



## Pumpkin, Pumpkin, Peter Eater

It began, as so many of Miss Match's most memorable nights did, in the Abandoned Warehouse District.

Back then, she and Jack O'Lantern were reluctant allies — two supervillains thrown together in a doomed heist that involved a stolen prototype, a rooftop stakeout, and a great deal of waiting. Wingman and Amazing Amazon were combing the neighborhood that night, which meant the villains had to keep the lights off, the noise down, and the adrenaline up.

Hours passed. The chill crept in. Jack lit a tiny flame from his thumb to keep them warm — or that’s what he said. The glow bounced off Miss Match’s eyes, and something electric shifted in the dark.

By the time dawn crawled over the broken skylight, the prototype was forgotten, the heroes were long gone, and the warehouse smelled faintly of smoke and the kind of trouble neither of them bothered to define.

It was supposed to be a one-time thing. A “heat of battle” mistake. A classified incident best redacted from all official records.

But every October since, as the nights grew longer and the city lit up in orange and black, Miss Match found herself checking the calendar — and Captain Heroic pretended not to notice.

Since then, Halloween night had become its own kind of holiday. Miss Match would disappear into the midnight haze with Jack O’Lantern — half pyrokinetic trickster, half walking candle display — and return sometime before dawn wearing that look of someone who’d technically gotten away with it.

And every year, Captain Heroic would greet her with a grin that said: *I know, and I’m fine with it. Mostly.*

Because somehow, it worked for them. She got a night of wild debauchery. He got a week of very enthusiastic debriefings. Plus, she smelled like pumpkin spice for most of November.

This year, however, things looked... different.

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It was just after dusk when Miss Match emerged from their bedroom, and Heroic's jaw thumped against his chest.

His voluptuous girlfriend had transformed herself into a farmer's daughter — minus any meaningful relationship with agriculture. The denim overalls hung on her curves by the grace of two narrow straps, a couple of hard-working buttons, and blind luck. Her heavenly globes spilled out the sides like they were staging a slow-motion escape.

Remember Louie Anderson? He was a heavy-set comedian whose opening bit was to put the slender mic stand behind him, saying, "Let me move this out of the way so you can see me." Her tits were two Louies.

Cap's Adam's apple bobbed. "Are you trick-or-treating tonight?"

"Tonight, I'm going to be a country cutie, patrolling the crops for corn smut. Little do I know there's someone in the cornfield... stalking his innocent prey."

“Corn smut?” replied the stunned supe. “Like... PornHub for scarecrows?”

“It’s a fungus,” she giggled. As she leaned down to kiss him, her wobbling milkers nearly found freedom.

“You’re OK with this, right?” she said, attempting eye contact, alone.

What could he say? She knew what happened on Monitor Duty when the city was quiet. Justice Ltd. gave up issuing reprimands over after-hours team-ups and simply installed tile floors in the control room. Cap and Miss Match had established that, as long as nothing was kept a secret, nearly everything was on the table. Or under it.

Heroic adjusted his cape. “Just so long as he remembers to return you before sunrise. I’ve got a morning patrol, and I can’t—”

“You’ll live. Besides, you always enjoy the, uh, *post-game commentary*.”

He couldn’t deny it. Their pillow talk after these Halloween escapades was half confessional, half erotic podcast. Blue Apron was desperate to sign her to a contract.

Miss Match kissed him — slow, teasing, the kind of kiss that implied a full-length sequel — and whispered, “Don’t worry... you won’t be lonely.”

“Meaning?”

She winked, then sashayed toward the elevator, the round cheeks of her ass do-si-do-ing under her cutoffs.

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Captain Heroic was halfway through his annual screening of “VanHelsing” when the doorbell rang.

Captain Heroic frowned. Pausing the three vampire brides as they hovered over the square in a swirl of wind and shrieks, he walked to the door.

When he opened the door, no one was there.

“My eyes are down here,” came a voice.

Starling backward, Cap’s view darted to the floor. It was a pumpkin.

Not just any pumpkin. This one had eyes carved in perfect ovals, a wide smile, and a faint, magical glow.

A card was propped in its stem.

*For the Captain — with Jack’s compliments. Enjoy a little seasonal spice.*

Heroic sighed. “Oh, great. A pumpkin chaperone. How festive.”

The pumpkin rolled inside on its own. “Have you gotten to the ballroom scene yet??”

“Wait,” Heroic said, pointing. “You can move?”

The pumpkin’s mouth curved wider. “Let’s just say Jack’s enchantments are... innovative.” Its voice was warm and sultry. “He said you get lonely on Halloween.”

“I’m fine,” Heroic lied.

“Of course you are,” the pumpkin said. “But I’m also *exceptional company*. Jack says I’m... gifted.”

Heroic blinked. “Gifted. Like — musically?”

“Heh. I *do* have tremendous breath control.”

The pumpkin hopped onto the couch beside him with the confidence of someone who’d been to finishing school in Vegas. Eyeing the TV, it whispered, “Wanna hit the Play button?”

He nearly choked on his cider. “You... you mean the movie, right?”

The pumpkin watched the screen as the vampire brides resumed terrorizing the townsfolk. “...Sure.”

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As the night went on, Heroic had to admit the pumpkin had an undeniable charm. And it knew a jaw-dropping amount of “VanHelsing” trivia. In the scene where Van Helsing receives his mission briefing, it pointed out holy relics and weapons from other classic monster stories — including a crossbow from *The Mummy*, a stake labeled “Lucy Westenra,” and even what looked like silver bullets stamped with “Lawrence Talbot” (the Wolfman’s real name).

