down briefly in confusion. Maybe she looked a little different, but she wasn't exactly in a state to analyze her body closely. If anything, she'd rather forget just how exposed she is.

"Hope you weren't joking about your appetite. I've really got to get rid of these before I eat them all myself." Violet said with a slight grin as Selene returned.

Violet had somehow already retrieved another slice. It was much bigger than the first- at least a quarter of an entire pie. She pushed the plate into Selene's hands, who had to place her cup down on the table. Selene was hungry after all, and was happy to eat more of the warm dessert.

The two chopped it up for a bit longer, joking and laughing about all sorts of recent happenings and gossip, and eventually got a little more tipsy and flirty with each other. Selene was surprised to realize that the big slice of pie was already gone and promptly took a drink to quench some of the thirst it provoked. She was getting a little hot, particularly around her neck, but chalked it up to the alcohol and sugar.

"It's a little toasty in here," Violet noted, as if she was able to read Selene's mind. "Let's get you some water before you start dripping orange paint on my carpet. Maybe we can step out on the balcony for a sec?"

Selene nodded and followed. She noticed a brand new sensation: her thighs were rubbing together. It was surprisingly exciting. Her heart fluttered a bit as she scurried after Violet out onto her balcony. Upon sitting in one of the chairs outside, Selene could finally see the visible difference. Her thighs were definitely more plush than she remembered, and squished together slightly in her seated position. Her butt felt a little more cushy too, and noticeably strained against her bikini bottom as she sat.

"Hey, uh, Violet," Selene began. "Do I look like I've gained a little weight?"

"Oh, babe, don't worry about silly stuff like that," Violet replied as she glanced over at Selene, barely lending a side-eye.

Selene sighed. "No, not like that. I mean, I don't remember looking like this. Like, not even before I left my apartment," she explained.

"I dunno..." Violet trailed off briefly. "Maybe." She kept her focus out toward the city, clearly hiding some slight blushing.

Selene grabbed one of her thighs and gave it a squeeze, just to be sure. The change was becoming more obvious, and she was certain that she wasn't just seeing things. As she began

to feel herself up, it was clear that her hips, thighs, and ass were noticeably larger and softer. She wasn't getting fat, per-se, since her waist was still small, and her tummy was flat. She soon began to notice another change- her breasts were rounding out too.

"H-holy shit..." She muttered, cupping one of them. The strings of her bikini top were already beginning to strain, and the tiny triangular coverings were pressing into her swelling flesh. "Vi, you can't tell me this isn't weird. I did NOT look like this even five minutes ago."

Violet was having trouble looking away now, but still didn't want to acknowledge what was going on. Another oddity stood out as Selene toyed with her tits. There was a faint green glow cast over her collarbone and cleavage, accompanied by an increasing warmth around her neck. The pieces were beginning to come together, at least a little bit.

"Violet, tell me what's going on. You aren't exactly the picture of innocence over there," Selene demanded sternly, but without any anger in her voice.

"Well..." Violet began, unable to find the words to explain herself. "I didn't think it would really work Selene, I swear! You just make a lot of comments about your body, so I figured I'd try something." Violet was fully blushing and deeply conflicted about what was apparently her own handiwork. "There are some, uh, unorthodox ingredients in the pumpkin pie. That, plus the spell I tried on the choker, apparently does... this," she explained.

Selene continued to grope herself with escalating intensity. "Can we go bigger?" She asked, dead serious as her gaze snapped up from her thickening body to Violet's eyes.

"Oh, um, probably?" Violet was taken aback, expecting her to be furious, freaked out, or react in some other way that would demand a profuse yet insufficient apology. "If you ate more of the pie, you'd keep growing, but I don't think that-" she cut herself off as Selene shot up out of the chair and reentered Violet's apartment, heading toward the kitchen with a clear intent.

