

Tricksters are interesting beings. Blessed with reality altering powers, they can alter objects, people, thoughts, anything you can imagine really. But Tricksters aren't humans per say. They take our appearance, use our language to communicate, they wear or clothes, eat and breathe like normal people, but they most definitely aren't people. They don't have our base desires, our impulses, and our needs. Wielding unlimited power, they don't thirst for global domination, riches, and fame, as all those things would be easily within their grasp, too easily. Instead, they take their life's pleasure in messing with people, changing them, their jobs, their relationship, their bodies and even their thoughts, leaving them stuck in a new undesired life. People changed this way usually remember who they were before, but their new personalities are overpowering, and so they are stuck acting like the people they become, whether they like it or not. Sometimes, the changes have some reason and meaning behind them, some kind of twisted lesson the Trickster thinks it is providing to its poor and helpless victims, other times it is just change for the sake of change, a change for fun, at least in the strange creature's eyes.

And today was the Trickster's favorite day of the year, October 31st, Halloween. A day where everyone puts masks and costumes on, becoming Tricksters themselves of some sort, changing and becoming something else, even if it was just for a night. Well... almost everyone. Some people didn't take to the festivities, and did enjoy it, or worse, didn't even bother to dress up. Those were the people that Tricksters hate the most. And so, that night after sunset, the creatures usually roamed the streets in a costume of their own, checking in on events and even undecorated houses to fish out these heretics. And whenever they found one, they would force them into a costume, whether they liked it or not. But these costumes weren't just plain old costumes, they couldn't be, when they were given out by all powerful reality altering mischievous creatures. These costumes changed the wearers to better fit them, and those changes, unlike the costumes, were very much permanent and life changing.

The sun was low on the horizon, and this Trickster was already up and about, ready to start its hunt. On this day it had elected to present itself as a female human, dressed in a very appropriate witch's costume, complete with dark robes, necklace, black makeup, and pointy hat. She was walking down the street, mischievous smile plastered on her face, complementing trick or treaters on their wonderful costumes, acting terrified or amazed, making children laugh with glee. This truly was a wonderful day. But there were some who didn't enjoy it to its proper value, and the Trickster would ensure that they would learn their lesson.



As the sun finished setting over the horizon, the blanket of night overtaking the city, the Trickster spotted its first victim. A couple of kids, dressed as a pirate and as a knight, were taking a chance on a house that lacked decoration and illumination, as if trying to hide in the dark. But there would be no hiding on this wicked night. Maybe these kids hoped to find a treasure trove there, someone who had forgotten to setup their house and open their lights but had tons of candy to give, considering most other kids skipped this one. Unfortunately for them it was not the case, and when they rang the doorbell, they were greeted by a young man who didn't seem to be happy at all about this disturbance.

"Trick or Treat!!" They yelled out in unison, holding out their bags of candy.

"Can't you kids see that I have no decorations whatsoever? Do you really think I have anything to give you? Come on, get out of here!"

He shoed them away, and the two young boys turned their back to him, walking off with their head bowed, disappointment in their eyes. This simply wouldn't do. The trickster walked by them, dropping a full-sized candy bar in each of their bag, winking at them and making them smile with joy. What kind of monster would deny such simple kindness and happiness? This guy needed to be taught a lesson. Just as he was closing the door, rambling about kids and this god forsaken night, she walked up to his doorstep, calling out to him.

"Excuse me sir! I can't help but see how you treated these poor kids, and..."

"Look, lady, I just want some peace and quiet if you don't mind. I don't like kids, and I certainly don't like Halloween, so if you could just leave me be I would really appreciate it."



