

The Longest Halloween

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PART 1

The fog clung to the gloomy hillsides of Yawning Hollow like a blanket of frosty snow. The trees, long stripped of their leaves, looked like bony hands, reaching up to the cloud-filled night. Somewhere off the beaten path, a curvy redhead ventured into the fog with a peculiar blue lantern. Jessie the ginger spice witch, and part-time monster hunter shook her head. "Out of all the monsters one could hunt on Halloween, this one must be the most cliché." The area she had tracked her quarry to was a collection of dead trees, gravestones, and a patch of wild pumpkins. It couldn't scream Halloween any louder if it tried, well... if some skeleton was running around actually screaming it, maybe.

The blue light from her magic lantern flickered on the tombstones and pumpkins alike, its special flame meant to draw out magical curses and creatures. It wasn't working very well though, she had been out here for hours. This was supposed to be an easy bag and tag. The Bodless Pumpkin, (no relation to the headless horseman, a specter Jess would like to avoid tangling with again) was just a carved jack o'lantern that rolled around causing mischief. It wasn't supposed to be powerful, or evasive, and yet no one could answer why this very rare monster with even rarer magical properties that could be collected from it, had never been caught.

"Where the hell are you, you orange mother fu-" Jessie stopped mid-sentence. Just ahead was a random glowing jack o'lantern in the middle of nowhere. She recast her protection charms, runes hovering around her, glowing with mystical power. She reached down her turtleneck into her ample, freckled cleavage, and magically yanked out an enchanted Crossbow. "Any last words before I turn you into a dessert?"

Behind Jessie, on a taller grave, a pumpkin slowly turned its glowing face towards her. There was no flame within, and yet its carved eyes and crooked grin flickered with an otherworldly light. It watched the woman with interest as she aimed her arrow and spat out her threatening pun "Prepare to Pie!"

"Ooooooo" Said the Bodless Pumpkin, causing her to miss her target and hit a tree, reducing it to ash.

"What?!" Jess spun on her heels, shocked the damn thing had snuck up on her. Worse, it wasn't even menacing or scary. It wore the face of a child getting a pony for their birthday, just so happy to be surprised. "Not cool, Mr gourde. This arrow-" she grunted as she loaded another magical shaft into her crossbow "is meant for you!"

“Ooooooo” Replied the Bodless Pumpkin.

“Is that the only words you know?” Jessie scowled. It didn’t feel right to just, kill a magical menace if it wasn’t very menacing. She had even dressed up in her sexy, tight, monster hunting gear. “Can you like, attack me or growl at least? Anything?” It Just sat there with its dumb smile, staring blankly at her. “Well, it seems my magical protection charms were a waste.” She raised her crossbow, unaware that at the same time a giant sword, glowing with blue flame was rising out of the fog. “It’s a shame, didn’t even put up a fight. Goodbye, not so great, pump-”
Shweeeeeng. “-kin”

Jessie felt odd and off-balance, and it took her a moment to realize her head was falling off her shoulders. She turned to see the sword, but couldn’t say much, as her cranium rolled off her shoulders to the ground. She couldn’t ask why her runes had no effect. She couldn’t comment on why there was no blood. She couldn’t do anything, for now, she was dead...

Or... was she?

Something really weird was happening. She was decapitated, laying with half her face in the mud, staring at her plump backside just standing there. “Um, is this one of those weird chicken things, where they keep living or... wait how am I able to talk?”

From behind her body's wide hip, two glowing eyes peaked out and around. “Ooooooo”

Jessie could feel her arms drift upward, similar to how they float on their own in a pool. Rising and swaying, she felt it all even though she was no longer connected to it. Her headless frame took a heavy step forward, and then another, but not because she was making it happen. It was walking on its own. Or was it? It reached down and picked up the Bodless Pumpkin, raised it in the air, and placed it on Jessie’s glowing neck stub. With a bit of an awkward twist, the neck and the pumpkin melded together, the only sign there had been a severing blow were some glowing marks that looked liked stitches.

“Hell no! You cannot have my body!” Jess screamed trying to roll herself into a sitting position. “One it’s mine, and two... you look ridiculous. Walking around all stiff like Frankenstein’s monster. Unwieldy stumbling, sending my tits bouncing all over the place. I demand you give it back!” But her screams seemed to hurt the pumpkin’s feelings. It slouched and began to trudge away. Oh shit, she thought, I can’t let it leave me here! “Hey wait! You can’t leave me here! Wait, come back!” She called until the pumpkin-headed Jess Body stumbled back to her. “Those pants really do make my ass look good.” Jess said as she waited for it to make its way back.

