[Wicken Nights]

Hallows Eve, to many this day, can be even more important than Halloween itself. Time and time again people talk over theories of how the holiday started. Being mainly something celebrated in the United States many countries around the world see it as something odd. Some try and say it relates to the Day of the Dead, others think it holds some sort of satanic ritual as a way to lure children. Be it as it may, strangers or good friends sharing candy within a community is usually what it turns into. Of course, as technology increases the number of kids going out to grab some candy lessens. People get old, not many want kids with uncertain futures. In most communities, the day can be celebrated but many never see it as a real holiday. Schools still run, businesses function, and life goes on.

Samuel a young man on his way back from work looks to darkened streets. At these times he usually liked to go through a park, or maybe just walk aimlessly down a street he never heard of. Today though he was focused on getting home, getting sleep, and then dealing with nonsense in the morning hoping shaving cream was not littering the street. The man sighs at his thoughts with a low tone muttering under his breath. “It’s not time yet… I got candy, mostly for myself but maybe kids will come along. I really hope I don’t get problem kids.” Sighing to himself again Samuel rustles his hair. He was just an average guy, he didn’t want to deal with eggs, toilet paper, and hyped-up kids on candy. Even if he did that stuff himself when he was younger going back home from work in the night was the annoying part. “Well hopefully none of them are that annoying. Ugh…”

***Click, click, click…***

The sound of a woman’s heels against the pavement, some sort of low fog rolling across the ground as the clicking gets ever closer to Samuel. “Huh…?” Looking around confused Samuel feels a cool brush along his cheek sending a shiver down his spine.

***“Hello…”***

A soothing voice whispers into Samuel’s ear, but turning around he sees nothing there at all. Yet facing back forward a woman’s suddenly standing in front of him, another girl walking over to her side. By the look of it, they seemed like they could be sisters. Both the women have black hair, and blue eyes, wearing some black heels on their feet with a platform to them. Their clothes; are black frilly dress with white trim that drapes around them, a corset at the mid-section showing off the girl’s modest chests. By all accounts they looked just like twins, the only thing that told them apart was that one girl had red lipstick on while the other had black lipstick. The woman with her black-gloved hand outstretched points over to Samuel, the one with the red lipstick being the talkative one while the one with black awkwardly steps shyly behind. “You. You’re a man, wouldn’t you care to help me and my sister?” Her red lips move slowly as she speaks but her voice is sultry like butter.

Looking down at himself Samuel could confirm he was a man. He just had not expected some random girls to come over to him asking for help. Though his mother always said he was a little gentleman, even if he was not that strong he always at least tried to help out where he could. Nervously he tries his best to reply without sounding like a fool. “Ahaha… you girls need something made for a Halloween party or something? I was just on my way home, but I guess I can help out if somethings the matter.”

Licking her lips, the woman steps forward grabbing Samuel’s wrist. “Good, you agreed. Now follow me, there are too many people around.”

Nodding slowly to the not-at-all-shady comment Samuel blindly follows along ready to help out some cute twins in need. “Boy, I never expected to see girls around here in that sorta Lolita fashion. Do those dresses even feel comfortable? It always seems like they may be too ruffled up or something, haha.”

Squeezing onto Samuel’s wrist a bit tighter the woman rolls her eyes dragging him faster. All the random passing people on the street leave Samuel's view. Slowly the sound of other people walking fades as well besides both the twin’s heels clicking against the pavement. The red-lipped groans at Samuel’s prodding comments but responds. “You can worry about things like that shortly.” Waving her finger in the air the woman points her finger straight to the ground. An odd pink circle then lights up around Samuel and the two girls. “Hm, your names Samuel…” Samuel never mentioned his name so it was odd the girl would randomly bring it up. Still, she waves a hand to her sister, the pink circle under them growing a bit brighter with more fog circling it. “This here is my twin, Luna, I’m Lina.”

***WHOOSH***

With a great gust of wind, the fog suddenly all waves out of the air at once, showing that the area Samuel was now in was some sort of building. Lina claps her hands and a series of bright lights turn on all around Samuel. Given the long track of the path, it looked like he was standing on some sort of runway. Below the lights a lower area rests, seats of other girls, all donning different styles of gothic Lolita-type dresses. Many were talking, some just giggling, and a few were staring at Samuel or licking their lips as if waiting for something. More nervous than before he raises his eyebrow in question. “Hey… um.” Samuel tries to move forward but as he does the pink symbols on the ground around him shrink to just contain him, quite literally as he can not seem to move forward. “U-um, hey I can’t move… how um. How the heck did we get here? What is this Lina?”

