King K. Roo Halloween Story

 (One month before Halloween) the orange, red, green, yellow, brown, and rare purple leaves riddle across the yards and streets of Elm Street. Nature is preparing. (Three weeks before Halloween) candy, food, pumpkins, decorations, and costumes weigh the shelves and corrode the isles. Stores are preparing. (Two weeks before Halloween) cars unpack those same supplies and start to festoon fear onto their houses and themselves. Homes are preparing. (One week before Halloween) knives, peelers, scoops, and buckets help gut, cut, and illuminate jack-o-lanterns to the scariest or cutest degree. People are preparing. (Day before Halloween) movies of every creepy caliber rerun on TV. From old black and white, to the new videos of fright. Everyone is preparing, for Halloween is approaching.

 Arminus, ironically, lives on Elm Street in his new neighborhood. His make-shift costume is of Mr. X in Resident Evil. There are only two things missing from his costume, the facial make-up and 9ft height. But he is bad with make-up and doesn’t balance well on stilts. Neighbors on Elm Street are rambunctiously lively for Halloween, adults to kids wear costumes for the theatrical theme of horror and joy. People know which houses had the largest candy and most terrifying decorations, turning them into hot spots. Arminus’s home lives near some hotspots, meaning people will be going to his door too.

 He has fun-sized chocolates, two jack-o-lanterns, and his pet black cat staring out the window with emerald eyes. He kept his outer door lights on to indicate his house is ready. And right at 4:00pm DING DONG. “Trick-or-Treat” cried the four protogen kids. Arminus opens the door, “Gotcha, so you want a ‘trick-no-treat’ right?” Arminus smiles and teases, hiding the bowl behind his back. “Noooooooooooo, candy, candy, candy.” They all yelled with smiles and laughter on their faces. “Jeez, tough crowd. Aright, one handful.” He reveals the bowl and lowers it to them.

 Arminus tries to guess each protogen’s costume. “You must be Spongebob.” The oldest kid corrects him. “No, I’m a minion, from Despicable Me.” He snags a handful and moves on. “You must be Popeye. With that cool sailor hat.” The taller kobold responds. “No, I’m Jojolion from the JoJo series.” He looks away from Arminus and grabs some candy. Twin girl kobolds walk up together. Arminus felt confident in is response. “Nice magician and nurse outfit you two.” Both look at each other with slight disgust, then back at him. “I’m Zatanna, DC superhero.” The right protogen girl explains. “And I’m Mercy from OverWatch 2. How don’t you know this?” The left protogen girl questions. “Uhhhhh… enjoy.” He moves the bowl closer to them both as they took their share and left.

 “Happy Halloween!” Arminus announces, but they don’t respond back. “Yeesh, 0/4, I’ve never seen those costumes. Whatever, the night is young, I’ll guess the next group.” He sees lines of trick-or-treaters and gets ready for the next crows. Group by group, they come to his door. Parents in a kobold family dressed as Shrek and Fiona, with the children being Puss n’ Boots, Donkey, and Elizabeth the dragon. But Arminus thought they were all dragons with different colors because of their tails. After taking their candy share, they walk away with a shallow thank you.

 Later, another group made up of adults had ingenious couple themes. Chips and dip, Bonnie and Clyde, Tom and Jerry, and Ketchup and Mustard. Arminus, however, guesses each couple as tissues and lotion, Al Capone and Mae Coughlin, Auto Cat and Motor Mouse, and the colors red and yellow. The adults just started laughing after every incorrect answer Arminus gave. He smiles and chuckles with them, but is deeply upset that he is not getting any costume right. No one took any candy from him, since they thought his ‘jokes’ were a nice trick-over-treat and walked away drunk on hysteria and smiles.

 Group by group they arrive at his door, and every time Arminus can’t nail a single outfit correctly. The trick-or-treaters would give him a shallow thank you, silent treatment, or worst of all laugh at his incorrect responses. Arminus slowly grew more agitated about it too. After 2 hours of trick-or-treating, he just stops guessing. He now only responds with “Happy Halloween,” hands them candy, and repeats for another couple hours. Candy is one thing but knowing what outfits people wear for Halloween is something Arminus likes as a challenge. But his losing streak is really bringing his mood down.

