

# The Spirit of Halloween

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*For most, All Hallows' Eve is little more than an excuse to carve pumpkins, attend parties, and consume gluttonous quantities of candy. But stories of mischief and horror abound: vampires rising from their crypts, witches casting vile hexes, even a Headless Horseman roaming the town streets by moonlight. Which of these tales are fact and which are fancy, few can say; but to those who have experienced it firsthand, undeniable is the latent magic which emerges each Halloween night.*

*On the most frightful eve, two friends shall visit an abandoned cemetery, decrepit and crumbling from years of neglect. Oh, what fortune! For the Spirit of Halloween himself shall bestow upon these very grounds his chilling and incredible presence. 'Neath wispy clouds, in the stark glow of the fullest of moons, this unwitting duo shall discover the power unleashed for but a few hours each year, on Halloween night.*

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“Great idea to come here,” Prescott praised his friend, looking around with wonder. The familiar, old cemetery he’d seen countless times in daylight somehow transformed into another world when it was bathed in a pale lunar glow on Halloween night. Sitting on a bench together with his close friend, just minutes before midnight, an eerie, yet calming aura descended upon the quiet, abandoned graveyard.

“That party was fun and all, but you know how big crowds can be pretty draining for me,” Prescott explained apologetically.

“Hey, don’t sweat it,” Myles replied, scooting closer to his friend and biggest crush. He wrapped an arm around Prescott, squeezing him close against his side. “I know how much work you put into that costume. I was so excited to see you get to show it off, but now it’s nice to spend some quality time alone together.”

Glancing appreciatively over Prescott’s lithe form, Myles admired the loving craftsmanship that had gone into his friend’s costume: Prescott was dressed as a brown rabbit in an expertly-made, furred bodysuit that he had complemented with face paint representative of whiskers, and a pair of large ears sprouting from his tousle of short blond hair. Enrobed in a simple green cloak and backpack, Myles could easily tell his friend’s costume was modelled after a character Prescott had designed for a tabletop game – and he had to admit, Prescott’s depiction closely mirrored how he’d always imagined the character.

For his part, Myles’s costume reflected his love for Japanese kabuki theatre, particularly its elaborate masks and costumes. Between his pristine white robe and the elaborate, yet deceptively simple fox mask he wore, Myles looked ready to take to the stage in the role of a mythical kitsune. Adorned with abstract, gestural red markings on its glowing white surface, the shorter male’s kabuki mask seemed almost to glow in the moonlight.

Resting his head on his friend’s shoulder, he spoke again.

“This is really nice,” Myles cooed. “I always love spending time alone with you.”

Prescott paused for a fraction of a second before replying, “Yeah... I do too, Myles.” The slimmer, shyer male wrapped his arm around his short companion, gently squeezing him. Prescott seemed as though he wanted to say something more, but he swallowed it down as a calm stillness enveloped both friends in the serenity of silence in a quiet graveyard

Prescott’s unsaid words hung heavily in the air for but a short while. The peaceful atmosphere of the cemetery set both Myles and Prescott at ease for several minutes, as they enjoyed the calm sounds of wind rustling through branches. Eventually, though, Myles was the one who broke the silence.

“Y’know...” Myles started, sounding uncharacteristically timid. “You’re such a handsome and sweet guy, I wouldn’t mind if we got to spend more time together,” he said quietly. While he was ordinarily confident and open about his sexuality, it was another matter entirely to profess his feelings so directly to a close friend like Prescott.

The implication of Myles’s words was not lost on Prescott as his cheeks flushed a little. “I, um... I wouldn’t mind that either,” he finally replied. “It feels nice hanging out together, and I like when you lay your head on me like that.”

As he shifted to press even closer against his friend, Myles’s heart began to race. “Does that mean you’d like to – y’know – try dating?” he asked softly, daring to hope. He rubbed his hand up and down along Prescott’s side.

“Yeah, I’d like that,” Prescott replied as he turned to look down at his sweet, loving friend. He chewed his lip for a moment before speaking. “I don’t know how I’ll explain it to everyone – being with a guy – but for you, I think it’s worth it.”

Myles felt like he could jump for joy! His feelings soared and he squeezed Prescott close, listening to the rhythmic pounding of his love’s heart. Prescott wrapped both arms around his long-time friend, now turned boyfriend, squeezing him just as tight. Somewhere off in the distance, they heard the familiar chiming of church bells that signalled it to be midnight, but the distant sound barely registered; all that mattered was holding each other tight.

