

The Pumpkin Princess



“Mom... You *cannot* be serious.”

“I am!”

“Have you *seen* this thing?!”

“I have!”

“And you *still* want me to wear it?!”

“I do!”

Natalie was at a loss for words. Draped across her bed was a fantastical dress as orange as the most festive pumpkin. It flowed like something out of a bedtime story. The front was decorated in tacky fake gems and sparkles peppered the many layers of fabric. It was going to take weeks just to get the glitter off her bed.

Natalie’s mother refused to pick up on her daughter’s disdain. “You always loved the pumpkin princess when you were little! Now you get to be her!”

“I liked seeing her, Mom... When I was seven. I didn’t want to *be* her.” Foggy memories of various women stepping into the role over the years sprang to mind. They were always slight of figure as if they were Tinkerbell working a side gig. This directly contrasted Natalie’s frame, most notably her ample upper endowment. “This thing probably won’t even fit me!” she argued further.

Her mother scoffed and waved a hand in dismissal. “No need to worry; I had little old Mary let the bust out a little just for you! Otherwise, I agree, it would have been *far* too risqué for a children’s event.”

Excuses were becoming more difficult to come by. Natalie sighed and pulled a stray lock of red hair behind her ear. For as long as she could remember, one of the local farms had provided Autumn entertainment for the city. From late September through Halloween, the property would be bustling with couples, parents, and their children. Pumpkin patches were the main draw but other attractions included country traditions such as corn mazes, corn pits, tractor rides, a pumpkin cannon, and of course a slew of fresh Autumn treats.

Natalie’s mother was always happy to involve herself in any way possible. This meant going where her help was most needed at the time. Natalie was lucky enough to avoid being pulled into the same fate thanks to attending college out of state. With graduation several months in her rearview mirror, however, she now found herself exposed to her mother’s whimsey.

“When I heard Hector needed a new pumpkin princess this year, I knew it was meant to be!” Her mother beamed.

This was the worst-case scenario. Usually a bubbly, kid-loving woman would assume the princess’s role. When not spending most of her time in the pumpkin patch, the princess would wander the crowds and attractions in her bright orange dress while drawing the eyes of all the children. Her job was to bring a little bit of harvest magic. Kids loved her, guys enjoyed experiencing the repressed sexual urges brought on by the sight of a woman faintly reminiscent of various Disney princesses from childhood. The pumpkin princess was popular enough to have a spot in every local family’s photo album.

Natalie sighed. “I really don’t want to, Mom...”

“After all the fun you’ve had at Hector’s farm over the years? He’s even offering to pay five dollars an hour!”

Feigned brightness illuminated Natalie’s face. “I can retire early!”

“Oh hush. You’ll enjoy it.”

“You realize I’m *allergic* to pumpkins, right? Like, you’re going to have a *pumpkin* princess that gets itchy and puffy around *pumpkins*. Does that sound right to you?”

“Just take your medicine and you’ll be fine! You’ve survived every other year. Plus, you don’t have to stay in the pumpkin patch the entire time if you don’t want to.”

Natalie was losing this fight. “Why don’t you be the princess? You seem awfully excited about it.”

“I would, but they need my help at the mini-doughnut stand this year. They’re short-handed and I’m the only one who knows how to work the doughnut maker.”

There was nothing else she could say at this point. Resigning herself, Natalie held the dress against her body. The orange color was blinding. Sitting on the bed was a matching crown designed to look like a lid cut off the top of a jack-o-lantern, complete with a large green stem.

“Dear God...”

Her mother’s eyes were watery with glee. “Ooohhh you’re going to be so cute!!”

Cute wasn’t the word Natalie would have used. Risky sounded better. The dress had no straps of any kind; it would be a miracle if she made it through this ordeal without one or both of her E-cups escaping the strapless bodice in some way. If nothing else, she was sure to seed some confusing feeling in her younger fans. No doubt her boyfriend, Saul, would enjoy the costume enough for both of them.

Natalie released a heavy sigh. Escape was impossible; she was doomed to be the ruler of squash. “Fine. I’ll do it. But I want access to free unlimited mini-doughnuts while I’m working.”

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Natalie’s work as the local Autumn mascot began the following week. Being mid-September the crowds were fairly light. It was a welcome relief from her fear of being overwhelmed by patrons to the farm but soon enough the pumpkin patch would be flooded with people. It was only a matter of time until the primary patch was so picked clean that the owner would have open the reserve patch behind the corn maze.

The first few days dragged on without much issue. Aside from the occasional crying child or guy with sticky eyes, patrolling the farm with an air of fantasy-based regality proved to be somewhat pleasant. Natalie found some amount of joy in watching young children’s faces light up when they saw her. The pumpkin cannon on the other side of the corn maze was a welcomed spectacle as well. Its constant *KA-THUNK* as it sent the orange orbs across the back field made the air shake. The splatters could be heard across the farm. These were usually followed by the cheers of sugar-hyped children.

The corn maze had become a special type of sanctuary whenever Natalie found herself overwhelmed. By the second day she'd traveled its walls enough to memorized a straight path from entrance to exit. If a child encountered her inside, she made sure to greet them as if they had discovered her secret hiding place.

All of this was fueled by a diet made mostly of mini-doughnuts. The hot, sweet rings kept Natalie warm in the revealing dress and absence of a coat. They almost made it worth being ogled by bored dads all day. As Natalie had expected, as well as to their wife's or girlfriend's frustration, every male gaze lingered on her boosted cleavage. It was clear the old lady had underestimated Natalie's bust size. She had to pay constant attention and constantly pull the front up time and time again when she felt herself bulging over the brim.

However, the biggest problem facing Natalie wasn't the risk of her breasts freeing themselves of their prison; it was her allergy. What was supposed to have been a year supply of medication had dwindled considerably over her first few days. The dress was itchy enough without the nearby pumpkins making her scratch like crazy. By the end of the day, her dress felt tighter than when she began due to the constant exposure to pumpkins.

Her allergy was not a common one. Doctors often shrugged in perplexment when asked about the cause. The condition wasn't life-threatening but it was enough to dissuade Natalie from carving pumpkins every year for the sake of fitting in her bra the next day. The smell of pumpkin alone was enough to make her cleavage itch and her nipples puff up like tiny marshmallows. Coming into contact with the orange devils put her in danger of dramatic swelling, often in the order of multiple cup sizes. It was a personal quirk she kept secret as best she could. This included keeping the private knowledge from boyfriends, friends, and extended family. It wasn't worth the risk of exposing herself to possible pranks.

