"God, I can't believe they invited her to this party." Shelly spoke with a disgust strong enough to cut through stone.

"Yeah, who'd she have to fuck to get into here." Tina chuckled, taking a deep swig of beer as her cocked sneer devolved into a drunken stare.

"Probably Chad; dude's always had a thing for the weirdos." Molly chuckled, grabbing her friends by the shoulder as they let the alcohol do the thinking for them.

Just like it had been every year prior, the Beta Phi costume party was roaring with activity; it had become a bit of a campus legend at this point. Year after year, wild stories and rumours would spawn from the party, some more believable than others. The story of Kelly Kegstand was a particularly noteworthy event; the story got grander each time it was told, a girl draining over ten kegs in a single night. The only photo of said incident did seem to attribute some level of truth to the whole tale, as said Kelly was photographed the day after with a gut that looked like it was content nursing a baby whale. That being said, the Beta Phi parties were a place for oddities, the place that Halloween legends are born. It was unfortunate that the momentous night would be spoiled by the trio of alpha bitches that had never left their high school days behind.

On the cusp of graduation, Shelly, Tina and Molly were the lifers at Buxton University. All of them were far into the tenure of their bachelor's degrees, to the point where it seemed absurd that they hadn't graduated yet. They skirted by on the bare minimum, draining their collective families' bank accounts as they approached their thirties. You had Shelly, the wannabe fashionista of the group, the one who would only fall upwards after the whole affair. Normally a blonde with a ponytail and pink preppy attire, tonight she was dressed as a horror movie classic. Her boyfriend was obsessed with some old film from the 90's, a cheesy sci-fi flick she'd never bothered to learn the name of. The only character she bothered to remember was some alien woman by the name of Serleena, a fashion model that wore all black. Shelly never knew why her boyfriend talked about her so much and only assumed it was because of some deep-seated desire for a punk woman. Shelly's costume in particular sported the leather jacket and cupped bustier of the outfit in question, stiletto heels and a black wig that might as well have been made of plastic. With her alcohol-infused balance, she stumbled her way forward, approaching the wall flower on the opposite side of the room.

Tina was at her side, ready to chastise and mock the poor introvert out of some sense of superiority. A woman with dark skin and a penchant for the cruel, she considered herself the next rising star in show business, just not in the usual way. Instead of stardom, Tina was gearing herself up to become the biggest TV producer in the business. She was ready to backstab and fuck her way to the top, doing whatever she could to reach the top spot. She didn't even need to do that much work either; her dad's position as a station owner would guarantee her a position in the upper echelons: she just got a kick out of it. Unlike her usual shtick of just grabbing a costume off of the rack, she roped some theater kid into fixing her something special for the night. There was some obscure and trashy flick from the early 80's that the loser designed her

costume after, something to do with Leprachauns. Tiny didn't pay attention to what they talked about; she just enjoyed how much it hugged her curves. Bright blue dress that seemed paper-thin, thin enough that you could see her nipples after a stiff breeze. Her generous bust and hips made it all the easier for her to turn heads as she strutted her way across the room. She walked with all the grace of a woman who was four beers in, practically holding on to Molly for dear life.

Molly was in about as good a state as the others, mind addled by beer and attitude laced with bitterness borne from years of dispensed venom. A fashionable redhead who used to have roots in the punk scene, she left them behind to join the in-crowd. This abandonment of her roots gave her great success and accolades, allowing her to ride her mother's famous coattails to the top and whittle away her years as the head of the sorority. Her skin still retained the paleness from her years as a shut-in, and her choice of costume made it all the more apparent. She was dressed in a skin-tight outfit made of red leather, something that showed off her rather placid curves. Her body looked practically poured into the suit as she recreated it from her favorite TV show as a child. Her hair was styled to look like the bob cut the character she dressed as sported, and on her belt was a fake box of cookies with a hand-drawn logo. When questioned, she just ducked it, creating a cover story that was similar to Shelly and Tina's that she harangued some nerd into making her costume. There was something inside of her that was wanting to come out, but she buried it in another bear as the trio came upon the girl who wanted nothing but privacy.

"Hey Lhea. Funny seeing you here, all alone, like usual." Shelly made sure to drive the point home as she planted an elbow into the wall, looking at Lhea with a sneer.

Lhea was your usual stay-at-home nerd, rarely venturing out of her den for anything less than a new novel or book to read. The fact that she decided to go out tonight at all was a wild departure from her usual stance on things, and that wasn't even accounting for her choice of costume for the night. With inky black hair and a figure that could be considered unflatteringly heavy, Lhea was usually the woman to don a baggy costume for safety's sake. Tonight, though, she chose to step out of her comfort zone once again; she'd chosen a witch's outfit, a simple purple getup that she'd sewn herself. It was long and purple, hugging her rolls and curves in a way that only made her nervous habit of snacking more apparent on her rotund stomach. Her deep eye shadow and purple lipstick only drew more attention to her as the other girls swarmed around her. Molly and Tina flanked Lhea on both sides, looking at her like she was a zit in the mirror.

"Skyler invited me; I was…" Lhea wasn't given a chance to adequately verbalize her statement, as Tina burst out with laughter.

"Skyler? Hottest man on campus Skyler? That's some crazy talk. Why would a hunk want anything to do with a fatso like you?" Tiny flicked Lhea's witch's hat with a single finger, flipping it over itself and knocking a little trinket loose.

Lhea wasn't unfamiliar with the occult arts; she was a bit of a practitioner, actually, but the degree of which was unknown to most. The little tap from Tina was enough to give people pause; a small ring of woven straw fell from her brim, at the center of which was a petrified hand, a claw of some tiny rodent that had become dehydrated and leathery.

"Eww, gross! What the hell is this?" Molly nearly fell over as she held up the desiccated trinket.

"It's nothing, just a piece of the costume." Lhea tried to cover herself, hoping to avoid any more conflict.

She practically shrank against the wall as all of the girls crowded her, holding the ring in her face as they looked.

