

# Trick and Treat



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by Lyka Bloom

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TRICK AND TREAT

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The house was an eyesore, gray and shambling, sitting on the corner of two streets that boasted the finest in suburban living. The roof was peaked, tiles slipping away thanks to the tug of gravity and lack of care. Shutters with flaking paint hung at odd angles, the windows blacked out by the shades within. The delicate woodworking of the wooden porch was missing in patches, and neither floor visible from the outside appeared to have been cleaned or painted since anyone on either Drury or Park Lane could recall.

The yard that surrounded the house was mostly dirt, with tall patches of wiry grass growing up in clumps that were left equally untended. An iron gate, tall as a man, bordered the property, twisted in places from interlopers who dared one another to rush over the broken ground to plant a palm on the front door and run away, giggling to cover the horror they felt. The gates that stood perpetually chained, facing Drury Lane, had an awkward lean to them that had prompted the HOA to leave more than one strongly-worded letter, all ignored.

For twenty years the house had represented the pinnacle of dare-dom, the one challenge that the local children had to endure to be accepted into whichever clique they aimed for. It was a monument to the boogeyman, or, in this case, the boogeywoman.

Stories had been passed from generation to generation and classroom to classroom, whispers of missing pets, favorite toys lost in the tangled weeds of the so-called lawn and never seen again, even children stolen away and use by the owner for nefarious purposes.

Dorothea Wurmwood was spoken of far more than she was seen. Her groceries were delivered to her from Hollistan's on 3rd Avenue, and even the delivery boy only left them on the porch, collecting money from the envelope left hanging under the heavy iron, ghoulish-faced knocker. With every groan of rusted metal, he proved opening those iron gates was a feat for the brave.

Once a beautiful woman, rumor had it, Dorothea had been left at the altar after she was accused of consorting with Satan, an accusation that would have seemed frivolous to anyone who had ever seen her. Before she had locked herself away inside the Wurmwood House, as it had come to be known, she had been acknowledged as the most beautiful woman in Brightmoor. Her stunning features, framed by a mane of flowing black hair that spilled over her shoulders

and down her back, the voluptuous curves highlighted by satiny and form-fitting dresses, her bountiful bosom - all of these things were common knowledge and the source of many a local boy's fantasies. Her gray eyes and smoky features could freeze a man in his place, fixing him with an intense stare that conjured arousal and intrigue.

It was when her neighbor went missing in the late 1980s that the rumors increased in their fervor. Her enigmatic manner had always been whispered over in Callahan's, the local diner, but the disappearance of Alice Stone transformed rumor into whispered accusation, everyone in Brightmoor aware of the feud between the women. Most curious was Clark Stone's nonchalance when it came to the subject of his missing wife, and more than one coffee-sipping patron of Callahan's suggested that the relationship between Dorothea and Clark was more than neighborly.

Two years later, Molly Heep, a pretty young thing with a sweet freckled face, vanished during her trip home from college. Molly had been one of the girls who terrorized Dorothea during Molly's high school years, leaving accusatory notes pinned to Dorothea's gates, suggesting the tongue-wagging around town had been correct - that Dorothea somehow caused Alice Stone's abrupt departure from Brightmoor.

Every couple of years, some other young woman would go missing. You didn't have to be too old to remember 1996, when the local police, led by Sheriff Kramer, had searched Dorothea's home following a similar disappearance, this time a cute redhead from the Stop'n'Go who had been seen walking into Dorothea's house. Dorothea maintained it was a delivery and welcomed the Sheriff and his men into her home, who emerged without evidence of any wrongdoing on the sultry woman's part.

Despite the lack of proof, suspicion grew, and Dorothea's every movement was greeted with scrutiny, from her absence during church services on Sundays to the comings and goings of a few wealthy men in town, who paid several visits to Wyrwood House in the dead of night.

As chatter grew louder, Dorothea was seen less and less, viewed askance by the townspeople with narrowed eyes and terrorized by the local children who took it for granted that Dorothea Wyrwood was some sort of witch and Wyrwood House was haunted by the souls of her victims.

When Halloween came 'round, the house was the target of egg- and toilet-paper-based assaults from the children in town. No matter how loud or vicious the vandalism, nothing stirred behind the windows of Wyrwood House. No lights were lit, no face pressed against the glass. As time passed, the house became the skeletal facade that loomed over Brightmoor, a tale to scare children into eating brussel sprouts and washing behind their ears.

Inside, Dorothea Wyrwood hid from the eyes of the town, waiting.

Kelly turned in profile, tugging at the snug bottom of the leotard, snapping it against her ass as she released. The black, stretchy material covered her torso, the bodystocking beneath painting her arms and legs a sheer black. She flipped the tail affixed to the back of the leotard, the wire that supported it swaying and giving the long, black faux tail a fairly natural sway.

"Are they here, yet?" she called around the corner, wrinkling her nose in the mirror and adding a bit of thickness to the whiskers painted on her face with an eyeliner pencil. Her nose was painted black, too, eyes drawn at the corners with the same liner that had created her whiskers, giving her green eyes a feline appearance. Satisfied, she adjusted the furry ears banded across her head, hidden by her long dark hair, and silently snarled into the mirror. The leotard did little to hide her bounteous chest, a blessing and a curse. They brought her attention with every guy she encountered, but she dreaded the sag that awaited the future Kelly. Still, the way the top jiggled when she moved did have a seductive quality.

"Not yet," Marilyn replied. "I got a text from Brad, though. He said they were getting supplies."

"He means liquor and rubbers," Kelly said, stepping into the bathroom where Marilyn perfected her own costume.

