

Pumpkin Queen

This story contains Hourglass Inflation, Nonconsensual Acts, Possession, Cock and Ball Expansion, and Cum Inflation.

All characters depicted are above the age of 21.

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Roselyn was never particularly well prepared. It was the day before Halloween and she had just realized she had forgotten to get pumpkins to carve. Nothing a quick visit to a local farm couldn't fix.

The Increvi Family Farm had been her go to for years since they moved nearby; their products had all been wonderful and, as a bonus, healthier than what she was getting before. That's the only reason she could think of at least for the softer skin, healthier hair, and less frequent migraines.

As she pulled up to the farm house turned storefront, she stepped out and was immediately greeted by the smell of baked pumpkin pastries. '*Something for another time,*' she thought to herself. She entered the store and saw Ms. Increvi bustling about. She was about to call out to get her attention landed on her body instead. The last time she had seen Ms. Increvi, she wasn't exactly 'small', but she had put on more than just weight. Her hips had noticeably widened, a much plumper ass balancing her out as she leaned over to pick something from a lower shelf, and boobs that Rose could see from behind her were pulled close to her chest.

Rose found her voice, "Mary!"

The woman stood and turned to her, "Oh Rosey!" she set down the jar of preserves and rushed over to hug Rose, practically wrapping her boobs around Rose, "Oh it's so good to see you!" Rose tried to return the hug, but found it hard to do much more than wrap her arms around Mary, "I was worried you weren't gonna make it before Halloween!"

"Sorry, I've been busy with work," that was only half true, "But I'm here now, was looking to pick out some pumpkins for carving."

"Oh, I'm sorry but most of our goods one are already gone," she released Rose from her iron grip, "But we still have some late bloomers on the vine if you'd like to pick one out yourself."

"That would be great actually, I was thinking about getting something smaller for this year, since, well you know."

Mary laughed, her boobs giggling as her torso bounced, "Oh I know the feeling, hardly enough time in your busy life," she nudged Rose.

"Yeah yeah," she weakly laughed, "But on that note, I should get home before it gets dark so I have time for decorating."

"Oh, having a party?"

"Hopefully, if people don't bail. Again," she was still bitter about last year's turnout being comprised of one of her close friends and a couple guys one of her other friends invited, a friend who didn't bother showing up herself.

"Well I won't keep you too long then, the ones you're looking for should be on the West side of the farm," she started to turn away before snapping back, "Oh, but the ones past the red flags aren't for sale, so don't go picking those ones."

"Don't worry, I'm not blind," she chuckled.

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The pumpkin patch was almost cleared out, with just the vines left limp on the ground for most of the patch. Rose wasn't really looking at those though, she was off in her own mind, *'I wonder how she lives with tits that big. I mean, if a C cup is giving me back issues, what the hell is she doing differently? And how the hell did she get so big anyway, she was half that size last time I was here, and women in their 40s don't get sudden growth spurts.'*

She wandered as she was thinking, unaware of the line of red flags planted in the ground she walked through. She was suddenly thrust back into reality when she stumbled over a root, "Ah, fucker," she turned and considered kicking the root just to feel a little better, but noticed the red flags planted 10 feet behind her.

"Oh, whoops," she looked around at the massive pumpkins that surrounded her, some even reaching her waist, "Sorry, you guys are off limits." She started walking back towards the pumpkins she was allowed to pick when her foot snagged on something. She shifted her foot back and pulled again, now getting it stuck further back. She looked down to her foot, only to see a vine wrapped around it. She pulled again, this time seeing the vine slither around her, tightening its grip.

"Shit," she tried to yank her foot free from her boot, but it held firm, "Shit shit shit," another vine slithered toward her free leg. She tried to hold firm and kick it away, but as she lifted her leg the other was swept out from under her. She thumped against the ground, the air leaving her lungs as she scrambled to get up again. More vines quickly took the opportunity and wrapped around her legs, their strangely smooth surface gliding across her jeans, before dragging her further into the off limits pumpkin patch.

She still struggled against them, tearing at them with her hands, but for each she managed to remove, another found its way around her legs.

She was suddenly lifted into the air by her legs. Before vines wrapped around her arms and torso and raised her up, perpendicular to the ground. She strained against them, but there were far too many to break free of their grip.

As she tried to bite one, she felt a warmth creeping up her pants leg, and her denim jeans pull taught. She looked down to see a thick vine entering at her heel, pushing its way past her knee, the vines wrapped around her loosening as it pushed upward.