 Near the dusk of night, some houses are lit with some eager trick-or-treaters making their final run. Arminus walks inside and closes his door. There’s a decent amount of candy left in the bowl, enough for Arminus to enjoy. “Guess that wraps up another year.” He states while walking to his light switch controlling the porch lights. thom thomp Thomp THomp THOmp THOMp THOMP THOOOMP THOOOMMPPP… DING DONG. “Apparently, there is another large group outside.” Arminus says after hearing and feeling their footsteps coming to his door.

 The small window on the door at eye level shows… yellow. Arminus walks closer to inspect the window to see an abundance of yellow hair, and only that. “What group moves around in a yellow fluff ball?” With his bucket in hand, he opens the door to greet everyone. “Trick-or-treat!!” says a single happy vibrant vocal response. Even the tummy fluff fidgets from his fervent remark. Arminus doesn’t even respond, he only examines the costume further.

 A 7ft 700lbs squash shaped kangaroo stands before the first step of his porch holding a big bag in both hands stretching with candy. The large yellow he saw previously was this kangaroos big belly and chest. His legs, arms, and head are dark green with a lighter green around his mouth. A red cape with small yellow trills at the end collars around his neck with a small shiny golden crown on his head. “Uhh… where’s everyone else?” Arminus questions curiously. “Na, just me. I usually trick-or-treat alone. Groups are slow and you can’t hit enough houses before it gets real dark.” The kangaroo states, but then opens his eyes more at Arminus.

“Is that Mr. X from Resident Evil? Nice leather coat.” Taken aback from his response, Arminus forgets about his outfit he still has on. “Oh, yeah. This coat was a cheap deal at a thrift store. But matching the height is a different story.” Arminus responds causing the kangaroo titters a bit. “Dude you’re lucky, I can’t find a crown or cape my size, I mean look.” The kangaroo does a causal full turn to display his short cape and mini crown. Arminus surveys the roo, but mostly observes his yellow burly belly, green tree trunk tail, and lighter green blubbery butt. The swaying mass for each feature is heavy, noticeable, and weirdly captivating.

“Gotta name, Mr. X?” The roo asks, noticing how Arminus is looking at his stomach. “Wow, guuuh, sorry. It’s Arminus, and who are you?” Arminus answers and redirects dumbfoundingly. “I’m Chance, is there something on me? You keep looking down at my gut.” Arminus shuffles his thoughts a bit, trying to find a recovering statement. “Well, your hair. Is the yellow natural or green natural? Or is it all natural?” He replies to Chance. “The green is dye, and a lot of it too. I really had to scrub it in deep or else it wouldn’t be the right color. See?” Chance twirls his hip and points it at Arminus. He proceeds to use his left hand to slap his hip and fingers to spread his green hefty hair to reveal the yellow roots and skin beneath.

The epicenter of the hip slap sent shocks to his belly and butt. Like slapping a giant table of jello. “I’m all natural yellow. I’m just happy I match my character. Wanna guess?” Chance interrupts Arminus’s gaze again and redirects his focus. “Come again?” Arminus asks. “Who do I look like?” Chance inquires again. Arminus didn’t know who specifically, so he just defaulted an easy answer. “Why a king of course. Here’s you candy…” Arminus walks out to the porch stairs and dumps the last of his candy into Chances bag. “…and enjoy your Halloween.” Arminus finishes as he turns around to his door.

“Wait.” Chance alerts Arminus to halt, who feels the porch sink behind him. “I’m not just any king, take another guess.” Arminus turns around about to tell Chance ‘no’ but stops himself. Chance is still smiling at Arminus, but the extra two steps really put Chance at an intimidating height. Further enlarging his size and powerful posture with his arms resting on his waist. “Ok another guess. I wanna say… King Frog from the old Princess and the Frog stories.” Arminus felt good with that answer. “Seriously? I mean he’s a king, but he’s a frog. I’m painted as a crocodile. Give it another try.” Chance suggests with more vigor in his speech. Which shakes his body more as well, catching Arminus’s eyes again.