Yet as the witching hour struck, long-forgotten spirits began to stir within that lonely, desolate graveyard. Oblivious as the mortals were, it was all but inevitable that such a profound outpouring of emotion would attract some otherworldly attention. One soul in particular watched intently as the scene before him unfolded.

The spirit couldn’t help but grin as the two young humans professed their feelings to one another; in this open and vulnerable state, each man’s deepest desires and impulses formed a provocative exhibition for any phantom who took so much as a passing interest in the affairs of mortals. Reading their most

carnal inclinations, the spirit couldn't help but cackle in a voice that sounded more akin to the deep rumble of thunder than any human voice. The spirit's laughter boomed: in contrast to their sweet, innocent appearance, it was rare to find anyone – even among spirits – with such scandalous and perverted inclinations as the two males cuddling in the cool Halloween night.

It was trivial for the spirit to use such profoundly carnal thoughts as a catalyst for his magic – not to mention the helpful props that mortals so often donned in celebration of Halloween. As he realised each man's most clandestine wishes, the spirit gave a snap of his ethereal blue fingers and set into motion a series of events that could never be undone.

Jumping suddenly from an unexpected jolt, Prescott exclaimed: "Ow! Did you feel that?"

"Yeah, I did!" Myles agreed. "It was like... an electric shock, but not like any static I've ever felt before."

Even as Myles spoke, the potent tingle returned to his 5'4" body, electrifying his every cell with a phantasmic potency as the spirit's magical incantation took hold. "What's happening?" he asked, looking around for any possible cause, whether it be a downed powerline or anything else that could explain the tingling sensations assaulting his body. Yet as he swivelled around, the graveyard seemed still as ever, making Myles doubt his senses – but if Prescott had felt the same thing, it couldn't have been in Myles's imagination.

But as Prescott looked down at his companion, the shock on his face was measurable. "Dude, no way..." he murmured, drawing Myles's attention.

As he turned, what Myles saw was equally shocking: his boyfriend was growing fur! Dense, brown hairs had begun to sprout from his skin, patches of fur on his cheeks growing thicker and longer as his skull shifted and his painted-on whiskers took on a life of their own, sprouting into authentic black whiskers that twitched with each movement of his growing snout. Glancing down below, Myles could see that his costume had begun to meld into Prescott's body as the thick fur of his bodysuit melded with his skin, each hair bristling with

newfound sensitivity. Prescott's shifting skeleton and growing fur were not the only changes Myles noticed, however.

Where Prescott had always been a fairly lithe, slender guy in the time that Myles had known him, he was beginning to put on a bit of mass. With a sudden shock of realisation, Myles realised his boyfriend's physique was shifting to more closely resemble the athletic build of the tabletop character he'd dressed as. Gentle bumps of toned abs sprouted from his previously-smooth stomach, while the pleasant swell of biceps emerged from his arms. The transforming rabbit's quads began to develop pleasant muscle tone and his calves thickened with newfound strength. The end result was a physique that Myles desperately wanted to drag his tongue across and worship.

So focused was Myles on the transformations overtaking his friend's body that, at first, he scarcely noticed the changes his own body was undergoing. Prescott stared in amazement, though, as his friend's mask ceased to be just that; the pale sheen of his ornamental kabuki mask slowly melded into his face as shiny white paint transformed into glossy white fur. As his cheekbones stretched and rearranged into a slender, vulpine snout, Myles felt his spine shifting while his feet and hands grew longer and skinnier, transforming into distinctively fox-like paws.

When Myles rose from the bench, trying to stand, he found it far more comfortable to rest on all-fours! Shaking free of his uselessly oversized shoes, he was surprised to feel his hands transforming to forepaws as the bones shifted, elongated, and fused together. The changes, evidently, were not done yet – when he tried to tug at his inexplicably tight white robe with a forepaw, he found it stuck firmly to his body as it fused to his skin, and the silky cloth fibres turned to sleek, fibrous fur.

“Prescott, we—” the burgeoning kitsune started, but he was quickly interrupted by the peculiar sensation of his tailbone lengthening and dividing into a small forest of tails.

“We're turning into our costumes,” Prescott finished for his boyfriend. While he ran a hand up and down his own newfound musculature, was struck by the

sensation of the world around him seeming to grow – or rather, he was shrinking! Shifting along the bench, his body seemed to be compacting in most all areas but one – the bunny’s roaming hands soon found his crotch, and his eyes followed quickly after.