“Let me guess. You are lonely and tired of living the boring life of a mystical pumpkin way out here in the sticks. Am I right?” Jess questioned. It nodded meekly in reply. “Well... your sword

didn't hurt me per se, just displaced. Maybe that's why it can cut through my protection runes. I'll make you a deal. How about I take you for a night on the town. Let you live as a person, show you the ropes. If I do that for you, then maybe you let me have my body back?"

"Ooooo" It smiled and trudged over to pick her up clumsily.



“I guess that’s a yes? Woah! Woah there. Easy fella, or miss. I can’t tell. Do you have a preference?” Jessie asked as she was lifted wobbly into the air and shoved into her own armpit clamped between her arm and her soft tit. The Pumpkin didn’t answer “So how does this magic work? I can feel my arms and like... My hand gripping a face but also a hand on my face. Is it a special kind of magic? I mean it could be fun at parties, I never thought I would feel my own face on my tit like this. Odd but it could be a hell of a performance art piece.”

The Pumpkin kept walking quietly to her car. How did it know the way? And couldn’t it find a better way to carry her so she wasn’t getting smacked in the face with her own boob the whole way while also feeling like someone was pressing their head into her chest? “I have to hand it to you, Pumps. I thought vanquishing the Bodless Pumpkin would be easier than the horseman. Guess I got a-head of myself.” She joked, trying to spark any kind of reaction. She dropped attempts at humor immediately when she felt her own hand grope her tit roughly between its fingers “Hey! Stop touching those!” Jessie squealed as the massaging hand made her nipples stiffen and face turn red from the pleasure and embarrassment.

“Ooooo” was all the pumpkin had to say.

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It was now two hours to midnight, and a lot had transpired. Jessie had gotten them back to her place and fitted “Pumpkin Jess” as she called it into a form-fitting dress with low cleavage for their night on the town. Luckily it was Halloween so most people assumed the off duo were some kind of special effects rigged costume. They got plenty of compliments, most of which Jess was less than happy about because they thought she was a prop. “Just gotta make it through the night Jessh, make it through the night.” The disembodied head drunkenly stammered. Jess hadn’t drunk that much really, but she assumed whatever “Pumpkin Jess” drank she would feel it too. And the first time human was really packing them away. She was already walking back with more bottles ready to drink. “D-don’t you fink we’ve had enough?”

Pumpkin Jess put the bottle to Jessie’s lips, giving her no choice but to drink. “How am I even shwallowing without it ending up all over the table? What?” Jessie’s body was motioning to the dance floor now. “Wha-? You want to dance some more? I fudgsh. Are you shure we can still stand?” As if you answer it picked up Jessie’s by the face and lowered her into her own cleavage. “Hey wait. Don’t mmphh mmm mmmphh mm!”

For the next thirty minutes, Jessie bounced around between her own tits, sweaty cleavage mashing against her cheeks, bottles of beer shoved between her lips, and constant compliments on her “costume.” A particularly lively song came on and she found herself getting turned around till she could barely breathe, buried so deep face first in her own boobs. She was motorboating herself! And so she drunkenly faded into the swell of her own mammaries and the pounding club music.

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Jessie groaned from the menacing hangover that was pounding in her skull. It took her a moment to remember that she was essentially just a skull, and a second moment to realize her face was smooshed between her own thighs, pressed nose first into her pantie-covered crotch. "Mppph MMMM!!!!" Jessie yelled until the Pumpkin woke up. It spread her legs and moved her to where she could breathe better. "We had a deal, time to change back!" The hung-over Pumpkin nodded and put Jessie the head back on the couch so it could take off the pumpkin and put her back where she belonged. "What's taking so long?" Jessie sounded worried as she watched the Bodless Pumpkin struggle to pull its self from her neck.

When it found it wouldn't budge, it looked up at the light coming through the window and moaned. "Oooooooh."

"What is that Ooooooh. That's a bad Ooooooh!" Jessie growled, almost rolling over on the couch cushion she was propped upon. The Pumpkin ripped a calendar off her wall and brought it to her, pointing at it vigorously. "What? What about November?" Jessie whined. "What are you trying to tell me? That you can only swap heads on Halloween or something?" She chuckled but stopped when she got a sheepish Pumpkinhead nod. "Oooooooh" was all Jess could think to say. This would be a very long Halloween.