"If he thinks I'm planning on fucking him tonight," Marilyn said, leaning into the mirror and brushing her lashes with thick, glittering mascara, "he's probably right." She smiled at Kelly's reflection.

"Is he bringing that Todd guy?"

"Somebody. Not sure who." Marilyn turned to face Kelly. "What do you think?"

Marilyn spread her arms in presentation and Kelly gave a whistle of appreciation. Her blonde hair had been curled and teased until it fell down her shoulders and back in golden ringlets, her skin sprayed with a bit of glitter to give her a shine that suggested something more plastic than flesh, her blue eyeshadow and pink gloss accentuating the doll-like appearance. She wore a pink mini that pushed her C-cups up and gave her a deep valley of cleavage, her legs long and tapered into see-through acrylic heels. She had succeeded - she looked every bit the Barbie.

"That is pretty hot. I'm starting to rethink my costume."

"Are you kidding me?" Marilyn grinned, looping her arm in Kelly's and leading her to Kelly's living room. "You are definitely one cute pussy." She tittered at her own joke and released Kelly to steal a beer from the kitchen just through the room where Kelly found a seat on the recliner. She slipped the black heels, simple three-inch black stilettos, on while Marilyn returned with a drink for each of them.

Marilyn wrinkled her nose as she navigated opening the pop-top with her long pink nails, stepping back from it as foam rolled over the lip and onto the carpet.

"Sorry," she said.

"No worries. It's not like Dad cares."

"You think he'll notice we took his beer?"

"His attitude is, long as I'm over eighteen, he doesn't really care what I do."

"That's very enlightened," Marilyn laughed.

"More like disinterested." Kelly thought a second. "Todd's the one with the van, right?"

"I think so. You like him, don't you?"

"Don't take this the wrong way, but of all Brad's friends, he's the most tolerable."

Marilyn drained half her beer and nodded. "None taken. I can barely stand Brad, much less the rest of his loser friends."

"So why do you still go out with him?"

Marilyn grinned wider, licking a bit of foam from her upper lip. "You'd hate me if I told you."

"What?" Kelly asked, leaning forward and matching Marilyn's smile, genuinely curious.

Marilyn bent close, whispering, "He has a huge cock. I mean really big."

Kelly dropped her jaw in mock shock. "Marilyn!"

Marilyn laughed and nodded, holding her hands ten inches apart. "And big around, too. I'm serious, Kel, it's like dildo-size. You learn to put up with a lot when that thing is waiting for you at the end of the day. And he knows how to work it."

"This explains so much."

"I know, right?"

They giggled, interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Ladies," Brad called from outside, "the entertainment has arrived."

Marilyn opened the door, leaping into Brad's arms. Her legs lifted behind her as he swung her around, kissing her. When he returned her heels to the ground, the kiss lingered, and a flit of tongues could be seen between their open mouths.

"Excuse me," Todd said, pressing against the door frame to enter around the lovers. "Don't mind me."

"Hey, Todd," Kelly said, waving from her chair.

"Wow," he said, nodding appreciatively, "you look amazing!"

"That's what I was telling her," Marilyn agreed, leading Brad inside by the hand.

Brad had modeled his costume after Marilyn's, his red polo, jeans and tennis shoes, coupled with the part in his brown hair, making him a perfect Ken to accompany his Barbie.

"You got any more beer?" he asked, leaning around the corner of the kitchen.

Kelly waved him in. "Door of the fridge."

"I thought you were bringing supplies," Marilyn called after him. He reappeared with a beer for himself and Todd, tossing it underhanded to his costume-less friend.

"Hey, we have whiskey in the van. And... accessories."

"You were right." Marilyn said, looking flatly at Kelly. "Rubbers."

"That, too. The rest is a surprise. You two ready to go?"

The girls looked at one another and nodded.

"Are we going to Alex's party?" Kelly asked, straightening her tail as she stood.

"Eventually," Brad grinned. "First, a little walk down memory lane."

Kelly looked at him suspiciously as he wrapped an arm around Marilyn's waist and kissed her shoulder.

"Is this going to get us in trouble?"

"Never has before," he replied and dropped Kelly a cryptic wink. "Come on."

Kelly and Marilyn sat together in the back as Todd and Brad traded a pint of honey whiskey between them. They had offered it to the girls, who declined. They were content with the road beers taken before they left.

Brad had remained silent on their destination, Kelly watching out the window for landmarks. When they made the right onto Drury, Kelly frowned, a chill running through her.

"Brad?"

"Yep?" He looked over his shoulder at Kelly, her arms folded beneath her heavy breasts.

"We're not going to Wyrwood?" She meant it to be a flat rejection of the notion, but the house still loomed frighteningly in her memory.

"Wyrwood?" Todd asked, looking at Kelly in the rearview mirror.

"It's the town haunted house," Brad grinned. "When we were kids, hell, all the way through high school, we would dare each other to run up the porch and knock on the door. And, if I recall correctly, neither of the lovely ladies here ever did."

"No, Brad," Marilyn said, aligning herself with Kelly.

"What's haunted about it?"

"It's the home of a witch," Brad said, ignoring Marilyn and wiggling his fingers spookily at Todd.

"Does someone really live there?" he asked.

"I think so," Kelly said. "I mean, I never heard that Dorothea died or anything. Dad never mentioned it."

"She's still there," Marilyn added. "I saw the lights on before I left for the fall semester."

"I think it's time our girls became women," he laughed and turned the pint up again. He swallowed and coughed. "As soon as they perform this simple challenge, it's off to Alex's, who, I hear, has just purchased a three-foot bong. So, a reward awaits at the end of your quest."