Thus, to be safe, Natalie had taken to eating her allergy medicine like candy. It succeeded in holding back the tide of pumpkin-based effects for the time being, but she could still feel their presence surrounding her throughout the day. They seemed to taunt her as she walked among their homes. The distinct orange color surrounding her on all sides was enough to make her nervous.

Through all of this her boyfriend was a shining ray of support. Everyday Saul made a point to visit the farm for at least a few minutes and spend time with Natalie. They would talk and laugh about her new princess responsibilities and he would chuckle in the background while she played her role to a star-struck fan.

Natalie found his support sweet but his true interests were easy to discern. In truth, Saul made little effort to hide them. He was caught staring at her orange-clad bust more than anyone else. She couldn't blame him; Saul had been a notorious boob-man since the day they'd met. Natalie often believed it was only because of her low-cut shirt that he noticed her in the first place, but he was sweet and kind-hearted enough to make up for his pronounced sexual interests. She was more than happy to provide the costume-clad view of her body for her loving significant other.

This often led to flirtatious whispers when he paid her a visit during working hours. These encounters all consisted of similar banter. She would have put a stop to it if playing along hadn't become so entertaining.

"You can cast a spell on me any time, you know!" Saul admitted after sneaking up behind her.

Natalie's face turned red to match her hair. "Shut up... Someone is going to hear you!"

KA-THUNK!

The cannon fired in the distance. Its heavy release never failed to make Natalie jump in surprise.

Saul flirted further. "Why don't you show me what that pumpkin magic of yours can do?"

She turned her cheap plastic fairy wand over in her hands. "Sorry, no magic here unless you're under the age of eight!" Turning towards him, she bopped his nose with the wand. Natalie lowered her voice to a whisper and said, "I'll tell you a secret though."

"Yea...?" he ogled. Saul's eyes were locked on her cleavage. Even with her constant stream of allergy medications, the pumpkin-filled environment couldn't help but make her chest plump ever so slightly. Saul couldn't explain the excess mass but he wasn't about to complain.

Natalie leaned in so no one would hear. "*Princesses don't wear panties.*"

This caught him completely off guard. If Saul didn't know any better, he would have guessed Natalie was starting to get more into her role with every passing day.

"Pumpkin Princess! Pumpkin Princess!"

A group of young girls called out for Natalie as they ran towards the patch. It was time for her to fulfill her role. Before turning away from Saul, she relished his speechless expression of bottled-up arousal. "Heh, maybe I do have a little magic after all! Why don't you walk off those dirty thoughts you're having and go grab me some mini-doughnuts? I have my subjects to attend to."

The girls approached and Natalie turned towards them with open arms and an excited voice. Saul couldn't help but wonder if her little secret had come from a place of truth or only jest. It was a question he intended on answering sooner rather than later. Watching his well-endowed girlfriend parade around as one of his first childhood crushes was becoming more than he could bear.

Natalie knew she would have to let Saul have his fun eventually. Their back and forth teasing had become enough to leave her sexually wanting after every shift. In addition to this, as annoying as it was, she did have to admit the dress did an amazing job of making her breasts look incredible.

The end of Natalie's first week as the pumpkin princess was approaching. It became easier dealing with people as time went on and she learned how best to interact with the children. She only wished the same could be said for her allergies. Every day was a battle against the pumpkins. Although her meds were managing to keep the worst of the side effects at bay, she could feel their effectiveness dwindling. The longer she spent around the squash-infested farm,

the more dangerous her situation would become. Simply fitting in her dress by the end of the day was going to be a challenge by the end of October.

It was a chilly Friday morning when Natalie was getting dressed in the farmer's barn. The drafty, rural setting wasn't nearly as comfortable as her room, but the dress was far too cumbersome for her to wear while driving. She made it a priority to change her garments as quickly as possible or run the risk of somebody wandering in at an inopportune moment.

Shirt, bra, and pants draped over a nearby crate, Natalie carefully stepped into the orange gown. Whether it was only in her head due to the color, or was the result of her past week spent wandering the patch, the scent of pumpkin drifted into her nostrils.

"N-Nngh... Goddamit..." she winced and wrapped an arm across her bust. Her allergies were bad this morning. Not yet even among the evil vegetables and her chest already felt full. The dress was only halfway on before Natalie gave up and went on the defensive. With a pile of orange lace sitting on top of her hips, she rushed to her bag and the bottle of allergy pills stored inside.

"Damn pumpkins," Natalie grumbled, "Whoever heard of such a ridiculous allergy??" Pills rattled loosely inside the bottle; she would be needing a refill soon.

CRREEAAK

She froze at the distinct sound of the barn door swinging open.

"H-Hey! Occupied!" she squeaked. A desperate grab to pull her dress up the remainder of her body almost caused her pills to spill.

"Nice pumpkins, Princess!"

Natalie was ready to cry out until she saw her boyfriend's grinning expression staring at her from a stack of hay bales. Her pulse slammed on the brakes and a sigh of relief exhaled itself from her lungs. "Very funny. I thought some perv had snuck in!" Mind scattered, Natalie set the open pill bottle on a nearby stack of crates when Saul approached.

Saul weighed his hands up and down at her words. "Weeeell... I *was* hoping to catch a nice peep show. So you're not wrong."

Looking down at herself, Natalie motioned to her breasts still bared to the world. The dress' bodice was scrunched underneath them from her hurried attempt at modesty. "Oh is this not enough? Gotta come sooner next time then!" She snickered then said, "Would you mind helping me into this thing? It's impossible to get it on all the way without a third arm sometimes."

Saul was more than happy to oblige. Stepping behind her, Natalie waited for his hands to help pull the dress over her bust. Instead she felt his fingers sink into the warm depths of her breasts.

"Ahh!! *Your hands are freezing!*" she squealed.

Saul's grip was firm and unyielding. He started massaging Natalie in small circles with rhythmic squeezes and nipples pinches.

"M-Mmmm... *That's better...*" Closing her eyes, she leaned her head back to enjoy the manhandling.

Saul pulled her close. “You know, I’ve always had a crush on the pumpkin princess.”