"Is this some fucked-up weirdo shit? I know you get up to it." Shelly held the wing up with disgust, her face curling into a malicious snarl as she got uncomfortably close to Lhea. "I saw you the other day. You and that girl Livia, you were both chanting in the woods."

Lhea was frozen, becoming overwhelmed as her personal bubble was punctured, the mean girls lording themselves over her. She'd endured this kind of treatment her whole life, and had hoped it would end in college, but that hadn't been the case. These three had always made a point to harass and hassle her during her daily, and tonight was proving more intense. The influence of alcohol and the dissolution of restraint meant they weren't afraid to get physical.

"You couldn't even get something that fit? If you're gonna do the sexy nurse thing, at least make sure you're sexy." Tina chuckled, grabbing hold of one of Lhea's flanks. "God, look at this cow, she's nothing but fat."

Tina's invitation spurred her to grab another handful of Lhea's stomach, pressing into her blubbery stomach. Her hands sank far enough that her wrist vanished into it before releasing.

"Honestly, you shouldn't have even come here. You knew what was going to happen if you showed your face." Molly pitied the girl to some extent, but it was adapt or die; she had, Lhea hadn't.

Molly slid around Lhea, positioning herself between the girl and the wall, grabbing ahold of her lovehandles from behind. She shook the girl like she was jello, playing with her in such an invasive manner that it made Lhea panic.

Her heart was starting to beat out of her chest; every touch and prod punched at her self-conscious image as the girls taunted her. She knew she didn't belong; they didn't need to hammer the point home. She just wanted to feel different for a night; she just wanted to feel what it was like to be someone else, but she couldn't escape herself. Lhea closed her eyes, hoping it would all end, that someone at the party would take notice. She felt herself being

shoved around, bounced like a ball between the bullying girls, their actions only spurred on by Lhea's distress. Despite her size advantage over the trio, her inability to stand up for herself made her easy to move, she was practically their toy.

The groping and the shoving only got more ferocious as the girls' drunkenness grew, taking turns sipping the beer between shoves. The teasing lasted longer than it should have, their slurred laughter scratching Lhea's ears like knives on a chalkboard. Nobody at the party was coming to her rescue; nobody even noticed what was happening. She was reaching a limit, her distress boiling over into rage, a rage that filled the depths of her soul. A sweet girl pushed to desperation as she mentally channeled the spirits she'd communed with so often before. Her lips seemed to be moving on their own as fel chants slipped from her lips. They started low at first, but they grew louder, rising into an audible mantra.

"Hey! Get a load of this; she's actually chanting. Is that a spell, witch girl?" Shelly drunkenly dug her finger into Lhea's cheek, prodding her so hard that it made her head turn.

"Let those who derive joy from the suffering of others be met with a cruel fate." Lhea's chanting continued, unperturbed by the physical distractions the girls posed.

"A cruel fate? Baby, this world is a cruel fate. You best get used to it." Molly pulled at Lhea's cheek, pinching her flab as the chanting continued.

"Burden them with the weight of the costume they wear force them to enact their own demise." There was a small shimmer of purple in Lhea's eyes as her chant intensified, a gleam of lightning that seemed to surround her form.

"Costume we wear? I can't tell if she's getting metaphorical or literal…Hey, is she glowing?" Tina was the only one taking the words seriously, preferring not to mess with a girl who looked like she was about to summon lightning.

"Spirits I call upon you. Do what needs be done. Punish them! Punish them! Punish them!" Lhea's last words rang out with an echo, a cry that filled the party and played through the speakers.

It was a visible wave of sound, a ring of purple energy that stretched across the room and rebounded across the walls. It enveloped everybody, making them glow with the same-colored energy. Costumed fools and partygoers doubled over, energy coursing through their veins, making their eyes light up as their costumes began to change, merging with their skin. Shelly, Molly and Tina were all wracked with the same changes, their costumes shifting into something more realistic. The cheapness of their outfits shifted to something more substantial, more permanent. Shelly's plastic black wig became more luscious, flowing like real hair as her blonde hair merged with it. It moved as naturally as her own as the rest of her features began to shift. She took on the more distinct features of Serleena; the piercing eyes,

the raised cheekbones. Her body contorting and shifting to mimic the figure of a professional model. She doubled over in pain as her bones lengthened, stretching to grow to a new height.

At her side, Tina wasn't having nearly the same levels of discomfort. Her change was less dramatic but still paralyzing. The gap of mocha flesh that showed off her bosom widened as her assets grew. Pounds of fat seemed to be bubbling under her skin making them inflate and ripen, turning them from firm oranges into sloshing melons. She was bent over by the hefty bosom, body unprepared for the sudden increase in weight as her upper body expanded. The same was happening below as well; hips, thighs, and ass all rounded and expanded, getting heftier and thicker, creeping out from the bottom of her skirt like burgeoning moons. She could feel a tingling crawl across her scalp, the feeling of her hair rearranging itself. Her red-dyed curls seemed to burn like they'd just been dyed, their natural color being overridden by that of the costume.

Molly was stuck with just the burning of changing hair, her well-made wig dug into her scalp like tendrils. Natural follicles were uprooted and replaced by the blonde as her body slowly filled out. It was less dramatic than Tina's change; her bust swelled from tiny apples to medium oranges. Round and perky, like they were held by a bustier as she grew slightly in height. Her bodysuit became thicker, more real; she looked like a tactical fashion model, which was accurate to the show she'd drawn inspiration from.

All across the party, the same chaos was being had, but Lhea experienced none of it. Bereft of her tormenter's prods, she was free to experience the first real bit of magic she'd ever unleashed. She revelled in the curse that was running its course, drinking it in for just a moment. That moment swiftly passed as the urge to retreat to her home increased. Without a word, she bolted from the party, leaving the afflicted to their fates.

"Oh my god! Why do I know how to run an IV?!" A woman dressed as a nurse shouted in fright.

It was as if the costumes were becoming real; people dressed as monsters became monstrous, people dressed as media characters became them. It was mass chaos as the dreams and nightmares of childhood fantasy were shunted into the real world.

"Violet?! You're turning into a blueberry!" A man dressed as Willy Wonka shouted as his girlfriend's berry suit became real and sloshing flesh.