“Oh no you don’t!” she tried to bend her knee, but the thick vine refused to budge. It pushed up to stomach, before wrapping around her waist and sliding down into her underwear, “Are you fucking kidding me?!”

It pushed into her pussy, gliding in as if it were meant to be there, despite being far thicker than any dildo she had dared to try. A sudden thrust pushed it deep in her, pressing against her cervix, yet despite its girth and roughness, it didn’t hurt in the slightest.

It sit there for a moment, completely filler her pussy, before she saw a bulge working its way up the vine. As it reached her velvet folds, she felt it strain to fit inside, before the burning liquid shot inside of her womb. Her eyes began to water from the pain, the heat barely more tolerable than boiling water, and her stomach bulging slightly from the volume of it all.

The bulge in the vine slowly diminished, until the stream stopped, and it receded, leaving her pussy and body as easily as it had entered. Her womb still held the liquid though, unable to let a drop of it spill.

The vines lowered her to the ground, and receded. She lay there, panting, the heat radiating from her bulging womb staving off the biting cold of the Fall air.

“Fuck,” she stumbled to her feet, “I have- I have to get back,” she leaned on a tree to support the sudden weight of the liquid, which still radiated heat inside her, “Maybe Mary can fiillIX!” the warmth from her womb suddenly shot into her ass, her jeans pulling tight as it began growing.

“Are you kidding me?!” seemingly in response, the warmth spread to her chest, which began to tighten her bra with their growth, “Shit, I need to. . .” As rose looked around, she realized she was no longer on the farm, dozens of pumpkins surrounding her in the dense forest she found herself in. She was lost. Determined to not fuck around with what she started, she picked a direction and started running.

The pumpkins rolled after her slowly, patiently, as her clothes tightened further. Another wave of heat washed over her, her tits groaning. They strained her bra, pushing up towards her neck as she wobbled forward. Her pants tightened in tandem, her ass rapidly bloating and filling the limited space. She moaned as the growth came to a halt.

“What- What the fuck?” she came to a halt and inspected her body, “Why does it feel so. . . goooOH!” The warmth returned as she rested a hand on her ass. In an instant their denim prison was torn to shreds as pumpkin sized ass cheeks wobbled out, still burning hot in the autumn air. Her tits followed, snapping her bra in half as they billowed out, rapidly reaching the end of the alphabet before halting their growth.

"Fffffuck," Rose found it hard to stand with her newfound weight, and the waves of pleasure washing through her, "I- I can't stop I need, mmfm~" she doubled over as the warmth returned. Her ass stretched further, a meter in width as she fell back on it. Her tits refused to be left behind, growing in waves. First to the size of her head, then doubling, before reaching the size of her torso.

"Mhmf! Well, maybe I-" she smacked herself, "Get yourself together Rose! We're lost, our tits and ass are fucking huge, and we're being chased by cursed pumpkins!" despite her efforts, a feeling of lust returned, "Ah, but, maybe a little wouldn't hurt." She reached down to the remains of her underwear and slipped two fingers down to rub clit. It was nice, but something was missing. She reached her other arm around her tit and felt for her engorged nipple. Instantly a wave of pleasure came over her, her mind flushing any rational thought as she knew she needed more.

"F-f-f-fuck, mhm~ yes!" she screamed as she neared climax, "Gods, why do these huge tits feel so good, Mhm!" she felt compelled to shut her mouth as she came.

"Mmmmm~ mhm~ mmmmm~ mmh~" she rode the high for a minute, before passing out.

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The pumpkins finally caught up to her. As they surrounded her, an orange tinge slowly crept up her legs, followed by black lines streaking up the sides. As the orange spread, her skin toughened and her nails grew out to claws. When it reached her plump, meter wide breasts, her nipples hardened into green stems. As her body neared its complete transformation, her eyes opened, and a laugh escaped her closed lips. Her hair merged with her skin as the pumpkin growth reached the tip of her head, and a spread of leaves sprouted from the tip of her head.

Her body lifted itself, pulled by invisible strings, before snapping into more natural positions.

"*Well done my kin,*" her voice echoed, "*I was wondering how long it would be till that **hag** let me out.*" Her pumpkin tits swayed as she turned around to look at the pumpkins that had brought about this transformation, "*Now, let it be known that the Pumpkin Queen Citril rewards her loyal subjects, so wouldn't you all like vessels of your own?*"

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Dawn stood outside of Rose's house in her makeshift costume as the boatman Charon. A thick cloak and wooden oar were all she really needed, and it let her hide her larger assets without drawing much attention to her. The music was audible even from the sidewalk, and orange light poured from the windows, though she couldn't see inside.