While inches rapidly dropped from his height, all that extra mass seemed to be piling into his increasingly excessive endowment. While he was ordinarily quite reserved about his sexual organs, Prescott couldn’t help but swell with pride as he looked down at his lengthening, thickening rod. It was ordinarily four inches erect, but now it was well over twice that length – and still flaccid! The long, pink shaft hung heavily over balls that were bigger than his own fists. And best of all? His heavy softie and overly large balls were still growing! Though the subject never came up in his tabletop sessions, he’d always liked to imagine his character as particularly well-hung, and he was getting that – and more – as his flaccid shaft exceeded the foot-long mark.

Myles, meanwhile, had been distracted by the growing revelation of his seven fox tails. As each one sprouted, he felt greater excitement and glee – he was turning into a kitsune!—a real, honest-to-goodness mythological fox! But as he turned back to exclaim his joy to Prescott, another, more basal emotion quickly displaced his glee. Staring at his leporine friend’s growing endowment, Myles’s pulse quickened and a lustful heat filled his body as he felt an overwhelming need to feel that growing shaft inside himself.

Paradoxically, Myles could feel his own endowment both swelling and receding. His cock grew larger alongside Prescott’s, yet it simultaneously retreated into an increasingly-plump sheath. Though his own shaft and balls seemed to be growing just as quickly as Prescott’s, the kitsune’s need to bottom was cranking up higher and higher, and he was most eager to compliment and praise his boyfriend’s increasingly-monstrous endowment.

“Fuck, you’re getting huge,” he murmured as he trotted closer to where Prescott sat with thighs spread wide for his swelling nuts. Even as Myles shifted his back paws to make room for his own burgeoning cum factories, he cooed, “Don’t stop growing, big guy. You’re gonna have a cock that most guys could only dream of, and I need to feel that monster inside me right now.”

As his boyfriend complimented his incredible endowment, Prescott could scarcely deny his carnal needs. All that newfound mass carried an incredible – and mounting – biological imperative: to breed repeatedly and empty his massive nuts of all the cum they could produce. Not only that, but Myles's lustful praise instilled in him a mounting confidence. Prescott had an immense log of a cock by this point, and cum factories that rivalled bowling balls in both size and weight – and he was still growing better endowed by the second!

On Myles's command, Prescott gladly hopped down from the bench. The bunny was momentarily surprised by the distance he travelled to reach the grassy ground, but he quickly regained his composure. Standing on newly-digitigrade feet, it felt odd to balance on such long paws. Yet somehow, this new anatomy carried with it a strangely natural feeling, even if his front-heavy crotch made balance a bit tricky.

Taking a seat in the grass, spreading both thighs wide, Prescott glanced up at his boyfriend. He'd always loved how assertive Myles was about his needs and wants, but as he stared at his own massive, leaking shaft, he couldn't help but wonder if it might be too much for the kitsune to take. Still, the thought of his boyfriend sinking down on that pink leviathan made his shaft throb and drool with need. "If you think you can take it, it's right here," the bunny said with a grin.

"Don't underestimate me," Myles replied, voice husky with desire. He licked his lips as he hungrily prowled around Prescott, eyeing that thick, leaking shaft. Its entire surface was slick with precum by this point and Myles was eager to feel it inside himself. His own vulpine cock evidenced that desire as it began to emerge from its huge, plump sheath. His own immense balls, in their fluffy white sac, were slightly larger than Prescott's, and they filled him with a lustful desire that was *at least* a match for his hyper-endowed boyfriend's.

As Prescott's breeder grew larger and thicker by the moment, Myles had to admit that massive size could pose more than a few logistical challenges. The most obvious was positioning: how was he to ride such a huge breeder, especially in his new quadrupedal form? Fortunately, where Prescott had lost height, Myles certainly had not; if anything, he had put on a bit of additional

mass. In his new form, the bunny stood scant few inches above three feet tall – perhaps 3'2" or so. By contrast, his vulpine lover was now slightly taller than him, even standing on all fours.

Even ignoring the immense changes to his cock and balls, Myles had a body mass that slightly exceeded his previously diminutive 5'4" stature. The white kitsune would need to use every inch of his size just to reach the fat tip of his boyfriend's overgrown shaft, let alone to sit on it. But he was *just* tall enough, by his own estimation. All seven of Myles's white, fluffy tails swished eagerly as he imagined the prospect of feeling that monster inside him.

