

N.T. CANON

Ridiculous Cake

Orange really
is your color.



THE GREAT PUMPKINING

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SMILER PUBLISHING

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1

A car that was old enough to buy a beer bounded along a service road, kicking up dust and loose gravel. Its tires narrowly missed a mud-colored frog, which dove into the canal running parallel to the path.

“We’re in the middle of October, and it’s somehow impossible to find a *single* pumpkin!” Messy Carmichael grumbled, steering the car down the dusty road. “How is everyone sold out already?”

“Well, we could always just go to the supermarket...” Sunny Rogers replied, playing with one of her pigtails. It was initially her idea to try and find an authentic pumpkin patch, but it turned out they weren’t as common in Florida as they were up north. She wanted to just call the whole thing off, but Messy was insistent.

“No no, we’re already out here. There has to be some farm or market where they still have them for sale.” Messy huffed, peering over the steering wheel, scowling as they passed another useless citrus grove.

A flash of orange appeared in the corner of Sunny’s eye, coming from a modest homestead, tucked away down a winding road.

“Oh, look!” Sunny pointed. “Hey, make this next right. I think I saw something...”

After a brief detour, the car pulled up to a pair of properties.

There was a dark, wooden farmhouse with a rusty pick-up truck slouched against a weather-worn barn. Acres of pumpkins, still on their

vines, stretched from the buildings to the untamed woods a quarter mile off in the distance.

Right next door to the farm was a worn-out mobile home. It was an ancient yellowed-white color, with a broken down Volkswagen peaking from under a tarp, now more rust than metal. There were no sprawling fields of produce, but there was a small patch of pumpkins and other vegetables growing out in front, the largest pumpkins that Sunny and Messy had ever seen.

“Damn, look at the size of those!” Messy laughed, pointing to the pumpkins in the tiny garden plot. “They’re the size of bean bag chairs!”

“That one isn’t even ripe, and it’s almost the size of a car tire!” Sunny exclaimed, gesturing to a dark green pumpkin that was nearly three feet across, and just as tall.

“How much do you have on you? I doubt they take cards out here” Messy smirked, fumbling in her blue shorts for her wallet.

“I ... don’t think those are for sale. Besides, we only need a normal sized one.” Sunny shrugged, waving an arm towards the field of pumpkins adjacent to the garden property.

“We need *two* pumpkins, Sunny. I’m going to carve one myself this year, without any ‘assistance’ from you.”

“Hey! If you aren’t afraid of getting a few more stitches, go right ahead and try your luck again. Hah!” Sunny joked.

Messy snickered and adjusted her glasses and ball cap, only to then elbow Sunny, and quip back. “Heh, if I do, you gotta promise not to freak, like last time. God, you almost crashed on the way to the ER, when you realized you had some blood on your cheek.”

“Well next time you cut open your palm, you can call a ride for yourself, and I’ll jump straight to having a drink. How’s that?”

Sunny flashed a smug, freckled smile, just as the front door to the farmhouse slammed open. A thin, ruffled figure stood in the doorway, and pointed a gloved finger at the two friends.

2

“You two!” A voice rung out. A svelte woman dressed in overalls and a plaid shirt stepped out from the shadow of the porch. She had a wide, straw hat on her head, covering her straight, black hair.

“Are ya’ll looking for something?” She said in a southern accent, flashing a bright smile at the girls.

“Oh hey! Uh, well we were looking to purchase a few pumpkins, if that’s alright.” Sunny stated, hoping they weren’t intruding.

“The biggest one’s you got!” Messy chimed in, far less concerned.

“Well I got as many pumpkins as you could ever need! Let’s go find you two girls a pair, alright?” The farmer led her guests out to the pumpkin patch, walking them through the rows, and pointing to different varieties of the gourd.

“So, where are ya’ll from, anyway?” She asked.

“Oh, we’re locals, kinda. Just wanted to get an *authentic* pumpkin-patch experience for Halloween.” Sunny said, all friendly and chipper.

“Yeah don’t worry, we’re not Canadians or anything” Messy joked.

“Ah hah! Well that’s a relief. My name’s Julia, Julia Samhain.”

The farmer offered a garden-gloved hand to girls, with a smile.

“My name’s Sunny, and that’s Messy.”

“Messy huh? Is that a nick-name? Or your real one?”