“Oh yea...? *Nnngh!*” Heightened sensitivity was driving Natalie up the wall as Saul played with her nipples. The pills could only prevent so much. Feeling one of his hands slip down the front of her dress and caress her stomach and navel, she moaned and bit her lip.

“I gotta say,” Saul whispered in her ear, “Out of all the pumpkin princesses I’ve seen, you fill the role *very well.*”

A hand sank into her tit to overflow his palm. There were certain times Natalie found her allergy useful, such as when there was a boyfriend around who enjoyed feeling her curves bulge out of his grasp. If their relationship ever got to a point where she felt comfortable telling Saul about it, he was sure to request a slice of pumpkin pie for dessert.

“*A-Ahhhh... Mmmnnghhh...*” Natalie couldn’t take much more of his groping. Not only that, but the farm was going to open soon and the pumpkin princess was half-naked in the barn getting felt up. Bending forward out of Saul’s grasp, she leaned onto the stack of crates and stuck her rear towards him. Her breasts swayed in midair to point towards the floor.

Tempting eyes fluttered over her shoulder when she asked, “Tell me more about this crush. Is there anything you’ve ever want to *do* to the pumpkin princess?” Her butt waggled temptingly with the question.

“There is one thing...” Saul smiled and stepping closer to grab her hips. They were buried under a bundle of puffy fabric. “Someone once told me princesses don’t wear any panties.”

“*Mmmmm oh yea...?*” Natalie arched her back to accentuate her ass. “*You want to take a look and see for yourself?*”

She turned her head forward when Saul began sifting through her many dress layers. The back half rose up her bare thighs before folding over her back to expose Natalie’s unwrapped hips. A teasing glistening of moisture between her thighs guided Saul to her crotch. It bulged between her legs as she fully presented herself.

“Well...?” she cooed.

“I don’t see any...” Saul grabbed her tiny hips. The softness of her skin never ceased to drive him wild.

“That’s *one* mystery solved! But suuuurely there must be *more* you’ve always wanted to do to the pumpkin princess.”

ZIIP!

“*Mnngh!*” Natalie chewed on her lip at the recognizable sound of Saul’s pants unzipping. His belt clanked around his ankles moments later and the bulge of a hard, warm cock pressed against her backside.

SMACK!

RATTLE!

“*Aaugh!*” Natalie’s body shook when Saul entered. He started slowly until her dripping wetness begging him to fully enter. The force made her grab the crates for support, as well as cause her allergy bottle to jostle.

SMACK!

RATTLE!

“*Nngh!! G-Grab my tits!!*” she pleaded while pressing her forehead into the wood.

Firm hands wrapped around her knockers. Saul expertly used them to pull her back into his hips, thrusting himself in and out at the same time.

SMACK!

RATTLE!

The sound of the wobbling pill bottle was lost to both their ears. Amid the slick noises of colliding pelvises and Natalie’s labored gasps, nothing else mattered. Saul stared down at the orange-clad beauty taking his cock and begging for more. Countless daydreams from pubescence came to fruition all at once as he felt her large breasts squish in his grasp.

“*Ahhh!! Ahhhmmmm!! H-Harder!!*” Natalie’s mouth fell open for breath. Such vigorous sex was causing her pumpkin crown to fall askew.

SMACK!

RATTLE!

SMACK!

RATTLE!

The sensations of her breasts bouncing up and down were driving her mad. “*Squeeze my giant pumpkins!!!*”

SMACK!

RATTLE!

Saul was stiffening inside her and nearing the edge. Much more and Natalie knew her pumpkin would be stuffed.

“*F-Fuck me!! Fuck your big-titted pumpkin princess!!*”

SMACK!

RATTLE!

SMACK!

RATTLE!

The crown fell from her head to the ground below. Strands of red hair clung to her face. Natalie’s nails dug into the shaking crates as she screamed, “*Aahhh I’m gonna COME!!*”

Saul’s hands left her breasts to fly to Natalie’s hips. They grabbed her ass and held her with no intention of letting go as his cock started to throb.

SMACK!

CLATTER!!!

“*NGH!!!*”

Cum rushed into Natalie’s body like cream filling as her thighs quivered with sexual orgasm. Every masculine pump made her breasts wobble and shake. They glowed a dull orange in the light reflecting off her dress as she stared down with blurry vision.

Exhausted, Saul’s hands left his girlfriend’s body and he pulled out. Few sexual encounters could hold a candle to this.

“*O-Oh my God...*” Natalie groaned. She raised herself up in hopes to still be able to stand on two feet. “That was...the most amazing--”

She froze. The bottle of pills was nowhere to be seen.

“Uh oh,” Natalie squeaked.

Ignoring the fluids dripping down her thighs, she ran around the stack of crates. The color drained further from her face with every step. When she reached the other side, her heart sank to find the bottle empty and every last pill stuck in a mixture of mud and other mystery barn-floor substances.

“*No no no no NOO!!! Shit!!*”

Saul was taken aback by the extreme reaction. “What is it??” He was yet to pull his pants up.

Natalie stooped down in hopes of finding any salvageable pills. There were none. “My allergy medicine! *It’s all ruined!!*”

“You have allergies?”

“Y-Yes! Only during the Fall...” She stood up and looked around the barn hopelessly. Dizzying feelings of faint made her woozy. “*Crap what and I going to do?!*”

“Well it’s just allergies. You’ll be fine for a day, right? A little stuffy nose or watery eyes never killed anyone.”

Natalie chewed on her lip. The entire pumpkin patch might as well have been a minefield and she was going to have to explore it all day. The thought alone made her sex-heavy breasts feel even heavier. “*Crap!*” She turned to Saul looking for any kind of hope. “I’m allergic to pumpkins, Saul... And they’re *everywhere* outside.”

Saul snorted. “Seriously? And you’re working as the pumpkin princess?”

“*It’s not funny!*” Natalie knew he couldn’t possibly understand the extent of her condition.

He waved his hand in apology. “Sorry, sorry... I’ve just never heard of that before. Maybe it won’t be so bad! When was the last time you were around a pumpkin without your meds?”

The question made her think. “Seventh? Eighth grade?”

“That’s a long time. How do you know you haven’t grown out of it? I was allergic to strawberries until I was fifteen, then it just got better!”

The suggestion made her feel a little better but the tightness in her breasts made her think otherwise. “I guess I haven’t really gone without them during the fall season in a while... M-Maybe it will be fine.”

