**Howl-loween**

\*SFW Halloween Story. Awoo~

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It was a Halloween evening. As a child, I was excited to go around my neighborhood in the suburbs to gather a collection of candies as if I was harvesting crops, waiting every year to sow my sugary “crops” of the season. However, since my family was a modest with our money, I was bought cheaper costumes by my parents every year, mostly made of fleece or cotton that they could afford.

This year, it was a gray wolf costume, made of fleece with a zipper running down its white belly. The tail was paintbrush shaped, a drooping stuffed gray length of fleece at my rear with a white colored tip. There were also mitten-like gloves with pink pawprints on the underside for me to wear as accessories for my hands too. Zipping myself up in the costume and covering my hands with the gloves, I was ready to take on the *streets of sweets* once again! I took my trusty plastic Jack-o'-lantern-themed candy bucket I had been using since I started Trick-or-Treating three years ago and set off into the sunset streets.

While skipping toward the main part of the neighborhood that had the most candy distributed, I noticed something in the nearby woods just a stone’s throw away from my home. There were two glints in the darkness of the trees as though someone or something was watching me. I brisk walked away from the creepiness, thinking that some kind of Halloween spirit or monster was watching me.

After an hour going through the houses in the main neighborhood, I headed back home, eager to take on the “Sugar Mountain”, what I call the pile of sweets I gathered each year. Turning to the dark forest again, the glints had disappeared. I heaved a sigh of relief and it was just my imagination earlier. All the tales of Halloween spirits kidnapping children scared me, but I did not believe a single word, already doubting the truths of the stories.

Just a few feet away from the comforts of my home, I felt the warm dry air of something breathing down my neck. When I turned around, I saw a giant wolf with the same shine of eyes from before, knocking me backward and pinning me with its huge paw, some of my candy spilling out from my candy bucket. Surprisingly, it did not hurt as the paw pressed on my body and it was more like a furry weighted blanket.

“A non-believer of the Halloween spirits, yeah?”

I trembled under its paw, too unnerved to even utter a sound.

“Tonight, I’m here to make you… ***believe***,” it threatened, growling at me to scare me further, causing me to let go of my candy bucket. With a grasp of its paw, it tossed me into is maw and chewed on my body, tossing me from one side of its mouth to the other with its tongue. Contrary to my assumptions, the teeth and the interior were not hard and slimy like the inside of a real wolf’s maw. The mouth and tongue were made of silky satin and its teeth were white pillows, so it was merely playing with my fears.

Once it was done savoring me in its mouth, the tongue threw me down a velvety tube and I plummeted into what I guess was its stomach, half-filled with cloud-like cotton stuffing, mysteriously lighted on the inside. The walls were crimson in color, similarly made of satin fabric like its mouth.

Wading around in the cotton, I turned myself to examine the hole I just fell through. I attempted to climb the silky tube but could not get a single grip on its surface as though it was covered in soap. Taking off my gloves, my hands still slipped of the walls of the tube. I sighed and wore my gloves back on again, pondering about my predicament as I pulled back the hood of my wolf costume, tearing up helplessly. The surroundings were made to be as comfortable as a bed for children, lighted and squishy everywhere. Nevertheless, I was inside of a wolf’s belly and was slightly afraid, even if it was a giant stuffed animal.

‘I’m stuck inside the plushie’s belly with no escape. Am I going to die here?’ Amid my thoughts and tears, I felt something plastic knock into my shoulders and fall into the cotton, spilling the candies into the pool of cotton just a couple of feet away from me. It was my beloved candy bucket! Just as I was about to retrieve my candy bucket, it dissolved and turned into cotton, as did all of the candy. Staring in horror, all my hard work for the night vanishing in front of my very eyes in seconds. The next thing I knew, the pool of cotton began to rise and stopped at my neck. I tried to swim in the cotton but found myself trapped as though the cotton solidified.

