



Trickformation-or-Treat

Please Take care of your belongings, be nice to the other guests and most important don't make exchanges of any kind. Three strict rules were given to all guests as they entered the place. The house was ancient but in perfect conditions and it was big enough to welcome the dozens of people who were invited to spend a great evening on Halloween. The hosts were a wealthy and eccentric married couple, rumored to have a certain fascination for the occult, and they organized the annual party just to share with the neighbors a little of their lives and to have a safe atmosphere in the streets for the children who decided to do the trick-or-treat. There we had Travis attending for the first time as a friend's chaperone.

— Please Take care of your belongings, be nice to the other guests and most important don't make exchanges of any kind — was the wife humming to the man crossing the door. Bronco was passing through the city, he had been invited to the party by a friend who in the last moment was unable to attend with him (for family reasons) anyways, he decided to go, any situation in which he could meet new people was a great one for him and just upon entering he knew something special was going to happen that night. He decided to take a little tour to see the place and help himself a drink.

Travis was coming back from the bar sipping his drink when he bumped into a huge man coming out of the room. —be careful, I could crush you—, said the other one taking him by the shoulder and giving him a smile. The comment was perhaps an exaggeration; Travis wasn't really too small but honestly the contrast with Bronco was remarkable. —I shed your drink— the latter apologized, —here, let me get you another one, please—.

The warmth and kindness of Bronco made him feel at ease and safe, they sat down to talk and he noticed the gorgeous features of his pal, he was what we call a bear: a big (actually fat) body with a thick layer of hair all over it, a firm rounded belly, strong arms, an appealing dark goatee framing his fleshy lips and the most attractive feature, a cinnamon skin tone, proof of his Latino heritage. In contrast, Travis showed a pale pinkish skin, light brown (almost blond) hair, and a body that was bulging from exercise.

So they left their glasses on the bar and began to talk, time flew by as they were talking for almost an hour, you could say that a good friendship started to grow there and after exchanging phone numbers they crossed a drink and got ready to say goodbye and continue with their own stuff. A slight shake in their stomachs that they almost didn't noticed was the first omen. Dancing, eating, drinking was the rest of the evening that passed so fast, when they got home a strong and deep feeling of tiredness took hold of them.

-Travis-

He was having a nightmare. He was in an empty and dark room, at the center a small light was displaying a blue baseball cap, he approached to put it on his head and in that moment a whinnying frightened him. A huge white horse, orange maned, chased him and no matter how much he ran, he couldn't get so far from him, finally the animal opened its jaws and devoured him. He woke up drenched in a cold sweat and scared he went to the bathroom searching for a towel to dry his wet body, but to his surprise he watched himself in the mirror wearing the very same cap he had in the nightmare.

-Bronco-

At home asleep he had the weirdest dream, and not even a heavy dinner would achieve this results. He was in the gym lifting weight, but even though they were of a size that he could easily pull in real life here he couldn't separate it from the ground and not only that, suddenly the weight became bigger and bigger, when he was able to lift the object it was enormous and he suddenly started to lose the strength, gravity did its thing and pushed him to the ground when he disappeared under the weight. He woke up drenched in a cold sweat and scared he went to the bathroom searching for a towel to dry his wet body, but to his surprise he watched himself in the mirror with his beard and hair now with a lighter brown color.

-Travis-

He looked himself in the mirror, his skin began to change its color becoming darker the same for the hair of all of his body, his brown beard and mustache grew thicker as well until it closed around his mouth in a dark goatee. The smooth and freckled skin was beginning to show slight age marks and became a little rough, he looked at his hands with surprise as they started to swell, the fingers became thick as sausages and an itch invaded his body as a fair amount of hair became to grow.

-Bronco-

He touched his face, it felt strangely soft, even elastic; he pulled one of his round cheeks (usually shaved) and it stretched as if it was made of rubber, the feeling of the skin returning to the face when he released it was peculiar, a strong pull, like it was sticking to the bone more than it should. The blond hair on his face began to spread out in an unusual way and the skin in the forehead and nose became softer to the touch as if it was getting younger.

-Travis-

His physique was getting mature, that was for sure. The face he was acquiring was a little familiar but invaded by this flow of emotions he couldn't figure out why. Suddenly he began to feel a little excited (then embarrassed) about the idea of his body growing this much. He took his pajamas off staying just in his underwear to contemplate the change in the rest of his body. The arms, although were already strong, thickened much more growing hair at the same time. Sitting in front of the mirror, he noticed a huge belly bulking up and he felt glad he took his sleeping clothes because they surely could end ripped or squeezing his new shape. His torso and legs inflated like a balloon, giving him a comical appearance as his head was changing at a lower speed making him look a little disproportionate, finally, when it took the size it should have, the transformation has been completed.

As he approached to the mirror again he was able to realize, thanks to the kind (although confused) expression, he now looked like the Latin bear he met at the party last night. With an indescribable emotion and curiosity, he examined his body flexing his hard, hairy brown arms, then he caressed his belly and, although he thought it was somewhat invasive to the privacy of the original owner, he took a quick look inside his underwear; a fat cock with a copious bush of hair rested in those briefs. He quickly picked up the phone, searched for the number and dialed.

-Bronco-

He was definitely getting younger, though not his old self; it was like being someone else. The head and face were the first to show a full change and honestly it looked a little strange in his huge body. He noticed that face ringed a bell but he couldn't tell... The next change happened with his voluminous brown and hairy torso, it began to flatten a little becoming pink and hairless, the shoulders and arms also reduced, and although muscled, they were not of its usual thickness. Overall his height decreased a bit and the shirt he was sleeping in now looked a too big for his body. To complete the process, the muscles and skin of the legs and feet contracted a little. He ended up being a well-built young man yet slimmer than he had been in his life. Confused, he approached to the mirror, he managed to figure out that he was looking at the face of the boy he became friend last night at the party. He quickly picked up the phone, searched for the number and dialed.

He went in the search of Inanna, who identified the process as a transformation spell from some mischievous entity. Bronco remembered then the three strict rules of the party and wondered if exchanging phones, even if it wasn't an exchange in the most literal sense, was what triggered the situation. After the indications of his spiritual mentor and once he set a meeting point with his transformed friend, he went out to fix the situation.