"I'm not doing it," Kelly said, leaning back in her seat.

"Oh, come on, Kel," Marilyn said, putting a hand on her nyloned knee. "It's two minutes. We run up, knock on the door and run back to the van. It is Halloween, after all."

"See? That's my girl!" Brad cheered from the front.

Marilyn pursed her lips and blew him a kiss.

"Be my guest. I'm not doing it. We tortured that poor woman all through school. We're supposed to be more mature now that we're in college," Kelly said, looking nervously out the window as Wyrmswood House came into view.

"Suit yourself," Brad said. "Mar, you ready?"

Marilyn looked nervously at Kelly, then steeled herself as the van came to a stop on the corner. The engine ticked, cooling, as they exited the van, gathering on the sidewalk before the twisted and rusting iron gates.

Marilyn leaned against Brad, and Todd, hands stuffed in his pockets, walked up to the closed gate while Kelly watched from behind them, tail swinging with the involuntary shiver that snaked up her spine. The house was dark, seeming to swallow the light from the street lamps and waver with an internal inky blackness.

"Go on," Brad urged, patting Marilyn on the ass.

She took a step forward, then looked back to Kelly, who gave her a quick shake of the head.

"One second," Marilyn said, retreating to Kelly and pulling her behind the van.

"What?" Kelly whispered.

"Please come with me."

"No, Marilyn. I told you I'm not doing it."

"Please?" she said, pleading and bending at her knees, squeezing Kelly's arm. "Do this with me and I'll do anything you want."

"Just tell Brad you're not going to do it either."

"If I do that, he's going to be all huffy and he'll make sure none of us have a good time tonight."

"Who cares?"

"Remember what I told you?" Marilyn held her hands ten inches apart again.

Kelly cracked a smile, looking back at the unlit facade of Wyrnwood House.

"Okay, but it's only because I love you. And once we knock, we are hauling ass back to the van and going to Alex's. No souvenirs from her porch or extra dares. Deal?"

"Deal. Promise." She made a show of crossing her finger over her heart.

Marilyn led her back to the sidewalk as Brad hurled the empty pint down the center of the street where it bounced once and shattered, the tinkling of broken glass like a devilish and shrill chorus that followed Marilyn and Kelly to the gate.

"We run, we knock, we run back," Kelly said, slipping out of her heels. Marilyn nodded and followed suit, her bare feet cold against the cement.

"Ready?" Marilyn asked.

Kelly pushed on the iron gate, squealing as it inched forward, creating a hole for the girls to slip through. Kelly went first, one of the rails dragging over her chest, and she silently cursed her big tits as she pulled free of the opening, Marilyn sliding through more easily behind her.

Kelly took Marilyn's hand and whispered, "One... two... three."

They ran, hopping over the high weeds that pushed through the concrete of the walkway, the porch growing before them, tangled briar bushes plucking at Marilyn's bare skin and creating claw-like tears in her stockinged legs. Then, they were on the steps, bounding up until they topped the wide porch.

They paused, hands glued to one another, looked at each other and Marilyn raised her hand, rapping against the door, a hollow booming reverberating through the interior and back to them. They turned, ready to run, when a light came on over their heads, freezing them. Behind them, they heard the door open.

"Well, hello!" a woman's voice said in delighted surprise.

Marilyn and Kelly's eyes met as they slowly turned back to the door, stunned to find a pretty young woman in the doorway. She had long, dark hair, straighter than Kelly's slightly wavy hair, with gray, smoky eyes and full red lips, parted in

a broad and welcoming smile.

Kelly looked to the small table beside the door, titling her head quizzically at the jack o' lantern that sat there, lit, triangular eyes and down-turned mouth flickering at her. It hadn't been there a moment before, she would have sworn it.

"Look at you two!" the woman exclaimed, clapping her hands together. Her fingers were adorned with thick rings and a green stone that covered the knuckle of her index finger. "A kitty and a dolly! And so pretty!"

"Uh, thank you," Marilyn said, looking over her shoulder to Brad and Todd, barely visible through the gate, clinging to each other and laughing.

"We didn't think anyone was home," Kelly managed. "Sorry to bother you."

"Then whyever would you knock?" she asked, her smile never wavering. "No matter. Although I would think you two are a little old for trick 'r treating. Do you go to the high school here?"

"No. I mean, we did," Marilyn said, her words coming out in a quick jumble, "but Kelly and I are in college in now. We grew up around here."

"That's nice. And you've stayed good friends, I see."

Kelly found the woman's manner unnerving, the way she treated them as children when she was clearly no more than seven or eight years older. In other circumstances, she would have felt a pang of jealousy at her dark and rich features, her tall, lean body, the way the black dress she wore clung to her from chest to knee before blossoming out in an elegant swell. Now, she was doing her level best not to shake, her fingers entwined in Marilyn's squeezing just as hard as Marilyn was squeezing hers.

"We should be going," Kelly finally said, her frozen tongue thawing. "Have a good night."

"Oh, but you haven't gotten your treat!" the dark-haired woman exclaimed, dipping back into the house and returning with a tray of candy apples. "I certainly don't want any tricks played on me. And children do love to play tricks, don't they?"

"Yes," they said in unison, staring at the tray of candied apples, the sticks all angled backwards towards the woman, pools of caramel thickened at the base of each.

Kelly felt a prickle at the back of her neck, like the tips of fingers crawling up her scalp, and she found herself cemented to the porch, unable to move. She darted her eyes at Marilyn, who looked captivated as she stared at the strange young woman.