Finally, it seemed neither male could wait any longer. Myles strode over to Prescott's throbbing, leaking, growing cock and straddled his boyfriend's body beneath his larger, quadrupedal form. The kitsune lifted his tails and lined his waiting hole up against that huge, precum-drooling tip,

As Myles grinded against that huge pink tip, liberally coating his rear entrance in the constant flow of natural lubrication his boyfriend was pumping out, it wasn't long until he had Prescott practically whimpering in need. Myles was just as eager as his own shaft steadily grew from its sheath, plumping up larger with each heartbeat. Finally, satisfied that he was lubed enough, Myles finally began to take his boyfriend's monster, sinking down on the first inches of its swollen head. A deep groan of satisfaction escaped his lips as he spread wider than he ever had before, just to take the fat head of his lover's overgrown shaft. It was certainly a tight fit, but the stretch was more than manageable for a mythical fox.

Prescott's humanoid shaft was close to the size of the bunny's own thigh, and Myles loved it. His boyfriend was stretching him wider than any other male could. Still, as he steadily sank down on Prescott's shaft, Myles was also acutely aware of another sensation besides the immense stretch he felt. With each passing moment, his body had to stretch even further just to accommodate his lover's girth. That monster was continuing to grow huger and thicker even inside him! The pressure on the kitsune's sensitive prostate mounted further and further, eliciting a series of deep, satisfied groans as the fox's own half-hard



cock throbbed, spurting ropes of precum across Prescott's torso each time the bunny's cock grew another inch.

Before long, Myles had taken half of his lover's immense length. "Fuck, you're stretching me so wide," he gasped as he a forepaw reached down to feel the sizable bulge of Prescott's manhood distending his belly.

"All this size is for you," the bunny replied sweetly, resting his hands on Myles's haunches. As he ran his hands over the fox's silky white fur, though, another idea came to mind.

Myles had always been a bit larger below the belt than Prescott, and that slight size disparity seemed to persist even in their new forms. As Myles sank lower and lower on his shaft, it wasn't long until the kitsune's basketball-sized nuts were resting solidly on Prescott's abdomen. Their weight was intoxicating and each motion made them shift enticingly. Prescott couldn't help but imagine the untold quantities of cum sloshing in his boyfriend's massive nuts as his hands roamed over to them. They were far too large to cup in his hands, but he was happy to rub and massage them, admiring their size and fertility.

Sitting up slightly, the bunny decided to give his boyfriend's shaft some attention as it steadily pulsed towards full erectness. He could already see the swell of Myles's knot beginning to bulge against his sheath, and he was eager to help it along. He locked lips with the pointed tip of the fox's thick shaft, beginning to please it however he could.

Though initially unsure how to please such a huge, leaking shaft, the bunny easily made up for his inexperience with eagerness. Before long, he was licking and sucking on the tip as both hands stroked along its length, even occasionally reaching back to Myles's sheath to gently massage the sensitive knot within. His efforts were rewarded with mouthful after mouthful of precum as his boyfriend's gasps and moans filled the air, all of which he eagerly gulped down.

Somewhere, in the midst of their carnal pleasure, both males had finally stopped growing, with Prescott boasting two feet of incredibly thick, humanoid

cock alongside a pair of nuts the size of small melons – around 10 inches wide apiece. Myles continued to swell towards erectness between the pleasure of his lover's cock buried deep inside him and the increasingly expert oral he was receiving, growing towards its full 2'3" length.

As he slowly bobbed up and down on his bunny's cock, the fox's massive knot began to emerge from its sheath. It wasn't long until his shaft had grown too long for Prescott to service, though, and the kitsune was forced to take matters into his own hands. Fortunately, Myles was pleased to find his cock was long enough for him to pleasure its tip with his own maw. As he wrapped his long, vulpine tongue around its tip, stroking it with both forepaws, he allowed Prescott to take more control of the thrusting.

The bunny slowly bucked his hips, thrusting into his boyfriend as he watched the hung fox service his own massive dick. Each time he hilted into his boyfriend, Prescott was rewarded for his efforts with a series of deep, satisfied groans while the fox's shaft throbbed visibly with arousal. Resting both hands on Myles's hips, he slowly built a rhythm while both males' moans filled the air. Prescott wasn't pounding his lover hard and fast, but going slow and deep, making love to the man he could finally call his boyfriend.

While the newly-transformed couple lost themselves in the lust and excitement of shared bodily exploration, a ghostly blue phantom was watching – and increasingly impatient to join.