Now that just wouldn't do. Who didn't like kids? Maybe if this young man had one of his own, he would perhaps reconsider his position. Smiling wickedly, the Trickster did a flourish motion with one of her hands, and in a moment, the man had changed, and was now a woman wearing a costume of the character Juno, from the self titled film. A very apt costume, considering the girl was very pregnant, at least six months along. Her Halloween spirit had also been reinvigorated, and carved pumpkins appeared on her doorstep, lit by candles. She also had a bowl of candy there, with tons more inside in case it needed to be refilled. The Trickster smiled at the young lady, who smiled back and waved. Hopefully to young woman would enjoy being a single mom... And judging by how she greeted the next batch of kids that walked up to her doorstep for candy, the Trickster was sure she would be.

The witch walked off as more kids came by the beautifully decorated house, leaving the woman to her new life. She felt happy about her first change, it was truly the perfect comeuppance for the grouchy young man she had been before. While before he hated kids, she would now find herself with one of her own, to raise and love for the rest of her life as a mother. This made the Trickster smile, as it wandered around, looking for someone else to change. As evening was progressing, the younger trick or treaters were starting head back home, and their Halloween night was coming to an end. But for the older generation, young adults and the like, the night was just beginning. Costume parties were how adults celebrated, and there the Trickster was sure to find one or two rebel who refused to wear costumes to the event. One house seemed to be hosting such an event, which attracted the creature, who stepped closer. Outside, a man was chatting with a girl, who was dressed in a conservative cat outfit.

“Come on Jenna, are you really going to wear that to the party? This is Halloween! It’s time to go wild, show some skin! I know you have a gorgeous body under there...”

The girl seemed insulted, and replied: “At least I have a costume, Brett! I if this is some weird attempt at complimenting me or flirting well you failed miserably...”

The guy pointed at a name tag, with “Dave” written on it in sharpie.

“I have a costume! See? I’m Dave.”

He smiled, thinking that this was the cleverest thing in the world. It was not. The witch let out an exasperated sigh, almost at the same time as poor Jenna, who seemed to be searching for any plausible reason to escape this conversation. Well, if Brett wanted girls to show a little skin of their gorgeous bodies, maybe he should do so himself. With a snap of her fingers, the man reformed into a tall, leggy blonde woman, complete with shapely figure and angelic face. Her pathetic attempt at a costume was also gone, replaced by a sexy nurse costume which perfectly showed off her new curves and assets, fishnet stocking covering her perfectly smooth legs. She had a look of need on her face as she addressed the other girl.

“How are you planning on hooking up with any guys dressed like that?”

Jenna rolled her eyes, obviously still exasperated by this conversation, despite the change in attire and gender.

“I’m not planning on hooking up with guys Brittany. I’m just here to enjoy myself and have some fun, not dress like a slut and fuck some stranger.”

The nurse shrugged, and headed inside, hips wiggling and heels clacking, eyes already wandering around, trying to find a stud to keep her company for the night.

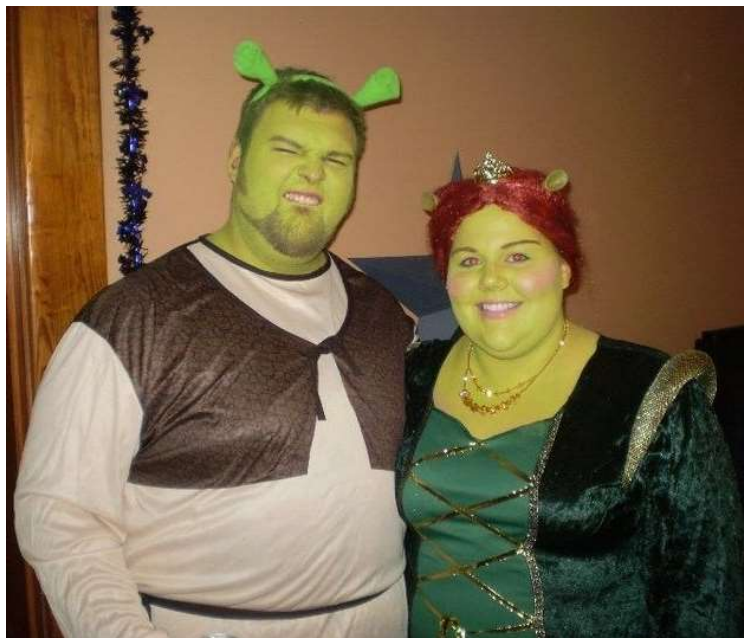
“Your loss.” Brittany said, turning away from Jenna, attention already grabbed by a muscled man in a gladiator costume.