Awoooooooooo

A girl dressed as a werewolf was given her fantastical dream. Laboriously sewn fur became reality; muscle and bone had rearranged itself into a hulking and monstrous form as the woman tore herself from the party. She was unleashed, dropping on all fours and crashing through the wall.

“What the fuck?! What’s going on here?” Shelly looked in horror as the chaos continued.

In the corner she could see a girl who’d dressed as Mr, Creosote began to balloon up. Her stomach swelling as the fat suit she’d donned merged with her skin. Buttons popped one after another as her stomach seemed to swell on its own.

“Shit, glad I didn't dress as anything weird.” Tina wiped her brow before moving towards the exit.

“Where are you going?” Shelly’s shout was born from a deeply veiled worry.

“I’m getting out of here before any of those zombies get a look at these juicy hams.” Tina put a hand under her cheek, jiggling her newly grown assets. “I think I'm going to like this change.”

“Don’t you fucking leave me, I… ***ooh***. Don’t you. ***Groooorl***.” Shelly practically doubled over as her stomach let out an agonizing growl.

She felt hungrier than she’d ever been in her life, so hungry that she could eat anything. As if compelled by instinct, she left Tina to escape, moving by the snack table to grab a bit. A cupcake, something that would easily sate her on a normal day; she devoured it without thinking, shoving the cake messily past her lips. It did nothing; the ravenous hunger only seemed to grow, welling inside of her like a beast as her eyes fixed upon a man dressed as himself. The poor and hapless fool was trapped in a stupor as he experienced everything in stereo, unable to move against Shelly’s advances.

Rooooorrl

Back at the snack table, Molly was feeling the profound effects of her costume, the growing obsession. Unlike her friends, she knew the nature of her costume and of theirs. She was unable to verbalize it as hypnotic swirls began to whirl in her eyes. Multicolored whirlpools of blue and yellow swished about her vision, only clearing when she laid eyes upon the cookies.

“Why’d I choose the Passion Patties?” Molly muttered under her breath as she was drawn to the table.

She reached out for the cookie plate, arm trembling the whole way as she tried to fight that first bite. She could feel herself being pushed aside, being shoved into the back of her own mind as the hunger for cookies grew stronger. It was already at her lips; the pumpkin-decorated monstrosity taunted her, laughed at her futile resistance. In the last moment, her strength failed her, and the cookie was already down her throat. The sugary taste flooded her senses; inside, she knew it was the cheapest possible dish, a bulk purchased dough from an unknown manufacturer. She knew that fact, but the illusion of her costume morphed it into something wondrous. The first bite was a cornucopia of new flavors, an addictive and indescribable flood of

wonder. She was helpless as she reached for another and then another. Before she knew it, she was shovelling the food down her throat hand over fist, eating the cookies with such fervor that she was creating more crumbs than bites.

"***Ahhhhh!*** She's eating Jimmy!" A scream as blood-curdling as murder rang out through the room as Jenny saw her boyfriend being devoured.

Poor Jenny stood helpless to assist him, her choice to dress as a gummy bear making her limbs as useless as a sponge. She watched in terror as Shelly lifted Jimmy into the air, upending him with supernatural strength as her maw widened. Her jaw unhinged like a snake's opening like rubber as she stretched over Jimmy's head. He slid in with horrific ease, her body moving like elastic to accommodate his form. Her throat bulged, the slight outlines of his frame protruding from her skin as she tilted her head back. She undulated like a gull, bustier snapping apart to make room for him as he slid into her throat. There was a bestial gaze plastered upon her face, the look of a woman who was lost to instinct.

The party could barely look at her consumption, attention too drawn by their own chaos. Only Molly and Jenny could see as Jimmy slid down into Shelly's stomach. Her gut protruding like she was pregnant with twins, bulging like a peach-hued orb as he settled inside of her. For a moment, they were treated to the distended outlines of his body, knees protruding from her navel before the weight shifted and her sloshing gut rounded. It moved like a sac, weight swaying back and forth as she looked to Jenny.

"Oh no! First she ate Jimmy, and now she's going to eat me! Oh my gooood!" Jenny shrieked, summoned enough strength to make her body move, but it only served to make her flat on her back.

Shelly's eyes snapped away from Jenny, losing interest as the sugary confection failed to capture her interest. She knew what she wanted, and it was meat.

Tina could hear the scream from the entrance; the noise only served to spur her urge to run. She sprinted on unsteady heels as she bolted through the fraternity halls. She may have escaped the bulk of the chaos, but costumed guests still roamed the halls. Ghouls, ghosts, and zombies alike all shambled through the wood-lined corridors. She ran as fast she could, but something was dragging her down, holding her back.

"Fuck, I must have been going at it too hard. Knew I shouldn't have pregamed." Tina shook her head in disappointment, trying to make her muscles follow orders.

What Tina had failed to realize was that her muscles were acting perfectly fine; they just weren't used to the extra weight. The entire time she'd been bounding through the frat house, she'd been growing. Her ass had been expanding like there was an air hose connected. Every

step she took, those wobbling mounds grew larger and more gelatinous. By the time she reached the main room, they had inflated from oversized bubbles to enormous basketballs of flesh. Her snug dress tightly hugged those swells, digging into them like they were putty. They bulged against their bindings, creeping out in two curves as her hips joined with them. The entirety of jer lower half was swelling wider and rounder: her thick trunk doing its best to try and keep her stable, but the growing crops on her chest were making that a problem.

Her mounds swayed back and forth, jostling her top as the waves of supple flesh crashed over each other. Her bountiful bosom was leaping in cup sizes by the minute, flowing out from her low-cut top and sitting like pumpkins. She was too drunk to notice, but she was garnering jealous looks from those around her. The girls who opted to dress in cowprint bikinis had sprouted udders and horns, turning into the truest of cowgirls, but the brimming udders couldn't compete with her honking hooters. She kept growing and growing, swelling to the point that her dress was starting to get tight, outlining her cleavage. They were getting large enough that she was having trouble seeing past them. That obstruction was enough to make her miss the pair of legs in front of her.

