

Full of Fear

The brisk air of a Halloween night whisked its way around a line of people. All around them thrived the spooks and horrors of the local haunted entertainment venue. Concessions, corn mazes, mini-thrill adventures, and loud music could be found in every direction. The main attraction, however, was the sprawling haunted house looming over the property like a wooden ghoul. Plastic skeletons and reapers stood on the eaves and leaned from windows as if to dare the ticket holders to step inside.

“I swear this thing is more popular every year,” Harold observed. “I remember when this line lasted no more than five minutes. Now they play a movie on a projector for the people waiting!”

His date for the night, Joanne, hardly registered his words. “Yea... I can’t believe so many people celebrate Halloween like this.”

Not wanting to point out she was in fact one of those people, Harold kept his mouth shut. Part of him felt she was there only for the free date, but considering her attractiveness, it was a small price to pay to have such a buxom girl cling to his arm for the night. He only wished her attitude was more appealing. Their text conversations hadn’t shown any indication of such snide behavior.

The line moved slowly. The front was only several groups away. It would be their turn within the next five minutes. Harold could feel the child-like wonder of terror creeping in. It was partially ruined when Joanne snorted at his side. She seemed to have recalled a funny joke.

“Oh my gosh, did I tell you what happened to me earlier??” she chuckled. “This dumb old bat rammed my car with her shopping cart! Like she was totally blind!”

Harold wasn’t sure why this had prompted an amused chuckle. “Was she all right?”

“She was fine! Looked like some babushka fell off a train coming from Russia. I yelled at her to pay for the fuckin’ scratch she left but she walked off waving her arms at me like a maniac.” Joanne grinned deviously. “My dad is getting the security footage from the store, so she’ll pay for it one way or another.”

Figuring it was best to turn the subject back to the night’s theme, he teased, “*Ooohhhh, I hope she didn’t put a curse on you! She could have been an old witch! Or a gypsy!*”

Joanne rolled her eyes and crossed her arms under her bust. The added support caused her generous endowments to push against her button-up sweater. “She’s an old hag who owes me a new paint job.”

“*Next!*” the ticker taker called.

“We’re up!” Leading the way and feeling like he was pulling Joanne along with a leash, Harold stepped onto the haunted house’s porch. Tickets were flashed, stamps were given, and before the couple knew it, they were thrust through the front door into a dark hallway glowing with dim red lights.

“Stay close to me,” Harold warned, “These things are always full of jump scares. It’s easy to get turned around.”

Joanne grumbled, “I feel like a fuckin’ toddler.” She pushed her way to the front of their two-person group. “Let’s just get through this and get home so we can grab a drink before--”

EAHAHAHAH!!!!

“*Goddammit!!*”

From the wall sprang the echoing cackle of a witch and an animatronic spider falling from above. Joanne was visibly startled and stumbled back to strike Harold’s torso. Quickened breaths made her chest rise and fall as she placed a hand across her sternum. He couldn’t help but notice how soft her bust pushed into her fingers, though Joanne appeared too annoyed to care for his aroused glance.

“Stupid house...” she growled. “Come on.”

Joanne continued leading the way. This was perfectly acceptable to Harold; given the low light, it cast the sliver of exposed midriff on Joanne’s back in a tantalizing light. A line of black lace ran around her hips to hint at what wrapped her curves below.

The hallway forced them to turn at the end. Ahead was a set of stairs leading into a darkened basement. Sounds of dripping water and monstrous growls drifted from below.

Joanne stepped down, proclaiming, “I swear I’ll sue this place if my hair gets messed up.”

RUSTLE RUSTLE

“*Ahh!!*”

Harold almost fell on the stairs. “What is it??”

“Something is moving down there!”

In the blackness he squinted to catch what looked like a deranged man walking back and forth in a lab coat. The human movement had caused significant fright in Joanne, who refused to budge for several seconds.

“We need to keep moving,” Harold urged.

She whimpered but continued on while staying at his side. There was more softness pushing into his arm than he recalled. Every step down the stairs caused Joanne’s sweater to bounce with pronounced weight. He prayed there was still hope for him to get lucky when this was over.

Together they reached to bottom. A figure stood in the corner watching intently with a cattle prod in his arms. “*Have you seen my son?*” the scientist asked, “*He’s gotten loose again...*”

“*N-Nnngh...*” Joanne squeaked.

“This way,” Harold said.

The basement was a mess of strewn lab equipment. A broken cage sat against one wall with a pile of chains and gnawed bones inside.

KA-ZAAAAP!!!

“*Ahhh!!!*” Joanne jumped when a loud jolt shook the air behind them. The scientist laughed and waved the cattle prod through the air. “*Let me know if you see my son!!*”

CRREEAAAAAK

Harold could find no logical source for the sound of stretching fabric following shortly after.

“*O-Oohhh God...*” Joanne groaned. She stumbled slightly.

“Are you all right? Is it too scary?”

“I’m just...claustrophobic. It’s hard to...breathe down here.”

Harold watched as she fought to catch her frightened breath. Every inhale stretched her sweater to the point of spreading holes between its buttons. A bra peeked out from within to match her panties. It must have been the low light playing tricks on his eyes, but Harold was certain Joanne’s chest was far larger than before. More skin had come into view on her abdomen as well, as if her sweater were shrinking around her body.

“Come on,” she grunted. Every step swung her hips into Harold’s. They collided several times with cushioned blows and Joanne walking awkwardly like her legs weren’t her own.

“S-Sorry...”

KA-ZAAAAP!!!

CRREEAAAAAK!

“*I fucking hate that guy!!*” she yelled, using the wall for support.

