

Sweet Halloween Love

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(Inktober Prompt, Day 31: Slice)

Content warning: Food transformation, drugs, detailed candy gore, casual, public hard vore, same-size soft vore, digestion, and implied fatality. (Non-fatal ending after the three line breaks.)

Tasha hummed to herself, looking over the two pigs who stood patiently before her. Sure, they'd paid her to be there, but it wasn't as though she needed the money. No, the pantheress did this mostly for fun. Nothing, after all, was more enjoyable to her than complete trust of open-minded people...nothing except the twisted abuse of such trust.

"...any options for a memorable Halloween, you say?"

Lani and Chloe nodded. "Any!" Lani assured. "We only moved into the neighborhood a few months ago, and we'd like to make a good impression sharing in the holiday spirit. I've not had the time, and Chloe's stumped for ideas. So we were hoping that you and her could work through the day and make something scary and fun for the trick-or-treaters."

Tasha's violet eyes looked over to Chloe. The brown, spotted swine girl was certainly cute; it didn't hurt that her body shape and mass were more indicative of the piggy stereotype, meaty and curvy in all the most plentiful ways. A stay-at-home wife, she was slightly less fit than her working spouse and dressed in a loose t-shirt and sweatpants for the day of decorative work she'd predicted. All the pantheress could see was a blank slate.

"Well," Tasha began, helpless to prevent a sinister smile from stretching across her muzzle, "I think I have a lovely idea. See, the thing about holiday passion is that plentiful or thorough decorations get recognized for being such, but they're not *remembered*. What Chloe and I will work on will be a single project...something unique and potent that will have your neighborhood spirit recognized and talked about. Does that sound alright with you two lovely ladies?"

Lani beamed, clapping her hands together. Chloe looked considerably more hesitant, but a single glance at her working wife's glee made her expression soften; any amount of work was worth it to see the pink, sexy pig look like that. "That sounds perfect!" Lani cheered, glancing to the living room clock before picking up her briefcase. "I'll leave you two to it, then. After you're done, please include the material costs for whatever you need to use in your bill. I'll write the check tonight and make sure you've got it by tomorrow evening." Lani leaned into her love's space and softly kissed the round cheek. "Have fun, my fire."

The casually dressed pig watched her wife shuffle out to the front door, her eyes unable to resist a glance at the curly tail that wiggled from out of the fitted suit pants as Lani shut the door behind her and headed to the driveway. The sound of the car's engine rumbling to life and slowly departing their suburban home was Chloe's cue to cast a look towards the pantheress already in a stereotypical "sexy witch" costume complete with lacy lingerie on full display. Such a painfully trite outfit did not fill her with enthusiasm. "...so what's the deal? Ghost in the window? A particularly detailed jack-o-lantern?"

"You don't have much faith in me, do you?" the panther laughed. "No, nothing of that sort. I've done animatronic ghosts with custom voice lines before, but I prefer to tailor the experiences I provide to the people I'm working for."

"Oh?"

"Certainly. For instance..." Tasha stepped in close, sleek black-furred body pressing into the loose clothes of the stay-at-home pig. "...has anyone ever told you that you look delicious?"

Chloe stepped back, a blush coloring her dark cheeks an even darker shade. "Yes, but I tend to reserve that for my wife. Unless she gives permission. She usually does, but I'd rather not insult her by not asking," she insisted. "...and, honestly, I'd rather focus on the decorations. I'm doing this for her. If it all works out and she's okay with it, then maybe we can talk about that later."

"Oh, but I want to talk about it now," Tasha purred, stepping forward one more time. Her paws stretched out to caress the pig's neck, claws gently drifting their tips across the smooth flesh. "I want to turn you into something fantastically scary yet fun. Something adults and parents will be amazed by yet exciting for the children, too. Family friendly, you know...at least, once you're on display."

Her toes curled into the living room carpet. "I...hff," Chloe huffed, closing her eyes to steel her easily flamed libido. "...no. Not going to fuck around behind Lani's back."

"Fuck? Dear me, no. I don't want to fuck," Tasha said, her expression softening and her caresses trailing down to firmly massage over the pig's shoulders. "Just decorate you."

"...decorate me?"

"Mhm. I want to give you a Halloween visage sure to intrigue all your neighbors."

"...like a costume?" Chloe asked.