“Little help?” A voice called out to Tina, startling her enough that she tripped.

She fell with all the grace of a toppled tree, sailing facefirst into two wobbling airbags. Her face was buried in her sloshing tits, the fat-filled balloons rocking against her weight as she came to a teetering halt.

“Hasn’t anyone ever taught you manners?! You’re not supposed to block the halls during an emergen…***ahhhhhh***!” Tina screamed at the top of her lungs as she saw a pair of disembodied legs twiddling their toes.

“Believe me, I would if I could.” The woman replied, motioning to her bisected torso.

“Petty? What in the hell happened to you?” Tina was dumbfounded, almost paralyzed at the sight of her friend.

“Well, my best guess is that I was sawed in half.” Petty seemed rather blase about the whole ordeal.

Petty was dressed as a magician’s assistant, one from a failed magical act. Tina had remembered seeing her earlier in the night; her costume had a bloodied and comical gash across the waist, right where she was bisected. Now her blue sequins were coated in a thick layer of red, dyed with the caked layers of her blood. Somehow, despite the profuse bleeding from her mid-section, she was perfectly fine. She was able to move her upper body without issue; it was just the ambulation of the lower that was proving difficult.

“This is some bullshit; Shelly should have warned me that weirdo had powers. I wouldn’t have gotten within fifty feet of her.” Tina cursed under her breath as she tried to heft herself to her feet.

“Tiiiiits.” “Assssss” two voices cried out in groaning cries, exclamations shouted with crackling vocal cords.

“Seriously? You halfwits put together a costume like that?” Tina looked back in disgust as two of the frat boys shambled forwards.

It was Hank and Henshaw, the himbo drunkards of Beta Phi. In all their combined wisdom, they decided to go as zombies that craved breast and backside over brains. The idea for the costume was about as far as their combined brain cell could take them, as they simply wore t-shirts to describe the rest.

"I wouldn't bother; they're pretty much monosyllabic." Petty smiled as she caught a gander of Tina's inflated assets. "Though, if I were you, I'd probably get moving. I don't think they're gonna lose interest in you anytime soon."

"You bitch." Tina snarled as she stumbled away from the scene.

—----------

Back in the main room, things were devolving into utter madness; people's costumes were taking over their minds, making them act strangely. The Mrs. Creosote had hobbled her bulbous gut over to the refreshment table, stuffing herself silly with as much food as she could get her hands on. Molly was pressed uncomfortably close to a woman whose stomach was crawling out from under her clothes. Her bulbous gut was so large that it sagged down below her knees and rested on the floor. A straining curve that only seemed to grow larger as she ate, inflating disproportionately to the amount of food she was taking in. If Molly weren't so absorbed in eating her cookies, she would have been able to see what was going to happen next, but she gorged herself just like her new companion.

Grooorrl

Crkkkk

"I don't think I can eat another bite." Mrs. Creosote held her stomach in disbelief as she struggled to even move.

A concerning amount of noises were coming from the woman's overstuffed stomach; her cumberbund and suit were popped open, revealing a food-stuffed blimp that looked impossible. Her stomach had risen into her chest, pushing her bust out of the way and making the whole of her body seem like some swollen mountain. The table in front of her had been cleared, leaving

only the spots that Molly had yet to touch; only one piece of candy remained in the bowl. It was a chocolate mint, the perfect after-dinner finisher, but could she even handle it?

Grnnn

Rmblblbl

There was a disconcerting quake from the Creosote's gut; the strained orb whined like a punished dog as she held the mint in her hands. Molly wanted to say something, wanted to warn the woman of the mistake she was about to make, but her mouth was too full of cookies. Molly's own swollen gut had been creeping steadily towards the floor as she shovelled every baked good in front of her down her mouth. The pregnant swell looked more like a beach ball at this point, crawling steadily outwards as it pressed against her bodysuit. A curved orb of flesh that started to spread outwards. It was like her body was hooked to hose, processing all of those sweets into fat instantly, making her thighs swell, her hips widen, and her waistline expand. She felt so tight, so full, but she couldn't stop.

"It's just a wafer-thin mint; how much damage could it do?" Mrs. Creosote smiled as she plopped the mint into her mouth.

How can she be wearing that costume without knowing how the scene ends?

Molly cursed in the back of her mind as she watched Creosote's throat shift, the mint travelling down into the powder keg that was her stomach.

Glosh

Rmblblblb

Crkkkk

Creosote's stomach let out a bevy of worrying noises, growls, and gurgles that sounded closer to a bubbling cauldron as she started to swell. The woman was a prisoner to her own stomach; the massive orb expanded, arching her back far enough that it looked like her spine might snap. The pale sphere burgeoned against her body, swelling larger and larger, billowing out of control until it was twice the size that she was. Her silky skin turned red for a moment before the inevitable happened.

Blooooosssh

Just like the movie, Mrs. Creosote burst open, splattering the wall behind the table with the digested gunk she'd been taking in that night. A mixture of gore and gunk flung into the wall, caking it in a thick muck that dripped down as the overblown woman sat as a prisoner of her

own stomach. Her front had entirely burst open, revealing shattered ribs and her still functioning organs; she looked down in disbelief at her own insides, amazed that she actually burst.

Snap

Molly's belt had burst off her body just as she finished the last of the cookies at the table, timed right after the explosion settled down. She craved more, she needed more, and she could already feel her body hunting down the next source of sugar. Molly desperately tried to stop herself; seeing Mrs. Creosote bursting like she did gave Molly the horrid realization of what awaited her. In the show the spy girl was stopped by her friends from overeating those Passion Patties, saved from bursting like a popped balloon, but she had no such saviors here. As Molly teetered to the other refreshment table, body billowing outwards with each step, she knew what awaited her.

This was one of the times she regretted how well stocked the Beta Phi Halloween parties were, as there was another table of refreshments across the room. Molly waddled past a vampire couple arguing over some pale woman sitting between them, passed a witchy talk show host with boobs as large as her head, and slipped by a clown woman ominously blowing up people like balloons. All these oddities elicited panic in Molly's mind, but her body wanted what it wanted. She parked herself in front of the snack table, hands reaching out for the piles of brownies and the slices of cake that awaited her. She crammed them into her mouth one after another, overloaded by the exquisite taste as they piled inside of her stomach. She knew they were cheapo things bought from the store, but to her they were like exquisite delicacies, and she couldn't get enough.