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

“Almost ready in there, Pumpkin Princess?”

Natalie froze. Her mom was calling from outside the barn door. “*CRAP!*” she hissed. Looking down, she found herself half-naked with Saul’s cum still wet on her thighs. “More like a pumpkin slut,” she grumbled. “B-Be right out!”

“You’re going to be fine,” Saul assured her.

She looked at him in desperation. “Help me get this thing on! I’ll have to worry about the pills later.”

The dress was on in a flash and cinched tight enough to cause her breasts to bulge into a jiggling shelf. It wasn’t modest but it would have to do. Natalie planted a kiss on her boyfriend’s lips. “Wait a few minutes after I’m gone then you can sneak out.”

Saul watched her rush towards the door. “I’ll see you out there!” he called, still relishing the incredible experience still fresh on his manhood. He wasn’t certain, but Natalie’s breasts looked more packed into the dress than usual.

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

“Mom... Do you think I could skip today?”

Natalie’s mother hardly glanced back. “Are you kidding?? It’s the first Friday of the season and you’re the main attraction! You can’t leave!”

The heaviness in her steps made Natalie think otherwise. An abundance of cleavage made it very clear she had not yet outgrown her allergies. “I really think I should--”

She was interrupted when her mother caught sight of her inadequate coverage. “Honestly, Natalie, I know you’re not happy about this, but you could still *try* to dress appropriately! Come here before someone sees.”

Timidly, Natalie approached her mother’s outstretched hands. Fingers pulled at the dress’s neckline to force it higher. The amount of jiggling on Natalie’s front was enough to make her gasp. “I-I really think I should go home, Mom! I’m out of my allergy meds!”

“Mary really didn’t let this thing out enough for you, did she?” Staring at her daughter’s bulging chest, she sighed after raising the neckline only an inch. “That will have to do for now. Don’t bend too far forward.”

The air was being forced from Natalie’s lungs. Under such compressive force, her breasts felt ready to burst free. “*S-Sure! Why not!*” she squeaked uncomfortably. Taking a deep breath was a gamble.

“Now get out there and be the best pumpkin princess you can be! I’ll be at the doughnut stand when you need a snack.”

The pumpkin patch taunted her when Natalie approached. Every step made her chest tingle in anxious anticipation. Extra bounce coupled with an ill-fitting costume could only end in so many ways. Nonchalantly, she scratched the top of her cleavage to relieve a growing itch.

“Outgrow my allergies my ass...” she grumbled while making an effort to pursue the pumpkin patch with as much distance between her and the pumpkins as possible. “I’m carrying around a couple of G-cups and it’s not even noon!”

Her predicament wasn’t going unnoticed by the farm’s patrons. Male gazes lingered in her direction. Usually it was the young girls who were excited to get their picture with the pumpkin princess. Now, it seemed their fathers were all too eager to send them over for a photo.

Natalie wasn't oblivious, as much as they liked to think so; every time she stooped down to put an arm around an adoring fan, she knew the men were hoping something would pop out.

If it wasn't the horny dads, it was the eyes of wandering boyfriends. Their dates would glare at them until the spell was broken. This often translated into an animalistic tension between Natalie and the other girls should they cross paths. They didn't appreciate her stealing their boyfriends' attention in such a way. Natalie wasn't sure what they expected her to do about it. Sometimes she wanted to offer the esteemed position to them so she could go home and pull on a thick sweater.

CRREEAAAK

Worrying sounds drifted from aching stitches. Tightness was spreading across the dress. Despite her best efforts, Natalie's pumpkin avoidance could only get her so far. The color alone was enough to affect her body. Only an hour into her shift and she could feel the dress giving out. The bodice was becoming so tight the lack of oxygen was making her lightheaded.

"Whew... Ok..." she told herself softly, "Just make it until lunch. Maybe then you can hide in the car and things will settle down enough for you to make it through the rest of the day before--"

CRREEEEAAAK

"N-Nngh!"

A stifling moan drew the attention of several pumpkin pickers. They stared at the blushing princess and the chest bulging out of her dress more with every inhale.

"Sorry!" Natalie waved weakly.

The situation was becoming unbearable. Turning away from the majority of the crowd and facing the corn maze, she attempted a calm glance downward.

"EEP!!"

The color drained from Natalie's face with a startled squeak. She knew it was bad, but not this bad. Her breasts were noticeably bigger and far too big for her dress. Swollen globes like honeydews had stretched the costume to its limit. An obscene amount of skin jiggled plain as day for any curious eyes.

CRREEAAAK

"Shit! CRAP!!" Natalie swore under her breath with panic when she saw her cleavage rise. Much more of this and her nipples were going to expose themselves to the frigid Fall air. Unless they tore through her costume first.

"I'm not going to make it to lunch at this rate!" As private as one could be when surrounded by dozens of pairs of eyes, she did what she could to pull her dress up. It didn't budge; the fabric was wedged against the center of her breasts. Underneath the taut bodice Natalie could feel her bloating curves rubbing across her bottom ribs. *"I won't even make it another ten minutes at this rate!"*

It had never been this bad. There had been tight bras and one or two lost buttons, but Natalie felt as though her breasts were ballooning with weight and girth. "I can't spend any more time in this damn pumpkin patch if I want to keep from flashing the entire farm!"

It took every ounce of will not to wrap her arms across the top and bottom of her bust when Natalie turned to leave. Her steps were dangerously unsteady. One wrong move could spell disaster.

CREEEAAAAAK

“*I gotta get out of here,*” she whimpered.

KA-THUNK!

“*Ahh!!*” She jumped at the cannon’s roar. It’s obnoxious pumpkin throwing was the last thing she needed. “D-Damn thing!”

The edge of the pumpkin patch was just ahead. If she could escape its wrath, she could explore the other attractions and avoid any more dangerous encounters. “*Just PLEASE hang on!*” she pleaded to her swelling tits, “*I’ll get away from the patch and--*”

“Pumpkin Princess!! Wait!!”

The call of a voice filled with wonder stopped Natalie in her hurried tracks. Turning around, she saw a girl no older than seven stumbling toward her with a pumpkin filling her arms.