A spotlight blares down circling Samuel with its light, Lina and Luna both take a few steps back clapping their hands to show a large window with another woman sitting beyond it. This woman looks similar to Lina and Luna as well, just a bit older, though her eyes were some kind of unnatural red instead of blue. “This is our big sister; you can call her Liana. Hehe, our mother liked names with L’s.” Waving her hand over the crowd Lina claps again a bit more eagerly. “Everyone, tonight we have a special treat, look at this tasty boy we found~!”

The woman behind the glass presses a button on the side of her chair, an intercom seeming to pick her up so she could speak over the crowd. Her voice, unlike Lina’s was a bit sterner. Lina had a more cute, fun voice, where Liana sounded like she wanted to scold you if you forgot to take your shoes off at the door. “Well. You do look quite tasty boy.” Shivering in place Samuel looked around at all the girls, he already could not move and the last thing he wanted to do was get eaten in some weird cult. “Oh?” Liana chuckles as if she had just heard Samuel’s every thought. “Don’t worry, we won’t gobble you up. Halloween is almost upon us. We do this every year… Finding some man like you, sucking away that grotesque masculinity.” Licking at her lips Liana picks up a piece of what looks like hard candy and pops it into her mouth. “Hehe, well, let's just leave it at that, we plan to drain you completely. So, put on a good show for us. My sisters do so enjoy this part.”

Luna nudges Lina’s shoulder and starts whispering into her ear. Samuel close enough could hear the girl mumbling, she sounded just like Lina but of course a lot quieter. “I-I wanna…. Well his voice is icky isn’t it?”

Nodding in agreement Lina pulls up what looks like a tree branch with some little white doll tied to the end of it. “I think you’re right. It is a bit icky. He just keeps whimpering too. Are you not used to a bunch of pretty girls staring at you or something?”

Samuel slowly nods his head no. All the prying eyes looking at him seemed hungry in a few ways, but he barely even understood what was happening, after all, someone couldn’t just suck away masculinity. “None of this makes sense. C-can I just get out of here? I just wanted to get back home. Geez, all my detours seem to end up going weird. Can we like… can we not do this?”

***Tap, tap***

Like a conductor of a band, Lina holds her finger along the shaft of her branch and lifts it into the air. “Alrighty missy, sing for me, show me your voice. If you're just a normal guy your singing will be boring and we’ll just let you go.”

The women all around Samuel started to giggle and laugh like they were all part of some inside joke he just could not understand. “F-fine… u-um!” Stuttering over his words Samuel readies his singing voice. “So… Fa, Mi, Re, Dooo—” Samuel almost wants to cough as he tries to hold his note. His vocal pitch was changing. Like a nob on a radio Lina moves her branch, Samuel’s pitch then changes like a dial tuning into a correct frequency. “Aa-aaah—” Not used to the new pitch Samuel starts stumbling over the tune. “H-hey—” The voice was cute, refined, Lina bringing her twig of a wand up higher, and Samuel’s voice followed suit. “S-stop it I can’t sing like this!” From something of a little girl to a teen, to a beautiful woman Samuel’s voice finally found it’s feminine charms.

***“Awwww~”***

The crowd of girls blush and giggle seemingly all enjoying the girl's new soothing tune. The only one not enjoying it is Samuel himself. “Wh-what the heck? My voice is all… h-how did you do that? Y-you really are all some kind of witches?”

Shaking her head Lina taps her foot against the ground seeming a little flustered. “No, no, proper, proper, right Luna?” The shy twin nods quickly in agreement. Twig back at the ready Lina runs it through the air as if making a silent melody play.

“Wh-whatever are you doing Miss…?” Samuel says the words himself but barely even process the fact of what exactly he just said. Squinting his eyes all he wanted to know was what Lina was changing. “Excuse me… I-I um, meant to ask.” Shaking his head Samuel licks at his lips, his voice already sounded like a girl but now he could not even talk normally. “I-If I may make a modest request…”

The girls start chuckling more and more listening to the beautiful woman’s voice speak in such a timid and proper way. “Nooow what else could we do girls?” Lina taunts twirling her twig. The crowd cheers and hoots, the hollers were becoming somewhat annoying to Samuel’s ears though at the very least he was not being eaten alive, that was some kind of reassurance. Lina spins on her heels clapping her hands, waving her arms, Luna timidly shaking her fists behind her as if to cheer. “Come on! Shout it out! We need to hear it all~!”