Violet followed, and as she rounded the corner, Selene was already leaning over the counter shoveling a fresh pie into her face. Her newfound near-bubble butt was battling the modified bikini bottom, and it was winning. Violet could see Selene's hips widening in real time, causing the seams of the garment to stretch and snap as it began to give way. Selene devoured the pie in just a couple minutes, and Violet was too shocked to try to stop her.

"Hmmmph, ahhh~" Selene let out a sigh and tried to catch her breath as she came up from the empty pie tin. "Fuck, that feels good."

She eagerly began feeling herself up again and inspecting all her new curves. She looked like a walking Instagram thirst trap. She thrust her butt out and glanced back over her shoulder to see it jiggle, reacting with a squeal. Her hands returned to her breasts. Even her nipples were thicker, now poking against the tiny coverings of her bikini. The top kept her tits squished mostly against her chest, obscuring their true shape, so she reached behind herself to untie the strings.

“Oh, no no no,” Violet nearly shouted as she sprang into action. “Selene, there’s a fucking party here still. You’ve gotta go in my room or something if you really need to do this. Maybe borrow some of my pajamas or something that will fit better.” Her heart was beginning to race from seeing her friend in this voluptuous state.

“Fine, but you need to help me out of this, and we’re bringing more pie,” Selene demanded, taking the whole stack of them and following Violet.

Even with the alcohol, Selene would never normally act like this. It was like her mind was stuck in a horny haze. The pair slipped into Violet’s bedroom, and Selene closed the door behind them before setting the pies down on the dresser.

“Ok, free me already,” she commanded, turning her back to Violet, who plucked at the tight knot until it came apart.

Selene’s tits, now unhindered, bounced outward as she slipped the garment off over her head. She stepped in front of the full-length mirror to admire herself a bit. Her full, round breasts stood out proudly from her chest, each tipped with a perky, hard nipple. She pinched one of the nubs and gave it a tug, shivering in response. They were so much more sensitive than before. She released it and pressed her breasts together between her outstretched arms with a giggle.

Turning to admire her ass, she finally realized that her bikini bottom was on its last legs. Her bubble butt and thighs squished past the edges of the struggling, thin cloth. Pulling it down required some force, and as she tugged, the remnants snapped, leaving Selene with a handful of tattered fabric. Her lower assets, now free as well, bounced from their confines. Turning and looking back again, she gave her ass a firm slap, admiring its new jiggle.

“Violet,” Selene began, plopping down on her friend’s bed. “I need you to cram those pies down my throat right now,” she ordered, laying back and reaching for her pussy, which she discovered was also more puffy than before.

Violet was at a loss for words, but her subconscious knew what to do. She knelt on the bed, laid the pies out next to Selene and got to work. Neither had the foresight in the moment to grab silverware, so she resorted to scooping up handfuls of the sweet dessert and cramming them into Selene’s mouth.

Selene gobbled it up as she rubbed herself with one hand and played with a tit in the other. The act of having the fluffy pumpkin filling and flakey crust crammed down her throat had her squirming on the brink of an orgasm before she even finished a pie. Her eyes rolled back as she crested the first wave of pleasure that hit. Violet didn’t let up, but luckily Selene’s bodily instinct told her to breathe through her nose to avoid choking.

As Selene swallowed the last of the second full pie, Violet gave her a moment to gasp and catch her breath. Selene felt herself up some more, but couldn't really tell the difference from before. Maybe it was harder to notice now that she was already thicker. Her tummy certainly felt full, but she'd also eaten a lot by now. The lack of warmth that she felt during the first go-around was concerning her the most.

"More," she begged, shaking off her concerns.

Violet needed no convincing at this point. Somewhere along the way, she'd slipped a pillow between her legs to hump, not wanting Selene to have all the fun. With a smirk, she dug her hand into the next pie and resumed. Selene went back to her job as well: fondling her sensitive bits and swallowing.

She took it like a champ, desperate to add to her pleasure and figure alike, only slowing down for the final pie. Her hands spent more time massaging the taut skin of her now rounded belly than masturbating. She'd never eaten anywhere near this much, and was beginning to cramp a bit. Violet's forceful feeding helped Selene get the last of it down with strained, methodical gulps.