Strrcchh

Grmblblb

Each bite she took was another inch on her thighs, another few pounds on her gut, an extra bit of girth on her hips. She was growing fuller and wider the more she ate, assaulting the table like a plague. Her red-gloved hands were stained with chocolate icing and crumbs, body bubbling outwards like a balloon. All of that sugar and fat was filling her up, taking her from a petite stick to an overblown cow. Her leather suit stretched to accommodate her growth, conforming to her size in a way that matched the characters of the show. The only part of her that didn't fit was her stomach; that overblown beach ball was sticking out from her waistline like a blob. A growing crescent of pale skin was being revealed with each bite she took, the massive swell only growing larger as she continued to eat. She was so tight, so full, that her breathing was starting to become laboured as she shovelled mountains of sweets down her gullet. She lost track of how much she'd eaten; it all blurred together in a haze, the bites becoming a deluge of sweet sludge in her mind. The only thing that could remotely pull her attention was the ear-shattering scream that ripped through the party.

"Get your hands off of her, you bitch!" A woman dressed as Rupley snarled as Shelly's Serleena rampage had pulled her over to her partner.

Shelly didn't even blink as the Ripley wanna-be smacked against her swollen stomach, each impact sounding with nothing but a hollow thwack as she devoured a woman dressed in red. It was hard to tell what her costume was, but her pointed heels kicked helplessly as she slipped down Shelly's distended throat. She'd been working overtime at the party, scooping up victims left and right as she sated her primal hunger. Her stomach had absorbed the bulk of said victims; her swollen orb churned and writhed with still living prey, fists pushing against the leathery skin as they struggled for freedom. Shelly had eaten so much that her pale stomach sagged over her knees and dragged across the floor, resembling an overfilled sack. She was large as a weather balloon, maybe larger, heavy flesh pressed into the ground as that distended teardrop stretched out in front of her. The massive lump tapered into an uneven curve that looped up and above her sternum, creating an almost towering mass of digesting people. The mass shifted as she swallowed the first victim before grabbing Ripley by the hand, pulling her close.

"You taste good." Shelly recited the words like a recording, speaking with a voice that wasn't her own as she licked the Ripley's hand.

"Get.. off…of me!" Riply jerked and pulled, but Shelly had inherited Serleena's alien strength, and it made her an overwhelming behemoth, an unstoppable force.

Without pause or issue, Shelly lifted the Ripley above her head, her maw opening wide as she lowered her in. A collection of hands shot out from her widened maw, the fresh victims still screaming for escape, but they were but crabs in a pit. They pulled on Ripley for leverage, myriad hands surrounding hers in an attempt to pull themselves out, but all they did was make it easier to swallow Ripley. She was pulled down into the writhing pit easily, slipping past Shelly's closing lips and ending up in her swollen stomach. The orb lurched and groaned, heaving with the constant shifting of the rowdy prey inside.

Rooorull

Grloppl

Her stomach growled angrily, letting out a disconcerting bubble as she moved through the party, her bulky body almost too heavy for her legs to move. Molly watched her strut with confidence, a smoldering smile pressed upon her face like a mask. The only bits of the real Shelly that Molly could catch sight of were in her eyes; for a moment, Shelly's eyes twitched, flickering with untold amounts of guilt in horror at what she was doing, but that moment passed and she returned to a sultry glare. Not a single iota of feeling outside of her own hunger as she walked over to the poor guy who'd chosen to dress as a roast turkey for tonight. He'd been turned into a savory Thanksgiving dinner and Shelly was hungry. She lifted him in the air with

ease, mouth widening around the succulent meat of the costume. His costume had transformed his body, making him such a large morsel that she could barely fit her mouth around it.

Shelly stretched like a gulper-eel, moving with alien motion in her attempt to swallow her wriggling prey. The man's wings flailed helplessly, fried nubbins scraping uselessly against the ground as Shelly dragged him into her. Her stomach shifted with each swallow, the whole of her upper body stretching to accommodate a chicken the size of a mini-van. All of that girth warped her stomach, made it rise up in front of her, pushing her breasts apart as it occupied more of her body. Her stomach stretched and yawned across the floor, pushing through the rest of the chaos like a battering ram. People were pushed under that growing mass as she pushed the turkey by the legs, struggling to fit him in. The golden-brown thighs stuck out of her mouth in a comical fashion, bones gleaming white as she forced them in. She pressed her hands into those bumps, her belly lurching out before constricting and pushing back against her arms. It was like she was trying to pack an overloaded trash bag that refused to settle.

Crkkkkk

Her belly was stretching, emitting sounds akin to creaking leather as she struggled to force the turkey suit in. Molly pulled herself away from her snacks at the sound of Shelly's creaking stomach, watching as the overpacked mass bulged and protruded. She was far too full; her stomach was rebelling against the idea of fitting any more food in. Each time she pushed the turkey suit down her maw elicited a similar creak in her strained gut. The outlines of her prey were becoming more present within her overpacked tum; hands and faces could be seen pressing against her writhing mass as the turkey pushed against them. A menagerie of prey, both new and old, sat inside of her unsettled stomach, digesting in the unnatural vat of acid as Shelly grew. Tears crept out from the corners of her eye as she pushed the turkey those last few inches into her stomach; whether they were from oxygen deprivation or actual remorse was unknown, but they were there nonetheless.

Ulp

Shelly finally managed to swallow, closing her lips around that bulbous mass and sealing the deal with an audible swallow. The mass passed through her bulged throat and distended body, landing in her stomach with a great lurch. The whole of her body shifted forward, pulled by the overwhelming gravity of the weight in her stomach. Pulled on top of her bulbous stomach, Shelly was resting close to the ceiling due to the height of the meal inside.

