    It was All Hallows Evening, and not everything was well. Barney Franklin, a sophomore college student at Ivy U, was trick-or-treating. He did this regardless of the fact he was nearly 21, he failed to resemble a minor in any way, or the that he looked ridiculous in his bathroom robe wizard costume. Some people are just that stubborn about free candy. He went from door to door, most of which turned their lights off when they saw him coming. Barney was a very rude young man, and his friends numbered in the handful. Barney was tallish, about five foot ten, and he had a football player's build. He'd tried out for the team several times, but he just wasn't any good at the sport. His dirty blonde hair was short overall, but with medium length bangs that nearly covered his eyes.  
  
    Barney smiled, having finally found a house that wasn't shunning him. He'd only gotten a few small bits of candy so far, so hopefully this was one of those mythical houses that handed out full bars of candy to all who arrived. Barney walked up to the door, smiled as happily as he could, and rang the doorbell. An elderly woman, so old that any guess made to her exact age was likely to be wholly inaccurate, answered the door soon afterwards. "Trick or treat!" the college brute said.  
  
    The old lady laughed. "Why, hello there. I haven't seen a college student celebrating Halloween with trick-or-treating in years! Good for you, sonny. I'd rather you walk around in a silly costume than go to one of those 'keggies' I hear the youngsters talk about." Barney coughed dramatically, and the point wasn't lost on the woman. "Oh, excuse me for prattling on all day. Here you go!" She reached out and gave Barney an apple.  
  
    He looked down at her outstretched hand and scoffed. "Lady, it's Halloween. Where the candy?"  
  
    "Oh, are you sure you want candy?" she asked. "You college students eat so unhealthily, a nice apple wouldn't hurt, now would it?" Barney's glare assured her that he wasn't going to take some crummy apple. She frowned at his face, then sighed. "Well, I suppose I do have some candy lying around. Hold on one moment." With that she retreated into her house, leaving Barney standing outside the door. He heard a snicker from behind him, and turned to see some kids laughing at him. The yelled obscenities at them, and they ran off chortling. The college student in the bathrobe turned around and saw the old women waiting for him. "I know just the candy for you, here!" She handed him a stick of gum, then closed the door on him.  
  
    Well, at least it was candy, and not some stupid apple.  
  
  
  
    Barney got home at eleven at night, and walked into his apartment's living room. His roommate, Jack, was sitting on the couch playing some game on the TV. "Hey Jack. What're you playing?" Jack was one of the only people on the planet who could stand being around Barney, so he gave Jack the courtesy of not being a dick. Usually.  
  
    "Cave Story. How'd prowling for sweets go?" Jack responded. His roommate replied with a long, drawn out, sigh.  
  
    He looked at Jack, his face long. "Terrible. Only like four houses gave me anything, and it was all small stuff!" He pulled out the stick of gum from his candy sack, and unwrapped it. The gum was a dark green, probably apple flavored, Barney guessed. He stuck it in his mouth as sat next to his friend, chewing the gum. It wasn't apple like he'd guessed, but something sour and tasty he couldn't exactly pin down. "So what's this game about?" Barney asked, more to start a conversation than out of actual caring.  
  
    "Well, it's actually pretty interesting. Despite the 8-bit art style, the story is really..." Jack stopped, noticing something out of the corner of his eyes, and turning his head to look. "Barney, what's going on with your hair?!" he exclaimed. Barney looked around a little to see what he was talking about, and could actually see his blond bangs growing longer in front of his eyes, turning darker with every inch. Barney jumped off the couch and ran into their bathroom, shutting the door behind him.  
  
    He looked at the mirror, and saw his hair was still growing in the back. It was a pitch black color by now, and his bangs had grown incredibly long, barely cut enough so they didn't directly block his eyes. From behind his hair grew even longer, and finally settled around his waist. What was going on? It was right then that he saw something going on with his skin. All the body hair he'd spent his life growing just disappeared, from his arms to his chest, even the stubble on his face. His skin's tone was changing as well, going pale from his usual tanned color. It paled into whiteness, then started turning a bright green color. This was crazy!  
  
    Barney was so shocked by the impossible new color of his skin that he stopped chewing, and abruptly he felt the changes stop. Slowly, he started chewing again, and the changes started up, his legs losing muscle and gaining more fat. He stopped, and his legs remained mid-change. So, the gum was the cause. If he spat it out, threw it away, he'd stop changing. But then...he'd probably be stuck like this. The hair he could dye and cut, but he couldn't do anything about his skin. He'd be a green freak forever.  
  
    *Then swallow the gum,*said a lovely voice in his head. *Swallow it and finish the changes. You're stuck a freak either way, at least this way you'll be complete*. He tried to reason around it, but his dull mind failed. That was it then. Barney took a deep breath, and swallowed the gum. The transformation started back up, faster than before. In a flash his manly legs were supple, cute. His feet were smaller, daintier. His hips widened a little, and his butt filled into a large, womanly ass. His stomach lost the toned quality it'd had for so long, and instead it was smooth and soft. His chest narrowed, and his pecs ballooned out into large, D-cup breasts. His arms became slender, thin, and his nails sharpened to edges. His face lost the hard, chipped quality it had been known for, instead replaced by a woman's fact, smaller and cuter. A mole appeared under his left eye, and his pupil's changed into a bright yellow.  
  
    Only one last thing left, he realized. He could feel, under his robes, as his cock melted into his crotch with his testicles, and in their place was a woman's pussy. He looked in the mirror, unsure of what to think. If Barney had been asked before if he'd want to be a woman, he'd tell them to stick their question where the sun didn't shine. But now that it had actually happened, he wasn't that scared. It was different, but a large part of him was happy looking at his new, large boobs hanging out of his robe.  
  
    *Why would you mourn the loss of masculinity?* the same voice from earlier asked. *You were a fool, an idiot, an imbecile. I can make you smarter. Isn't being a beautiful witch better than a dumb jock?*"Yes," he said immediately. Why did he waste time being a boy when he could be a hot, sexy witch? "Make it happen!"  
  
    Something shifted in his brain, and Barney wasn't the same. She felt smarter than before, by leagues. She smiled mischievously into the mirror, bouncing a little just for the fun of seeing her boobs bounce. It was a little hard to see though, what with the robe. She frowned. A witch like her shouldn't be wearing a bathrobe, like an idiot. She snapped her fingers, and her clothes shifted into a black dress and tight black leggings. Her new ensemble offered plenty of clevage, so bounced more, happy to see her new breasts flopping around. "This is amazing," she said, happy to hear that sultry, sneaky voice coming out of her mouth. "Barney isn't a name for someone like me, is it? No, it's the name of a fool and a loser. I'm not him anymore, I'm Beatrice, the amazing witch!"  
  
    With that matter settled, Beatrice opened the door and ran over to Jack, delighting in his confused expression. He looked so stupid! Time for some...magic!