The Trickster turned away from the scantily clad nympho dressed as a nurse. Her work here was done, Brett so desperately wanted to get laid, now he would get laid plenty, only he would be receiving dick instead of giving it out from now on. Once again, a fitting end for someone who was only looking to take advantage of this sacred day. This party seemed to be promising, so the Trickster decided to walk in, have a look around and find some more potential targets. Immediately two people stood out, a couple dressed as a football player and a cheerleader. The reason they stood out was because they were making fun of people with more adventurous and imaginative costumes, calling them nerds, and teasing them. Not only was this against the spirit of Halloween but peering in she also saw that they were actually just wearing their uniforms from their respective teams, so this wasn't even a costume for them, but something they would wear all year round. This was completely unacceptable, and it looked like these two 18-year-olds would need to be taught a lesson in humility, as well as what an actual costume was. This was the biggest change that she did all night, so she needed to focus.



First, she aged them up a few years, making them lose some of their young beauty that they had taken for granted. Then, they both started expanding, rapidly gaining fat all over their bodies, muscles fading away to almost nothing, leaving behind only flab. Meanwhile, the cheerleader started growing a beard, her hair becoming short and unkempt, as she grew taller than her boyfriend, who on his end had started shrinking, hair lengthening, turning a vibrant shade of red and braiding itself. Finally green paint



appeared all over their faces, weird cylindrical ears on headbands materializing on their hands. In the end, the cheerleader had become a tall fat man in a Shrek costume, and the football player had become a short and plump Fiona. The Trickster decided to be generous, and let them remain a couple, making sure they would each be very much attracted to their partner's new body, switching their sexual orientation, and cranking up their libido just a tad. She smiled as the changed couple shared a lustful stare and an inappropriately long kiss, obviously eager to return home tonight to explore each other's voluminous bodies.

Turning away from the two lovebirds, the Trickster looked around, seeking another victim. She found him hiding in a corner, wearing a black hoodie, tapping away on his cellphone. No mask, no makeup, not even the slightest attempt at a costume, this guy was the perfect target. And the creature knew exactly what to do with him. Obviously a loner, dragged along unwillingly by a friend or a sibling, he needed a good dose of extroversion, give him the taste for socialising, parties, and fun! That way not only would he enjoy himself more, but everyone would also get to enjoy him as well! Having figured out what costume to assign him, the Trickster got to work, waving her hands towards the man, reshaping his form to adapt to the costume she had in mind.

Hoodie vanished, revealing his arms, pale from spending way too much time indoors. That simply wouldn't do! She snapped her fingers, and suddenly the boy had a healthy natural tan from actually going outside once in a while. Much better! But the costume she had in mind also required some more drastic changes. With another flourish of her hands, the man started changing, hair tumbling down past his shoulders, paling from a dark brown to a lighter brunette hue. Overall frame shrunk down, shoulders narrowing, arms becoming thin and hairless, thighs gaining a slight thickness to them and legs smoothing down. Hips popped out, breasts rose from his chest, barely visible under his clothes. Ass gaining a bit of cushion, still pressed against the wall as he was tapping away on his cellphone, unaware that anything was happening to him. Features softened, and tasteful makeup appeared on the feminized face, completing the look of the beautiful young woman. But the transformation was yet to be completed, the costume also needed to be applied.

