

## **A Bostick Family Halloween**

By Soul-Controller

It was Halloween night and while most kids and adults were out on the town enjoying the festivities, Marty Bostick was sitting at home. Given his age of 54, the hard-working laborer and divorcée was far too exhausted from a long day at work to really go out anywhere. This ended up being totally fine though because several of his co-workers and best friends felt the same way and thus decided to just drive to Marty's place and have some drinks while watching some TV together. Although it was certainly a far cry from the old high school parties he was used to attending on Halloween night decades prior, Marty still was thankful to have some friends to spend the night with given the fact that his son Dylan was out of the house.

Just thinking of Dylan was enough to make the perpetually doer man perk up. Although he certainly had many regrets in his life such as dropping out of college and growing lax on his workout regime until he had a fairly obese physique, the birth of his son was the only thing he was truly proud of. Despite how much of a lost cause Marty felt like he was, he was somehow able to help mold a son that was a stand-up man in almost all regards. Not only was the man incredibly cheerful and sweet despite his imposingly muscular physique, Dylan also had an impressive career as a police officer in town. While there were countless bad seeds in the force that continued to get exposed throughout the country, it appeared as though Dylan was not one of those guys as everyone in town universally adored and respected him.



As such, it was no surprise to Marty then that Dylan had been invited as a special guest for the big Halloween party run by the mayor. Given how much he cared for and adored his son though, it very much felt like a slap in the face that he wasn't invited to be Dylan's plus-one for the party. Although it made sense that the officer opted to invite his girlfriend to the event given the fact that the couple had already planned out costumes as Tim McGraw and Faith Hill, it was still a rather brutal blow to Marty's low self-esteem

as his mind just jumped to the conclusion that his son was embarrassed to be around him.

So with this in mind as he was stuck in his house drinking, Marty's mental state very quickly shifted into extreme moods of both sadness and anger as his words further slurred. As such, the man's friends opted to hopefully lighten the mood via a simple game of truth or dare. Despite how childish of an idea it was, Marty quickly came around to the concept and thus eagerly agreed to play.

For the next hour or so then, the group of three took turns asking each other increasingly personal questions or daring them to do a fun and reckless activity for the group's amusement. Given the increased drunkenness due to them taking a shot after each round finished, it quickly became clear that the truth questions were getting increasingly personal as the men became unfiltered. In fact, one of the men in the group had even dropped a bombshell revelation of a long-time yet secret affair that he had been having with his neighbor. Due to this fear of getting a deeply personal question, Marty opted to go for a dare when his turn finally came. Unfortunately though, the dare that he received from his closest friend instantly caused Marty to be reminded of the slight jealousy he felt towards his son.

"I dare you *fooooo*... put on your son's police uniform!"

Despite his slight anxiety about possibly ruining his son's uniform from the dare due to his larger size and the intense jealousy he felt towards Dylan, Marty's inebriated status mixed with a little bit of peer pressure caused him to push aside those intruding thoughts and accept the dare. Now with a task that required him to get off of his wide recliner, the man grunted and groaned as he pushed down the leg rest and used the momentum to forcefully propel himself to his feet. After taking a step and almost toppling over, the obese man took a moment to steady his feet before finally stumbling his way down the hallway until he reached Dylan's bedroom.

Upon turning the door handle and pushing his way in, Marty's eyes traversed around the fairly cluttered and messy bedroom. It was due to this sight that the father had a momentary flashback to his son's upbringing. Even despite Dylan fully becoming an adult and highly-respected man, he still kept his bedroom looking just like it did when he was in high school. After this brief trip down memory lane, Marty recalled the fact that this was the first time he had entered his son's room in years. Ever since he had graduated high school and went into the police force, the man mentally vowed to stop treating his son like a little kid and allowed him to have this space all to himself. Now here he was, breaking his privacy oath for a stupid dare! *What Dylan won't know won't*

*hurt him*, Marty thought to himself as he decided to step further into the bedroom and make his way towards Dylan's closet.