Every fiber of Natalie’s being wanted to scratch up and down her cleavage. “Why hello!” she smiled as warmly as she could, “What can I do for you?? Oh my, that’s a lovely pumpkin you’ve got there!” Behind the girl stood her mother with a camera. This wasn’t going to be quick.

The little girl beamed with pride. “I searched all over for the perfect one!” Becoming more timid, she held it towards Natalie. “Can you fill it with magic, please? I want it to be *extra* scary on Halloween!!”

Natalie gulped. This was a common request from her younger audience. What good was a magical pumpkin princess if she couldn’t bring a little magic into her pumpkins.

“Get next to her, sweetie!” the girl’s mother instructed. There was a smile on her face but she was clearly unnerved by the excessive amount of cleavage overflowing on this children’s entertainer.

“L-Let me see your pumpkin!” Natalie accepted. Squatting down, she took the pumpkin in her arms. There was no choice but to hug it against her chest in order for her to work her magic wand. “*Nnnnghmmm...*” The pumpkin burned against her skin. A rush of tightness within the bodice almost made her fall off her feet.

“W-What...a great pumpkin!” she congratulated. “*I can barely hold it!*”

“Say cheesel!” the mom said.

“Cheese!!”

Natalie smiled with the ecstatic girl and struck a magical pose. Down below, she knew the camera was capturing what must have been an unseemly amount of skin bulging around the pumpkin. This picture was guaranteed not to make it into any frames.

SNAP!!

“Bless my pumpkin now!” the girl cheered after the picture.

“U-Uhh...” Natalie could barely think. Having direct contact with the pumpkin was making her head spin and her breasts engorge. The mom stared in approaching disgust.

CRREEEAAAAAK!!

“*Nnngh!!!*” An intense wave of swelling made Natalie shudder. She didn’t have to look down to know her nipples were about to pop out. It was unavoidable when there were two watermelons-worth of flesh stuffed down her dress. Glancing at the mother, Natalie noticed she was no longer feigning a smile. Her appearance was borderline inappropriate.

“Pumpkin Princess...?” the girl asked.

CRREEEAAAAAK!!

“Uhhh... *Nnngh*... Uhhh...” Taking her wand and a chance, Natalie waved it over the pumpkin. “B-Bibbidi bobbidi boo, may this pumpkin be extra scary for you!!”

CRREEEAAAAAAAAAKKK!!!

POP!!

“*Ahhh!!*”

The magic seemed to affect Natalie instead. A seam blew open loudly on the side of her torso like a gunshot. Heaps of flesh pressed into her biceps and engulfed the girl’s pumpkin in pillowy warmth. With a hand like lightning, Natalie dropped her wand and wrapped an arm across the front of her mammaries. The distinct sensation of erect nipples prodded against her bare forearm.

“*H-H-Here you go!*” Natalie laughed nervously while handing the pumpkin back to its owner. “*Don’t drop it!*”

“Yay!!”

Death stares shot from the mom’s eyes like daggers when she took her child’s hand aggressively and pulled her away. “What do we say?” she said growled.

“Thank you, Pumpkin Princess! Can we go watch the pumpkin cannon now, Mommy??”

“*Have a nice Fall!!*” Natalie forced herself to grin until the mom led her daughter away. Then the panic set in. Had it not been for her quick reaction, her chest would have fallen out completely. Swollen nipples fought against her arm while her hand struggled to keep ahold of the dress.

“Too big... This is too big!” she whimpered. “*God my boobs feel MASSIVE!! I need to get out of here!!*”

A break wouldn’t fix the situation but it would help. Natalie fled the dangerous pumpkin patch as quickly as she dared. Leaving it behind brought instant relief to her continuous swelling but it didn’t solve her existing problem. It would be a miracle if nobody complained about the risque princess wandering the farm with her tits bulging around her arm. Every step was a chore not to burst out of her dress. If one seam had blown, others were sure to follow.

“If I could just calm down, things would get a little better,” Natalie assured herself. All she needed was a break; a break from trying to stay contained and a break from the interested eyes lingering on her front. If she was lucky, her mom would recognize the situation and let her go home.

“M-Mom...?” Natalie called out upon approaching the mini-doughnut stand. She was lucky to have caught it during a lull in customers. The cashier in the booth, a woman she recognized as Carrie, saw Natalie approaching after giving a couple their order.

“Oh, Natalie!” the woman called. “I was wondering when I would see--” She hesitated upon seeing Natalie’s enlarged bust.

“Here for my daily dose of sugar! And having a slight wardrobe malfunction while I’m at it,” Natalie explained. It wasn’t completely untruthful, not when her nipples were only being concealed by her trembling arm. “Is my mom in there?? I need to talk to her...”

“No, I’m afraid not! She had to step away for a minute to help somewhere else...” Carrie’s eyes were wide with confusion. She was certain Natalie was much smaller the last time she saw her, though the dress never did fit quite right.

Natalie cursed under her breath for carpooling with her mother. “Got any spare doughnuts in there?” she asked with dwindling hope.

“I do! Saved a hot batch just for you!” Carrie turned around before returning with a small container of steaming mini-doughnuts. They made Natalie’s mouth water and her hands warm against the paper walls. Upon handing them through the window, however, Carrie whispered, “You should pull your dress up, dear; you’re about to fall right out of it! People are staring!”

A thumb and finger gripped the dress as best they could but it would be impossible to stuff herself back in without both hands and a little privacy. “Thanks for the tip!” Natalie winced. “I think I’ll step behind the booth for a minute and do just that!”

Luckily, the mini-doughnut booth was situated on the outside of the festivities. There was nothing waiting on the other side other than an open field with no observers. Natalie leaned against the small wooden building and breathed a sigh of relief. Letting her cradling arm fall to her side revealed just how dire the situation had become.

“Dammit...” she moaned, taking a doughnut and eating the pastry in one bite. Its sweet warmth soothed her a little. “*I’m fucking huge.*”

Breasts like basketballs poured out of her dress. Their bottom halves remained stuffed inside, but everything from her nipples up was exposed plain as day. Natalie thought it was a wonder she had managed to keep them contained for so long in the first place. She wanted to hide but sneaking off wasn’t an option considering she was dressed as the most popular local Fall celebrity.

“That kid just *had* to have her pumpkin blessed...” Natalie crammed another doughnut into her cheeks. “That thing made me blow up like a balloon!”