"Go on," the woman said, pushing the tray toward the girls. "Take one and you can go."

Their hands lifted slowly from their sides, their entangled fingers parting as they reached for the candied apples, peeling one apiece from the wax paper lining the tray.

"There," the woman smiled, a hint of what Kelly believed to be malevolence running beneath her bright tone. "Enjoy, sweeties. You can go now."

They turned at once and hurried down the steps, never looking back, as they slipped back through the small opening in the gate. Once through, Kelly turned back and saw only the dark, unadorned facade - no woman in a well-lit doorway, no tray of treats, no jack o' lantern burning evilly beside the door.

"Hey," Brad said, approaching with a half-drunk grin on his face, "where'd you get those?"

Marilyn and Kelly followed his eyes to the apples in their hands, flat on top from the cooled caramel.

"What do you mean?" Marilyn asked.

"You didn't see her?" Kelly added.

"See who?" Todd said, joining them as he tossed away a cigarette butt.

"The woman," Kelly went on, "the kinda hot one with the tray of apples?"

"I didn't see anyone but you two standing on the porch like a couple of goons," Brad laughed. "Come on, you two have proven yourselves worthy of Alex's

party."

The girls exchanged a confused look as they climbed into the back of Todd's van, Kelly shifting as she distractedly bent her tail beneath her.

As they drove, Kelly stared at the apple in her hand, at the red peeking through the golden brown. The hum of the tires on the road, the low rumble of Todd and Brad talking in the front seat, it all faded into a muffled whisper as her eyes fixed on the candy.

As the lights from the poles whipping past crawled across the semi-reflective surface, Kelly unconsciously licked her lips. Staring into the surface of it, the way little bubbles of popped air marred the surface, the delicious golden color, she hungered for it, but somehow couldn't find a way to bring it to her lips. It was as if she needed it more, and when her desire for it left her lips parted, chewing her lower lip as she studied it closer, she felt her petrification leave her and the apple rose to her mouth, her teeth biting into the flesh of the apple, sweet flavor exploding from the puncture and filling her mouth. As beautiful as the apple was, the flavor was orgasmic, a blend of tart and sweet that made her moan and squeeze her eyes shut, sucking the juices from the bite she had taken until it was dry, then swallowed it down.

The next bite was better, and she blushed to realize that the sensuality of the candied apple's flavor and texture was causing her nether lips to dampen, her clit engorging. As she took yet another bite, her hips began to rock in the seat, her thighs squeezing together to apply gentle pressure to her button, tugging the leotard tight between her legs. She kept her eyes closed, savoring the delectable treat, licking the juices from her lips that dared attempt escape.

When she opened her eyes briefly, she saw that Marilyn was eating hers, and the way her lips wrapped around the caramel-coated apple and drew to a pouty close as she chewed, the soft groans as she chewed, told her that Marilyn's was as delicious as Kelly's apple.

When the van stopped, Kelly blinked, surprised to find Todd staring at her in the rearview. His eyes dropped when she met his for an instant in the mirror.

"Jesus Christ, Mar, you gonna fuck that thing?" Brad said, always adept at subtlety.

Marilyn licked the length of the apple core impaled on the wooden stick, drinking in the last of the juices it had to offer. She swallowed and giggled.

"Sorry. It's just so good."

"She's right," Kelly said, coming to Marilyn's defense. "These things are amazing."

"We should go back and get more!" Marilyn said, excited.

That sounded wonderful to Kelly, but Brad interrupted.

"We just got here. Besides, if you girls are looking for treats, I'm sure someone here will have a little x. If you think those apples put you in the mood, wait'll you get a flood of serotonin rushing through you."

"That's what I get for having a pre-med boyfriend," Marilyn said and leaned forward to kiss him. Kelly looked down at her own apple, finding it used up, the core browning in her hand. She tossed it aside as they exited the van, following behind Marilyn and Brad as they pushed through the wooden gate to the backyard where the Halloween party was well underway.

The music was loud, bass and electronica pounding, bodies dancing and waving their arms, nearly thirty people all grinding together. She wrinkled her nose at the distinct smell of sweat, pot and desire.

Brad had slowed, falling into step with Kelly.

"You want to dance or something?" he said, leaning close to her ear to be heard.

"Sure," she said, navigating carefully through the back yard in her heels. She didn't know how Marilyn did it, but her feet were decidedly uncomfortable atop the three-inch heels.

Todd pulled her into the throng of undulating bodies, and she lost herself for a moment in the dance. She felt strange and tingly, a buzz in her head that was intoxicating. She could feel her nipples brushing against the black nylon and the leotard top and the friction excited her more. She couldn't explain it, but she was horny, the feeling from the van grown into a loud cry for touch. She grabbed Todd by his collar and pulled him close, kissing him hard. He opened his eyes

wide in shock, then relaxed into the kiss, finding her tongue pressing against his lips, slipping inside his mouth and dancing with his. It was a deep, slow kiss, her hands holding his cheeks, hips swaying against his.

When she pulled away from him, a sly smile on her face, Todd broke into a surprised laugh.

"What was that for?"

A sudden realization overwhelmed her as Kelly's hand flew to her mouth.

"Oh, god, I'm sorry!"

"You don't have to be sorry," Todd said with a lustful grin. "Maybe we can sneak off for a second. Somewhere we won't be interrupted."

Kelly stepped back, jostling the dancing bodies around her. "I- I have to find the bathroom. I'll be right back. I'm sorry."