'*Looks like things are going well at least,*' she thought as she approached the house. She pushed the doorbell, and barely heard it over the music throbbing in her head. Dawn wasn't much of a party goer, but she had been a close friend to Rose for over a decade, and didn't want to miss out on a chance to see her again.

A moment passed before the door swung open, and a would be terrifying visage of a pumpkin head with black and orange eyes and a mouth melded together greeted Dawn, but the massive pumpkin tits that swayed in front of them kept their heart racing for a different reason.

"Oh hey, Dawn! I was wondering when you would arrive," even distorted, she could tell it was Rose underneath the pumpkin getup. Dawn had never considered Rose would wear something *that* slutty though, "Come in! Take a candy!" she gestured to a bowl of pumpkin candies, already unwrapped. There were only a few left.

Dawn hesitantly stepped in and took a candy, "Kinda noisy this year, how many people did you invite Rose?!" she had to raise her voice to be heard.

"Oh, everyone really," what was Rose gestured to the packed room, and Dawn noticed her ass was similarly massive, "Didn't want anyone to miss out on the fun!" Fun was not how Dawn would describe it, the deafening music, the crowd of people, the sickly sweet smell that permeated the air; it was all a little too much for her.

"Hey Rose, is there anywhere a little, quieter in the house?!" she turned back to Dawn.

"Oh, I'm sorry sweetie, lets go upstairs," she grabbed Dawn's hand and pulled her along through the crowd. Despite her massive tits and ass, everyone seemed to be weaving around them with ease, and no-one was paying her any particular attention. That is, except Dawn. But when they reached the staircase, Dawn understood why. A sign on the banister read "Clothing optional beyond this point ;)"

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As Citril shut the door behind them, the noises of the party were almost muted. They stood in her messy bedroom.

"Oh gods, I can finally hear myself think," she turned to Citril, "Are you gonna keep your costume on or. . ."

"Mmm, but don't you prefer me this way?" she rested a hand on top of one of her pumpkin breasts and arched her back to jut them out. Dawn, now thinking clearly for the first time since entering the house, took in all of Citril's figure.

"I- uh, yeah I guess but," she was glad the cloak was hiding her sudden erection, "Aren't they fake? Like, isn't it hot under that?"

Citril stepped closer to her, "Hehehe, believe it or not, they're real," she took another step, pushing her tits within arm's reach, "Go on, you can touch them."

As tempting as it was, Dawn resisted the urge to reach out and squish Citril's tits, "I- Rose, what's going on, you aren't acting like yourself."

"On the contrary, I've never felt more myself~" she stepped closer, pushing her tits into Dawn. They were hot to the touch as they squished around her chest, "I know you've been stealing looks at me when we're together, you're not sneaky you know~" Dawn

blushed and looked away, *"I'm not that patient though, so if you want this, now's your chance to take it~"*

Dawn looked Citril in the eye for a moment, whatever contacts she had in converted her normally light green eyes to a black and orange. As Citril was about to pull away, Dawn raised her hands and pushed into the side of her tits, "Rose I, I didn't."

*"Shh, shh, shh, sh; we can talk feelings tomorrow. Tonight, I want us to enjoy this opportunity,"* Citril's hand found Dawn's as she kneaded her tits, *"Have you eaten the candy?"*

"Um, no I-" Citril reached into Dawn's pocket and pulled it out.

*"Then do, it'll make this so much better~"* Dawn hesitantly accepted the tiny pumpkin into her mouth. It was entirely made of sugar with a hint of pumpkin, quickly dissolving in her mouth.

"What is it for?"

*"You'll see~"*

"Rose I-"

*"Trust me, you'll love it~"* Citril pushed closer again, her tits wrapping around Dawn as they embrace in a kiss, her tongue exploring Dawn's mouth in a dance of lust. After a moment, they parted, a trail of orange saliva between them before Citril wiped it away, *"Take off your clothes, you won't be needing them~"*

Dawn shed her cloak, her D cup breasts pushed tightly together in her black turtleneck and her matching black leggings had a very visible outline of her dick reaching down her thigh. Her turtleneck was soon to follow, giving her tits room to breath as they spilled over the edges of her push-up bra. As she tossed the black cloth to the side, she could feel Citril's gaze lingering on her cleavage. The last time she undressed in front of Rose was when she was still at a B cup, though it had been under the pretense of checking how her transition was going.