The Spirit of Halloween fed on the delicious carnal energies emanating in hot and heavy waves from the bunny and kitsune who were rutting in his cemetery with animalistic intensity. Every lewd thought, each perverted desire, filled him with a renewed vitality as he slowly emerged from his grave. His incorporeal body passed easily through the ground as he rose to the surface, though with each passing moment, his body was a bit less ethereal and a bit more tangible.

Before long, the Spirit had grown powerful enough to inhabit his physical form once more. What a wicked and wonderful form it was! Rising to his full, eight-foot height, the Spirit stood but a few paces from his latest creations. Had either male bothered to look, they would have beheld a figure that had gone unseen

for countless generations: an anthro raven, bathed in a ghostly blue aura, who possessed a body that seemed engineered for only the most perverse of sexual acts. His broad, feathered body bulged impressively with hundreds of pounds of masculine brawn, powerful and virile. From his crotch pulsed an onyx black cock that few could even dream of: four feet of overly thick, vein-riddled meat, capped with a swollen head that easily outsized the head on his shoulders. Below that hung two balls larger than antique globes, over a foot and a half wide apiece. This massive endowment, ordinarily far too large for anyone to reasonably service, was complemented by an otherworldly power that could alter reality itself in service of the Spirit's perverse will. The Spirit possessed a body and soul that stood at the pinnacle of male sexuality – and he was walking towards Myles and Prescott.

It was Prescott who noticed the Spirit first. “H-Hey!” he exclaimed as he caught sight of the eerie figure approaching.

Myles paused in his self-pleasure, turning to look where Prescott had fixed his wary gaze. Looming above the two males was an enormous figure. If he meant the two lovers any harm, it was not immediately apparent; if anything, the opposite seemed to be the case, judging from the liberal torrent of faintly-glowing precum drooling from his throbbing telephone pole of a shaft.

“Who are you?” Myles asked, uncertainly. As suspicious as he was, he couldn't deny his body's physiological reaction to this virile man's mere presence. His cock throbbed lustfully and his entire body was awash in a pleasant tingling sensation, just from drinking in the sight and masculine scent of this virile stranger.

“I have many names,” the raven boomed in an inhumanly deep voice. The rumbling bass of his words seemed to vibrate both Myles and Prescott to their cores as he spoke. “Though most recently, I have been known simply as the Spirit of Halloween.”

Already, the gears were turning in Prescott's mind. “Was it you who transformed us?” he asked.

“Yes, it was,” the spirit confirmed. “Though it was your own lustful desires that determined your forms. You’ve given me such power. I’ve feasted mightily on the sexual energies that radiate from the both of you, and I’ve come to push it further still,” he growled as his phantasmagorical aura seemed to flare with a sudden welling of potency.

The hulking raven strode around the two lovers, inspecting his newest creations. He gave an approving nod as he noted their impressive endowments. “Now... I think we could find a mutually beneficial position for the three of us,” he announced, taking charge of the situation. “I see how much you’re enjoying your companion’s ass, so I propose we get him on all fours and spitroast him,” the raven suggested, addressing Prescott with his steely blue eyes. For emphasis, he glanced down at Myles whilst giving his four-foot shaft a few experimental strokes, coaxing several immense globs of precum from its constantly-drooling tip in the process.

Both Myles and Prescott were entranced by that gargantuan organ and the unending flow of pre-seed it drooled. Nonetheless, Prescott looked to Myles for confirmation, as though silently asking, “Are you okay with that?” The kitsune nodded, flashing a grin to his partner as he slowly began to lift himself off of his partner’s shaft.

Within seconds, Myles was rising to all four of his feet, lowering his rear haunches to position his ass at a more appropriate level for his diminutive partner. As he teasingly raised his tails for the little bunny, he treated Prescott to the sight of the rear he so desperately wanted to sink back into. Momentarily forgetting about the Spirit of Halloween entirely, the rabbit pressed his broad tip to Myles’s hole and grabbed two of his seven tails for leverage. He began to slowly sink in, aided by the precum that had lubricated his shaft and Myles’s hole earlier in the night.

Meanwhile, at Myles’s frontside, the raven crouched down. Given his immense stature, he had to lower himself quite far just to reach the kitsune’s mouth – and then, from such a low height, his immense sac was quite close to brushing the pre-drenched grass between his feet. Still, it sufficed, and he was soon pressing his enormous tip against the kitsune’s lips.

“Drink up and I’ll take care of the rest,” the Spirit instructed the fox.