She pushed her way through the small crowd, past the folding tables where plastic cups were stacked and empty beer cans and liquor bottles were accumulating. She found the back door of the house, passing the kitchen where a few partygoers had gathered to play beer pong, rushing through the house until she reached the bathroom.

She was closing the door behind her when she heard a man from the kitchen call after her, "Where you goin', kitty?"

The door slammed and she depressed the lock, slumping back against the wood and sliding down to the floor, her wire-stiff tail crumpling beneath her. The stranger's words followed her into the bathroom and something about them drove her mad with desire, her hand cupping her sex and rubbing vigorously through the nylon and lycra. She could feel the moisture seep through the material, making her hand damp and slick, her legs curling and spreading.

She threw her head back and gasped, her insistent fingers alternately pushing the cloth covering her into her spread petals and rubbing it over her swollen clit. She brought her free hand to her mouth, biting it to stifle the scream of pleasure that was growing in her throat, her teeth leaving deep grooves in her skin. She whimpered as the orgasm came, literally curling her toes as she kicked her heels

away, sending them skittering across the white tail and bouncing off the opposite wall. The feeling of her feet freed from them sent another spasm through her already sopping pussy, a Niagra of lubrication soaking her.

Her breathing slowed some as she came down from the blissful high, but the pulsing pleasure remained, the embers of her lust needing only the slightest breath to reignite them. She stood and examined herself in the mirror, her cat-ear headband slightly askew, her cheeks flush. She straightened them and felt a rewarding pang of bliss, as if an invisible tongue had licked her.

"Fuck," she whispered, cupping her heavy tits, the nipples pointedly apparent under the lycra. When she bit her lip, her fingers closed over the hard nubs and tugged, and she threw back her head to moan.

As her sex throbbed with the need for more, a new thought occurred to her, one that she could not possibly deny. The apple. She had been set aflame by that apple, certainly, but the notion did not alarm her, nor did she feel ashamed or surprised at her behavior. The apple had merely helped her see how wonderful her own body could be.

She licked her lips, watching her pink tongue slide over the deep red-painted skin, and she knew only one thing for certain. She had to get back to Wyrnhood House. She had to have another apple.

She collected herself, her future more certain, now, and reached behind her to straighten her tail. She bent the wire back into place, and the way it swung from her hips made her pussy twitch again, telling her how hot the tail was, how hot she was with it.

She opened the door and made her way down the hall, her stockinged feet flat on the ground, the discarded heels forgotten. Her hips swayed as she walked, swinging the tail on the wire and, placing one leg seductively before the other, she bathed herself in the looks of lust that followed her out the door.

Marilyn was dizzy, sitting on the edge of the dining room table while Brad and some of his old high school buddies talked bygone football glories. Marilyn could hardly concentrate on their words, her body was tingling so pleasantly. She could sense a growing need in her nethers, but she was content to let it build,

savoring the slow growth of her desire as it radiated out from her slit into her belly and down her legs, to the tips of her prickling fingers. She slowly rolled her hips over the dining room table, creating a gentle pressure that further heightened her arousal.

"Are you listening, babe?"

She blinked, slowly, turning her head to Brad who was looking at her with a mask of exasperation.

"I'm sorry, what?"

He replied, his words lost as her thoughts of his cock drowned him out. He looked so amazingly sexy in his Ken costume, but his skin... something was wrong. She realized it almost immediately, and grinned at the syrupy-slow thoughts finally bubbling to the surface. He would look so much better all plastic, like a real doll and not pretend, like now. She tittered at the realization.

"What is wrong with you? You high or something?" he said, leaning close to check her eyes.

When she smelled his breath, the sticky-sweet mix of beer and weed, she slid a hand behind his neck and pulled him close. He stepped closer to kiss her, and found her tongue eager and playful in his mouth. Her legs wrapped around his waist, tugging him close, the rolling of her hips speeding up to grind against his jeans. The low cut minidress rode higher up her thighs as her legs opened for him, revealing the white panties, a tiny pink ribbon directly over her slit, where a damp patch spread.

He grabbed her by the waist, jerking her against him and drawing a welcome "Ooooh!" of surprise from her shiny pink lips.

"How about you and me sneak upstairs a minute?"

She nodded vigorously as he lifted her up and dropped her onto her heels. Taking her hand, he led her up the stairs to the second floor, her short, shuffling steps on the tall heels frustrating him at the same time it turned him on, seeing the way she jiggled behind him, stiffly navigating the steps.

He knocked on a closed door, met with a muffled, "Occupado!" He pulled her a

few steps further, glancing back at Marilyn, lost in a flurry of giggles the voice behind the door had coaxed from her. The next door was cracked, and his knock pushed it open. It was, mercifully, empty.

He closed and locked the door behind them as they entered what must have been the master bedroom of Alex's parents. A widescreen television was built into a cabinet, a few high-end liquor bottles and a decanter on a silver tray beneath it. It was spacious, with a wide queen bed in the center of the wall to the right, high posts at each corner, a robe draped over one.

"Looks like we're alone," he grinned, walking backwards to the bed as she followed with her short, mincing steps.

Marilyn eased her hand into his jeans, fingers circling his semi-erect cock and squeezing gently, drawing a moan from him.

"Oh, babe," he whispered, head lolling on his shoulders, eyes shut tight, "you are hungry for it tonight."

She responded with another of her high titters and stroked his thick shaft. She ripped his belt buckle free, unbuttoning the fly and revealing his member, rising to attention at her ministrations.