With a doughnut in one hand and her dress in the other, Natalie attempted to pull the bodice up enough to conceal her nipples. The thimble-sized nubs quivered as she bounced up and down on her heels and her chest heaved with a great weight.

“*C-Come on!*” she grunted with her mouth full. Now using both hands, she pulled the dress away while pushing her chest down into the orange prison. “*Nnnghh get in there!!*”

Skin bulged and squeezed together over her fingers. The blown-out seam on her side widened as flesh squished through the hole. Forcing them flat and down across her stomach,

Natalie was satisfied with the result. She appeared oddly misshapen as if her entire torso were rounding out, but she had some form of modesty.

“This dress was *not* designed for this kind of stress.” Another bite of doughnut passed through her lips. “As long as I don’t go around hugging any more pumpkins, I should be able to make it the rest of the day and--”

GUUURRRRGLE

Natalie froze. Several locks of red hair fell in front of her eyes as the world stood still. Dropping the remaining doughnut, she placed both hands on her belly and bent forward. “*O-Oohhh my God... What the hell??*”

CRRREEEAAAAAK

Cleavage bubbled up. Eyes widening as her stomach filled with pressure, Natalie could feel her allergy returning stronger than ever. Bloating tightness spread under her dress like a volcano readying its eruption. On her lips, she detected a faint taste which made her turn white as a sheet.

“*N-No... Oh please no...*” she begged.

CRREEEAAAAAKK!!

Grunting, she called out to the booth behind her. “*Carrie... Nnngh... C-Carrie! Those doughnuts tasted...a little different than normal!*”

A cheerful reply came from around the corner as she was serving several customers. “I’m glad you noticed! We’re trying a new pumpkin pie batter today! What do you think??”

Natalie felt like she was about to blow. Hugging a pumpkin was one thing, ingesting one was another.

CRREEEAAAAAK!!!

Her dress pulled at the seams. Flesh pressed under her hands and Natalie panicked at the irrational fear that her belly had begun swelling as well. Only then did she realize it was her breasts expanding their territory. Having been forced so unnaturally far down the front, her breasts were expanding across her stomach as much as they were rising from the bodice. She couldn’t fully see over her bubbling cleavage, but from the soft masses under her fingers, she guessed she likely appeared to be several months pregnant. Her heart beat as loudly as the sound of the cannon firing in the distance.

“Natalie? What did you think of the doughnuts?” Carrie asked again.

“*V-V-Very good!*”

GRRROOOAAAAAN

RIIP!!!

KA-THUNK!!

A tear opened on the back of the dress. “*Eep!! I-I loved them!!*” The sounds of the farm died away. All the conversing people, the laughing children, and the *ka-thunk* of the cannon all faded to leave Natalie’s heavy breathing. Her breasts were beyond watermelons and after the disastrous doughnuts she just ate, they weren’t about to stop.

“This is bad. *This is very, very bad.*” She needed help. She needed to get away from this farm and its cursed orange orbs. With so many bulging mounds trapped by the dress, she was beginning to look like an orange raspberry.

“*Saul,*” she realized suddenly. “*Saul is still here!*”

The sliver of hope was dashed when she considered how she would find him. Leaving the privacy of the booth was out of the question; she would be flooded with children within minutes. Already she could hear them calling her name as if they were playing hide and go seek. Perhaps Saul was looking for her already. They hadn’t crossed paths since the fateful encounter in the barn. Natalie cursed the dress’s lack of pockets and the absence of her phone. She was going to have to rely on luck.

CRREEAAAAAK

“*N-Nngh... Please be close by, Saul,*” she prayed. It was too risky to expose herself too much. Hugging her chest for steadiness, she peeked her head around the corner of the booth.

The farm was bustling with more people by the minute. Nary a pumpkin in the patch wasn’t under inspection by an excited child.

KA-THUNK!

“*Ahh!*” A far-off thud made Natalie jump higher than normal due to her situation. Being bound in such tight fabric was making her skittish; any loud sound could mean the end of the dress.

Her eyes scanned the crowds. Hope soared when she caught sight of a familiar head of blonde hair standing near the candy apple booth. He wasn’t far.

“*Saul!*” Natalie whispered in far too quiet of a voice for him to possibly hear. She began waving an arm madly while trying to keep her body out of sight. In time, the movement caught his, and several others’, eye.

“Natalie...?” he wondered, gawking at the sight. A distinct panic in her eyes made him leave his place in line and approach her hiding spot.

“What’s wrong? What are you doing back--”

“I am not over my allergies, Saul! *I am NOT over my allergies!!*” Natalie sprang her frustration on him without warning. Heavy breathing made her dress expand like a balloon ready to burst.

Saul was speechless. There was enough flesh packed down the front of Natalie’s dress to almost double her weight. Cleavage deep enough to swallow his arm rose up and down with her stressed breaths.

CRREEAAAAAK

“N-Natalie... Your chest is--”

“*I KNOW!! Pumpkins make me boobs blow up, all right?! I can’t get near the things without my tits popping out of my bra!! There, now you know!! Can you help me get out of here?!*”

Saul continued staring. Several new rips had opened in the time they were talking. Watching her doughnut-fueled growth enhance her tits in realtime was every fantasy he could have ever hoped for.

“SAUL!! FOCUS!! I’m about to explode out of my dress in front of an entire fair’s worth of people LOOKING FOR ME!! What do I do?!”

He gawked with a trembling jaw. This was a lot for his mind to process all at once. “I...I could run to your place and grab more allergy medicine??”

GRRROOAAAAAN

“Nnnghh!! Ooohhh I’ll be as big as the bouncy castle by the time you get back!!” Natalie was near hysterics.

“Ok, ok! We need to get you out of here then!”

“I can’t leave without my mom catching me! I’m a giant walking traffic cone in this stupid dress!”

CRREEAAAAAK

Natalie whimpered as flesh bulged. Both arms wrapped themselves around her chest. There was no more room over her stomach and her breasts had begun rising up and out. *“Saul please help!! This dress isn’t going to last much longer!!”*

His mind raced, not only from a want to help his girlfriend but also from a desire to find the two of them privacy. “Uhhh... How about this!” He pointed to the corn maze. Its entrance sat near the dreaded pumpkin patch. “Go in the corn maze, then cut through the back and go across the back field. I’ll meet you on the other side with my car! Your mom won’t know you left, she’ll think you’re just wandering the maze!”