***“Hair, - no butt, - give um something cute, - those shoes suck, - skirt, - Yeah Skirt!, - Skirt! Skirt, skirt!”***

The crowd rumbles and rambles over just how they could torment poor Samuel more, skirts being the found love between them as a place to start. “Oh, ya hear that little Sammy? You’ll get to try one of our lovely skirts on for yourself… you were wondering if they were comfortable after all.” Samuel shakes his head in disagreement. Oddly enough as Lina lifts her wand his legs move forward his toes pressing against the ground. With a smile on those red lips, she taunts yet again. “You’ll have so much fun twirling, trust me.”

Lina swings the twig of a wand to her side and Samuel, even in sneakers, begins to spin around like some sort of professional ballet dancer. Spinning again and again into a slow swirl Samuel’s jeans grip his body and then pink flowers shoot from his sides like confetti. Stunned he had no idea what to say in his delicate voice. “Wh-what is? Th-this behavior!” The jeans tug, pull and suddenly tear at their seams and flutter out around him. Blue turns slowly to white at the ends, drifting up a light pink, and then the pink deepens further as it runs up to Samuel’s waist. The whitish pink was almost blinding compared to all the black around him. However, it did not simply end there. Gaps in the jeans connect into one another, and more and more cloth flies down draping around Samuel. “A-A Skirt made in such a way? G-good heavens!” The skirt gains some weight, and the outside ruffles around the skirt gaining layers inside of it.

***Pop, pop, pop!***

All over the skirt, small pink ribbons start to pop onto it, like blooming flowers as Samuel spins around the ribbons coat the ruffled skirt. A lacy ruffled hem brushed Samuel’s ankle, a large pink ribbon at Samuel’s waist, all over his lower half the skirt hid away his legs but it flared up as he spun around. The weight of the skirt carries his spin, the streaks of white and pink make the crowd cheer in awe like it was some display they had never seen before.

***“Thooose shoes, ugh, gross.”***

Lina nods, Luna nods, and Liana sighs nodding herself seeming somehow disappointed. “They’re right.” Lina looks sorry for herself, shaking her head she squeezes at her wand and looks down at Samuel’s sneakers. “Those, are… I don’t get how anyone could walk in them.” Lina's eyes look down with genuine sadness in them. “They have to go. It’s unacceptable. I really should have changed them sooner.” Bowing to the crowd quickly Lina wipes away a fake crocodile tear. “I apologize everyone for my… my mishap. This is still my first time running this show. I won’t let you down!”

***Thud***

Samuel stops in his spin sneaker thudding against the stage. His new skirt flutters around him, brushing against his legs and making his body tingle. Taking a short breath, he figured this was the most that could happen. Or at least he hoped the girls here just wanted to mess with him.

***Thud***

His other foot steps forward, his hand lower and pressing right against his hip. One foot in front of the other he walks forward, his sneakers feeling weird with each small step down the runway. “I’ll say! Isn’t this a tad much?” Whining softly to himself Samuel keeps his strut going. Lina still wiggling her twig raises it up and down making Samuel walk a good distance away and then turn.

***Click***

Looking down at his sneakers they looked somehow slicker, like instead of sneakers they suddenly had become shoes, a different material entirely. Samuel can only gasp at the new changes. “My footwear has- H-how much can possibly be rewritten?” Clicking again and again as Samuel walks back toward Lina the clicks get ever louder. Glancing back down to his shoes Samuel notes they changed to a light pink color, a strap even slips and locks in place around Samuel's ankle to ensure the shoes do not come off. However, something about his feet seemed to have changed. Dainty, perfect, and small, even a bit paler. Looking over his skin his whole body seemed lighter really, like he was fitting into the other girls whole porcelain doll look. Hairs on his body with each step forward flake away, instead of littering the ground they morph into pink flower petals landing against the ground. “Even… my hair?” Quietly saying the words confused the world around Samuel seemed somehow smaller, yet at the same time he was gaining height just as he lost it.