Roooooowwll

Grrruuu

Grnnnn

Shelly's overloaded stomach howled in anguish, body being rocked back and forth by the helpless struggles of the people inside. Her pale swell was starting to turn red, the edges of her flanks distended from the strain of it all. Molly was relieved that Shelly was finally stopped, her body pinned to the floor by its own weight. She wouldn't burst, and she wouldn't eat any more people; it was a win-win. At least that's what Molly hoped, but fate has a funny way of working things out; as Shelly lay helpless atop her stomach, a small ball of light came flitting close to her. The sound of light chimes followed miniscule wing flaps as the bright ball flittered around her colossal form. Molly squinted her eyes, trying to figure out who it was, looking through the light to see her friend Kristi. Kristi had dressed as a video game fairy for tonight's party, and it looked like the curse had shrunken her down into a tiny fairy.

"Kristi! Get away from her. Shelly's going to eat you!" That's what Molly wanted to say, but the flood of baked goods in her mouth made it come out as a jumbled mash of sounds. "***Hmmoopp hhhpppmmm shhsrrrrr***"

Kristi didn't see her attempt at warnings, and she was helpless to watch as she flitted too close to the beast.

Omph

Shelly's arm shot out, snatching Kristi like a frog snatches a fly; without pause, she shoved the hapless fairy into her mouth. She swallowed it in a single gulp; the struggling lump that was Kristi travelled down Shelly's throat before landing in her stomach. It hit her gut with the same reaction a match gives a powderkeg. The bomb had been armed; Shelly's stomach began to pulse, throbbing in and out as her body contracted. Each pulse left her a little large, her body pushed closer to the ceiling.

Rmblblblb

Grnnnnn

Her skin thinned, trembling with the pressure inside as she mindlessly reached for more prey. The costume had made her so single-mindedly devoted to its nature that she didn't even realize she was about to burst. Her head was buried under her swelling flesh, trapped between ceiling and gut as her stomach billowed around her. The solid mass of prey was giving way to some unseen substance, the overload of digestive processes and actions, the parts of her that had become alien. Her pale skin was growing thinner by the moment; patches tore away to reveal a writhing bundle of green behind them, connected threads that looked alien in nature. They pulled further apart, bits of liquid streaming from the gaps as more and more of Shelly's newly created alien stomach was revealed. Her stomach started to rock, heaving back and forth in rebellious throes. The last protests of an abused stomach cried out before the inevitable finally happened.

Gwoooosh

Shelly ruptured, her stomach splitting open and a wave of her prey spilling out upon the floor, her body collapsing to the ground. It was a tide of slurry and skulls; digested flesh spilled out along a tide of sizzling green. As she collapsed to the ground, her gaping stomach fell open, revealing the green and dripping innards; it looked like the mouth of a mossy cave. Shelly's rupture was just another note for the chaotic party, as people were quickly brought back to their own concerns.

The only person who paid the ruptured woman any mind was Molly, and that's because Molly knew she was soon to share Shelly's fate. She hadn't stopped eating during that entire affair, her gut had split the front of her top open, overblown stomach crawling towards the ground as she packed herself full of sweets. Her mouth was caked in thick frosting and batter, brownies and pie smattering her chubby cheeks as she continued eating. Her hands were drenched in saccharine refuse; the only hope she had was that the party would run out of food before she ran out of room.

—----------

"Seriously? Just give up! God damn." Tina looked back behind her as she clamored up the stairs, fighting for dear life.

"Tiiiits" "Aaaasss" Hank and Henshaw both cried out in unison, their rotting forms crawling up the stairs as they chased after their prize.

Tina was holding onto the banister as hard as she could, pulling herself up each step with all her strength. She'd barely gotten away from Petty, and her assets had inflated into ridiculous parodies of curves. Her ass had bloomed out to the size of yoga balls, audibly sloshing with the fat that was being pumped into them. Her massive mounds jiggled back and forth like jelly molds, bursting out from under her blue dress and sitting bare in the walkway. Her hips were growing so large that they hugged the edges of the rails, soft flesh constricting her as she fought against it. The only thing that made the whole affair tenable was the weight of her breasts; her tits swelled up like a blimp, oversized bust that forced her top to stretch to an impossible limit. Her bust stuck out in front of her like a swollen tract of land, deep cleavage, dividing her bosom with a canyon that you could hide yourself in.

"Asshholes." Tina stopped as she felt her words stumble, her lips getting clammy as she finally reached the top of the stairs.

She bolted her way down the hall, dragging her ass behind her like a trailer, as she sought for any means of escape. Passing by open rooms with their own host of problems, one room was being assaulted by a rather glutted-looking alien, her glossy black skin writhing with what could only be other guests. A long and swishing tail whipped across the room, spiked end

thrashing the curtains as the alien lay beached on the bed. Tina decided whatever was happening in there was not worth the trouble and kept moving, only stopping when she saw the mirror at the end of the hall.

"Oh ma gawd, ish that my face?" Tina let out a cry of disbelief as she saw lips in the mirror.

It looked like she'd been stung by a bee or had a run in with an immoral plastic surgeon; her lips were swollen enough to bulge out against her face. Lumps connected by a plumping bridge of flesh, lips so thick that they moved beyond luscious. She hadn't been trying to talk until now, but when she moved her mouth, her lips were stiff, unyielding as pressurized rubber. She couldn't do anything but flap them up and down in slurred attempts at speech. They looked like they were throbbing, filling with some unknown substance as she tried to pull herself through the hall.

Crack

Tina's steps were stopped by the sound of crunching wood, her legs unable to push her any further forward. She looked back to see that her ass and hips had completely trapped her, the bulbous yoga balls had grown into bean bags that pinched her between both walls, and she was still growing. Bulging flesh crept upwards along the walls, putting pressure against the bowing wood as she grew.

Glunk

Gush

Tina tried to throw herself forward, hoping to loose herself from the momentary trap, but her body refused to move. Her assets sloshed with the sound of heavy fat, she was filling out of control, and her curves were starting to tighten. In her panic, her hands slapped against her overinflating bust, smacking off of them like they were basketballs. Her overloaded airbags were stretching as wide as her hips, creating a massive roadblock in the hallway. She could feel them sag down, pressed against the floor as they became weather balloons of pure fat. Patches of pink were creeping across her bust, pink that soon turned to red as her strain increased. Her cheeks were hot; she was getting flush from the strain she was under.