Myles had no reason to question the powerful being’s orders. He obediently opened his maw, beginning to lap at the constant stream of precum spilling over his lips. As he gulped down more and more of the potent stuff, he gradually found himself able to open his jaws wider than he thought possible. In the span of less than a minute, he was beginning to take the enormous head of that cock into his maw.

Evidently, though, Myles wasn’t moving quickly enough for the spirit. The huge male grabbed the kitsune by the ears, using them as handlebars to push his monster in deeper. The fox’s lustful groans vibrated that shaft as the raven began to roughly use his throat, gradually pushing deeper into his chest.

Hearing those pleased groans, Prescott decided it was time to go a bit faster with his boyfriend as well. He began to thrust harder and faster so his melon-sized nuts slapped audibly against Myles’s own enormous balls. Electric tingles of pleasure coursed through his body as he followed the spirit’s lead and sank deeper into lustful self-indulgence.

Myles was in heaven. His eyes clenched shut as he felt two huge males pistoning into him from either side. His throat was being fucked by a god of a man, the massive hulk who had given him the body of his most perverted dreams. And on the other side, his ass was being pounded raw by the cute guy to whom he had finally professed his love. Every thrust, every slap of his nuts against Prescott’s, and every grunt he heard from the massive raven using his throat – they all made his cock throb and pulse. His knot was so swollen he felt it could burst.

The fox was so turned on, he knew he wouldn’t be able to hold on much longer. Prescott had steadily settled into a position so that each thrust brought his thick shaft pounding against his prostate. The pressure on the fox’s sensitive love button was too much, and he began to moan loudly around the raven’s enormous black rod as his own cock bobbed and jerked against his own furry chest. Shooting his hands-free load, ropes of white-hot cum spurted from his

throbbing shaft while his balls clenched up tight in their sac. It was the most mind-blowing orgasm of his entire existence, evidenced by the sheer quantity of cum he was pumping out, drenching his own chest and chin, as well as the raven's enormous balls and the grass beneath his feet.

Prescott felt his lover clench tightly around his cock, those warm insides hugging his shaft so snugly as the fox spilled at least a gallon of thick, white seed over himself and their spiritual companion. Spurred on by his partner's orgasm, the bunny began to thrust harder, pounding into his lover's well-used hole with all the might his muscled thighs could muster. The scent of the fox's musky release lingered in the air as the sound of balls slapping against each other filled the night air.

Before long, the bunny could hold back no longer. He pushed in to the hilt as lurid moans escaped his lips and the first orgasm of his new body rocked him to his core. "Yesss, cum for me too," he heard the Spirit of Halloween growl encouragingly. "Fill him and let my strength flourish!"

Prescott couldn't have held back the torrent of cum if he'd tried. His gentle abs flexed and rippled as his body twitched and convulsed; that veiny shaft of his was depositing every ounce of semen his balls could muster deep within his lover. Hugging both arms around the kitsune, he felt the distinct bulge of his shaft in the fox's belly gradually lose definition as he unloaded rope after rope of thick, hot jizz into the larger male.

A full minute later, as Prescott's climax finally began to die down, the bunny noticed that a faint blue glow had overtaken both him and Myles at some point.

"Mmhh – What's happening?" the bunny asked, shaking away his post-orgasmic afterglow as he lifted his head from the kitsune's back.

"It is time I bestow a final transformation upon the two of you," the raven explained as he slowly withdrew his precum- and saliva-drenched shaft from the fox's maw. "I have read your deepest desires," the Spirit of Halloween proclaimed. "And my power has grown to the point that I may grant one final wish for the two of you. Please, enjoy."

Glancing down, Prescott was surprised to see something he thought impossible – he was merging with Myles! His broad pink shaft had fused with the pearlescent fox he'd hilted into, and its reddish pigment began to dye the fox's fur into a pale pink that darkened with every throb of his shaft. As he watched, the kitsune's seven tails pulled inward, forming into a bulbous knot where his cock met his lover. A fuzzy white sheath formed at the base of his shaft as the kitsune's hind legs fused with his heavy balls, endowing them with additional size and fertility.

Myles began to drool as he merged with Prescott's burgeoning shaft – though his drool was far thicker than usual, taking on a slightly salty taste along with a more viscous texture. As he closed his eyes, his narrow snout transformed into a pointed red tip for Prescott's growing shaft. His forelegs drew inwards, fusing with that massive cock for still further mass, as the tint of his white fur seemed to spread from that huge sheath up along Prescott's underbelly, giving him a glossy white underbelly to complement the rest of his light brown coat. Finally, as the well-hung breeder blinked his eyes, they shifted from their usual hazel colour to a stark red.