“Yes.” Messy answered.

Julia just snickered and rolled her eyes, before turning back to the pumpkins. “Fair enough, I’ll leave you two to it. I gotta go check on something in the oven. Try not to trip on any vines while I’m gone.”

“We’ll try, thank you!” Sunny beamed, watching Julia’s wide straw hat bob away as he walked back towards the farm house.

“... Alright, so these pumpkins are good, but those growing next door are *huge*! Think it’d be rude to ask about ‘em?” Messy teased, ogling the adjacent property’s garden.

“Oh come on, these are fine, and Julia already helped us! But, I mean, you *could* ask. I won’t stop you...” Sunny’s voice trailed off. She swore she could see a figure staring at them from the window of the mobile home. But as she focused her gaze, she realized it was just a dark gap in the curtains.

Julia soon returned, wiping her hands off on her overalls.

“... Man, those pumpkins next door sure are impressive, huh?”

Messy wondered out loud.

“Ah ... Those, yeah.” Julia muttered, kicking a bit of loose soil.

“Who grew them?” Sunny asked.

“My neighbor, he has a real way with plants...” The farmer sounded despondent, staring in the direction of the old mobile home.

“Are uh, you two on good terms?” Sunny pried.

“Well, he used to own all of this land, but he fell into debt. He had to sell the bulk of it to me. So I don’t think he likes me all that much. I’m here all by myself and, uh, he seems a bit ... ‘old-fashioned’ in his views, regarding that.” Julia shifted a bit, and looked back to her large, vacant farmhouse.

“Ah, screw him.” Messy chirped, waving her hand dismissively. “If he doesn’t like you living here, then he should have sold his land to someone else.”

Sunny pursed her lips, unsure if that was a reasonable viewpoint.

“Oh well, it don’t matter to me none. He doesn’t scare me.” Julia flashed another bright smile, before looking to Sunny. “Have you got your pumpkins picked out yet?”

“Ah, yup! These two right here. How much do we owe you?”

“Shucks, not a thing. I sell these by the truckload to the grocers. Not many people actually drive out here to go window shopping. I’m just happy to have you two for company.”

Sunny and Messy turned to one another, with Messy not-so-subtly pumping her fist in the air to celebrate their ‘score’.

“Well that’s very nice of you! Thank you Miss Julia, we’ll uh, be sure to give your place a good review!” Sunny beamed, picking up her pumpkin, with Messy following suit.

“You’re both welcome, any time!” Julia called, while walking to the old farmhouse, as the two girls made their way back to their car, pumpkins in tow.

They nearly dropped them when they saw the tires had been slashed.

3

“I can’t believe it, really...” Julia sighed, inspecting the gashes in the worn-out tires. Sunny stood close-by, fidgeting with her fingers, while Messy searched for the price of new tires on her phone.

“Who do you think could have done this?” Sunny asked, chewing on her thumbnail.

“I wouldn’t hazard a guess, but regardless of who done it, I think you girls should stay put. I can call about your car in the morning. Everything is already closed by now.” The farmer sighed, standing up.

“You’d let us stay here?” Messy assumed, putting away her phone. The signal in this part of the state was terrible.

“Well of course! You’ll be safer here than at any hotel. The bell boys don’t leave a Ruger on your pillow, do they?” Julia laughed.

“Well I- We really appreciate that, ma’am.” Sunny stumbled, feeling quite a bit shaken by the whole ordeal. But the thought of spending a night here *was* more comforting than sleeping in a motel.

“Come on inside you two. I’ll have dinner ready in a jiffy.”

The farmhouse was dimly lit, but cozy and warm. Old photos decorated the walls, and everything was made of rich, dark wood. The smell of something baking in the oven wafted towards the doorway, and what sounded like psychedelic rock music echoed faintly from an old stereo.

“The guest rooms are ready to go. I figured you wouldn’t want to share a bed, but you can push them together if you like.” Julia mused.

“Hah! Na, uh, that’s fine ma’am. We’re just, uh, childhood friends is all.” Sunny chuckled, a faint blush on her freckled cheeks.

“What? You and I got married years ago, for the tax benefits!” Messy teased. Sunny felt the need to hastily explain that that was not true at all, and that her friend was a big fat liar.