"*Like* a costume...but not exactly one."

"And you're sure Lani and the neighborhood will like it?"

"It'll be something to remember~"

Chloe paused. Well, if the sultry-looking panther was telling the truth, then she couldn't be faulted for agreeing, right? And if the panther took advantage of her, then she wouldn't be responsible. Even in the worst case, Chloe only saw a slight amount of guilt in her future. Snorting, she gave her best toothy smile. "Okay."

"Okay?" Tasha asked.

“Okay,” Chloe said, nodding. “Let’s do it. For Lani.”

“Of course,” the Halloween planner replied, her tail whipping behind her with clear excitement. From her purse, a solid leather “cauldron” with a circular zipper opening on the top, she quickly fished out a small metal cylinder. She gestured Chloe to put her hand out, unscrewed the top, and dropped a large, inch-long pill into the girl’s waiting palm. “To begin, go ahead and swallow that.”

Chloe lifted the pill up to the light, looking at its unlabeled, unremarkable form and sniffing at it. “Halloween is usually one of those days you tell people not to accept drugs from strangers, you know,” she remarked.

“Oh, please. I’m no stranger. I’m Tasha Progief, event planner and all-around schemer of experimental fun,” the panther retorted, sticking her tongue out. “Besides, it’s just a sugar pill. Trust me...for Lani’s sake, eh?”

It seemed like a terrible idea, but the pig popped the pill into her mouth. Suspiciously, she bit through the center. As the pill broke down between her teeth into a powder, she found the description to be literal; a potently sweet flavor spilled across her tongue, and her mouth began to water. Happily, she swallowed the sweet treat down. “Woah, I can still taste it,” she observed as the sugary powder spilled into her stomach.

“Of course, I never lie,” Tasha purred. Slowly, she stepped forward, guiding Chloe down into a nearby chair. “That sugar pill will ensure someone as sweet and tasty as you remains exactly that way, even as I start to work my magic.”

Chloe nodded, but her attempt to respond didn’t quite feel right. The pig opened her mouth, tongue rising to the roof of her mouth to try and form the words she wanted; however, the muscle slipped off of her palate with a squeaking sound. Slowly, the feelings in her mouth grew muddled and sluggish, and her movements became gummy and slow. Even as her eyes began to flutter, a wave of exhaustion seeming to course through her brain, her maw continued to water at the sweet flavor that never seemed to go away. In fact, that flavor seemed to only get more potent even as the world began to melt.

“I do mean these words quite literally, by the way,” Tasha hummed to the slowly drifting pig, her teeth nibbling over an exposed, floppy ear. “So I hope you’ll dream sweet dreams while I get to work. You’ll be even more delicious than you are right now.”

Chloe gave a dizzy oink as her eyes closed, the last thought before unconsciousness focused on how heavy and swollen her tongue was becoming; her mouth lolled open as she began to sleep, a thick, slightly transparent red gummy tongue drooping out to hang as its last expanses of red flesh were devoured by the sugary infection.

Lani sighed as she drove into the driveway. While she knew what Tasha promised was a specific surprise, a singular Halloween decoration that was sure to impress, the sight of her home's undecorated exterior disappointed her. Plain white railings and porch columns, plain white steps, light blue exterior panels, plain wooden porch bottom... Still, the pink pig could only blame herself; there wasn't much you could do—last minute hire or not—when you only started decorating the day of.

Despite it being that hyped thirty-first of October, it felt like any other Wednesday now. She turned off the engine, removed the key, grabbed her purse, and slipped out onto the concrete path. Her heels clacked across the line of pavement to the front door, fitting the door key in, turning, and pushing her way in. That was where the Wednesday routine stopped for her today. It was hard to continue with a routine when your wife was lying naked on a stretcher and looking sweeter than ever.

Lani dropped her purse and keys, rushing to the stretcher's side as the sexy witch dug a claw playfully into the prone pig's belly button; the pig watched as the claw sunk into the rounded belly's divot and disappeared into the brown flesh. "There you are, Lani!" Tasha called to the panicked business-pig. "How do you like your Halloween decor and treat for tonight?"

sh-sqlk!