Luckily, Marty didn't have to search far for his son's uniform because it was the second thing he saw while searching through the hanged-up clothing. Grabbing onto the uniform and pulling it out, hanger and all, Marty quickly made his way into Dylan's adjoined bathroom and shut the door. Upon taking just a singular look in the mirror and witnessing his weathered face and wide, chubby frame, the man turned away from the mirror as he hung the hanger on the door knob and began to disrobe.



After taking a moment to pull off his 3XL graphic tee commemorating a NASCAR race he had gone to several years back along with the mesh shorts that he wore when lounging around his house, the man found himself nearly nude besides the unflattering tighty whities around his wide ass and miniscule crotch.

Despite knowing that the uniform would surely not fit his body given the fact that Dylan was much leaner despite his muscular physique, Marty continued forward with his dare. He unbuttoned the shirt from the hanger, struggling momentarily due to the pudgy and less nimble fingers he had. After finally getting the buttons undone, Marty tried his best to put it on.

Although he was able to successfully pull the shirt in through each sleeve (which was quite shocking given the struggle his wide and flabby arms had fitting through the tight sleeves), this was the best he could do as his gut prevented him from fully buttoning up the shirt. Moving his arms as he continued to attempt to use the shirt to cover up as much as his upper torso as possible, the man groaned as the tight sleeves felt as if they were sausage casings squeezing his bulky upper arms.

Eager to just get this dare over with so he can feel comfortable once more, Marty's attention shifted back to the hanger as he grabbed the pants. Given how wide he was, he already knew in advance that it would be a difficult task to pull the pants up his legs without somehow tearing the fabric. Luckily though, there was no problem pulling them through his feet and up past his calves, which was the cause of a well-deserved sigh of relief for Marty. Now that this was complete though, the real test began when it came to his thighs and waist. Unsurprisingly as a result, the man soon found that the fabric was

unable to move much further beyond his calves. Turning to look in the mirror caused the man's lips to curl downwards in pure disgust due to just how ill-fitting the uniform was. Given how wide and flabby his thunder thighs were, his pants were unable to go past his knees. When taking this into account along with the ill-fitting shirt that was unable to be fully worn and buttoned up to the hefty flabby gut he had, Marty found himself on the verge of tears due to just how disgusting he felt.

Unable to look at himself any further in this outfit due to how self-conscious he was, Marty prepared to pull off the uniform and go back to his friends. If they dared to question him, he could just simply bring out the uniform and showcase just how big he was in comparison to the outfit. There was absolutely no way that he was going to go out there nearly nude in this outfit!

However, just as he grabbed onto the front edge of one panel of the unbuttoned shirt fabric, a loud *POP* filled the room and caused Marty to gasp in shock. Looking around, the man expected to see a blown light bulb due to the noise, but there was no indication of any shattered glass or disturbance. Everything somehow looked exactly the same as it had when he first walked into the bathroom. As his eyes slowly made a passing glance at his mirror though, Marty suddenly realized that statement wasn't true as he stopped himself to take note of his reflection. Given how firm and wide his gut was, the fabric of the unbuttoned shirt had been unable to go anywhere further than from his sides. However, now as he looked at his reflection in the mirror, it seemed as though his gut was somehow... ***shrinking?***

Continuing to stare into the mirror in confusion, the man watched as his upper half was suddenly losing his flabby heft like a deflating balloon. While his gut was the most prominent area to lose mass as his stomach was going from a firm ballgut to a light flabby lower torso, there were several other areas of his upper body that were losing years worth of flab. As a result, in just mere seconds Marty had gained a flat chest while his neck thinned out and his arms turned twig-like.

Although this was certainly more than enough to make the man happy, Marty's body wasn't seemingly done changing yet as a warmth suddenly began to spread through his arms, chest, and stomach. Before his eyes, Marty watched as this warmth gave way to a brand new addition to his physique - **muscles!** Slowly but surely, the sleeves of Dylan's outfit were getting tight on Marty's upper arms, but instead of flab this time, it was due to the sudden growth of wider shoulders and some prominent biceps. Looking down in awe, Marty couldn't resist lifting his arms up and flexing for his own amusement in the mirror. He had no idea what was happening, but he surely wasn't complaining

whatsoever. If wearing his son's police uniform was going to somehow turn him into a full-blown hunk, so be it!