Arminus guesses again with more brain power behind it, he can tell Chance is getting a little upset for not knowing his outfit. “Alright, crocodile, crocodile, croc… (snaps fingers)… you’re Vector from Sonic the Hedgehog.” His snapping finger and sincere smirk is met with Chances low brow furious frown. “Dude, he’s not even a king. The only gold he has is a chain necklace. How hollow in the head are you?” Something in Arminus just snapped. From the first protogen to Chance, he couldn’t take anymore recorrecting on costumes, he didn’t care anymore and just wanted to go inside.

“Listen, I’m sorry. I don’t know what you are, and I don’t care. You got your candy, so just go.” Arminus turns to the door but stops when he sees Chance’s bag of candy slam against the door. “Hold it. I didn’t dye half my body green for 4 hours just so you can say ‘I don’t care’ to me.” He isn’t exaggerating either. With drying off the dye, Chance spent 5 hours on his costume. And he didn’t take Arminus’s ‘not caring’ comment lightly. He stomps to Arminus leaving creaks and quakes on the porch with each step Arminus witnesses the commodious kangaroo jiggle with every step. Waves run across his frame even after he stops standing in front of Arminus. He has about a hand’s space from touching his door and Chance’s gut.

“Now answer the question, who am I?” Chance demands towards Arminus. But his bouncing belly distracts Arminus from responding. Chance barrels his boisterous belly forward smushing Arminus into his front door. Only his up-tilt head, hands, and knees can be seen over the now ferocious fat and fluff of Chance’s gut. “Look at me when I’m talking to you, has no one taught you manners?” Chance requires with rigor. Warmth and weight are all Arminus feels as Chance pins him to the door. A sensation of a heated weighted blanket occurs in Arminus’s mind. It may have been relieving too, if Chance isn’t currently interrogating Arminus with it.

“Manners, who’s hurting who here?” Arminus rebuttals. “Oh, I’m sorry here…” Chance motions his mass further into the door, which begins morphing over Arminus more. His hands disappear, shins are dangling, and his mouth is taking in some of Chance’s doughy belly. “Is that better? Because it us for me.” Chance smirks and boasts a bit from Arminus’s previous comment. This big roo is only putting 300lbs onto Arminus who has felt worse, but that doesn’t make it hurts any less. “Now answer my outfit. Who…am…I!?” Chance commands while crossing his arms bitterly.

Arminus thinks to himself while Chance continues to squish him. “I’d be easier to think if I could breathe, but if I say that and not an answer, he’ll probably smush me more. And this already hurts too.” Chance sees Arminus close his eyes to think. Which boils his blood more because Arminus still can’t figure it out. “I’m giving you 5 seconds…5” Chance’s countdown hastens Arminus’s thought process. “4…3…” Arminus debates a name for a king who has a cape, tiny crown, and is a crocodile. “2…1…” “BOWSER!” Chance freezes his count. “It’s Bowser, right?” Arminus repeats again, barely opening his eyes to see pass Chance’s flesh. But he can’t see or hear Chance at all, he can only feel his belly expand as Chance breathes.

“Chanc-mhpffffff” Chance smothers Arminus before he finishes his sentence. Only his ankles are free to fidget from underneath Chance’s burly belly. “King K. Rool you moron!” Chance yells as he further shifts his stomach up and down, smearing Arminus onto the door. SCRAFT SCRUFT SCRAFT SCRUFT SCRAFT SCRUFT Arminus contorts from Chances pressure pressing, with each movement growing more painful than the next. Chance, on the other hand, is having fun playing with this person like playdough.

Chance ceases his movements and backs up to release Arminus. He drops from the door and onto Chance’s candy. SMUNCH if getting the costume name wrong got Chance mad, seeing Arminus crush his candy just increased his rage. Even though he threw the candy there previously. “Hey, get off me bag!!” Chance yells and rotates his torso quickly. “But you thre-ugghhh.” Cutting Arminus’s statement again, Chance spins to WHACK Arminus hard with his tail. Launching Arminus 10ft to Chance’s right with his back on the grass and air out of his lungs. Arminus lays there grasping his stomach for air, as the familiar steps get closer to his feet.