Marilyn salivated at the sight of it and dropped to her knees, descending on the tip, surprising him with the swiftness with which she swallowed his cock. Her head bobbed down the head to mid-shaft, leaving her hot saliva to cool on his skin before she repainted it with her mouth. She stroked him, hand moving up from the base of his cock, her lips and fist meeting in the middle.

"Jesus fucking Christ, babe, what's gotten into you?"

Marilyn said nothing, her mouth busy with the delicious meat in her mouth, hungry for more. She felt Brad's cock twitch in her mouth as he gripped her head, fingers clawing through her hair, pumping his achingly erect cock in and out of her mouth, his breath coming in ragged gasps as he felt the tension in his balls. He groaned as he erupted in her mouth and Marilyn drank him in, gulping down his seed. When he withdrew, his cock emerging from her mouth with a wet slurp, she looked up at him with something like a disappointed curiosity, her lips still parted.

"Why don't you come to bed for a minute. Give me a sec and I'll be ready again. You know I can keep on goin'. A regular bunny," he laughed.

He pushed his jeans down, toeing his shoes off as he drew back the covers on the bed. When he turned back to her, he saw Marilyn walking out the door, the bottom of her ass exposed, tottering, stiff-legged.

"Mar?" he called after her, gathering his discarded clothes as he followed. "Hey, come back!"

By the time his pants were secured around his hips again, his cock still sticky against his boxers, she was gone. Rushing down the stairs with shoes in hand, he contorted his body to pass the other partiers, spilling out into the back yard.

"Hey!" he heard a voice call, and spun to find Todd, red plastic cup of beer in hand. "You see Kelly in there?"

"No. Did you see Marilyn come through here?"

"Nah, man," Todd said, turning back to the twisting bodies dancing in the center of the yard. "I guess they left." Todd looked down and frowned. "Where aren't you wearing any shoes?"

Kelly stood outside the gate, at peace with the knowledge that she was supposed to wait. She wasn't sure what she waited for until Marilyn turned the corner, joining her in the crowded driveway. Leers from new arrivals admiring the two beauties distracted her briefly and were soon forgotten.

Marilyn stared blankly ahead, twisting at the hip to see Kelly, who leaned against a blue sports car, her bent tail in hand, fingers stroking the furry accessory. Kelly gave her a lazy smile, sure that this is what she had been waiting for. They had to go together, to go back and have more of that wonderful candy.

Marilyn's eyes blinked slowly, her lips still slightly parted, pink invitations to her mouth. When she saw Kelly, the corners tugged up in a smile, her blue eyes blinking heavily. Kelly swayed to Marilyn, hips cocking as she walked on the balls of her feet like the swinging of a clock's pendulum. She slid her arm through the crook of Marilyn's and matched her friend's slow pace, making their

way back to Wyrnwood House as the sounds and lights of the party receded.

The gate was open when they arrived, and there was no hesitation as they passed through the iron maw of the fence. Kelly helped Marilyn climb the steps, her legs stiff as they bent slowly at the knee. Kelly urged her on impatiently, so close now to getting what they had come for, her tongue running over her lips again in anticipation of another candied apple.

They crested the steps and Kelly knocked, rubbing her cheek against Marilyn's shoulder as they stood waiting. Marilyn giggled, the open-mouth smile on her face fixed there. A groan of rusted iron behind them caught Kelly's attention, and she saw the gates swing closed of their own accord. There was a tickle of wrongness to the scene, something that should flip the switch for her to run, to take her friend and leave the porch, through the gate, to keep running until Wyrnhood House was a distant memory, but the notion evaporated like smoke in the wind as the door opened.

"Please," the sultry woman said, her voice low and inviting, "come in."

She turned her back to them and retreated deeper into Wyrnwood House, Kelly following, eyes locked on the criss-crossing laces at her lower back where the dress she wore revealed her pale skin. Cream-colored, Kelly thought, and a little thrill traveled up her spine.

Where the exterior of Wyrnwood House was decrepit and collapsing, stepping inside was like being transported to a world of opulence. The floors were hardwood, tastefully decorated with rich, tapestry-like rugs that gave way underfoot as the girls followed the mysterious woman through the entrance hall. Portraits of women, obviously relatives due to their similar features, lined the hallway, which emptied into a parlor adorned with deep red velvet curtains and expensive-looking cushioned furniture in a rough semi-circle. Shelves were crowded with curiosities and totems, and Kelly nearly swooned with the sensation of being slightly out of time, as if glimpsing the receiving room of a wealthy family at the turn of the century.

A low fire crackled in a fireplace set into the wall opposite them, and Kelly felt the warmth of it call to her. She released Marilyn and crossed to it, letting the waves of heat wrap around her. She could hear the woman chuckling behind her,

close.

"I knew you'd be back," she whispered, her breath caressing Kelly's ear. "You and your friend here. You didn't think I recognized you? I remember everyone, Kelly. While the rest of the town grows old and dies, I am the constant, watching and remembering. I am the conscience of this town, and how am I rewarded? With taunts and rumors. But I will even the scales, as I have for decades, by claiming my sacrifices."

Kelly tilted her head to the woman, exposing her neck to her. Her words had a hint of bitterness, but the tone was soft and melodious, lulling her and relaxing her. She had almost forgotten about Marilyn somewhere in the room behind her. She started to turn, but the woman held her by the shoulders, Kelly's eyes fixed on the orange-red licks of the fire.

"Wait here, pet, and watch the fire. When I've finished with your friend, we'll discuss your future here. Won't that be nice, kitty?"

As soon as she heard the last, Kelly sagged on her feet, a warm bliss exploding outward from her pussy. Her fingers rubbed against her sex, feeling the slick walls open for her fingers, barred by the lycra. Something about the denial of her pleasure inflamed her more and she closed her eyes, unable to move as the gorgeous stranger drifted away.