The pink pig's senses spun for a moment as she watched her lovely, curvy wife's belly be sliced through by the pantheress' claw, a line drawn straight up from that cute belly button up to the bottom of her ribs. The "flesh" separated, a full window into the insides being exposed. The organs pulsed and throbbed, a faintly red gel oozing around the wound but still providing a clear look into the red, purple, and brown viscera as they worked.

Two things stopped Lani. First, the scent was utterly unlike what she'd experienced when observing a surgery for her upper-level anatomy class back in college. It was saccharine, painfully artificial and fragrant. Second, and most importantly, her mouth gushed with drool she forced herself to swallow down, an unnatural, taboo sort of hunger tickling at her gut rather than the expected nausea and disorientation.

Tasha licked her claw clean. "Mmm," the panther hummed approvingly. "Chocolate taffy, strawberry gel, and just a hint of fruit chew liver. I thought your wife was delicious before, but I think it proves just how good I am that I managed to make her even *tastier*."

Lani stumbled up close, looking first to the candy guts as they trembled and then to her love's face. Chloe was speechless, but her expression was exactly what the business-pig had learned was proof she was doing something right during an extremely kinky escapade. Pleasure. Her wife was in undeniable pleasure mingled with unconscionable embarrassment. "What..." she began to mumble.

“Your wife’s completely candy. Not a single inedible part,” Tasha explained, purring as she leaned down to Chloe’s face. “She’s got a lot of lovely energy to keep her going even if she loses a crucial organ or two...or all of them, really. Drawback is she can’t move much, but she can’t feel pain either. Really, she’s the perfect little treat and she loves it. Though it brings up a couple of issues.”

“I-Issues?”

“Glahn! Llaauh? Nn-*mph?! smmmmmoooch, **SQURLCH!***”

Tasha answered Chloe’s drooly noises with a kiss, Lani briefly finding a heat growing between her legs as she watched the witch steal a kiss from her helpless wife. The sloppy, squelching noise that followed didn’t help; Tasha drew back from the kiss, a twitching gummy tongue covered in granulated sugar solidly held between her lips. Having bit off the tasty, translucent cherry-flavored prize, Tasha slurped it into her mouth, humming as she chewed it slowly and thoroughly down into a clumpy mush. Her expression pulled in, a potent sour wince as she sucked away the rough coating atop the otherwise alien-smooth chewy candy. But Tasha clearly enjoyed it and swallowed it down with a satisfied sigh.

“Mm. Sour gummies. Heh-hem, well, first of all...”

“*Haah! Haaaaahn!*”

“...she not too good at verbalizing things anymore! Though with desperate, lusty expressions like that, we can tell pretty easily how she feels~ ...which brings us to the second issue.” Tasha’s teasing had been clearly sexual and perverse to some degree before, but now her twisted glee couldn’t be clearer; the pantheress slipped around, taking her paws and spreading Chloe’s legs wide. A tender mound dribbled juices into a small puddle on the stretcher’s surface, soaking into the cushions.”...she’s not really family friendly. Yet. But she was quite insistent that I not do anything sexual without your permission, so...mind getting her ready for the trick-or-treaters?”

Lani shuddered as she looked at the messy mound, the perverse nature of the scene and alien feeling looking at her wife reduced to candy beginning to take hold. Yet, Chloe looked at Lani in a clear passion, eyes shining without regret. “I uh...do...you want me to, Chloe?” she asked. The immediate, desperate grunt and glance of those eyes—Lani wondered what those sweet brown eyes had become—towards her exposed crotch was everything Lani needed to know she hadn’t needed to ask. She didn’t feel bad about asking, though.

Tasha watched as the still suited pig leaned down to the stretcher, buried her snout into her wife’s candy cunt, and began to messily slurp, snort, and nibble. Chloe’s body trembled, but the full expression of ecstasy was in how those eyes flailed in every direction, the helpless treat’s gaze desperate to focus on anything to buffer the extreme sensations that delighted her conscious mind. Eventually, they locked on the barely visible pink forehead of her wife’s head as she began to devour her adult parts away.

Lani might've spent more time licking up the sweet fruit juices that squirted out from her transformed wife's snatch if the flesh hadn't been so delightfully sweet. The chocolate taffy easily pulled away at her snout's digs and her teeth's teases, her love's mound soon a gaping hole as she sucked, chewed, and gulped it all away. Her piggy nose continued to push forward, more taffy flesh chewed and bitten away from the curve of Chloe's exposed abdomen. The tunnel of sensitive, trembling flesh wasn't spared either, rich fruit juice gushing from the pink, strawberry-flavored taffy. Even once Chloe's entire passage had disappeared into her wife's belly and that gummy cervix ring had been sucked away, the candy pig continued to moan and wheeze into the air with a passion.