Another flight of stairs welcomed them back onto the main floor of the house. Upon reaching the top, along with a huffing and puffing Joanne, they found themselves in a destitute kitchen. A pot was boiling over with severed heads inside. What looked to be a human torso was stuffed in the oven.

“How long is this thing??” Joanne growled. Eager to leave, she pushed forward.

Harold saw a trap coming from a mile away. “*Wait!*”

FWOOOOOSH!!!!

“*N-NNGH!!! Ahhhh!!!*”

CRREEAAAAAK!!

A rush of air blasted Joanne’s body from a fake pipe on the wall. The loud noise made her shriek before falling into the fridge where several fake limbs caressed her frame. Hair messed and eyes moving rapidly, she scurried to her feet with both arms wrapped under her chest.

CRREEAAAAAK

The sound of complaining fabric came again. Harold’s ears led him to Joanne’s sweater and jeans. Although their strained appearance matched the sound, there was no explaining the mass accumulating beneath them.

“I-Is it...hot in this damn house...?” Joanne panted. Bulges of flesh were escaping through her buttonholes and neckline. Around her jeans a muffin top was forming where plump hips no longer fit. Her thighs alone were ready to shred the denim apart. A finger absentmindedly pulled at her sweater to circulate air over her breasts. “I can...barely breathe!”

Harold couldn't take his eyes off her body. She was more than twice the size than when they'd entered the house. Every piece of clothing looked ready to burst. "Are you feeling all right?" he asked again. "It's like every time you get scared, you..."

"I'll be better...when I get outside to the cool air..." Joanne left the kitchen and turned a corner into the living room. "I think my sweater shrunk in the wash or some--"

RRRAAWWWRR!!!

"Auuugh!!!"

A werewolf sprang from behind a bookshelf with gruesome makeup.

CRRREEEEAAAAA--POP!!!

"Ow!!!" The actor clasped a hand over his eye when a button exploded from Joanne's sweater.

"You broke my favorite sweater!!!" she roared, "Look at it!! It's ready to--"

Finally, Joanne glanced took in her body. A pair of tits like basketballs had blown themselves full and round under her top. Below, her hips and thighs had followed the same pattern. A ridiculous hourglass figure warped her outfit and caused her legs to spread wide from swollen thighs.

"W-What?? My body!! What did you do to my--"

SCREEEE!!!

An animatronic bat circled the ceiling while the injured actor stumbled away half-blind.

SWEEEEEEEEELL

"U-Uuuhhh... Nnnngh!!!!" Joanne groaned when her breasts bloated into her arms. Swelling to beach balls, they drew the sweater skin-tight. An exposed belly shone from below their girths.

"What's going on??" Harold gawked. Her ass was set to burst free if she bent over.

"You're blowing up!"

Joanne glared and hissed, *"Get me the hell out of this place!! Something is wrong with me!!!"*

Not wanting to argue, Harold took the lead and led her forward by the hand. A hallway lined with gruesome portraits rushed by in a sea of zombies and decrepit brides.

SHRRRIEEEEK!!!

"NNNGHHAAAAHH!!!!"

SWEEEEEEEELLL

A painting jumped to life to reveal an actor behind one-way glass. They pounded on the window and sent Joanne sprawling in a jiggling flurry.

POP! POP POP!!

SHRRRIP!!!

Several buttons burst free and clattered against the glass. A group of massive tears shot down her thighs and across the back of her butt. Joanne's clothes weren't going to last much longer. She looked like a blowup doll someone had forgotten on an air compressor.

“Goddammit!! Don’t let the jump scares scare me!! Are you TRYING to make me explode?!”

Harold didn’t know how to answer that. “I-I can’t really do anything about--”

SHRRRIIEEEEEK!!

“AAHHHH!!”

BOOM-SHRRRIIP!!

Standing there for so long, the portrait’s actor had come back expecting new victims. Instead it only caused Joanne to outgrow her clothes altogether. Within seconds, she was left standing in what barely classified as a pair of panties. Everything else sat around her ankles in tatters as she cradled her ballooning body.

“HOLY SHIT!!” she cursed. Waddling forward, she pushed herself by Harold. *“Out of my way!! I need to get the hell out of here!! I don’t think I can get any bigger!! I-I’m starting to stretch!”*

Through sheer force, demands, and yelling, Joanne shoved her way through the other patrons and the remainder of the haunted house. Several frights claimed her as a victim along the way, as well as numerous men ogling her hallway-filling girth. In the end, as she fell out of the back door of the house and onto the cold grass, Harold quick to be at her side. Her skin was taut when he helped pick her up and it creaked against itself. Cameras flashed from all around as she jiggled and moaned; Joanne was absolutely engorged to the brim.

“T-Take me home already!” she begged, *“I need some ice to take this fucking swelling down!!”*

Luckily the car wasn’t far. Joanne gurgled and gasped as she walked. Her breasts had become too large to fit her arms around. A single nipple rivaled a soup can in size. Approaching his sedan, Harold was concerned about how she would possibly fit. Even if she did, the windshield would be blocked.

“Hurry up!” she demand. *“Ooohhhh God... I feel like I’m going to explode if one more thing scares me!! Why is this happening to me?!”*

Harold fumbled for his keys.

BEEP!!! BEEP!! BEEP!!!

“Ahhh!!”

In his haste, Harold struck the alarm button. A blaring horn caused Joanne to jump in fear.

SWEEELL--CRREEEEAATAAK

Their eyes bulged wide when her curves rounded out. Hands flying across her tits and ass, Joanne felt her body expanding beyond its limit.

“Aaaahhhh what’s happening to meeee?! I-I’m getting too fuuuuull!!! IT’S TOO TIGHT!”

CRREEEEAATAAK

“Ahhh!! A-Ahhh!!”