Despite his desire to watch his pecs and abs grow into existence, filling out Dylan's uniform was a sudden yet arousing concept that popped into Marty's head. As such, the dad used his now-thinner fingers to move with haste as he quickly buttoned up the shirt and watched the magic continue. Luckily, he was able to finish in time to watch as a firm pectoral shelf pushed forth against the shirt along with the sudden emergence of a six-pack that clung to the fabric as if to demand the attention of anyone who dared to look at him.

With his upper torso now completely changed into that of a gym rat, the sudden re-emergence of the loud popping noise informed Marty that the erasure of his flab was beginning once more. As such, the man smirked to himself as he watched his meaty thighs deflate along with his wide yet misshapen ass. With the roadblocks of his flabby thighs now out of the way, Marty quickly grabbed onto the waistband of Dylan's pants and pulled them back up to continue their journey up his legs and allow him to fully wear the outfit. Upon making it to his waist, Marty quickly tucked his shirt in to match what he had seen Dylan do before zipping up his pants and fully fastening Dylan's belt around his now much slimmer waist.

With this now completed, the muscle growth towards Marty's malnourished-looking bottom half quickly began its process. Instead of a flabby and flat ass, two firm bowling ball sized asscheeks manifested that firmly filled out the back of Dylan's pants with ease. Just taking a few steps around the cramped bathroom caused Marty to get his first experience with such a thick ass that wobbled and bounced... although with power now rather than pathetic flab.

While he was too busy admiring his new ass, the changes continued to progress further down his legs as his pencil-shaped manhood grew in all directions until it filled out the crotch of his pants. This was also furthered by the man's balls increasing in size until they resembled golf balls. Moving further down, his calves bulked up while his feet grew several sizes larger, a change that appeared as though the universe was making sure Marty could easily run long distances on the off-chance that he had to pursue a perp on foot.

Although it seemed as though his transformation into a muscular police officer was complete, the sudden tingling throughout Marty's arms, chest, and back revealed otherwise. Directing his attention to his arms caused Marty to realize a startling fact. While he at first thought that the uniform was turning him into a hunky version of



himself, the sudden appearance of tattoos manifesting along his arms caused the man to realize that this wasn't true. He was actually turning into a duplicate of his son! So as he watched the ink continue to spread through his arms to perfectly match Dylan's own tattoos, the tingling across his chest and back also informed him of the fact that he was gaining Dylan's full back tattoo and ink along his pecs.



Continuing to look in the mirror with an expression of pure disbelief, it didn't take long before he noticed that his facial features were shifting to match Dylan. As he lost his double chin and his cheeks were drained of their puffiness, Marty witnessed his chin grow more pointed as his jawline also cracked and altered to become much more angular. While his lips thinned and his teeth altered to become perfectly in-line due to Dylan's orthodontic work throughout the years, the man's rounded and bulbous nose shifted to a more prominent and pointed shape that felt innately more masculine. With each passing blink, his eyes shifted from a muddy brown to a light blue that were infamous for getting the girls to fall for the young officer. Smiling as he watched his balding hair suddenly reappear and darken to match his son's own color and style, Marty savored the sight of his wrinkle-free visage and the prominent dimples around his now-stubbled cheeks. Although it was bizarre to observe how his son looks, it was clear that Marty had helped create an absolute stud!



With this sudden boost to his confidence, it wasn't much of a shock that Marty found himself spending several more minutes in the mirror flexing his muscles and testing out countless facial expressions. Of course, throughout the man provided his best commentary about how shocking and crazy the whole situation was, which in turn caused his bulge to grow rock hard and throb due to how he now spoke with Dylan's deep and booming voice. Although Marty himself had a similar country twang to his voice, it didn't even come close to matching the deep bass that Dylan spoke with, so it was quite a welcome change for Marty. Surely with a voice like this,

he'd have no problem getting people to listen to him and respect his orders!

Despite the fact that Marty could have spent hours alone in that bathroom, the reminder of the dare caused the man to recall that there were two other people waiting out there for his return. Given how bizarre the situation had become upon trying on Dylan's outfit, the man couldn't help but smile as he walked out to see what the duo thought in terms of the aftermath of the dare...