With a up and down motion of the witch's hands, the girl's boyish clothing reformed and reshaped all around her, becoming a shining, glittery dress that hugged and showed off her new hourglass figure. Thin straps ran over her slender shoulders, and a plunging neckline revealed her cleavage just enough to be alluring, but tasteful. A black feather boa appeared over her shoulders, a headband with a matching feather circling around her head, and finally her cellphone changed into a fake cigarette holder, completing her transformation into a 1920s socialite. Her cellphone finally gone from her view, she raised her eyes, looking at the party before her, and smiled. After all this is what she lived for, parties, people, fun! Walking up to a circle of people having an animated discussion, she started laughing and interacting with them. She was clearly in her element, asking a guy in a Captain America costume if he could grab her a drink in a flirtatious way. There was no way this gorgeous bombshell of a party girl was going home alone tonight, or any other night.





Well, this certainly was an improvement for the poor loser. She would certainly be very popular now, and even more so with the men. Thinking about how she had just made two people's evening better instead of just one, she moved on, heading upstairs, to where the bedrooms were. She heard commotion behind one of the closed doors, and approached, curious to see what was happening. There seemed to be a couple there, a boy and a girl, but instead of having a good time, they were arguing.

"I told you, Todd! I want to take things slow; I am not ready for that yet, just give me some time!"

"Come on babe, you know you want it! Just look at that costume of yours, you can't tell me you weren't hoping to get some tonight!"

The Trickster heard a scoff and a slap sound, followed by an insulted girl storming out of the room, wearing what seemed to be a sexy prisoner costume. Peering inside, she could see the man, who had been dressed as a cop, but his costume lay discarded on the floor, and he stood in only his boxers. A red handprint was starting to show on his cheek, and he looked very angry, shouting back at the girl.

"Well fuck you, Kendra! This is it! We're over!"

As he started to get dressed, the witch decided that this man needed a bit of a punishment for treating his poor girlfriend this way. And while he did have a costume, he wasn't technically wearing it at the moment, so it still counted, right? Besides, for this type of man, she was willing to make an exception.

As he lifted his pants back up around his waist, they morphed along the way, becoming a shimmering pair of pink panties. As those settled into place, everything underneath reformed, leaving no bulge in front, while digging deeply in the large ass cheeks he now sported behind. Similarly, as the shirt came on, it became a bright pink corset, pushing up Todd brand new voluminous breasts and squeezing in his waist, enhancing his feminine figure. Finally, when he put his cap back on, it transformed into a headband, with two pink bunny ears on top. It was nestled in a long mane of curly blonde hair, framing a beautiful female face.

Tracy looked around her, confused. She was in a bedroom, which sounded right, but there wasn't any guy for her to fuck! She shrugged. She could be so ditzy sometimes! She headed back to the party, eager to fix the situation and find some guy to bring back here. The witch smiled as the blonde bimbo walked past her, hips shaking and breasts wiggling. To make sure Todd, who was still trapped deep down inside the nymphomaniac playboy bunny, learned his lesson, she made sure the new girl would be just horny and dumb enough to never be able to get a real job, and end up working in the porn industry, in the best-case scenario that is. The Trickster chuckled at that. She absolutely loved punishing assholes like this and leaving them stuck like this forever only made it better.



Looking around, the Trickster was pretty sure it had taken care of all its potential victims here. Plus, the night was finishing up fast, and it was almost midnight. Deciding that tonight had been productive, she left the party, heading home. But once she got there, she heard faint sounds coming from her neighbor's place, and couldn't resist having a quick look, to see what they were up to. The young couple had obviously elected to spend a night in, watching horror movies while cuddled up on the couch.



This was unacceptable! Halloween was night of fun, extravagance, parties, and socialising! Not staying at home quietly, avoiding people, and more importantly, not having to make the effort of dressing up in a costume, which these two were obviously lacking. Despite the night being technically over, the witch decided to muster up what little she had left of her reality altering magic to punish the couple for their lack of commitment to this sacred, unholy night. Unfortunately, she only had enough magic to assign a costume to one of the two and change that person only. She had changed more men than women tonight, so she elected to transform the girl, but punish the boy as well by having him remember the previous reality, before his girlfriend was changed. With the details set, the witch got to work.