It wasn’t long after that dinner was served. The dining room table had been extended to accommodate an absurd amount of food. There was roast chicken, mashed potatoes, corn on the cob, and an untold quantity of pumpkin-based dishes. Pumpkin bread, pumpkin soup, roasted pumpkin, muffins, cheesecake, cookies, even little pumpkins stuffed with cinnamon apples.

“Well, don’t be shy, dig in!” Julia grinned, reaching for a bit of chicken and a large helping of side salad.

Sunny’s mouth was watering. She hadn’t noticed just how hungry she was until this moment. She’d hardly eaten all day. Messy had already pulled up to the table, piling a plate high with a large helping of everything. No surprises there. Messy Carmichael was a pretty heavy set girl, with a wide, shapely figure and a matching appetite. Sunny was thin by comparison, but her friend’s bad habits did rub off on her.

“T-thanks! It all looks so good...” Sunny cooed, following Messy’s lead, though she grabbed a bit more salad, if only to make her plate look more presentable.

“Oh it tastes even *better!*” Messy laughed. “Man this is good. Can you adopt me, Julia? I’ll bring your slippers in the morning and everything. Hah!” The redhead filled her plate for the second time.

The food was incredible, but the real heavy-hitters were all of the

pumpkin dishes. Maybe they were just more hungry than they realized, but they couldn't get enough of those. Sunny could tell they were dense and rich, but they felt so light and easy to snack on, like they didn't have a single calorie in them. There had to be enough of those treats to last an entire week, but the two young women were able to clear the entire table.

“Oh jeez ... I- I'm sorry ma'am. We should have saved some leftovers for-“ Sunny was cut off by her host, holding up a finger.

“Hey now, if I didn't want you two to eat all of that food, I wouldn't have put it out for you!”

Sunny looked to Messy for a witty reply, but she was currently preoccupied. She was attempting to tug her blue baseball jersey back down over her engorged belly. The both of them were completely stuffed. Sunny's stomach spilled onto her black shorts, creeping over the waistband and revealing her belly button. Messy's gut was completely out in the open. Her doughy muffin-top eluding every article of clothing she had on. Even her butt seemed wider, threatening to break the antique chair she was perched on. Sunny couldn't help but stare.

“Hey ... Don't look at me; you ate just as much as I did.” Messy chided, fumbling with the drawstrings on her gym shorts, untying them to make room for her newly acquired adipose.

Julia just snickered and stood up, gathering up the empty dishes. “Why don't you two get some rest? The sooner you fall asleep, the sooner you'll be back on the road tomorrow.”

“Good idea.” Messy chimed, already shuffling up the stairs to the guest room. She couldn't be asked do any dishes if she was asleep.

“Thanks again, Julie!”

Sunny soon followed in, with Julia insisting that she would tidy-up on her own. Once in the bedroom, Sunny let out a deep breath, and inspected her full stomach.

“God, I can’t believe I ate so much!”

“Hey, I didn’t exactly eat a normal amount either!” Messy teased, feeling slighted by the ‘I’ in Sunny’s statement. The bigger girl didn’t exactly eat like this every day.

“It was all so good though. I could honestly eat another cheesecake *right now*, if you put it in front of me...” The dinner lingered in her mind. It must have been all the time on the road. They had skipped lunch. It made sense that they had eaten so much just now, right?

Messy broke her concentration.

“Maybe Julia will make us breakfast in the morning. Imagine that pumpkin bread being used for French toast!”

Sunny held up her hands and staggered into the bedroom. “I don’t want to hear another word. My belly will be rumbling all night!”

The two soon got ready for bed. Neither felt comfortable removing their clothes before sleeping. Sunny claimed it would be rude to do so in the guest beds, but in reality, she was worried that if she took her clothes off now, she wouldn’t be able to get them back on in the morning.

4

A tapping noise came from the window of the guest room. Sunny's eyes fluttered open, and she fumbled with the covers.

'Tap', again, and there was further rustling outside.

"Messy, are you awake?" Sunny called out into the darkness. A grumbling half-snore was all that answered her. "Messy! Wake up."

"Wha- huh? What's up, Sunny?"

"I think there's someone outside."

Sunny crept towards the window, flinching as a pebble suddenly struck against the glass. Looking cautiously, she saw a dark figure standing below, staring up at the bedroom. Sunny opened the window.

"Hello? Can I help you?"

"Shush! Keep it down!" The voice of an elderly man answered.