"Too hawt…too twight." Tina's overblown lips struggled to form the words as she felt her body getting taut.

Grnn

Tina’s assets began to groan like a creaking ship, straining against the increasing load. Their growth slowed to a crawl as the pressure mounted, skin stretching thinner by the second. She’d lost all her natural elasticity and was starting to shine, making her overinflated assets look

like rubber. She felt fragile, like if she breathed too hard, she'd blow apart like a balloon, but it wouldn't stop. No matter how much she begged, how much she pleaded, the growth would not stop. All it would take to pop her balloons was a single pin.

"Tiits." "Aaassss." As if on cue, Hank and Henshaw rounded the corner, staggering their way through the hall.

"Cwom on. Wight now?!" The last thing Tina needed was two curve-obsessed zombies scratching at her ass.

The realization finally hit her; with how fragile her state was, those morons would blow her to smithereens as soon as they sunk their teeth in. Her realization only escalated her panic, making her twist and turn in an attempt to free herself. All her gyrations served to do was make her roll about in her own skin, straining assets that were already pushed to the max.

Crkkk

Grnnnn

"Pwease! Just break ***mpmphhh***" Tina's lips sealed shut; the last bits of fat made them clamp down like a clamshell.

She was stuck wrenching and fighting as the two zombies shambled ever closer, feet dragging across the floor, arms hunched in rigor mortis. Their jagged nails crept from under their sleeves as they met their goal. The towering wall that was Tina's ass, dark skin dyed beet red from the pressure, undulating with fat. They were like mouthwatering hams that the duo couldn't resist. Running on instinct, no concerns for self-preservation, they lunged. Their nails and teeth sank into the pressurized blimps.

"Nwooooo." Tina cried out as the shattering pain reached her.

Kerbwoooosh

Her ass exploded in a wave of bubbling yellow fat that washed through the halls like a tidal wave. Her rupture sent a deafening bang throughout the house that was met with another set of explosions.

Boom

Boom

Her tits exploded like bombs; the overinflated funbags were undone by the shockwave of her ass's explosion. The lake of red and yellow that poured from her chest flooded the upper

level before washing down the stairs in a river. Scraps of Tina floated upon that river, rolling down it like debris.

At the top of the stairs, crashed against the wall, were the crumpled forms of Hank and Henshaw. Their rotten bodies lay in a heap next to each, limbs cracked and detached. One would believe that the two were dead, but a twitch from one of their fingers proved otherwise. The two slack-jawed zombies rose from the proverbial grave, heads turned to each other.

“Tits?” “Ass?” They both looked at each other quizzically before saying it again with more enthusiasm. “Tiiits.” “Aaaasss”

———————-

Roooorrrrl

Grroourrrrlll

Molly wasn’t feeling her best; her stomach was howling in discomfort, enough to break the spell and bring her hands to the punished ball. There was a third snack table, and she was already working her way through it. Her overloaded stomach was crying in pain from the hundreds of pounds of sweets she had indulged in. The once pale orb now breached the fastener of her shirt and pants, jutting out like an overfilled air balloon. At the furthest curve of her stomach, her belly was red, red as blood. Streaks of scarlet stretched out from her overtaxed navel, the shallow cave flattening as she took her next bites.

Glorsh

Gursh

She had blown up into a parody of herself, her waistline stretched out past her hips, making her look like a round ball. Her stomach was constantly churning, constantly working to process all of the baked goods she’d eaten. All of its work was depositing fat all around Molly’s body. Her thighs were now verified thunder thighs that were plump enough to be tree trunks. Her fat ass was wide enough to get stuck in chairs. All of her was so large and puffy, poised to get larger as she ate.

Rmblblblb

Her stomach let out a dissatisfied rumble as it touched upon the ground, stretching that little bit further as she mindlessly ate a plate of brownies. She had lost all her willpower; her attempts to fight the costume’s hold were gone. At this point, she’d accepted her costume, like so many others. She relinquished the last bit of her resistance, and her eating sped up.

Nom

Grllllll

Ompphh

Crrkkkk

Nomph

Grnnnn

Her blistered stomach growled with each bit she took, letting out escalating howls of pain that elicited a loud howl from outside. Each bite she took was another inch of growth, another bit of stress on her stomach. She was a freight train that had escaped rails, flying through the air on a collision course. Her sprawling stomach pressed into the table, a last ditch-effort to save her from herself, but fate would not have it. The plate of brownies landed atop her gut, sliding down to her awaiting maw.

With glee she opened her mouth wide, stretching it as if she was trying to swallow the plate itself. It stopped at her lips, and the brownies slid in. The whole pile landed on her tongue as she closed her mouth. There was a look of revelrous joy on her face as she chewed that comical mountain of sweets. Her fat cheeks puffed like a squirrel's before she swallowed, the whole mass descending into her gullet like a bullet.

Rrrrrrllmbbllbbl

"Ahh, now that hit the spot." Molly patted the sides of her overfed gut as the organ quaked from the mass inside of it.

I should have listened to my old friends. The Beta Phi's were bad news.

Regret is what sprang up in Molly's thoughts, the realization that she'd set herself on his course. She was given an eternity to love with those thoughts, as her growth played out in slow motion.

Bwomp

Fwoomp

Her body was trying one last desperate attempt to keep her intact; it was processing those foods as fast as it could. Her chin and cheeks began to swell up, inflating with fat as the rest of her body widened. Her flanks curved out, pressing into her arms and forcing them at an angle. Her waistline and ass swelled into a sofa-smothering width as her body took on the

resemblance of a mountain. The fat that pulled around her midriff made her thighs thicker, made them too large and tight to move.

Crkkk

Just like that, she was out of room; Molly's body was completely full, unable to grow anymore as she started to throb. Her whole body pulsed in and out, fat bulging around like she was a pressure cooker ready to blow. Her stomach hadn't shrunk at all from the processing; it was still as large as ever.