***Click… click… click…***

Samuel looks down at the now three-inch-high, high heels on his feet. He got shorter it seemed but along with it a bit of height came with the heels. Finally, he and his pink heels stop at the end of the runway beside Lina. The crowd of girls cheered and hollered, with pretty heels, and a pretty skirt, Samuel was looking like one of the bro-lolita types you would see at anime conventions. “How wonderful! Wonderful. But come on we need to put on a show, strut your stuff!” Lina giggles away nudging Luna’s shoulder, the quiet girl takes out her branch-style wand and she points it to Samuel’s feet with a quick wave.

***WHOOOSH~!***

A gale force wind forces itself up Samuel’s skirt showing off his boyish boring boxers under it. The girls groan together, Lina shakes her head, and even Luna sighs in a tad bit of disgust. “Gross, you call that cute? No, no, we need to change all of this.” Holding his skirt down as the wind tries to lift it higher Samuel feels his butt wiggle. Something about his backside felt heavier like it was plumper, fuller. His legs already hairless gain more of feminine charm to them. Soft and silky skin like it had been lotioned and taken care of for years. Even if not supermodel height Samuel’s legs still have a model look to them, holding a leg out Lina even makes Samuel roll his ankle to better show off his newly smooth long legs and pretty heels. While still showing off his underwear they tighten quickly against him. Ruffled pink panties layer themselves around Samuel cupping his crotch nice and snuggly. Even if he could not see it himself the panties also gain a pink bow at their backside much to the audience’s glee. Then from around Samuel's feet, lacy light pink tights start crawling along his skin, up and up they cover over the panties, and connect around nice and snugly in place. If someone put a bag over Samuel’s head it would be hard to say if he was a boy or girl, but if you cover up his torso any would think they were just looking at a pair of girl legs in a cute skirt. “There, there.” Lina bows to the crowd and gives herself applause. “What a lovely pair of legs you have here. It’ll get hard to call you Samuel you know. That, butt, those legs, wonderful skirt, and some quite pretty shoes. You’re shaping up to be quite the sweet Lolita aren’t you sweety?”

***“It’s a nice butt but what about some hips that don’t lie?! – Yeah this girl is going to need those baby-making hips. – Maybe she could even go find herself a man tonight and become a loving wife?”***

Once again, the crowd blurts out demands, Lina and even Luna both smiling away at those words. Of course, Samuel could only blush. He could not just accept such brash words he had to speak up. Shaking his head he does his best to raise his voice. “I-I’ll have you know! I’m a fine young maiden! I’ll have my child when the time is right!” Blushing even deeper Samuel bites at his lips, those were not exactly the words he was thinking to say, but it is what came out of his mouth anyway. He just wanted to protest, refuse more changes, not passively pretend like someday he would go and become a mom, he was a man after all.

***“Lina.”***

Lina stops in her place and nods quickly to Liana. “Yes right away! Luna, we’ll both do it together alright?”

Nodding in agreement Luna squeezes at her wand. “Th-this one is sort of begging for it isn’t he? We really did find a tasty one tonight it seems. It’s already almost midnight though…” Saying more words than she has so far Samuel stares a little more stunned at Luna forming a full sentence rather than the new threats the girls were proposing. “W-we need to get rid of that thing though. Liana is already starting to mix the energy.”

Looking over to the glass window Samuel could not help but notice Liana now was standing over a large pot of boiling pink liquid. There was no way he could tell what exactly the substance was but it seemed like the cauldron was just filling up more rather than boiling away. The thing did not even have a fire under it though, and it was also floating in the air. At this point, Samuel could not exactly say what things in the world were logical or not. Slowly he nudges his head back toward Lina, both the sisters pointing their wands at his chest. “Um, kind Miss may I please be excused from here already?”

The twins smirk at one another and place one wand on top of the other softly chatting together. “From man to woman, drain it all away. Let it churn and pop so something new can play.” Sparkles lining against the air they drizzle over Samuels body like glitter was thrown over him. Lina then takes a few steps toward Samuel and places a hand right on his cheek.

“U-Um…” Blushing Samuel wiggles in place, the best he could do, something about Lina’s hand against his cheek felt so warm, almost too warm. As the girl's fingers run along his skin stubble disappears, lips naturally pucker fuller and soft, eyebrows trim neat, eyelashes flutter long. “Good heavens, m-my face?” Samuel mutters in disbelief. Lina however, was not done. She gives a simple nod pressing her finger right against Samuel’s chin somewhat pushing it in like his face was just something to mold like clay. Cute cheekbones, smooth skin, slightly reddened cheeks. Luna steps around to Samuel’s backside and starts to drag a comb through his thin hair.