*"My my, you are a beauty to behold,"* Dawn blushed at the comment, *"You know, the alchemists of old believed the perfect human to have a mix of male and female anatomy."*

That sounded fake to Dawn, "I, um, thanks," she fiddled with the hem of her leggings at her hips.

*"Do you need help with that dear?"* Citril stepped closer again, pressing her tits into Dawn's abdomen.

"N-no I-" before Dawn could finish her sentence, Citril's hands had found her hips. She caressed them for a moment, before effortlessly sliding her leggings and panties down. She kneeled, bringing her head level with Dawn's throbbing erection as she slid her leggings to the floor, her tits wrapping around Dawn's legs.

*"Mmmm~ The candy's not even working through your system and you're already hard for me~"* Citril took Dawn's dick in her hand, slowly stroking it as she gazed up at Dawn. As they locked eyes, what Citril saw was an unbridled lust in Dawn, years of longing finally brought to the surface for someone possessing the body of her friend.

"F-fuck, that feels good," Dawn moaned as pleasure washed her brain. She hadn't felt like this in years, even toys hadn't brought back the pleasure she used to feel. Citril parted her mouth, and wrapped it around Dawn's cock. Her previous reference for pleasure was blown out of the water as she nearly came on the spot. The combination of soft warmth and tight strokes was unlike anything she had ever felt before, and a strange warmth from within was growing inside her.

As Citril continued to bob her head on Dawn's cock, her urge to cum abated, replaced by the warmth that was radiating inside her. She barely registered it at first as her tits blocked a little more of her view of who she thought was Rose. A trick of the light, she assumed, until she couldn't see Citril's head anymore.

"Oh, fuck, what- what's going on?" Dawn reached up to her tits and gave one a squeeze. They were definitely bigger, and felt better to squeeze.

Citril pulled her head off of Dawn's cock, leaving an orange sheen over its length, and gazed up at her slowly growing tits, continuing to pump her now lubricated dick with a free hand, *"Ah, the candy is starting to take effect!"*

"What does it- oh fuck~" Dawn felt an orgasm rock her body, her tits swelling in size, and her balls groaning as they tried to pump cum, only for them to grow, pressing into her thighs.

*"It allows a spirit to enter your body, although I made yours special~"* she kept her hand still as Dawn's cock grew.

"S-s-special?!"

*"Mhm~ I didn't want my- the spirits to take over your mind, so they can only affect your body."* almost in response, her already larger ass surged in size.

"Gods, I- I feel. . ." Citril pulled her tits away from Dawn and stood up, letting them wrap around her torso.

*"Good? Hot? Sexy?"*

"Yeah."

*"Then let's put that cock to good use,"* Citril pushed Dawn onto the bed, before kneeling above her and letting her tits press into Dawn's, *"What do you say, a half hour fucking the sexiest woman you've ever seen? A full hour? Two?"*

Dawn reached around Citril's tits, "Rose I. . ." she trailed off. Somewhere in her, she knew that it wasn't Rose behind those black sclera and orange iris, but reasoning was harder than her cock right now, "Yes, let's go as long as our bodies allow~"

*"Mmm~ That's what I like to hear~"* Citril effortlessly plunged Dawn's 13 inch cock into her pussy, her body accommodating its girth before tightening around it. Dawn was completely pinned under her, their tits pressed together, and Citril's ass resting on Dawn's legs while she was balls deep on her cock.

She starting sliding up and down, slowly at first, but picking up the pace as their lust grew. As Citril began riding Dawn, her body continued growing. Her tits pushed further into Citril's, soon to leave the alphabet behind. The rest of her body, desperate to not be left behind, pushed outward.. Her ass pushed against the bedding sinking further in while her cock pushed deeper into Citril.

Citril leaned over, still bouncing on Dawn's cock, and whispered into her ear *"Hah~ Are you~ oh~ ready to cum~"*

*"Mhm~ Fuck~ Oh, you're so tight~"* Dawn moaned. She could feel her balls bloating as she neared a climax.

*"Then cum for me~ Show me how much you want this~"* she aligned her head with Dawn's, before pulling her in for a kiss. She thrust harder against Dawn's hips, feeling it thicken with each throb as she prepared to cum. Just as she felt Dawn cumming, she pressed down against her hips.

Dawn was awash with pleasure, pumping a thick stream of cum into Citril as her balls clenched against her. Though neither could see it, a glowing symbol started forming on Citril's stomach as cum flooded her womb and pushed her belly out.