Grnnn

She pulsed once.

Rrrrrlll

She pulsed twice.

Rmblblblbl

Each pulse left her a little larger than the previous as she pushed past her limit. Her every breath, her every twitch, they were met with the squeaking of rubber. Then it stopped, an eerie eye of the storm, a disquieting silence that lasted for but a moment. Molly's cheeks puffed out, and that was it.

Bwooosh

She detonated like a food bomb; fat, skin, gore and chocolate all erupted out in a wave. She was blown apart into near nothing, just bits of flesh and plumping blubber. Her red costume collapsed into the muck, somehow unharmed by the ordeal, sparkling with a bit of magic as the Passion Patty logo floated to the top.

"This is Whitney Weathes with channel 7 news, and we're here at the site of a horrific and impossible incident that occurred here at the Beta Phi Fraternity house." A silver-haired reporter looked dead at the camera, her eyes fixed as she spoke with a grave tone. "Last night, sometime in the later evening, the sounds of explosions were heard from the frat house. Campus Police were called, and what they found was beyond imagination."

Whitney and her crew walked across the filth-riddled yard, feet squishing against the sickly puddles of fat and blood that still remained. Behind her, the household was in ruins; the

windows were shattered and the walls crumbled. Creatures of all shapes and sizes were stumbling their way through the yard, holding their heads in confusion.

“It’s harrowing stuff; nobody knows the exact cause, but claims say their costumes possessed them. Eye Witness reports stated that they saw people transform and contort before their very eyes. A far-fetched tale to be sure, but some victims have volunteered to speak about their experiences.” Whitney beckoned her cameraman to follow as she walked across the yard.

Their first witness was a woman who seemed to be as plain as anyone, dressed in baggy scrubs with a tired look in her eyes. Her blond hair was frazzled and done up in a bun, a lit cigarette in her hand.

“Yes, ma'am. I’m sure this was a traumatic experience, and I'm happy you entrusted your story to channel 7 news. Are you the fraternity's on-call nurse?” Whitney held her microphone out so the woman could answer.

“Hell no I'm not. Fuck! I’m only 25!” The nurse stamped her feet in frustration.

“Really? You look a bit, forgive me for the rudeness, jaded.” Whitney was taken aback at the revelation.

“It’s the damn costume. I picked up one of those sexy nurse costumes from the store, thought it would be ironic. Well now I've got 25 years of nursing experience and trauma rolling about in my head. Do you know what that’s like? In just one night, I learned how to stitch a wound, how to set an iv. Hell, I even know how much morphine to give a degloving victim…don’t research that on a full stomach.” The nurse held up her hands, struggling to conceal the disgusted look on her face.

“That sounds insane. How are you coping?” Whitney’s look lay somewhere in the disingenuous as she held the microphone out.

“Nicotine. Now if you’ll excuse me, I guess I need to…go get a job.” The nurse ground her cigarette into the ground as she walked away.

The reporter looked flustered as the nurse stormed away, the camera following her as other figures lingered in the background. Two zombies in sweaters seemed to be excitedly high-fiving each other as they watched a woman with implants the size of beach balls walk by.

“Hey, eyes off the eye candy, I've got our next interview.” Whitney smacked the cameraman as he snapped over to a figure that looked straight out of a horror movie. “Umm, you wanted to share your tale about last night?”

The woman they were interviewing was completely alien in nature, sporting an elongated head that stretched beyond her back in a smooth curve. Her face was an eyeless and chittering

maw with a set of white teeth. She looked almost skeletal, save for the sagging sac that was her stomach. It bulged out like a black balloon, set between two hooked hips.

“Oh yeah, that shit was totes crazy. My boyfriend convinced me to go as this alien chick from some sci-fi bullshit, and he went as the hero of the movie. Anyways, we were having some fun in the bedroom, when I heard this weird chanting. One thing leads to another; I black out, and I wake up as I'm eating his leg. I’m Becky, btdubs.” Becky spoke with a valley girl accent so thick that it almost sounded comical.

“And…you’re fine with that? Like, that’s your boyfriend in there?” Whitney reached a hand out, poking the stomach and watching as it sloshed back in place.

“Oh yeah, it’s like an open relationship, and I was gonna break up with him anyways. So good news, boys, this man-eater’s siinglllleee.” Becky waved at the camera, acting cutesy before standing up straight. “I’m serious on that last part; you need to feed me before we fuck, otherwise I’m going to go all praying mantis on you.”

GrIII

Whitney didn’t have any words; she left Becky as soon as she heard her stomach growl. Both she and the cameraman stepped through the wreckage, moving to the last of their interviews, a woman bisected. It was Petty; she was sat on a bench with her lower half sitting beside her cross-legged.

“Umm, hi. Are you alright? Mind if I take a seat?” Whitney lowered the mic down to Petty’s upper body, wincing at the sight.

“Well, I'm not dead. Which is a surprise.” Petty shrugged, motioning for Whitney to take a seat.

“If I'm honest, I'm surprised too. Most people don’t survive being half a person.” Whitney smiled awkwardly, broaching the subject with the grace of a battering ram.

“Yeah, not really. But it is what it is.” Petty shrugged before telling her story.

Before she finished, the image went black as Lhea flipped off her TV, fighting some level of guilt about the whole incident. She didn’t mean to cause all that chaos, just punish those bitches, but she was so angry. Now she was laying on her bed, stuffing herself with Mallomars, hoping chocolate and marshmallows would cure her mood.

Ding

Lhea’s phone had been blowing up all morning, people checking to see if she was alright, asking if she knew anything about the costumes, all of it was too much. She tried to

ignore her phone, but the contact on her notification caught her interest, it was Skyler. She almost fell from her bed as she leapt for the phone, opening the text.

Hey umm Lhea. I figure you're probably alright, cuz Tiff said you left early. Heads up. Tiff's a werewolf now. Anyways, she was wondering if you know how all this costume shit happened. Apparently she wants to plan something crazy next year.

Lhea excitedly typed back, answering the message with an enthusiastic yes. Maybe her college life was about to turn around?