Natalie considered his plan. Panic gripped her when she realized she would have to traverse the spare pumpkin patch behind the corn maze in order to make it to the road, as well as avoid any debris from the cannon. Its aim was known to be exceptionally poor. Assuming she would still be able to walk by the end of it, the plan could work.

“O-Ok... Ok let’s do it!”

Saul already had his keys in-hand. “I’ll meet you on the other side, all right? Just run through the maze. Cut through the corn if you need to!”

KA-THUNK!

“Ahh!!” The cannon made her jump once again. She swore she could feel the thud travel through the ground and over her chest. Natalie wasn’t sure she could handle this.

“I’ll see you there, ok?” Saul confirmed.

“I-I’ll be there!”

Sealing their rendezvous with a kiss, they parted ways.

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

“Ok... Ok, Natalie... *You can do this.*”

Stepping out from behind the mini-doughnut booth felt more like leaving the girl's lockerroom without her clothes. There was no hiding her engorged situation. The best-case scenario had her audience assuming she was pregnant. Such a massive amount of flesh stuffed down her shirt appeared far too unnatural for them to assume it was all the work of her swollen tits.

"Pumpkin Princess! There you are!"

"Crap! *Crap!*" Natalie secured her chest with an arm and increased her walking pace to a gentle bouncing trot. Playing her role for the kids was important but not important enough for her to blow through her dress.

"Pumpkin Princess...?"

Their disappointed calls died away when she rushed past the pumpkin patch and into the corn maze without hesitation. "Sorry, kids. This princess has some pumpkins to take care of."

The sudden reduction of people was a blessing. Natalie felt secluded among the eight-foot-tall corn stalks. The bustle of the fair was muffled within its walls. Even the cannon sounded distant as if she'd wandered into a hidden land.

This didn't mean there weren't people around to catch sight of the busty princess. Every now and then she would turn a corner and run into a couple looking for the exit. Their reaction was usually the same, unless Natalie had been walking brisk enough to run chest-first into them and knock one or both to the ground.

CRREEAAAAAK

"Oohhhh, those damn doughnuts!!" she groaned. "I could have handled this if it weren't for them!! I've never been this big in my--"

GRROOAAAAAN

"W-Whoa... Nnngh!!!" Natalie stumbled and hugged her breasts. Cleavage engulfed her collarbones and bubbled over the dress like two plump muffin tops. "O-Oh please, just hang on a little longer!"

POW!!

"Nnnghmm!!!"

A piece of jeweled stitching burst open on her front. An angry nipple an inch in diameter had decided it was time to escape. Using her fingers, she could feel its thick pink flesh squeezing through the tear.

"A-Aaahhgghh!!!" Natalie shivered with nervous delight. It was far too sensitive and brought her knees together. *"Maybe...nnngh...M-Maybe princesses should wear panties..."* she whimpered, feeling her thighs become slick.

The situation was becoming desperate. Although she knew the path through the maze well, Natalie started running straight towards the back where she knew the spare pumpkin patch lay in wait. Corn stalks grabbed at her dress when she squeezed through the maze walls. Dried leaves clung to the lace and itched up her bare legs.

CRREEAAAAAK

“Come on... Come on! Almost there!” Fingers dug into her dress in an effort to hold it together. Once she was in Saul’s car it would be free to explode from her body. Until then, she prayed she wouldn’t be running across an open field stark naked.

Ahead she caught sight of flashes of orange. The pumpkin patch was within reach. Crossing its dangerous territory would mean an increase to her swelling but it was a necessary risk. Natalie didn’t dare slow down. She plowed through the corn stalks like a mad rhino. Stopping would mean becoming a slave to her heaving new weight. At this point much of her momentum was created by her chest trying to pull her forward while her legs worked to keep up.

One final wall remained. Leaning headfirst, Natalie prepared for the dozens of dry fingers prepared to grab at her body. The pumpkins waiting on the other side burned as if she were running towards a bonfire but there was no stopping her path now.

Then, a split second before escaping the maze, Natalie saw movement through the corn.

BWOOOMPH!!

THUD!!

“Ow!! Hey watch it!!”

“My latte!!”

Two strangers collided with her rushing breasts: a man and a woman. They appeared to be sharing an embrace before Natalie managed to ram them at full speed. All three fell to the ground with Natalie falling backward on her rear. A steaming heat washed over her chest in a sweet wave.

The couple was prepared to yell at her for ruining their moment until they recognized the princess. Then they saw her chest.

Natalie was furious. So much effort to escape the farm was tossed away. Standing had been difficult enough on its own, much less rising back to her feet and carting herself across the field. “*What the hell are you two doing?!*” she snapped, staring at their wide eyes from over her chest, “*This pumpkin patch is off limits!! You’re not supposed to be back here!! You--*”

GUUUURRRGLE

Natalie stopped yelling and stared at her chest. Her cleavage was soaked in a hot brown liquid. It seeped between her mammaries and coated them in a sweet film. The doughnut-reminiscent scent made her tremble with fear. Most concerning was the intense build-up of pressure.

GUUUUURRRRRRGLE

“*N-Nngh!!!*” she whimpered.

The couple rose to their feet. The woman, glancing at her spilled cup on the ground, approached Natalie and extended a hand. “Are you all right?? Let me help--”

GRRROOOAAAAAN

“*U-U-Uhhhhnnghhh!!!*” Natalie gasped when her breasts expanded like balloons. “*M-My BOOBS!!!*” she cried, leaning back on her arms.

Flesh billowed in every direction.

Natalie heaved with growth. “*What was in that latte?!*”

“I-It was pumpkin spice!!” the woman answered nervously as if being accused.

CRREEAAAAAK!!!

POW!!

POW POW!!!

SHRRRRRIIPP!!!

Her breasts swelled to immense proportions. Several new holes opened on the dress to accompany her new girth but it would never be enough. Cleavage bulged up and into Natalie’s face. Skin rubbed across her stomach and caused the sides of her abdomen to round out. Nipples capable of filling a man’s mouth forced their way through widening tears. Legs trembling as her heels kicked in the dirt, Natalie knew she wouldn’t rise to her feet again. Scattered pumpkins all around her laughed with orange grins. Standing over her, the man took several shocked steps back as if in fear of a bomb. His date pulled her hand back in fright as Natalie’s chest inched closer and closer to the breaking point. She was paralyzed with confusion as Natalie whimpered into her cleavage.