The girl started panting up on the couch, a strange heat coursing through her, she was about to say something to her boyfriend when she started smoking, and then burst into flames, right there on the couch! He stood up in panic and surprise, gaping at the ball of flame that was his girlfriend. While the flames emitted heat, the couch wasn't burning, and she wasn't screaming I pain at all. Before he had a chance to do anything, the flames vanished as quickly as they had appeared, revealing his changed girlfriend. He gasped at what he saw, confused, and scared.



While she actually hadn't changed much, her attire was completely altered. She was still the old her, only sporting a few extra tattoos. But she was now wearing a devil costume that could only be described as beyond slutty. It was something straight out of a porno! He gasped, unsure what to say, and while she seemed calm, she also seemed confused about the whole situation.

"Honey, I don't know what happened, but I still feel warm! So warm... I need something, something to cool me down."

On the coffee table next to her, her cellphone vibrated. By instinct she picked it up, reading the text that had appeared on there. Her eyes widened, gaining a look of fear, before switching to something else. Shame? Desire? A mix of the two? It was hard to say, but she started shaking slightly, dropping the phone back to the coffee table with one hand, the other reaching down to her crotch, massaging the pussy lips that spilled out each side of the panties down there, so thin and small that they could hardly be called underwear.

"Babe... I think... I think I texted a few guys to come over... I texted a few guys to come over and fuck me!" She gasped as she said it, like she didn't want to, but it was the truth. She had done it, and she wanted it to happen! How could this be? Her boyfriend gaped, confused, staring at his girlfriend, the love of his life, who was faithful and loyal to him, proclaiming that she wanted other guys to fuck her.

"You can't be serious! You have me, I can help you with.... Whatever this is!" He pleaded.

"You can't help me, I want... I need these guys to fuck me! Oh god I am such a slut now! I want to be fucked like the slut I am! I want cocks! Cocks in my pussy, cocks in my ass, cocks in my mouth! All at once! Can you give me that? Can you really?"

She had a crazed look in her eyes as she said it. He stammered... Never had his girlfriend used such foul language, such profanities! Just as he was about to retort, the door opened, four large men walking in. Immediately the girl fell on her knees, lust and desire overtaking her, as her boyfriend could only watch, helpless. What followed was a gangbang like no other. The whore his girlfriend had become kept begging for more, being fucked by those four strangers all at once. He couldn't do anything to stop them, or her. They all wanted this now, except for him. He was left as a tortured spectator, unable to rescue his girlfriend from this massive slut she had become.



The witch smiled at the display, still peering in from the window. She was satisfied at the transformation, believing she had properly punished the both of them for their lack of decorum on this wicked night, despite only transforming one of the two. Of course, while the girlfriend wished the fuck fest never ended, the poor boyfriend would pray and hope that this transformation would only last for the night, and that his girlfriend would be back to her pure and good self in the morning. At last, it was not to be. Since the Trickster hadn't completed the memory wipe portion of the alteration on the both of them, they both knew who she should be. But her compulsions were too strong to resist, and she would constantly find herself to be fucking and sucking off guys whenever she could, be it in public restrooms, parks, or even the bed she still shared with her boyfriend, too both their despair.



The Trickster was satisfied with the results of the night, entering its home, and shedding its witch costume. It would now slumber for some time, recharging its reality altering powers. Changing so many people, so many lives in one night was truly draining, and it would get some well-deserved rest. But eventually it would be up and about again, ready to change peoples lives just for the fun of it, for better or for worse. And if on Halloween you end up electing not to wear a costume, beware, for wherever you are, you just might encounter a Trickster, who will happily provide you with one, along with a new body, new life, new reality.

Happy Halloween Patrons!

TG Sorcerer