***Stroke… stroke… stroke…***

The comb tugs at knots but untangles them instantly, shampooed, conditioned to smell like a pink peach. Long ashen hair tendrils down along Samuels's back, a mix of blonde and white weaving around him to show off the silky, fluffy locks. Luna’s hand then drags back through the hair, tugging, pulling she pushes a headband of bows into Samuel’s hair. With hair in place, her fingers work like magic making a large hair bun. Three buns together at the back of Samuel’s head, one even with a lacy white hat resting on it, a long pink bow flowing from its side. Luna giggles softly making sure the buns stay properly in place. Tugging just a few hairs loose here and there so they tendril down the side of Samuel’s face for some style. “Perfect” The quiet girl states happy to herself. “Your face is so beautiful now, no one would mistake you now…”

Samuel’s heart flutters in glee at the comment. The girls stared at him stunned, looking with envy and joy. The fluttering soft skirt around him, the pretty pink heels, the wonderful bows, his hair bobbing just a little as he tilts his head. “This is all so wo—” Samuel shakes his pretty face. Was he just going to say things were wonderful? These women were turning him into a girl, some ultra-feminine one by the looks of it. The clothes could look neat and feel soft but that did not change the situation. “My cheeks still feel oh so warm.” Sighing softly Samuel tries to shake off her blush, being flattered may keep him sane but it would not let him get away from the group of witches.

***“Now. Good work.”***

Liana steps out of a door connecting to the glassed-off room. The pot of pink liquid floating behind her she waves her hand to her side and it flies over to a long table plopping down on top of it. “You two have gotten much better. Though This final part is for me.” The twins nod and walk off the stage walking over instead to the table. “Now…” With her stern voice even though Samuel had control over his head something made him not want to move at all with Liana staring at him. “Look at what you’ve become so far.” Lifting a black compact Liana pressed it open so Samuel could peer into it’s mirror. “Just take a nice long look, alright?”

Samuel blinked just to confirm the mirror he was looking into was showing himself. The image blinks back, deep hazel eyes staring back at him. “I….?” Samuel’s arms quivered a little but for some reason he was being allowed to move them just to touch them against the soft face. “This is…?” Liana nods smirking at the dumbfounded pretty boy. “I-I’m hardly what you’d call a man now…”

***CLAMP***

Shutting the mirror quickly Liana takes a small step back flinging her wrist like she was waving off some bug. “Exactly. Now let’s finish the rest off. You should understand now.” Samuel looks from side to side a bit confused by the comment. The audience remains quiet, all the women stare at him intently like they are waiting for something big to happen.

***SNAP***

With a quick snap, Liana grins staring at Samuel with that same look in her eyes as the rest.

***Crack, Pop***

Samuel’s body quivers in place, something under his skirt felt so off, the skirt was hugging at him a bit tighter too. Holding his freed arms to his sides the little pop sounds again his hips growing a tad wider. “Wh-what?” Another crack, another pop, swaying his hips side to side Samuel felt his stomach turn. What made matters worse was along with it something was pulling at his crotch. “W-wait…” Trying to grip at the skirt the mound of ruffles blocks off Samuel’s path, between his legs his manhood retreats within himself working with the magic of Liana it twists, and alters. Just like the woman said he needed to have baby-making hips. Though along with it comes a womb, lips between his legs. No manhood would be present any longer, Samuel had become a complete girl. “I-I…” Stuttering under her breath Samuel lets go of her skirt the crowd now all stands up and starts to clap.

***“Congratulations! – You did it sweetie~! – Look at you! – Work those hips gurl! – Rock it!”***

Face slowly turning a darker red Samuel tries to shake off the comments, she could not possibly be enjoying it. The girls turned her into a girl! Liana not giving Samuel a chance to process gives the new girl a gentle reassuring squeezing speaking with confidence. “You have a new name, my dear.” Liana licks her lips snapping her fingers again. “Samantha, such a sweet girl deserves a nice sweet name don’t you think? Now you just need to stop yourself from worrying little one.” Taking a few steps forward Liana pats the top of Samantha’s head. The older sister of the group was taller than her, and not just because she had higher heels. “Now come… enjoy all the fun with us.” Liana’s fingers lace right between Samantha’s own, a warm hand with a careful yet firm hold the girl tugs Samantha into her quickly.