Within the cotton, there was some kind of tingling sensation running all over my body from my neck down to my toes. After a few seconds, I could feel the softness of the cotton at my toes. In fact, I could feel it all over my body. As the cotton receded and eventually vanished, I was left shivering in nothing my boxers standing on a squishy plush floor. It was then I noticed that the cold autumn air permeated the insides of the wolf’s plushie belly, trying to force me to cuddle with the warm belly walls.

“Let me out, you big bad wolf! You took hard-earned candy, my favorite candy bucket and my costume!” I cried, banging my fists as hard as I could on the red plushie walls of its stomach. “It’s unfair and cold! I don’t care if you’re some stupid Halloween spirit! You can’t do this to me!”

My complaints were met with silence as I sat along the walls, burying my face in my hands and sniffling audibly. This caused the giant plush wolf feel a sense of guilt.

“Look… I’m here to make doubtful children like you believe in the spooky tales. I’m not here to hurt you,” a motherly voice was heard echoing in the stomach, finally answering to my wails.

“But if I end up dying here, how am I supposed tell others about you? I want my wolf costume and candy back!” I demanded, banging on the plushie’s stomach walls again.

“I can’t give you back the candy as I have already eaten them. However, I’m able to give you a new costume, a much better one than your original, on one condition you help me tonight. Lie down on the plush floor and I shall work my magic! By the way, my name’s Luna, what’s yours?”

“I-I’m Lucas,” I stuttered as I introduced myself. As instructed, I allowed myself to fall backward onto the floor, bouncing a few times before my body sank into the plushie floor. It felt like a bean bag but was softer than my bed. Additionally, it had the warmth similar to the heated tiling that the rich had in their homes, something I had dreamed of having in my modest home. While I rested my head on the squishy material, it was lulling me to sleep as I stared at the plushie’s stomach ceiling. I was on the verge of closing my eyes when the surface underneath shifted.

A flood of cotton stuffing washed past me like a wave at the beach, brushing over the contours of my body. As the stuffing covered my face momentarily, I was panicking, thinking that I was suffocating until I could see the ceiling again and calmed down. However, this time, my vision was obstructed by something on my forehead and under my chin.

As I sat up, I discovered that my face was between the upper and lower plush jaws of a cuddly wolf costume that covered me from head to toe. The mouth had plushie teeth shaped like Luna’s maw and had a fabric tongue sticking out to the side for added realism. The new costume had an inner layer of stuffing that made the belly rounder, and the exterior fabric was faux fur, instead of fleece that my original costume had. While the rest of the costume was gray, the belly was a pristine white, a zipper running down the middle of it. My hands and feet were covered in fuzzy plush paws that were also slightly stuffed to appear puffy. Feeling the top of the hood with my paws hands, there appeared to be two pointy triangles I guessed were the wolf ears, sensing the fluff inside as I wiggled the paw digits in the ears.

Once I was done examining my new wolf costume in contentment, the cotton stuffing flooded the plushie chamber again, this time allowing me to float on it. I was pushed back up the tube into Luna’s mouth and slid down her tongue like a velvety slide. I was finally outside the giant wolf plushie, walking in a circle to test out the costume as my fluffy tail swayed. My feet were safely covered in the costume’s paw shoes, feeling as though I was stepping into clouds.

“Hey Lucas? Remember the promise?”

“Mm hmm? What do you want me to help you with?”

“Instead of Trick-or-Treating to collect candy again, why don’t you play tag and help me spread the spookiness? I’ll make sure you’ll get your candy back, and let you keep the costume if you do so. I just need you to tap lightly on other children’s costumes with your new paws and watch the magic happen!”

I nodded, agreeing to do so, although I was uncertain of her intentions.

“There’s a child. Go tap him!” She encouraged, nudging her giant plushie snout into my back to push me forward.

When I approached the boy in a dragon costume, I tapped lightly on his shoulder. In the time that it took for him to turn to me, his costume transformed into another furry wolf costume, similar to what I wore. What was different about the new wolf costume was that it was controlling him, coercing him to Luna’s side to walk beside us, hypnotized and willing follow the giant wolf’s every move.