Chance looms over the prone winded Arminus, with his gut gushing down and blocking his face too. “I told you the name of my costume, you don’t care for it, and you sit on my candy bag! What do you have to say for yourself?!?” Chance’s green dye and fury red is turning his face brown. His arms are crossed and so is he with Arminus’s bad answers and attitude. He just stands and waits to hear what Arminus has to say first, before he completely loses it. Arminus catches his breath and remembers everything what Chance said about his attitude and crushing his candy. Except he forgot the most important thing Chance said while his burly belly was smashing him.

“What was your character’s name again, I didn’t hear it?” Arminus asks bafflingly. Literal steam of outrage shoots out of Chance’s ears and nose, he is now peak point of being pissed off. “That’s it!!!!” He squats down, tenses his legs, and jumps. The launching wind brushes the grass and onto Arminus, who covers his face with one hand. He looks forward at nothing, the up at the white moon and a leaf. “Where’d he?” Arminus speaks but notices how the leaf is growing larger, and larger, with a loud wind trail, and three weird looking stems.

Chance hopped two stories into the air and is now hastily dropping onto the ground. The wind whistles off Chance’s rippling hair and skin from his brutish yellow belly and two gargantuan green glutes. This colossal kangaroo is gonna hit Arminus dead center, and hard too. “HOLY SHI-” SSLLAAAAMMMMMM. Chance’s chunky cheeks and grueling gut sink into the ground about a foot and the grass around the impact leans away from him with how much wind pressure had to be expelled.

Chance sits up from the impact with his arms still crossed and looks behind him. He sees Arminus’s feet sticking out underneath each butt cheek. They still twitch a bit, a clear indication Arminus isn’t knocked out, yet. Still staring at the feet, he speaks ruthlessly. “Let me spell it out for, ya. KING…” BBRAAPPTT “K…” PPPUURRRRBBBB “ROOL…” FFFFAAAAARRRTTTTTTTSSSHHHHHHHHH “GOT IT?!?!” Orange/yellow stink lines visibly irradiate under his butt, legs, gut, and tail. With the sky being nighttime now, no one could see those stink lines unless they were 2ft away. He doesn’t hear anything from Arminus, in fact he doesn’t even feel him fidget. “Hey, I’m talking here.” Chance butt bounces a bit to see if Arminus is playing possum. His copious keister and barbarian belly squishes over the crater he already made and onto the grass like molasses.

“Arminus?” Chance’s mean manners turn down as he still doesn’t feel him move. He perky PLOP sounds out as he lifts his bottom out of the hole and nose begins to wrinkle before he turns around. “Phewwwyyyy, that’s awful.” He veers over the hole to see Arminus KO in the smelly trench. With his feet under in the butt crater and his body under the gut crater, it was a perfect Dutch Oven torture method once Chance ripped it. “I forgot what I even ate for it to smell that bad. And come to think of it now, I don’t know if you could even hear me from under there.” Chance stops speaking and looks back at the front door and remembers smother Arminus with his belly, “Or when you were there either.”

Feeling a tad guilty for over doing it. Chance pulls Arminus out of the crater and shoulder carries him into Arminus’s house and onto the couch. He meets Arminus’s black cat, who rubs its body against Chance’s legs when seeing him. “Hey lil’ bud, tell Arminus I’m sorry about tonight for me. Ok?” The cat just stares at Chance for a bit. “Murrrpp” the cat blips to respond. “Good kitty.” Chance walks to the front door, closes it behind him, drops some candy into Arminus’s mailbox and leaves the last house.

He got a lot of candy that night, too much in fact. So, it didn’t bother him that he put some in Arminus’s mailbox. He hopes it’s enough to show he’s sorry. Or better yet, Arminus doesn’t remember at all so he wouldn’t need to apologize. But he ignores the thought and enjoys his candy as he walks home. While Arminus… well he isn’t enjoying anything, but maybe his nap is peaceful. HAPPY HALLOWEEN YOU BEINGS OF DELIGHT AND FRIGHT.