Later, as the credits rolled on the TV screen, the superhero rose from the couch to tidy the living room, clearing popcorn bowls and empty bottles into the kitchen. When he turned around, the pumpkin had vaulted to the dining-room table.

“Jack has her on her hands and knees,” it announced, waggling nonexistent eyebrows.

Cap stopped and stared down at the gourd.

“He communicates with us telepathically. He wants to make sure you’re being well-taken care of.”

The pumpkin continued: “He let her walk through the cornfield in her lewd denim costume, letting the night air pucker her thick nipples—”

“That’s enough,” Cap whispered.

“When he couldn’t take it anymore, he pounced on her from behind, binding her at the ankles with strong tendrils. He said the sight of her substantial jugs flopping heavily out of her overalls will keep him warm in the winter. The same goes for the little squeal she made when he slid a hand down past her belly.”

Cap’s mouth moved.

“I wouldn’t have pegged her for a submissive, but she seems to love getting tied up. He grew some vines into a shinju chest harness that had her orbs swollen and dangling. She took his first load like that — trussed tightly and suspended. He says she was a good girl and swallowed it all.”

“F-first...?”

“Oh, they’ve been at it for a while,” grinned the gourd.

“I’m sure she—”

“Ooh! He says she just made... the Sound.”

The hero’s body froze.

Captain Heroic noticed a long time ago that his girlfriend made a distinct noise — a yielding gasp — every time he came balls-deep in her pussy. As his body pulsed its seed inside her, he learned to listen for her to make that wonderful ...

“...‘Obedient-Little-Breeding-Slut Sound’” continued the orange orb, as it rocked on the table. “That’s what Jack calls it, anyway.”

The pumpkin turned its gaze to the erection straining under the hero’s utility belt. Its mouth formed a perfect circle. “Why should *they* have all the fun?”

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Cap self-consciously looked around the apartment. Was he really going to do this? Was he actually going to face-fuck a pumpkin in his dining room? What would it feel like, anyway? Would it be cold? Warm? A glow came from inside, but he hadn’t seen a candle.

“They’ve taken a break,” murmured the gourd.

Cap’s shoulders relaxed.

“She’s asking for double-penetration, and Jack is growing the extra— GLORMPH!”

All of Cap’s questions were answered in one glorious thrust:

- Warm
- Soft
- Wet

- Tight
- No candle

The pumpkin's eyes widened as it stared up at a superhero on a mission. Captain Heroic's pants pooled around his ankles. His prodigious rod was halfway into the vitalized vegetable's O-shaped mouth. Strong hands slapped on either side of the pumpkin, lifting it roughly.

The sound it made as Cap slowly jammed the rest of his length into its wet hole made his balls feel heavy. Part panic, part prayer. This was what the pumpkin had been carved for and craved. It looked up with pleading eyes.

It was a blissfully short supplication.

As the hero began with long, slow thrusts, his plump pumpkin playmate quivered with anticipation. Its euphoric moans vibrated along Cap's shaft.

*...substantial jugs flopping heavily out of her overalls...*

The hero picked up his pace, rhythmically pounding the helpless, happy harvest-head. As he did, the orange orb gagged and gulped around the girthy gavel.

*...pegged her for a submissive...*

With visions of his top-heavy girlfriend, bound and trussed by a looming lover dancing beyond his eyes, he started

thrusting into the gourd roughly. His heavy balls whumping against its shell. He gripped the gourd tightly.

*...Obedient Little Breeding Slut...*

With one final thrust, his orgasm hit like a sledgehammer. His jaw hung open, eyes unfocused. He could feel his balls flexing against the smooth skin of the pumpkin as his inner muscles pulsed torrents of thick cum. As the supe emptied quarts of hot seed into the orange orb, its eyes widened in shock. After the hero's hips slowed their bucking, a thin string of saliva dangled from his lips, dancing in rhythm to his heaving chest.

As the world slowly came back into focus, Captain Heroic reluctantly pulled his veiny cock out of the hole with a wet PLOP. A deluge of sperm cascaded out of the hole, splashing loudly at the hero's boots.

"Feel better?" gurgled the gourd. "I thought you were going to fill me completely!"

"The first one is always like that," chuckled Cap.

"F-first?"

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Somewhere around midnight, the door creaked open.

Miss Match stepped in, cheeks flushed, hair delightfully tousled, and wearing a smile that could melt candle wax. “Well,” she said. “Looks like you two are getting along.”

Heroic sat up straight, the pumpkin bouncing innocently next to him on the couch.

Miss Match perched on the arm of the couch and traced a finger down Heroic’s chestplate. “So, my love, were you properly... entertained?”

The orange orb stifled a burp. “Entertained and drained. Repeatedly.”

“Good,” she said.

“Because Jack says he’s thinking of franchising. ‘Jerk O’Lanterns.’ Limited edition.”

She turned to her boyfriend’s small companion. “Jack says you can return to the pumpkin patch. He’s got a special reward for you.”

The pumpkin leaped off the couch and bounded towards the door.

“See you next year?” called Cap.

“Count on it!” it responded. “I’ll bring my copy of ‘From Dusk Till Dawn.’ Be sure to hydrate.”

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Later, when Miss Match curled against him, Heroic reflected that relationships were all about trust, communication, and occasionally accepting the magical produce your partner's paramour sent over.

He brushed a lock of hair from her face. "You know," he murmured, "some guys would have a hard time with this arrangement."

She smiled drowsily. "Some guys don't have your... heroic flexibility."

He chuckled. "You smell like every latte I ever wanted to date."

She stretched, feline and satisfied. "Then it's been another successful Halloween."

He couldn't wait to hear all about it.