However, as soon as he returned and made his grand reveal to the group, the two men instinctively just said "Hey Dylan" and began to make small talk by asking about how life in the force had been treating him. No matter how hard he tried to convince the duo that he was really Marty though, they refused to believe such an incredible and fantastical story. Although he could certainly understand that, the man was also slightly peeved about how hard-headed his middle-aged friends were. As such, the man just opted to "stop the charade" with the group and pretend to be the real Dylan. Upon weaving a story that involved him discovering "Dad" wasted on the bathroom floor and then putting him to bed, Marty was relieved to see that the duo then quickly decided to make their leave from his house

Now with the house to himself, Marty couldn't help but return to the mirror and continue flexing and admiring the musculature that he had never had before. As he stood there in the bathroom and felt the innate power that was contained within each of Dylan's muscular limbs, the father realized he was correct for being so jealous of his son. It wasn't fair in the slightest that he felt like a miserable piece of shit most days while Dylan got to feel so powerful and manly nonstop!

So as he continued to flex in the mirror for the next hour or so, the man was having a blast. However, all of that changed when he heard the sound of the front door closing. Now realizing that Dylan had returned home and he was stuck in Dylan's bathroom while with an exact copy of his son's body, Marty tried his best to come up with a plan to get away scot-free with the transformation he had undergone. Given the fact that he was still in the midst of coming up with a plan, the man soon found himself having to improvise as he heard the sound of Dylan walking into his bedroom.

Trying his best to keep quiet ultimately failed as he heard Dylan's voice bring up the fact that the bathroom light was on for some reason. Upon quickly yet delicately ducking behind the glass shower door, Marty tried his best to keep quiet as he could hear Dylan's footsteps growing louder as he stepped foot into the bathroom. Although he was fearful of what was going to happen, Marty's desire to explore the town with Dylan's body had him suddenly acting quite bold. Before he knew what he was doing, Marty

was suddenly rushing out of the shower and running up on the police officer. Upon rushing to Dylan's back, Marty suddenly put his brand new physique to use by wrapping his burly arm around his son's neck and using the combination of his wide forearm and bulging bicep to slowly choke out his son.

Understandably, Dylan immediately jumped to defend himself by backing the attacker against the wall in hopes of knocking the wind out of him. Unfortunately for Dylan, Marty stayed firmly clasped around his neck. As they continued to bounce around the tiny bathroom like a pinball due to the ongoing struggle, this soon led to a startling revelation for Dylan as he looked up into the bathroom mirror and saw that a perfect copy of himself was attacking him. Even weirder was the fact that this duplicate was decked out in his police uniform!

"Wha- what the fuck?! Who are you?" Dylan cried out, his voice getting more and more frantic with each word spoken.

But soon, no more words were uttered by Dylan as the struggle continued once more. Marty didn't want to risk having his night ruined by Dylan somehow breaking free and rushing to reveal the truth, so the man was left with no other choice but to fully choke out his son until he was unconscious. Despite Dylan having the same exact physique as his attacker, the man's attempts to pull his doppelganger's arm away from his neck were in vain as he ultimately lost consciousness and slumped down towards the floor.

Upon letting go and checking his son's pulse to make sure that he was still alive, Marty couldn't resist chuckling as he grabbed his son's hefty body and dragged him into the bedroom. With no other available options, he decided to just throw him onto the bed. "I'm sorry kiddo, but the night's still young and I don't want to miss any fun. I need to go and enjoy this body while I have it," Marty said with a cocky smirk as he swaggered his way away from the bed and looked down at his unconscious son.

Surely Dylan would wake up in shock and thus thrash and scream due to the shock of both being tied up and attacked by a duplicate of himself, so Marty tried his best to prepare for that. Upon grabbing some socks and a bandana from Dylan's drawer, Marty quickly stuffed the unconscious man's mouth with the sock before tying the bandana around his head to prevent him from making too much noise by removing the sock.

Once this was done, Marty quickly realized that he needed to tie the man down somewhere to prevent him from escaping the bedroom and revealing to the town that Marty wasn't the real Dylan. As such, a quick trip into his garage led the father to bring into the bedroom some rope and a metal folding chair. Upon opening the folding chair,



Marty grabbed his son's bulky body and placed him into it before using the rope and his Boy Scouts knowledge to firmly tie Dylan to the chair and bind his wrists together so he could not escape.