The thick candy sack of Chloe's womb was munched away by the increasingly hungry and motivated business-pig, Lani utterly entranced by the flavor and how her wife clearly was overjoyed despite the degrading holiday role. The last things to be drawn into the pig's mouth before she even considered taking a break were the pig's ovaries. As she bit through, Lani gasped and jerked upright, small, stinging bursts filling her mouth in plenty of tiny, startling sensations.

"Ooh, pop rock eggs," Tasha observed, her eyes locked on the impressive chewed-through hole that had been made through the lighter brown of the pig's lower body. Even as Lani gasped and chewed and gulped down those last adult bits, the panteress delighted in watching the last half-inch of belly flesh between the belly button cut she'd made and the chewed-out crater Lani'd made stretch and strain. Eventually, the tension of both sides of Chloe's taffy outer candy layer pulled it away, a soft snap joining the two openings and leaving all the candy intestines, kidneys, stomach, diaphragm, liver, bladder, and even the bottom of those still-breathing lungs visible and exposed all while that jam-like ooze splattered around.

Lani hardly could control her breath, her own arousal unbearable from how twisted and unthinkable hot this Halloween late afternoon had become. "C-Chloe, can I...I need to..." she breathed. Her wife looked passionately back into her eyes, and the pink pig knew that no more permissions had to be asked. "T-Tasha?"

"Yes?"

"Before the trick-or-treaters come, I need...would you help me relieve some of this? I'm...I'm feeling very..."

"I'd be happy to help," Tasha purred. "But, there's still two things we need to fix on your Halloween treat..."

"Bring them. Bring her. You can have one, too. I just...we just..."

Tasha loved both pigs. Their expressions, their tasty bodies, their lusts, their adoration for each other...the panther had never been hungrier in either way. She slipped to the pink pig's side and leaned into her ear. "Want to know what they are?" she whispered.

Lani nodded.

“Underneath that taffy skin? Cream-filled caramels.”

Lani shuddered.

“Why don’t I cream your sexy snatch while your wife squirts those creamy tits down into our bellies, hm?”

Lani moaned. Screw the neighborhood, she was having her Happy Halloween *now*.

By the time Lani, Chloe, and Tasha made it out onto the front porch, trick-or-treating was in full swing. Kids and their chaperones would walk up to the stretcher-laden pig and marvel at the effects. The comforting smiles and kindness of the panther in the sexy witch costume and pink pig in a sexy nurse costume comforted even the most squeamish of kids, giving every young child a chance to nibble at a bit of tasty candy viscera. Tasha had even put on some more concealing covers for her costume, just enough to be kind to the children even while allowing just enough fur for a few dads to feel weird as they left.

The two costumed women happily sliced a bit of family-friendly pig guts for each visitor, delighting in how delicious each found their treat. The intestines were claw-cut until nothing remained, other organs disappeared soon after, and the gaping chest cavity soon was just a pair of breathing lungs and a beating heart. As Tasha cut into the lungs, the breaths began to stop, but still Chloe’s eyes moved. The two chatting women resorted to picking away small bits for their own enjoyment. Lani soon found her love’s eyes were polished jawbreakers, slowly sucking hers down even as Tasha managed to *cRuNcH* through hers after only sucking through a layer of two.

The late-comers began to walk away with sugar bones, sucking on ribs or vertebrae and compliments to the living, twitching candy pig. Lani was grateful for all the kind words and greetings from neighbors she’d not gotten the chance to meet before, but the experience had grown far beyond that. Even as the last teens slipped through, Lani encouraging a reluctant Tasha to give even the uncostumed ones a piece of taffy flesh or a broken-off piece of tibia or a even just a toe knuckle, the married couple had few regrets. As they wheeled the still-living candy cadaver back inside for the night, Lani thanked Tasha for an unforgettable night. Tasha insisted the night still had yet to end.

