HOUSE OF HORRORS

It was a dark, damp day. It had been all week, but today was especially dreary. As was somewhat typical of October and November evenings, it was cold and unwelcoming. But, as was also typical, that didn’t stop the Trick or Treaters from venturing out in searching of candy. Lizzie just smiled as she watched from her car as the numerous children that were in bundled up costumes hurried down the street from house to house.

‘*Aw, kids*,’ she thought forlornly. ‘*You have no idea how easy you have it in life*.’

Breaking herself out of her thoughts, she returned her attention back to the road as she drove slowly through the suburbs for the Mega Mountain Amusement Park parking lot. She smiled when she saw that her guess was right. Despite the late hour, it was still open in celebration of Halloween. Granted, most of the rides were shut off and many of the employees had gone home regardless. But there were still some lit up and moving. Parking her car, Lizzie quickly grabbed her purse and locked her car as she hurried to the entrance.

As she got closer the strong scents of fast food, popcorn, candy, and just people in general struck her. The overwhelming human musk caused her to falter momentarily as she passed the entrance and entered the park’s interior. In her moment of hesitation, a sharp pain stabbed through her abdomen and caused her gut to rumble loudly in hunger. Recollecting herself as she noticed a few people loitering nearby glancing at her after catching the not-so-quiet rumble, she quickly made her way to the nearby restroom and lockers.

Entering the lady’s room, she found an open locker that was conveniently close to one of the toilet stalls. Once inside the stall, she started stripping down to her birthday suit, stuffing her clothes and shoes into her large purse. Once she was fully nude, Lizzie unzipped one of the side pockets of the purse and pulled out a slightly chewed, knobby black and red piece of gum. Opening the stall door, she hurriedly threw her overflowing purse into the open locker, reaching out and locking it afterwards before retreating back into the stall.

Staring down at the piece of candy clutched between her fingers, Lizzie frowned in anger and annoyance. It was all this things fault that she was feeling the way she felt and was about to do what she was about to do. It had been several months since that fateful night when she’d helped her boyfriend Tim O’Hara save his ‘Uncle Martin’ from some crazy government laboratory and to escape Earth. But all that was only a distraction to the footnote event that happened during it, which is why and how Lizzie was in this position. She had been given a special gum that turned her into a monster called a Veenox 7 by Zoot and she had gone on a small rampage, killing one guard and eating another.

And it was all this little piece of gum’s fault! Despite what Uncle Martin and Zoot told and assured her of, there *had* been side-effects to what she had done that night. While they had been slow to kick in, they did nonetheless. The first being that she’d started to develop some pretty strange habits like walking with a very faint hunched over posture, having a hair-trigger temper and heightened aggression, and a few other little things that most others wouldn’t notice at first glance. But the most noticeable for Lizzie was that she had a growing hunger. Not just any hunger that could be sated after a big meal. But a hunger for live flesh and victims. She’d only first noticed this little problem when, on an impulse, she’d reached into her fish tank and ate all twelve of her living goldfish. And make no mistake, she loved her fish and all other animals *dearly*. And yet, feeling them flop about and struggle in her stomach had been so relaxing and fulfilling that it was damn-near therapeutic…until a few hours later, when her hunger returned in force. But the worst happened when she found herself starting to become more and more hungry after smelling a particularly strong musk after a very satisfying roll in bed with Tim and she realized what she was hungry for.

Sighing heavily, Lizzie shook herself of her thoughts and popped the gum into her mouth. After only a few chews, she met that *zing* of the center and felt the changes start overtaking her body and mind. Her body began to grow bulky and bulbous, four extra limbs sprung painlessly to life from her back, her green darkening and changing to a somewhat bright green color. Her blue eyes grew enormous as they dilated. Her skull changed in shape and size, turning into something similar to a dinosaur’s battering ram skull. Some of her teeth sunk into her jaw as other grew into monstrous daggers.

And all of this happened within just a few seconds of her biting into the gum that was now lodged quite securely between two of her incisors. Needless to say, this growth and change was too much for the narrow toilet stall to contain and she easily demolished it and two others nearby as she flexed her new tentacle-like limbs. Instincts of the beast that she’d become suddenly flooded into her mind as she grunted to stabilize her footing.

“What’s going on?!” a frightened feminine voice from of the farther stalls answered. “Who’s there?! What’s happening?!”

