

PUMPKINS

by pwatson1974

Lightning crashed, thunder rolled and the wind rattled the slates of the dilapidated old house on the hill. Or it should have. Haunted houses just don't look right in autumnal sunshine. The trees were doing their best, leaves blazing orange and red on the winding path up, the terribly tacky 'Haunted House' sign blinking its orange lights to point up the hill. The house, at least, looked the part, and like it would fall over any second, although it wouldn't. No, really. Everything was up to code standard, except possibly the owner. Spiderwebs, some real, most not, dangled from the eaves and every conceivable corner. Dust had been liberally applied, and had better be equally liberally cleared up this year, and the host was busy getting the crew ready to make the night one the paying visitors would remember with a little chill down the spine and a big grin.

I've been working here for a while, since I could really, but then my fiancé is the host so it's not as if I could wriggle out of it even if I wanted to. His dad ran things before it was his turn at the family, well not business, more hobby, and I've been working here for the past few years with him. You'd think sleeping with the boss would mean I get some really sweet gigs out of that, wouldn't you? I know some of the newer girls think that. If only. Jim treats us all the same once he's in his role of mad magician. He's just as nice to me as to the other girls, well, I say nice...

Anyway, I'm sitting with a bunch of attractive young women, most of whom have been here before and know what to expect. Some newbies looking around, half anxious, half anticipating, Jim loves freaking them out. Usually by whatever he does to me.

"Good evening, ladies." That would be Jim, tall, gangly, gawky on any other night of the year, but here he's all confidence and showmanship, dressed as some kind of cross between a classically tuxedoed magician and a vaudeville villain. If I knew what Halloween had that caused him to be like this I might bottle it. "We've got a lot to get ready before the show, mostly getting all of you into your roles." Sounds fine, normal. Those of us who've been here before know better and the ingénues will learn really fast that their older sister wasn't joking with her wild, morbid tales. He pulls the top hat off his head, holding it up like he's going to pull a rabbit out. Unlikely. If he did, it would probably be a zombie rabbit with bones showing. Gory doesn't begin to cover the show here. "Susan, would you like to draw first?" There's some whispering as the newcomers have it explained who I am. There are knowing nods from people who don't know enough behind me. But I stand up and reach into the hat anyway. My arm's in up to the shoulder before I find the bits of paper. I give Jim one of my looks. He can only resist them on this night, so it's mostly for my benefit. At least the hat didn't bite my hand off this time. Yes, he has done that. The screams were pretty impressive, especially mine, I admit. Obviously I got it back.

Anyway, back to now. I look down at the piece of paper, oh, great, "Pumpkin girl." The sigh of relief is clear from those who know what that one involves. For the others, well, they'll soon figure it out. The thing is, the, ok, let's go ahead and call it magic, it's close enough and there probably isn't a closer word in English, well, it doesn't work quite like it does in all those internet stories where it makes everything indescribably, orgasmically good. It doesn't hurt, or Jim wouldn't be allowed within 100 feet of me in those moods, but it's not 'take my breath away' bliss either. I give Jim my best "Let's get this over with" look and he pulls out his magic wand, a black stick with white painted on both ends. It really doesn't look impressive until you see it doing the impossible.

Especially if it's doing the impossible to you. You get a lot more respect for that little black stick then. I close my eyes as Jim waves the wand around, feeling the sparkles of light drifting over me, tingling pleasantly as they sink into my skin. The gasp from someone new tells me when their job's been done and I open my eyes, feeling the matt black outfit covering me, clinging indecently tight. I swear my skin isn't this tight on me. There are a couple of places that aren't covered by the black, well not cloth, hell it might just be made of shadows for all I know but the black anyway. The one I'm not bothered by is my face. Having that covered always feels weird. I'm much more bothered by the hole in the stuff over my chest. If this trick wasn't what it was, the customers would have a lovely view of my breasts. They still will, in a way, I guess, just doesn't feel like it.

Still, time to freak the ingénues. I turn around, to the expected gasp and muttering. I swear some of them never actually read the damn things I send out explaining that this haunted house is geared a little more towards adults, and fairly broad-minded ones at that, than kids. Jim taps my bare skin with that wand and I can feel things starting to happen. It starts with warmth. All of these things start out with a warmth flowing through me, gentle, caressing, soothing. Then there's the odd sensation, and gasps from the newcomers who are only now starting to get that the stories are true, of my bust swelling. Instant boob job. Of course, they're also turning orange and I can feel them getting a waxy skin. I put my hands under them as when they're fully swollen the weight is pretty impressive, feeling the ridges forming as they...ripen. It doesn't take long, a few seconds, just seems longer, before I have a pair of large pumpkins growing where my humps, my humps, my lovely ladybumps should be.

The newcomers are staring by this point. Nudity is one thing, but this is a bit freaky. Heh. Wait till they get to draw. The older hands know what comes next, though. So do I, so I'm a little tense. Still the look of wide-eyed shock as Jim pulls out the carving knives is a lovely sight. Poor little lambs. Heh. My so-called friends, ok, that wasn't nice, but really, when people are advancing on you with knives, you might reconsider some things, anyway, they set to with vigour. It feels weird, I mean, it should hurt, surely, to have gleaming sharp metal shoved through your chest, only it's not my chest anymore, it's just a pair of pumpkins, and it just feels a little like a dull toothache. Not painful, but there as they cut my pumpkins open, scouring the insides of pulp, dumping it into bowls for the pumpkin pie. The youngsters, and wouldn't they just hate being called that by someone of the ripe old age of mid-twenties, hang back, unsure what to do, or how to react as the carved pumpkins are revealed, leering jack o' lantern masks staring from my chest with their crudely cut triangular eyes and lopsided jagged grins. Think that's strange, girls? That's nothing. I catch the flickering of tiny flames as the candles are brought in. I close my eyes as Jim lowers the lit candles into the lanterns, feeling the warmth flickering in my chest, opening my eyes enough to see the warm glow coming from the lanterns. I bite my lip a bit, knowing that the trick is only two-thirds over as Jim quietly slides the wand around behind me and taps the back of my head.

I feel the warmth first, just catching the gasps as the world suddenly smells like pumpkin. Everything goes black as my eyes seal up in the pumpkin rind, my head, my brain turns into a third pumpkin. Always a weird thought that one, what's thinking the thought? A pumpkin? Surely not. I kneel down and my 'friends' get to work carving out another lantern. I can't see, of course, or talk, or listen. How could I, I've got a freaking pumpkin for a head! And then Jim lowers in the third candle and I can see again, staring out the triangular eyes, hearing's still muffled by layers of pumpkin rind. I don't talk. The voice I've got now is always weird, ghostly, echoey. I don't like it, so I stay silent. And I sit down, arms folded to support my pumpkins as it's the next girl's turn. At least there's only one pumpkin girl. Wonder who'll be 'lucky' enough to be chainsawed.

I don't really pay attention as the turns are drawn. It's kind of distracting when your brain is cooking into piping hot pumpkin pies, but, it's time to get ready. I let Jim lead me out to the porch, kneeling behind the hay bales so that my pumpkins rest on the itchy, scratchy straw. I swear if I didn't love him....and he didn't pay surprisingly well... Jim ties my arms behind me, I think he saves up all his bondage dreams for this one night when he can indulge freely, gives me some support as kneeling all night gets uncomfortable, and arranges the pumpkin pie stand just in front of me. No one will even notice there's a woman here unless they look back and catch a glimpse behind the bales. Who got the nice job of just selling pies this year? Oh, Kelly. Could be worse. She's good at making people look back so they see me. And twilight's coming. Showtime!