Marilyn stood still, a silent witness to her friend's abandon. She found that she could move, could speak if she chose, but felt no will to. When the woman approached her, the black dress tight around the gorgeous body, rippling as she walked to the tall blonde, a certainty filled Marilyn.

"You know who I am, don't you, doll?"

Marilyn nodded, unable to remove the open-lipped smile from her face, despite the fear that kindled inside her.

"Say my name," she grinned, stroking Marilyn's cheek.

"Dorothea," Marilyn whispered, her mouth returning to its slightly-open, vacantly happy state.

Dorothea Wyrnwood grinned crookedly, stretching out her arms. "It's so nice to

be at home isn't it? Free to be yourself. As you can see, I am ageless, doll. Just as you and your friend will be. In my home, you will find anything I choose is possible. And you have been so well-prepared for entry into my home."

She circled Marilyn, who stared ahead, sensing the witch as she disappeared behind her.

"The candy is an old trick, but effective, as you can see. You may have guessed how its affected you, or perhaps it has done its job too well already. But you and your feline friend here chose your fates when you decided to dress as you have. I believe all costumes are like a wish made, and I only give you what you desire. Permanently. Come, doll."

Dorothea walked ahead of Marilyn, who shuffled behind her, unable to resist the beautiful witch's commands. She was so beautiful, Marilyn thought, and there was nothing more important than being pretty, a knowledge that had come to her on the walk from the party to Wyrnwood House, but it had taken root in her mind and blossomed, becoming more true with every step.

"Forgive my flair for the dramatic," the witch said, whipping away the draped velvet covering a strange cabinet.

Marilyn unconsciously oohed as she saw it. It stood nearly seven feet tall, with curled wooden feet that held the base four inches from the ground. The frame was a deep and dark wood, the swirls of the grain winding up to the top of the cabinet, a flat surface that was inlaid with gold trim. All four sides were comprised of tall panes of glass, winding vines etched along the borders. Within, a pole rose near the rear of the case, a semi-complete hoop parallel to the floor of the cabinet, wrapped in an almost-purple velvet. The floor of the cabinet had been covered with a dark pink and cushioned satin. As soon as she saw it, Marilyn knew what it was and that it belonged to her.

Dorothea smiled as she watched the wide-eyed girl stare longingly at the display case. She pressed lightly against the front pane of glass, a click sounding as the door of the case swung slowly open.

"Go on, dolly, step inside and be at peace."

Marilyn did not hesitate, lifting her heeled foot into the case, feeling it give as she stepped up, planting both feet on the soft surface of the pink satin. She

turned to face Dorothea and felt her waist slip into the open hoop, trapping her within the posing stand, the velvet covering it shrinking as it conformed to her waist, holding her fast. Rather than alarm at the way the posing stand imprisoned her, Marilyn felt her worry wash away, along with nearly every other thought. In fact, she realized, she could not recall her name, or where she had been before stepping into the case.

'Nowhere,' a voice told her, 'you have always been dolly. You have always been here.'

Her ever-present smile widened, her lips pursed and open in the center of it.

"Enjoy your stay, dolly," the witch said, "and rest assured you will be played with, but I have other matters to attend to tonight. For now, you will make a lovely decoration."

She closed the door of the lush display case, the click of the latch securing the door in place. A swirl of pink, glowing dust stirred as the door closed, whipping and swirling around Marilyn within.

Dorothea watched, savoring the girl's transformation as her blonde hair took on an artificially golden hue, reflecting the light of the room as the organic hair grew coarser, becoming plastic and shiny.

Like her hair, Marilyn's skin, already shimmering with the touches of sparkling body paint, took on a flat tan color, uniform over her body. Dorothea delighted in the way the new color and texture flowed over her skin, replacing the soft flesh with the synthetic plastic. Marilyn's hands straightened, the plastic flowing between her fingers and molding them into a single form, only her thumb separate from the plastic hand.

Her waist thinned further, the stand supporting her hugging her skin as her hips shrank, her legs growing thin and long, angling to taper into her heels as solid masses where articulated toes had been. The plastic spread up her neck, coloring her cheeks with the tan plastic, her lips widening and turning a light pink, a sliver of unbroken white where teeth had been. The shadowed plastic cleft above her lips led to her small rubber nose. The corrupting synthetic crawled over her features, surrounding her eyes, her lashes falling away, replaced with painted-on thick black lines, eyes growing large and blue, a hand-painted glimmer lighting them. She blinked, slowly, once more, and her lids grew still, melting into place,

leaving the wide-eyed, smiling face frozen, the golden plastic hair framing it.

Her dress hung loosely from her thinner body, the curve of her plastic breasts visible, as she stood still as a perfectly pink plastic dream of a doll, silent and beautiful.

A final change rippled through the plastic doll, dark creases at her elbows and knees, appearing, carving away the plastic and replacing it with a metal screw running through her appendages, creating functional doll joints that would allow her to walk when free of the case, though Dorothea had no intention of removing her in the near future.

Within the case, her transformation complete, the Marilyn-doll rested on its support, busy with its thoughts. It was a doll. It would be pretty. It would be admired. It would serve, when asked. So many thoughts to keep up with, but so much time to let them fill her. Her realizations repeated in the empty doll head as it stared through the glass, waiting for its next opportunity to be played with. After all, that's what dollies were for.