Upon finishing tying up the man and verifying that the knots and bandana ball-gag were in place, Marty's lips pulled back into a victorious grin as he realized that he had truly gotten away with stealing his son's body for the night. With the thought of using Dylan's body to get wasted and hopefully find someone to hook up with, Marty didn't allow himself too much time to savor his successful plan. Instead, he quickly headed back into the bathroom to make sure he looked presentable. Once in there, Marty took a second to slick back his hair before smiling at his own reflection and flexing his biceps against the tight sleeve of his police uniform. Upon making sure that his outfit was still looking great on his body, Marty took a moment to psych himself up and adopt Dylan's usual wide stance before sauntering out to the bedroom once more and heading towards the front door of the house.

As he made his way out to the hallway and began to close the bedroom door though, a sudden popping noise caught Marty's attention. Ducking his head back in and verifying that his son was still unconscious and tied up to the chair, the man shrugged his shoulders before finally making his way out of the house and getting into his pickup truck to enjoy a wild night out on the town as the city's hottest cop...

Unfortunately, if Marty had paid more attention and fully checked on his son, he would have realized that the source of the noise was from a button of Dylan's shirt. Somehow, it appeared as though the inverse transformation was happening to Dylan as his lower torso was growing more and more flabby. With the tattoos suddenly fading away from his skin as his hair began to both recede and fall out of his scalp, it became clear that Dylan was somehow turning into a replacement version of his older and overweight father. Luckily, Marty had left some slack in the restraints, because it would certainly be quite necessary by the time the man shifted into the 300-lbs Marty...

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Upon getting home just after 3 AM, Marty stumbled his way through his house while pulling off Dylan's uniform. Due to living in a small town, the man knew exactly where the best spots for Halloween partying were. So upon arriving at the local bar that was frequented by the majority of the cops in town, it wasn't long before the afterparty began now that the town's hunky cop had finally made it. As such, it didn't take long before Marty was breaking out of his reserved shell and becoming the life of the party. Given his son's smaller yet hunkier size, it took even less time to get the man fully wasted to

the point where he was stumbling around and sloppily flirting with countless women. In fact, he was getting so comfortable and cocky within Dylan's body that he even took one girl out deep in the woods behind the bar to passionately fuck her. Although it was an erotic experience in general to be so openly sexual, it was even hotter to hear Marty hear the woman passionately moan Dylan's name and loudly beg for him to go both faster and harder.

In the aftermath of this, Marty felt completely free and liberated from any real imposter syndrome. If he was able to convince both fellow officers and a gorgeous woman that he was the hunky officer Dylan Bostick, then he could easily fool everyone into believing that he was the real Dylan! As such, this led to Marty growing more and more talkative and outgoing. In fact, the man was growing so confident that he even did some strip poker with some of Dylan's police buddies and felt no shame pulling off his clothes and showing off Dylan's muscular physique to both his male partners and their girlfriends.

But despite how much fun he had, the reminder of work the next morning caused Marty to finally call it and return home so he could get as much sleep as possible. Not only was his job super early at the factory, but he also needed to wake up even earlier so he could go back to his old body and untie Dylan! So after finally stripping into just those now loose and baggy white underwear and falling into bed, it wasn't long before Marty had completely passed out and filled the room with Dylan's infamous snoring.

Now with both men now fast asleep, their dreams couldn't help but focus further on the events of Halloween. While Marty was certainly having the best possible dream finding himself inside his hunky son's body and continuing to live his life as a local town celebrity as the hottest cop around, Dylan was flailing around in his chair while having the nightmare of being ruthlessly attacked by his doppelganger. Unfortunately for Dylan though, waking up the next morning would provide further horror as he'd find himself in possession of his father's obese older body rather than his hunky one. In more ways than one, Marty would find himself in for a treat with his brand new and permanent life as a hunky cop while Dylan would suffer as an older obese factory worker via a trick carried out by both the universe and his very own father that had severely backfired...