Gnawing off Chloe’s ears and drooling a hole through the candy pig’s skull, Tasha left Chloe’s overwhelmed brain of licorice ropes exposed. Lani and Tasha sucked and nibbled away at the wrinkles of licorice down to its core, the last pleasure-riddled thoughts of the transformed pig slowly firing in a dumb, lazy way as the seat of Chloe’s consciousness was finally gulped down to melt away with other bits of herself in her wife’s body. Lani squirmed as the emptied husk of her wife was balled up by the pantheress into a tight, dense wad of sugary taffy and slipped down her mouth, the panther encouraging her to gulp the last remnants of her spouse away. Lani did, but was soon left in a terrible need once more. The pig asked the architect of

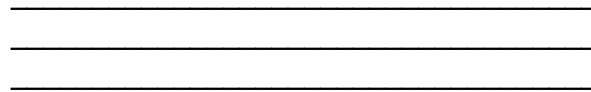
her Halloween experience once more for relief before she wrote out the panther's well-earned check. Tasha told her she knew a better way to satisfy the need and also pay her..

When Tasha finally left the pig couple's home, the panther had secured a considerably healthier dinner than the sweets they'd munched on all day. Her gut bulged with the squirming shape of a pig, the meat inside slowly groaning and writhing its way to a softened mush. All it took was a shameless belch as she walked for the darling mass of pork to tremble and grow still.

BrrrUUUUURRP~

GURGLE, shlorsh, slosh, chuuum~

"Mmph. Happy Halloween, piggies," she chuckled, licking over her lips as she kneaded Lani's shape on her belly into a formless mush. "Being a witch is never as fun without a pair of innocent young things to lead astray."



Chloe stretched her arms out, yawning to herself as Thursday morning arrived. Groggily, she looked at the nearby nightstand, the clock reading her usual late hour of 10 AM. By now, Lani was probably a good ways into a stack of paperwork. Her usual Thursday routine led her to scoot herself upright against the bed's back. She smiled at a nearby pig. "G'mornin', Lani..."

It took a few seconds, but she finally opened her eyes wide at the still nude pink pig that she'd lucked out in having as her wife. Her spouse simply smiled and reached out a hand to pet over the spotted pig's head. "Good morning, Chloe. Was yesterday...fun?"

The memories slowly began to form in her mind, a blush rising to her cheeks. "Oh...oh good grief. Yes, I, uh...did...you have fun too?" she murmured.

Lani nodded, blushing herself. "Unexpected. In a lot of ways. But yes, that was...a surprisingly good Halloween. And I think the neighborhood was happy with it, too."

"Fuck the neighborhood," Chloe chuckled, rubbing at her face with both hands. "That panther was...something. That was the best Halloween ever."

Lani laughed at the statement, hugging her wife tight. "I'm glad I did good in finding her. Glad I saved her number, too! But you did good, too, you know."

Chloe sighed, her own arms reaching to return the embrace. "Thanks...I think." She pushed Lani apart, her eyes meeting the bright cheery pig. "But, if you're going to be taking a vacation day just to do Halloween aftercare, you have to let me know: ...how did it taste?"

Lani grinned and scooted off to her side of the bed. The small fridge she kept on the other side of her nightstand was only a short reach away, and from it she withdrew a small, cling-wrapped plate. Chloe gasped at the still-twitching candy organ, her previous heart beating despite there being nothing to pump through. Its color was completely red, and the texture made it clear that it was yet another chunk of firm fruit candy; clearly, no part of her had been spared.

“Want to try it?” Lani whispered, managing to tear her own eyes away from the most unusual thing she’d ever put in her refrigerator in order to meet her lover’s gaze.

Chloe smiled and managed the same feat. “My dear, I already gave you my heart. It’s yours to have,” she whispered back.

The laugh that answered her overly-sweet flirt was like a beautiful song to Chloe’s ear, even if it was a song punctuated by the occasional snort and oink of mirth. “Oh goodness,” Lani wheezed, “you really are too sweet. You’re going to make me sick from all that candy I ate yesterday.”

“Please don’t,” Chloe replied, the seriousness in her voice only causing Lani to grow breathless with more laughter.

“Fine! Fine. Well, if it’s mine to do with what I will, then I’m ruling we get to share it today. That fine with you, my candy girl?”

Chloe leaned forward to kiss her giggling wife on the cheek. “Sounds like a plan. Happy Halloween, my dear.”

“Happy Halloween, my fire.”