Dorothea turned her back on the display case where the new doll stared out, smiling and mute. Kelly leaned against the mantle, overcome with lust as she continued to rub herself through her costume, panting as she caught glimpses of her friend's metamorphosis into the doll on display. She admired the doll's purity and beauty, and it never occurred to her that the doll should want to be free.

"And now, my pretty kitty, time to take your place."

Kelly moaned, hearing the word that shot pure bliss through her pussy, her sex diffusing it into every extremity, nearly sending her to her knees.

"First, I want you to see your surrender, to taste your corruption," Dorothea grinned, stroking the girl's cheek with the back of her hand.

Kelly felt a spark jump from the witch's hand to her cheek, blowing the fog of her desire away and replacing it with the clarity she had not felt since before the apple replaced her thoughts with need.

She whimpered, drawing her damp fingers from the sticky-wet center of her body, looking past the dark-haired seductress to the display case where her friend was posed, turned plastic by Dorothea's magic.

"Help me!" she screamed, but found her legs would not obey her orders to flee.

"I know it's a cliché, but no one can hear you, Kelly. And, even though I've given you back your mind for a moment, you cannot run. I only wanted you to see how truly powerful I am so that when you sink into my control, you will do so safe in the knowledge that you could have done nothing to stop this."

"Please," Kelly whispered, blinking away tears, "please let us go."

"Poor girl. Don't be afraid. I am going to give you an eternity of bliss. All you have to do, is wear this."

Dorothea removed a wooden box from the mantle, decorated with a delicate white lace. She hid it from Kelly as she opened it, replacing it on the shelf. When she turned back to Kelly, a black collar dangled from her fingers, a similar white lace lining the edges of it. A small bell tinkled as it swung from her hand, hanging from the narrow buckle.

"Come, kitty."

Kelly felt her legs move independent of her thought, bringing her to stand before Dorothea.

"Please," she whispered again, helpless within her own body.

"The magic word," Dorothea grinned and swept Kelly's long hair from her shoulders, reaching behind her, collar in hand, wrapping it around the lovely girl's pale skin. "And, now, welcome home, kitty."

Dorothea slid the tip of the collar through the buckle and secured it in place, the lace tickling Kelly's skin as it settled into place, the bell resting against her chest.

The effect was instantaneous as Kelly fell to her knees in ecstasy, her hands planting on the ground before her, the bell sounding as it hung loose from the collar. A final echo of distress sounded its alarm and faded into oblivion as she mewled at the euphoria that filled her.

Dorothea watched, smiling, as Kelly's hair took on a curlier, wilder aspect, the band of her faux cat ears sinking into her skull until it disappeared, the stuffed fur ears thinning and becoming fleshy, twitching as nerves crept up their length,

securing them to Kelly's head and becoming part of her. Her nose turned up, tugging at her lip and creating a curve on either side, her tongue extending to lap at the slit in the center, sandpaper-y against her skin as fine barbs rose on her tongue. The painted-on whiskers popped from her cheeks, lengthening and growing dark as they bent towards the ground at the tips.

Her fingers shortened, the nails growing and curling slightly down. The feet of her stockinged legs was punctured by similarly curved nails ripping through the nylon, her feet flexing as they shrank, the arch stretching to give them a permanent curve, ensuring that any attempt to stand would plant her on the balls of her clawed feet.

The nylon tightened against her body, sinking into her flesh and coloring her skin, giving her flesh a dark gray tone, the leotard melting into her torso and painting darker black stripes over her back and belly. The smooth skin, now bare, shivered as a fine mat of hair grew, a gentle down that matched her new coloration. Her heavy, fur-covered breasts hung free from her chest, the nipples tightening until they were hard nubs at the tips, darkening with the rest of her skin. Her slit glistened with arousal as the wire-and-foam tail swayed of its own accord, the thin metal thickening and separating, forming vertebrae, the base fusing to Kelly's coccyx. The synthetic fur rippled as it inserted itself into the now-fleshy tail, curling as she felt it become a natural part of her.

Even her thoughts warped, the memories of her life before replaced by the base urges that now ruled her feline body. Comfort, the warmth of the fire close by, the nearness of her owner and source of her happiness. Stretching, Kelly felt the claws at the tips of her paw-like digits extend and catch on the rug, snapping back in a wonderfully satisfying manner.

She looked up at the witch, trying to speak, to thank her for the sensuous way her body moved, the delicious warmth of it, but all that would escape was a high-pitched, "Mew."

"You're welcome, kitty," Dorothea replied, as if reading her mind. She held her hand to the human/kitten hybrid, and Kelly rubbed her cheek against the witch's hand. Dorothea ran her nails down the catgirl's back, her tail swinging happily behind her.

Dorothea moved to the high-backed chair nearest the fire and patted her lap,

Kelly following behind on all fours and curling into the sultry witch's lap. A low purr rumbled from her core as she rested her head against the arm of the chair, her emerald, slitted eyes reflecting the fire's dancing flames.

Dorothea idly scratched her hair between her flitting ears and smiled.

When the knock came on the door, Kelly's ears stood at attention and she hopped from the chair, circling behind Dorothea as her owner stood and waved her hands, conjuring a tray of candied apples from the ether.

"Come on, kitty," she smiled, following the hall to the front door. "Looks like we have guests."

Her kitten followed, tail swaying, crawling behind Dorothea with a purr.

Dorothea opened the door, finding the surprised face of a lovely redhead, no more than twenty-five. It looked to be a very busy Halloween.

## About the Author

[www.LykaBloom.com](http://www.LykaBloom.com)

Lyka Bloom has been working as a technical writer for several years before turning her attention to the kinkier side of life.

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