Dawn moaned into Citril's mouth as her balls kept growing, threatening a never ending orgasm as she kept cumming a stronger stream of cum. Citril's stomach continued to grow, pushing against her tits that had filled the space as Dawn's chest grew.

Citril reached a hand down, snaking between their bodies, and squeezed one of Dawn's balls, halting their growth as they neared the size of basketballs themselves. Dawn continued cumming, but only for another minute, filling Citril's stomach out to appearing several months pregnant.

When it finally abated, Citril pulled away from their kiss, leaving an orange liquid between them, *"You're quite the grower~"* she wiped the liquid from Dawn's mouth, *"Round 2?"*

Dawn could barely form words as she came down from her orgasm. Still 20 inches deep in Citril, pleasure was just about the only thing on her mind.

*"I'll take that as a yes~"* Citril leaned back now, giving both of their bodies room to breath, except their boobs, which met each other a few inches out from their nipples, *"Oh, it seems someone thought your tits could use some more~"* she placed her hands on Dawn's tits that now rivaled her own. A light squeeze was all she needed to elicit a moan from Dawn.



“Ahn~ please~ more! Mmmf~” Dawn barely managed the words, her mouth hanging open as her breaths kept a quick pace.

“*Well when you ask like that, how can I refuse?*” Citril reached down to Dawn’s balls and gave both a squeeze, enticing their growth. They quickly surged in size, sending waves of pleasure through Dawn’s body.

Citril began grinding again, and before they could grow another inch, Dawn came again, a torrent of cum gushing into Citril’s womb, making the sigil just below her navel glow brighter.

Minutes passed as Dawn continued cumming, an endless stream of cum flooding Citril’s womb, pushing her stomach further out, rivaling her tits.

Half an hour passed, Dawn’s balls reaching the size of beanbags and her cock reaching several feet as Citril’s bloated stomach rested between their tits.

An hour passed, the torrent of cum finally slowing, with Citril’s stomach threatening to suffocate Dawn.

Throughout the rest of the house, the candies had taken effect. Tits were bigger than torsos, ass cheeks were rivaling beanbags, and dicks looked more like third legs than sex organs. Every room had turned into an orgy, with many party goers passing between them.

Back upstairs, in a magically quieted room, Dawn had passed out from exhaustion, and Citril pulled herself away, effortlessly carrying a stomach bloated larger than her tits and ass combined.

Squeezing through the normal sized door, she made her way downstairs, stepping past tattered costumes and puddles of cum.

“*Oh pimpkinssss~*” Citril called out. Everyone stopped and turned to her, “*I hope you’ve all enjoyed the night out, I certainly did,*” she rubbed her engorged stomach, “*But it’s time to go, wouldn’t want any of you caught out in the daylight~*” a snicker spread throughout the party as one particular party goer scowled, “*You all remember the rules, return your bodies to their homes and come back to our patch, I’ll meet you all there.*” The possessed party goers pulled away from each other before finding the costumes they had come in. As each of them stepped out the front door, a puff of smoke left them dressed, and only a little bigger than they had come in.

As Citril saw the last of them out, she closed the door and turned back to the house, “*Now, a little cleaning and I’ll be on my way.*” She walked through the house, waving her hands at each cum stain and puddle, reverting the area to what it had been before the party began.

After a full walk through the house leaving only the mundane mess behind, she stepped out the back door and flew away.

At the now empty pumpkin patch, Citril pressed against her engorged stomach. It was stubborn, but after a moment the orange cum began pouring out of her, seeping into the dirt.

*"Ah, until next year,"* she muttered, before laying down and leaving Rose's body.

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Rose awoke in an empty pumpkin patch, her clothes tattered, and a migraine piercing her skull. She took in her surroundings for a moment, gathering her bearings as she tried to figure out what had happened, when she saw a note on the ground.

She opened the folded paper, bracing her temple with her other hand.

"Dear Friend,

Thank you for allowing me to use your body for a day, it's been an age since I've been out! I hosted a wonderful party in your name, and all my kin joined in on the fun! As thanks, I've left you with a few blessings, I hope you enjoy them ;)

With Gratitude,

Your Pumpkin Queen, Citril <3

P.S. Do talk to Dawn, she's a lovely woman and madly in love with you"

Rose looked at herself, and was certain her boobs were bigger than before, no doubt her ass too. Her migraine was, mercifully, fading quickly as she reread the letter.

"Wait, Dawn? She what?!"