Lizzie didn’t answer, even though she could’ve. Instead, driven by Veenox instincts and hunger, she turned and bolted for the voice. Using Lizzie’s knowledge of the toilet stalls, the Veenox easily found the one it’s unknowing prey was in. With it’s now small forearms tipped with savage claws, it effortlessly yanked the door off its hinges. The woman inside (quite literally caught with her pants down) shrieked in fright and surprise, her arms going up to shield her seated body from the debris. As the woman cowered, the Veenox swung its tentacle inside and easily grabbed the woman, trapping her arms against her chest. Hoisting her up off the toilet and ignoring her prey’s struggling and terrified shrieking, the monster brought her forward and stuffed her into her large, wide open, and drooling mouth.

Biting into the woman’s upper body to keep her inside, she slid her tentacle out of her mouth before raising her body and gulping the woman down. With each swallow, she savagely bit into the woman’s soft body, spilling blood and breaking bones. Swallowing down the lady’s feet, the Veenox quickly licked its lips of the blood and savored the coppery taste. After a few moments, her bloated and convulsing stomach stilled and then quickly vanished, the woman’s soft body and meat not standing a chance against the stomach acids of a creature that was accustomed to shattering and eating boulders to reach its prey on its homeworld.

As her stomach flattened out and the Veenox’s hunger was momentarily sated, Lizzie finally rose to the surface. Hearing voices outside the restroom, she didn’t waste any time, turning and launching herself upwards. She broke through the weak ceiling plaster and roof frames as though they were little more than Styrofoam and toothpicks. Reaching out with one of her tentacles, she grabbed ahold of a nearby tree and swung herself up onto the roof of a nearby building. She shuffled off in a random direction as quickly as her awkward body could move.

Landing atop another building that was a gift shop, Lizzie crouched down as she peered out over the milling crowds, doing her best to remain unseen. If this was daytime, this would’ve been quite difficult. But due to it not only being nighttime and also somewhat drizzling, there were very few people who were looking upwards. So she was mostly unnoticed by everyone.

Smiling as best she could in her current body, Lizzie spotted some potential prey. They were seated on a booth off to the side, near a slight alley between two buildings, cuddling up to one another as they all but were making out. Making her way over to them was easy. Dropping down into the alley without getting their attentions was hard, but she managed it. Grabbing them both with one tentacle and pulling them into the shadows was easy. Doing it without being noticed was difficult. Eating the both of them at the same time was very easy and *so satisfying*.

Climbing back up onto the roof, she turned and looked around for some new prey. As she was doing so, a particularly ominous looking building caught her attention. It was the House of Horrors and, because it was Halloween, she could see quite a crowd milling around it. Smirking at the irony, Lizzie hopped and swung her way over. Looking around, she realized that she couldn’t just bulldoze her way through, too many people nearby. This called for some stealth. So, with some reluctance, she dislodged the gum from her teeth as she dropped down to the ground and turned back into her normal human, naked self. The only thing that hinted at the fact that Lizzie had been bingeing was that she had some slight amount of blood smeared around her lips and that there were some extra layers of fat building up in her breasts and around her gut. But she was still hungry!

Prying open the dumpster near her, Lizzie grinned as she found what she’d hoped to, some pieces of Halloween costumes discarded and left in the trash. They weren’t much, but they included some torn pantyhose and a light, witch-themed windbreaker jacket. Moving through the crowd, she ignored the stares and even some catcalls she’d earned, her tight ass and long legs on full display. If anything, she was amused by the stares. Maybe she could lure some prey in after her? With that thought in mind, she put a bit of swagger into her walk, swaying her ass in a tantalizing fashion as she approached and entered the House of Horrors.

Hurrying inwards, she found a relatively empty space where she were discarded her clothing and bit the gum again, rapidly returning to the Veenox form. Shuffling the clothes off to the one, she took up a position behind one of the displays, ironically that of an alien-like monster, and waited. She didn’t have to wait long before her first prey arrived, a couple of teenagers who were indeed scared but trying to pretend them weren’t for their girlfriends.

When she left the House of Horrors some twenty minutes later, there were some unconfirmed reports of at least thirty guests, most of which were kids or teenagers, who had gone missing inside. Once again dressed in her eye-catching ‘costume,’ Lizzie walked out of the exit feeling so much more content and full. Her stomach was now prominently visible, sticking outwards as though she were six months pregnant, her ass was fuller as she continued to sway it in a tease to attract any horny bastards after her, and her breasts must’ve grown at least two cup sizes, if not larger.

However, her hunger had diminished greatly and she was no longer feeling that almost overwhelming need to eat some substantial prey to sate it. ‘I think this is enough.’ Nodding to herself, she made her way back to where she’d stowed her purse. Getting it back was troublesome because security had beefed up around the area and the cops were on the way, but she managed it and was able to slip away through the exit with no one the wiser that she’d killed and eaten upwards of 35 people.