Overjoyed as he ordinarily would have been to grow *again*, Prescott couldn't help but feel a profound loss for his lover. He was ready to beg the supernatural being before him to undo this latest transformation, when he heard a quiet voice come from within.

*We really should take that monster out for a test-run, maybe see what else has changed*, a voice in Prescott's mind suggested. There was no mistaking it – that cheeky suggestion must have come from Myles! Where Prescott thought his lover had merely transformed into his cock, the Spirit of Halloween had merged their bodies together, where both their consciousnesses now resided.

The hybrid reached down tentatively, feeling first the massive knot at the base of his shaft. He was treated to an overwhelming explosion of sensation – and though Prescott had never had a knot before, he instinctively knew from Myles's own experience which regions were most sensitive and exactly how to stroke and rub his four-foot shaft.

Almost reflexively, the creature's long, dextrous fox tail swept around to find his balls. The hybrid began to softly squeeze his tail against those massive cum factories; they were easy to reach and pleasure, and so delightfully sensitive. Perhaps the only downside, if it could be called such, was that they were now dangerously close to brushing his paws. While he had gained a bit of height through the latest transformation – perhaps enough to stand at 4'6" – his crotch had once again taken the lion's share of the growth. Those massive nuts hung heavily in his furred white sac like a pair of prize-winning pumpkins, just over two feet wide apiece. And that deep red, veiny cock! Myles's shaft had been short enough for him to suck himself off, but this mammoth tool was far too large to even entertain the idea. It rivalled even the Spirit of Halloween's four-foot breeder, giving the little hybrid a package that must have exceeded the rest of his body in terms of sheer mass.

The weight was too much for the little hybrid to comfortably support for long. Falling to his rear, he leaned forward, licking and stroking any part of his immense junk he could reach. As the Spirit of Halloween watched the lust-addled beast with satisfaction, he decided his new host was finally ready for possession. If nothing else, possessing his new host would give the creature greater strength to properly enjoy the perks of being so monstrously hung.

The raven stepped forward, allowing his body to grow incorporeal once more; as his translucent form shimmered in the moonlight, he noted with satisfaction that if all went to plan, these would be his last steps without a physical body for many years to come. Stepping around to where the fox-rabbit hybrid sat, he seated himself in precisely the same position, allowing his body to materialise within the rabbit's. As he possessed the sex-crazed beast he had created, a final set of transformations occurred for Myles and Prescott.

Newfound musculature spread throughout the beast as the Spirit of Halloween's godly physique overtook the more slight build of his host. The feeling of power was almost intoxicating to Myles and Prescott as their pecs thickened, biceps bulged and deltoids broadened, growing to more closely mirror the raven's prior brawny appearance. Bones popped and lengthened as the beast grew taller in stature, rapidly the humans' original heights. However,



the beast stopped shy of the raven's immense eight-foot height as his most natural form merged with the diminutive stature of his host. The newfound Harbinger of Lust's growth settled when he stood at an impressive, yet manageable seven feet tall. The two lovers whose bodies had so readily melded to the Spirit of Halloween's quickly began to adjust to their new height and the unfamiliar experiences accompanying a taller, higher perspective than they had ever enjoyed before.

As the next set of changes began, the hybrid groaned deeply in bliss, an instinctual reaction to the mind-numbing bliss that accompanied sexual growth. His cock and balls were swelling again, owing to the addition of the Halloween Spirit's ample virility. Four feet of overly thick cock became five as pleasure overwhelmed the bunny-fox's senses. The intense pleasure intrinsic to an even huger cock squeezed another outpouring of precum from the hedonistic beast's shaft. The huge – and growing – puddle in the grass was joined by another thick glob of pre as the beast's balls swelled from two feet to three feet wide apiece, a massive boost in productivity that would surely necessitate draining on at least an hourly basis. Neither Myles nor Prescott had ever dreamed of being this massively hung, but at the Spirit of Halloween's lecherous insistence, they were growing to love being so overly-endowed.

Finally, a few more subtle changes occurred: gone were the raven's black feathers, but in their place, the hybrid's fur darkened everywhere. The pearlescent white coat of his underbelly and the tan fur adorning the rest of his form grew dimmer as his underbelly turned to slate grey and his light brown fur took on a more chocolatey appearance. And as the beast closed his eyes in pleasure, exploring his latest transformations, his irises shifted to that icy blue that had forever defined the Spirit of Halloween – and now, in this newly-minted body, they defined the Harbinger of Lust.