Messy suddenly bolted upright and staggered to join her friend.

"Who's that? Hey, who the hell are you?"

The man held out his hands and motioned to keep their voices low.

"You two need to get out of here, right now!"

Messy scoffed and bumped Sunny out of the way, leaning out of the window and pointing at the figure in the dark.

"Listen man, you got some nerve creeping around here after what you did to my car! Get out of here before we call the cops!"

"You have to listen to me, Julia, she's not right. You two aren't safe around her!" He demanded, taking a step towards the house. "She's a witch. And nothing good comes from her having guests over!"

“You’re off your rocker dude, if the cops come, they’ll probably baker-act you, so be smart, and screw-off!” Messy fumed. Sunny seemed more confused than anything. Her head was spinning at the strange situation they had found themselves in: talking to crazy old man, who probably slashed their tires, rambling about witches...

“Sir, please, We can talk in the morning, alright? Just go on home?” Sunny pleaded, not wanting things to escalate.

Suddenly, the lights in the farmhouse all turned on, illuminating the yard in a buzzing orange glow. The man didn’t seem phased, only turning around, slowly.

“You won’t get the chance...” He muttered, slinking off to the decrepit mobile home next door.

The two girls stood in silence. Messy looked to Sunny, and opened her mouth to say something, just as Julia opened the bedroom door.

“Are you two alright? I heard a commotion.”

“Uh, yeah we’re fine. Just your neighbor, being weird.” Sunny said.

“Ah, I figured. Yeah, I don’t quite feel safe around him. I’ve called the sheriff on him in the past, but nothing has changed...”

“Yeah, I bet...” Sunny got quiet, looking at Julia’s silhouette in the bright doorway.

“Well, sorry that woke you. You two, try to go back to sleep, okay? We got a big day tomorrow...” Julia closed the door behind her. They could hear her turning off the lights, before going to her bedroom.

Messy climbed back into bed, while Sunny stood still, listening to the house grow quiet. The only thing she could hear was her and Messy’s breath, and her own stomach rumbling.

5

A scream is what woke Sunny up that morning. Her eyes snapped open and she nearly fell out of bed. Another scream cemented its cause, and source. Messy was sat on the edge of her bed, clutching her stomach. She looked unbelievable. Her belly was as large as a yoga ball, and growing. Her entire body was bloated and swollen, and her skin...

Her skin was bright orange.

Sunny could only stare, mouth agape, as she watched her friend struggle to try and tug her shirt over her stomach, and get to her feet.

“Sunny! Sunny wake up, help me! S-something’s wrong!” Messy cried, getting her bearings and standing up. Her gait was awkward, as she waddled towards the center of the guest room.

“W-what happened!? What’s wrong with you skin?” Sunny sputtered out, twisting her body to pull herself out of bed. It seemed so hard to do so.

Tossing off the covers, it was revealed why. Sunny was just as fat and round as her friend. Her skin was just a touch more yellow than Messy’s, but her figure was just as rotund.

“No, not you too! Quick, we gotta get downstairs and wake up Julia.” Messy said, already waddling over to the bedroom door. Sunny followed suit, but it was hard to concentrate. Her body was heavy, dense, and her skin seemed tough and slick. Every step made her wobble and teeter, and her tight clothing was painfully cutting into her orange flesh.

Messy flung open the door, and in attempting to exit, found herself

wedged in the doorframe. Her now easy-chair sized butt stuck in the guest room, and her rain-barrel sized belly wobbling about in the hallway.

“Gah! Give me a push, quick!” Messy sounded determined, while Sunny stumbled over her words, placing her hands against her friend’s backside, and shoving. “S-suck it in! you’re too fat!”

“Fat!? How can you even call this fat? Look at us!”

“Just suck it in!” Sunny yelled, pushing her entire weight against Messy. Suddenly, her friend’s freckled blubber slipped through the door, and the two girls were tumbling down the staircase, bouncing and crashing against the railing, before landing in the living room.

“Are you okay?” Sunny called. She only got an approving grunt from Messy. The two worked together to stand back up, needing to lean on one another for support. They felt incredibly bottom-heavy, with legs that now seemed oddly stumpy and unbalanced.

“We have to wake up Julia-” Messy cut herself off, her eyes bulging at the figure standing in the dining room. Julia was already awake, and in the middle of making a pot of coffee.