“M-M-Miss?” the woman asked in a shaky voice. “Are...Are you all ri--”

BOOM!!!

Natalie's dress burst apart into a shower of tattered orange fabric and glitter. The force of her breasts' release was enough to push her backward and her hands into the dirt. In an instant the length of her body from her neck to her thighs was naught but a rounded slope of jiggling flesh.

They continued to bloat outwards and engulf her legs. The curves forced themselves between her thighs, forcing her to spread her legs as they swelled across the dirt. "*N-No more!! Please!! I can't get any bigger!!*" Natalie whined. Several pumpkins were within range. It would be only moments until she came into contact with them.

"*Ooooh God!!! I-I can't...stop swelling!! My tits feel SO BIG!!!*" Pleaded eyes stared at the only people available to help. "*Please!! G-Get the pumpkins away from me!! They're making my breasts grow!!*"

They made no move to help, paralyzed with sheer confusion.

Natalie's skin brushed against several of the orange orbs.

SWEEEEEEELL

"*Aahhhh make it stooooop!!*"

Natalie's chest surged forth. Each breast overcame four feet in diameter. Their size was enough to force Natalie forward until her legs flung behind her. Both arms draped across her chest as if hugging them might dispel their engorgement.

SWEEEEEEEEELLLLLL

"*G-Get them away!! Get them AWAY FROM ME!!*"

The couple only stared in utter disbelief. It looked like they were about to respond in some meaningful way until--

KA-THUNK!!

Time stood still. Overhead, a whistling sailed ever closer. Like an evil shooting star, Natalie caught sight of a pumpkin careening through the air. Her heart begged for it to find another target, but as it fell back to Earth, Natalie knew fate was too cruel for any other outcome. "*O-Oh no.*"

BWOOOOPM--BLOOOOSH!!!

"*A-AHHNNGHH!!!!*"

The pumpkin landed squarely in her firm cleavage before exploding in a shower of orange. It coated Natalie's couch-sized knockers in slime and seeds. The energy from the collision rushed around her chest like a mad bull sending her heaving up and down as if someone had performed a cannonball onto a water bed.

GRRROOOOOAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNN!!!!

"*OH NOOOOO!!!!*" Natalie scraped off whatever she could of the goop. Most of it was out of her reach. Already she could feel it making her skin tingle and burn.

The woman fell backward in fear from the pumpkin's heavenly arrival. "*Mike what's happening to her?!*" she cried. Her boyfriend was at her side in an instant, helping her to her feet as they fled the scene.

"*Don't go!! Don't leave me here!!!*"

They didn't look back.

GUUUUURRRRGLE!!!!

"Oooohhhhhh my CHEST!!!"

Flesh was rising feet by the minute. Like a parade float, Natalie's bust expanded in all directions. There was no telling how large she could grow after the pumpkin's explosion within her cleavage. Based on the pressure within her breasts, however, Natalie feared the worst.

HEEEAAAAAVE!!!

A wall of skin pressed against her. Arms to either side of her head to fight the fleshy tide, Natalie could feel herself being pushed back across the dirt. The top of her chest loomed several feet overhead. Somewhere in front, she could feel her nipples growing in pulsing surges. Each could have filled an oil drum with their plump forms.

"T-Too big!!! Nnnnghhh this is...t-too big!!! Stop swelling!!!"

SBLOOSH!!!

SBLOOSH SBLOOOSH!!!

"H-HAHH!!! AAAUUUGH!!!"

Pumpkin were exploding under her breasts as she grew. With her mountainous tits growing across the patch, the squashes were crushed beneath her. Each one added fuel to her bloat-causing fire.

GRRRRROOOAAAAAAN

"OHOOH THEY'RE GETTING SO TIGHT!!! MY SKIN IS STREEETCHING!!!"

The sounds of the fair behind her died away. Natalie couldn't be sure if it was because they had taken notice of the shadow cast by her knockers, or if she simply couldn't hear them due to her being swallowed into her cleavage. Taut skin shifted and massaged all around.

SBLOOSH SBLOOOSH!!!

SBLOOSH SBLOOOSH!!!

GUUUUURRRGGGLE!!

Dozens of pumpkins added their contents to the surface of her chest. The ground below started to sink from her weight. A row of corn stalks was flattened behind her.

"N-No...No more!!! I can't take it!!! I...I-I feel like...nnnnnghmm!!! God my chest feels like..." Natalie dripped with sweat and sexual fluids. The slightest breeze against her sedan-sized nipples brought her to the brink of fainting. Far overhead her breasts reached towards the sky. They stood over fifty meters wide. Covered in the corpses of so many pumpkins, they had taken on an orange glow. Pounding against their sides felt akin to punching the wall of an above-ground pool.

GRRRRROOOAAAAAAN!!!

"I DON'T THINK I CAN SWELL ANY BIGGEEEEERRRR!!!"

Natalie screamed along with her chest as it bloated to its fullest. Bouncing ripples and gurgles filled her ears until the goliath pair of tits came to a heaving standstill. Natalie gasped in exhaustion while fighting against her fleshy prison.

On the outside of her chest the soil texture changed suddenly. She could no longer feel pumpkins bursting beneath her girth. With a start, she realized she'd outgrowth the entire pumpkin patch. She hadn't reached her limit; there was nothing left to push her larger.

"T-Thank...GOD," she panted. *"No more. Not a single cup. This pumpkin princess is DONE."* Natalie fought within her cleavage and yelled in frustration, *"I FEEL LIKE A FUCKING BLIMP!!"*

From across the field, Saul watched with a slack-jawed expression. From what he was certain to be his girlfriend had sprouted a monolithic pair of breasts blotting out a significant portion of the horizon. Much of the farm was hidden behind the heaving mass. Never in his life would he have guessed Natalie harbored such an allergy. In truth he wasn't even convinced he wasn't dreaming.

"Best pumpkin princess ever..." he mouthed, now fully believing in magic after today's events. A single nipple would have made for a king-sized bed.

It was impossible to take his eyes off the sight until something caught his eye down the field. Looking closely, he was startled to see the two excited men operating the pumpkin cannon. They were eagerly working to reload the attraction. Its nozzle was pointing suspiciously towards Natalie's direction.

"Oh no," he whispered.

KA-THUNK!!