"Fuck, Vi," Selene groaned, tracing a finger along her tender, bulging upper belly after she swallowed the last of it. "Why'd it stop working? Nnngh~ ugh... I feel like I'm gonna pop." Her back arched to accommodate her overfilled middle as she desperately searched for relief.

"I- I dunno, maybe it wore off?" Violet speculated, now a bit worried as she looked for answers herself. She really wasn't too well versed in the mechanics of this stuff, and really didn't expect it to work. All the pies were the same, and the only other component was the necklace.

"Hang on..." she trailed off, taking a closer look at the jade choker. The clasp around the back had come undone, and it was just hanging over Selene's neck now, maybe from the thick mouthfuls of pie bulging her throat with each swallow. "Hopefully it's not too late," Violet muttered under her breath as she fiddled with the tiny clasp, finally getting it snapped shut after several tries.

The necklace immediately glowed a fluorescent green, much more intensely than before. Selene became flush as her gut let out a deep, unending rumble.

"Oh... my GOD... ooooughhhh~" Selene groaned as she threw her head back and thrust her hips forward. Some airy belches slipped free from her open mouth as her stomach, back under the spell, raced to digest the pies.

Violet, squinting past the bright light, saw her friend's formerly stuffed belly rapidly collapse back to its normal, flat shape. As it did, Selene's assets ballooned again. Her hips widened- now more than twice as wide as her former stick-figure form. Her thighs thickened well past the width of her original torso; they were plush on the surface, but firm beneath, rather than just jiggly fat.

Her puffy pussy pulsed and squirted with each gyration of her hips, slicking the inside of her thighs.

Selene pawed at her swelling tits. She alternated squeezing them together and pinching her overly sensitive nipples. They felt round, heavy, and very full. The growth slowed as they approached melon-sized, and she could hear a light sloshing as she played with them. As the expansion petered out, the filling feeling within kept increasing, as did their firmness. She winced slightly at the heightened tightness, having to stick to just playing with her nipples due to the newfound tenderness. It was such an unfamiliar sensation, and her mind scrambled for some kind of relief. Just as the fullness reached a point of real worry, something finally gave.

“Oh, who-ho-hoaa,” Violet half laughed, eyes wide. “I didn’t know that could happen.”

Several thin streams of milk sprayed out of each of Selene’s nipples, like fountains. Violet, caught up in the moment, bent down and placed her mouth over one of them, massaging the sides of the teat gently with her hands as she gulped down the sweet fluid. Selene let out a small whimper from the intensity, but the relief put her mostly at ease. She focused her attention on milking the other nipple, letting it spray wildly over her body, Violet, and the bed.

Selene’s breasts gradually emptied enough from their initial overfilling. It felt as though she could be milked forever, though. The torrential overflow had stopped, but both her fingers and Violet’s mouth were still effortlessly expressing thick streams from each nipple. At a certain point, Violet had her fill, and Selene’s hand began to ache, but they’d managed to get both of Selene’s massive mammaries empty enough to relieve the discomfort.

“Too bad you didn’t tell me about this plan before I got my costume together,” Selene nearly whispered between deep, deliberate breaths. “These gals would’ve made a nice couple of pumpkins,” she joked, pressing her tits together again, causing milk streams to leak down their sides.

Violet giggled and laid next to her. She kicked the pillow she’d been riding off the bed, its case thoroughly soiled at this point. Her hands explored Selene’s enhanced assets, flaking off much of the body paint that had split and cracked around Selene’s stretched skin.

“Vi, I hope you’ve got a strap on or something on hand. I think I’m gonna need another round in the morning,” Selene teased with a lazy smile, gradually losing the fight to stay awake after all the action.

“Mmm, I’ll see what I can do,” Violet mused. “You rest up sweetie, I’ve gotta get back to hosting before someone gets worried,” she whispered to Selene, planting a kiss on her forehead before straightening up her attire and returning to the party outside.

–THE END–