“Ah, you two are finally up. I was wondering if you’d sleep all day.” Julia mused, stirring a splash of milk into her mug.

“J-Julia?” Messy stammered, while Sunny stared off into space, deep in thought. The two friends’ blood ran cold. “Julia, something’s wrong. We ... we’re”

There wasn’t much to say. Julia looked right at her two guests, right at their round, orange, pumpkin bodies, and smiled approvingly.

“You’re perfect” She said, sipping her coffee.

6

“Perfect? What the hell are you talking about?” Messy stammered, trying to maintain her balance. Sunny stood right at her side, attempting to tug her yellow shirt over at least some of her stomach.

“Oh come on, Hun. Do I need to spell it out for you? You two are turning into pumpkins. The biggest ones the state fair has ever seen...”

“State fair?” Sunny stepped in, trying to calm herself. It wasn’t easy, given she could feel her and Messy still expanding with jiggly pumpkin innards. “You’re ... we’re...”

“Oh yes,” The witch smiled. “You two are going to win first prize! And second prize too, if I can swing it! That geezer next door always wins, and every year he uses the winnings to hold on to that last bit of land he lives on. *Bastard*. Well not this year. I have the perfect ace up my sleeve...”

Julia stepped forward, placing her hands on Sunny’s stomach, tracing circles on it, and tugging at her now superficial clothing.

“Two gigantic pumpkins, made from two silly girls who just, disappeared one day. Oh, *look at you*... You two are already big enough to win as is, too...”

Sunny froze up, blushing and shivering.

Messy attempted to lunge at Julia, but only succeeded in tripping, rolling onto her stomach.

The two girls were practically spherical at this point. Their limbs were being swallowed up by their swelling forms.

“Y-you can’t be serious!” Sunny cried, wriggling her useless hands and feet. She felt her clothing begin to tear. Seams busting and buttons flying. Her shoes popped off of her feet as her fat calves ate up her ankles. Messy was just as doomed, with her shorts popping off, and her blue shirt tearing to shreds.

“Oh I am *nothing* but serious about my business. It was so fortunate of you two to stop by. Now I’ll have all the land I’m entitled too, and all the publicity I could ask for. Ah, you’re such a *dear*, Sunny.”

The farm woman planted a kiss on Sunny’s forehead, as the final stage of the transformation began. Sunny could feel her neck being consumed by her body, the warm pumpkin flesh creeping upwards to cover her ears. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Messy’s ball cap fall off of the top of what looked like just a normal, gigantic pumpkin, a lock of red hair sinking into where the stem would be.

Sunny wanted to scream, but her chubby orange cheeks were too pressed together by the walls of the pumpkin to do anything but mumble. Her hearing grew muffled, and she could barely make out the sounds of the last of her clothing ripping off, before everything went dark.

7

A pair of ribbons adorned two gigantic pumpkins resting on a wooden platform. Each was roughly as large as a golf-cart. One was a bit wider, shorter, and more orange than the other, and perfectly round. A big blue ribbon was pinned onto its side. A small crowd was gathered around them, with all eyes on the proud owner of the gigantic gourds. Julia Samhain.

“Julia, how does it feel to have won not just first, but first *and* second place here today?” A local reporter asked, shoving a microphone in the farm woman’s face.

“Oh it’s been a life-long dream of mine! It took a lot of work, and a little bit of luck, but it really payed off in the end!” Julia chimed.

“I’ll say! Congratulations to you again. May I ask, do you have any plans for these pumpkins after the fair? Maybe a pair of giant, spooky jack-o-lanterns?”

Julia laughed, lovingly petting her prize winning produce. She didn’t even need to think about her answer.

“Well there is that pie baking competition in November. So who knows! Maybe I’ll win another set of blue ribbons.”

Somehow, the two pumpkins seemed to shudder.

END

Written by RidiculousCake, Cover art by RidiculousCake, 2021



GREAT GIANT GOURDS.

Sunny and her best friend Messy haven't had any luck finding a pumpkin for Halloween. But they just stumbled across the mother-load of pumpkin patches!

Acres and acres of pumpkins in a remote part of the county. And right next door, there are a few that are big. Scary big.

Bigger than any normal pumpkins...

Hold on tight – you're in for a fright!

RidiculousCake

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