“Is that gonna be permanent?” I asked her, concerned about the boy’s safety while his mind was controlled by Luna.

“Nope! It’s just for Halloween night. When morning comes, he would be back to normal dressed in his original costume back in the comforts of his bed. Go on, find some more wolves for our pack!”

And so, with the power in my hands, or paws so as to speak, I grinned with mischief, dashing through my neighborhood and tapping on several children quickly, turning them into more “wolves”. This triggered a snowball effect as the “transformed” children began tapping on other children’s shoulders, creating more wolf-costumed boys and girls to join the pack.

Soon, every child in the neighborhood sported a fur-covered wolf costume, causing the parents and adults at the doors to scratch their heads in confusion as the once colorful crowd of children became sea of grayish fur. However, once their sights set on the giant wolf, they closed their doors altogether, leaving only the children on the streets. One by one, the children gathered by the furry legs of the Luna and I, crowding around us but staying just inches apart from each other, orderly standing with their filled candy buckets and awaiting her next instruction.

“Come, my pups, pour all the candy you have into my mouth,” Luna ordered, resting her snout onto the streets and opening her maw, unfurling her tongue to form a giant velvety bowl for the children to deposit their candy in. As I stood beside to watch her the candy pile up, I wondered why a plushie like her would need to eat candies. After the all the children’s candy buckets have been emptied into a mountain of candy, she whipped her tongue back toward her mouth, swallowing all the candy in one gulp.

With a satisfied smile, she lifted her head and continued plodding down the streets, the children moving together with her. I went along with the whole pack, strolling along for a few minutes until she stopped again where there was a clear view of the full moon, unobstructed by houses at the end of the street.

“Now, my pups, give the moon the best **howl** you could ever offer!” Her gaze shifted to us and observed intently.

The hypnotized children howled with enthusiasm at the moon, their cascading cries imitated actual wolves. I mustered all the breath I had in me, unleashing a mighty “Awoo!” into the night sky, yowling my lungs out with the other children. However, amid my screams, I was quickly running out of breath, collapsing and passing out onto the streets.

Rousing from my comfortable slumber as the morning sun’s rays beamed through my window, I still felt plushiness pressing against my body. Kicking off my blankets, I discovered was still in the wolf costume. Turning to my side, I saw a plastic Jack-o’-lantern themed bucket full of candies. She had kept her promise and returned my favorite candy container, additionally leaving me with the wolf costume and candy as a parting gift. But I still wondered if it was all a dream or reality.

Leaving my candies in my room, I headed downstairs, where my parents stared at me with surprised looks. Since other parents saw the wolf too, I wondered if they knew about Luna.

“Dearie, where did you get such a cute costume?” My mother questioned before sipping on the hot-cocoa in her mug.

“A Halloween spirit that happens to be a giant talking wolf plushie. Her name is Luna.” I answered, leaving them with raised eyebrows and more questions.

“You children and your imagination. Anyway, you should go sort out your candies and tell whoever gave you the costume that you’re thankful for it!” Her response led me to realize that any memory of seeing the giant wolf stomping about in the neighborhood were wiped away from the adults. I felt that it was better this way, keeping the experience as a Halloween tale for future storytelling among other children.

As I returned upstairs to retrieve my candy bucket from my bedroom, I was surprised to find a small gray wolf plushie right on the rim of the candy bucket, as though it had appeared from thin air. I picked up the wolf plushie and uttered a quiet, “Thank you, Luna,” cuddling her in my arms for a moment. The wolf plushie’s tail was waggling slightly, as though she could understand me. Holding her in one paw-covered hand, I took the candy bucket with the other and headed toward my living room to check out the candies she had given me as a replacement for those I lost to her from Halloween night.

To the Trick-or-Treating children reading or listening this tale, beware of eyes in the darkness of what it might unveil. You might never know what creatures lurk during the Halloween night, because they are always out of human sight.

**Costume livingtoy plush plushie plushie wolf softvore vore transformation hypnosis**