Samantha blinks confused for a moment and Liana starts to sway with the new girl between her arms, it is like a simple slow dance. Samantha’s body lets itself be guided around, till she suddenly finds herself on her tiptoes again. Being stretched a little away from Liana her body begins to spin around, Liana’s hand guides Samantha making the girl like a small spinning top. “Wh-what am I?” Samantha’s chest starts to tighten a little in the spin, looking down at her shirt and jacket it was still the only piece that gave her anything boyish. Though in such a spin looking at her arms, the rest of her body hair falls away. “Th-this is real?” Sleek and smooth just like the legs the arms though have no sign of muscle; Samantha would never need it after all. Pettie, weak, with a Lolita skirt spinning around. Even to other girls, Samantha was somehow prettier than them.

***Tug, tug tug…***

Shirt and jacket tugging at her Samantha looks down at her clothes merging into her shirt, what was just a puffy skirt was now becoming a dress. Spinning and spinning a ruffled collar wraps around Samantha’s neck. The high neckline of the dress shows off her shoulder blades and collar bones but with a sheer lacy top to keep it still slightly covered. The sleeves of the dress drape ruffles to cover Samantha’s shoulders the pink bows on top make sure the short sleeves do not rustle around too much. A corset-like center squeezes around Samantha’s body, already with a feminine frame the squeeze helps her body hold a more hourglass shape to it. Flowers of blue and pink then decorate her, bows of pink and light blue popping around, the dress is truly complete. “This is… this is… the colors are so amazing…” Samantha looks stunned unsure what to say. The sisters however all snap at the same time making a sudden bundle of pink and light blue flowers pop right into Samantha’s hands to help complete the look. “M-my… oh my, even flowers?”

Smirking contently to herself Liana places a hand to her side and gives a bow to Samantha. “Of course, little one, a sweet softy like you deserves some flowers, you did entertain us so with your little runway show.” The audience members stand and start throwing flowers onto the stage. Most of them throw black roses and then start heading over to the table the cauldron was placed on. “You’ve surely given us all we could want Samantha.” With another snap of her fingers the pink circle that had been following Samantha the whole time finally vanishes, her legs and arms moving on their own once again. “You’re free to do as you please now. We’ve drained away all your masculinity.”

Looking down at her hands Samantha barely knew where to start, for one she did not even know what building she was in, and walking around in heels on her own and such a large dress already felt like it was a pain. Her chest was even a little itchy and puffy, and growing sensitive breasts without a bra on did not seem to make matters better. With a sigh Samantha mumbles at the situation. “Well, at least my chest isn’t oversized…”

With another snap, Liana holds out her hand a few pieces of pink hard candy plop into her hand. “Well, don’t worry about your chest size sweetie, we can adjust it later. But I think you’re perfect like this. So how about you just stay here for dessert, you made this after all.”

Liana holds out her hand offering the candy to Samantha, cautiously she picks it up. The witches already turned her into a woman, so if they wanted to hurt her, she could only assume they would have already. Popping the candy into her mouth it was like a mix of desserts with each lick. Something about it just made her feel warm and fuzzy inside. “These… these are amazing! Simply wonderful really!”

Smirking Liana pops one into her mouth starting to lick at it she points over to all the other women grabbing candy from the large cauldron. “You saw that it had liquid before… now it’s just this candy. It’s your masculinity we drained away. Hehe, we do not need to do this, but it became a tradition, every year to drain someone and make the candy. Drained masculinity tastes the best for whatever reason. Once you start eating the candy you tend to want more. So even if we did it as a joke in the past. Well, it’s something we’ll always do. So, Samantha… since you already turned, I’ll ask you like I’ve asked the rest, would you care to join us next year?”

Looking down to her body Samantha bites at the hard candy in her mouth biting at the left-over chunks till it's good and gone. She barely noticed her movements but she already wanted more of the candy. Liana still held more pieces out to her and Samantha did not want to refuse. “I mean… this could be worse… the clothes are alright…” Blushing softly to herself she grabs another piece and candy and pops it into her mouth. “I guess I could come back here again.”