Taking a seat on the lone bench in that abandoned graveyard, the beast began to stroke his overgrown cock. The veiny tool was almost too large for one man to adequately pleasure, but the Harbinger of Lust knew he'd soon enough command an army of worshippers to help him appreciate his godly proportions. Lifting his rabbit-like paws, he placed them on his massive, earth-shaking nuts, gently massaging into the grey fur of his sac. He moaned luridly,

picturing the oceans of seed sloshing within even as his need to release all that cum edged towards ever-greater peaks.

As wondrous as it was to stroke his immense junk, for a beast defined by pure carnal pleasure, it just would not do to pleasure his cock and balls alone. That long, fluffy fox tail curled itself around towards his rear as he leaned forward over his pulsing knot. It was trivial for the hybrid to gather precum on his tail; his existence now was defined in part by an ever-present excess of natural lubricant, anywhere he roamed.

Pressing his lubed tail against his needy rear, he began to slowly push in, letting out a groan of unadulterated bliss as he did so. To Myles's satisfaction, that tail began to probe deeper as the Harbinger of Lust leaned further over his broad cock. In his quest to find the perfect position, it wasn't long until he was straddling his own immense shaft and nuts, resting atop them as he raised his rear and pushed his tail in deeper.

That probing tail found its mark quickly enough, and soon, it was pressing firmly against the beast's sensitive prostate, massaging it with every little pump. Whereas a normal man's prostate was the size of a walnut, the Halloween Spirit's host body needed far more; his love button was closer to a grapefruit in size, and many times more sensitive. Before long, the hybrid was shooting spurts of precum as he stroked himself with both hands and feet, and rubbed his own prostate with his tail.

Prescott's confidence had grown and blossomed throughout the night, beginning with Myles's confession of love. Now, the young man's sexual confidence peaked as he marvelled at the immense productivity of his new body. He was drenching his surroundings in precum, and before long, shameless gasps and groans of sexual ecstasy filled the air as his massive body convulsed and he began to climax. The beast's orgasm lasted far longer than any previously had, dragging on for a full five minutes as his overproductive balls worked to coat the entire graveyard in a layer of thick, musky, virile spunk. After a small eternity, the ropes of cum died down to a steady drizzle of potent seed. The beast's fluids clung to the trees, coated gravestones, and formed a growing lake in the surrounding grass.

As his shaft slowly receded to its overgrown sheath – so out of proportion it would have been impossible to ignore, if not for his immense balls – the Harbinger of Lust slowly withdrew his tail from his muscular rear. He rose to his feet, appreciating the immense mess he'd created in his latest hypersexual release.

The sun was beginning to rise, and the cloudless sky was bathed in a deep red. On any ordinary Halloween night, all spirits would be returning to rest for another full year. But this time, the Spirit of Halloween had a host. He glanced down at the strangely-small cloak and backpack that had been left on the bench next to where he sat. They would never fit his body now, but he picked both up as a reminder of who he had been. Stuffing the green cloak into the bag, he rose to his feet.

The day was young and he had plenty of souls to find, all with carnal desires unfulfilled. It was unlikely the Harbinger of Lust would find anyone as perverted as the two young men who'd wandered into his graveyard on a cloudless Halloween night, but there was still plenty of rapture to be had.

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*Epilogue:*

*Over the weeks and months to come, whispered stories would proliferate: tales of a lust-driven beast unlike any seen before, much larger and far more virile than any man the world had ever seen. These rumours would go unconfirmed, however; for anyone who encountered the Harbinger of Lust was silenced with either a look from those icy blue eyes or a frenzied tryst on the outskirts of town.*

*Myles and Prescott grew closer than ever. The bond between the young lovers only deepened as they relished in the sexual conquests of the spirit which had taken control over their lives. Any initial misgivings were silenced as they came to enjoy and even love their new existence, spreading carnal desire and sexual release wherever they travelled.*

*Spending their days in relative peace, only one mystery remained. Sometimes, nagging at the back of their minds, either Myles or Prescott would notice their body seemed just a bit larger than usual – a bit better hung, a bit more virile, a bit needier for release. As the months passed by, it became apparent: they were still growing, albeit far more slowly. But to what end? Just what did the Spirit of Halloween have in mind for next October 31st? The idea terrified as much as it excited them.*