

Pumpkinhead - Ashes to Ashes

By

H. P. Lovelace

Disclaimer: The characters and events described in this book are fictional.

Any resemblance between the characters and any person, alive or dead, is purely coincidental.

The numerical usages, Biblical (1, 3 & 9) and Pagan (2, 5 & 7) and Mystical (6 & 13), are quite intentional.

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This reading material is of a mature nature. Reader discretion is advised.

Unrated Version: This is the version minus the training wheels. As a rule, there is no capitalization of words which have additional meanings specific to this book. You'll just have to put your thinking caps on and figure it out. Or you could just use the enclosed glossary.

Examples of words including all of their implied tenses which have additional meanings specific to this book are: army, associate, believer, book, collateral, change, chosen, church, crank, crimson, dead, death, devices, die, earth, embrace, family, first, glasses, grimm, hard, heads, hogs, hunger, infernal, kill, kiss, law, lurid, made, mafia, marine, military, mistress, mob, moll, moon, optical, pretend, pretense, prime, race, racial, rapture, readers, reaper, redemptive, reform, reformist, research, rook, saint, sanctified, sanctify, save, scan, secondary, scum, suit, tank, temptation, thug, thirst, thirsty, took, trooper, visor, way, whispers, zealot. Then, again, I also lie. Capish?

Molly Sue Allen steps into Haggis' cluttered trailer and shivers inadvertently. The old crone is staring at her the way men stare at her. The old lady looks lustfully and covetously at the buxom beauty. There's no mistaking the intent of the look and there's no effort made by the old lady to hide the intent of her look. Quite understandably, the look unnerves Molly.

Molly has the harsh, pretty face of a 1950s movie starlet and the ripe body to match. Tall, long legs, creamy-white skin, and blue eyes, she's a fantasy fuck. Being blonde with double-D tits, slim hips, a tight little ass, and having a large, ugly, downturned mouth that was made for fucking is icing on the cake. Her silky, honey blonde tresses drape shoulders and breasts. She's shaved; no muff whatsoever!

The scantily-clad hag is filthy, smelly, and parasite infested. She has head lice, fleas, and crabs. Entrails smear her tits and torso. Her cockroach-infested hair hangs about in limp, stringy rattails that drapes her shoulders, breasts, and face. Her wild unkempt hair is geriatric; it's grey and white just like her geriatric muff.

Her ragged clothes are so dirty, they're stiff, and they expose more than they cover. They also stink like she does. Meat gone bad, smells better than the witch and her duds. Graveyard lichens and moss grow here and there on her filth-ingrained skin; skin that's ashy-black in places.

Molly wants vengeance, and Haggis can raise the demon that can extract that vengeance. The girl is willing to pay any price. And, the price Haggis wants is a very high one. Half is in kind; half is in trade.

"I've got the kind we agreed upon." Molly says nervously in her thick Southern drawl.

"Put it in there." The hag responds, pointing at a serving bowl. Haggis' raspy voice is deep for a woman. Masculine mannerisms. Masculine ways. The occultist walks, sits, moves, etc., just like a man.

Molly does as she's told, dumping the jewelry, money, and whatnot into the bowl. The blonde bombshell can feel the crone's eyes on her, coveting every curve and swell of her ripe body. You'd think the girl was buck naked instead of fully clothed.

When she turns around the hag is right in her face. Their lips almost touch. Bosom brushes against bosom. Molly jumps back reflexively, bumping into the battered dresser behind her.

The old woman laughs; it's the shrieking laugh of a madwoman. Her foul breath is a sour stench. She has crooked, scum-covered teeth.

"I hope you haven't changed your mind about the rest."

"No. You can have your way with me as you like."

"Good. A deal's a deal."

Haggis grabs the girl's wrist and drags her over to a goblet setting upon a stained table covered in runes. Before the girl can react the witch pulls a dagger from underneath the table and cuts the girl's hand between the forefinger and the index finger.

Molly screams out in pain, but she's can't break the old woman's grip. Haggis begins to chant something. Molly feels faint; she almost swoons.

"Say the words. Say the words." Haggis commands.

As if she's in someone else's dream, and someone else is speaking in her voice, Molly does as she's told.

"I want vengeance. I want vengeance upon those who have wronged me. Avenge me, Pumpkinhead!"

As Molly's blood runs into the goblet, Haggis mixes something in with the spent blood, something arcane and quite horrid. Molly swoons like a ragdoll into the old lady's waiting arms. Haggis helps the girl drink the goblet's hellish mixture.

Someone screams; it's Molly. Molly drops to her knees, screaming, holding her head as if she's trying to keep it from exploding. Then, there's only silence. The pain has stopped. Her brain is no longer on fire. She's a cow; a demon in human form who's a witch's submissive. She's the witch's new familiar. She's become the new Pumpkinhead.

Haggis raises her skirt exposing her cooch, a juicy cooch glistening with cum. She grabs the back of the girl's head and shoves the girl's face into her waiting crotch.

"Eat me." Haggis commands.

Molly and Haggis copulate orally. Translation: Molly performs cunnilingus on the hag; she eats Haggis out in that very special way. Molly gives ace head. A certified "Blowjob Betty," the twenty-something can deep throat; she can go down on a man, hit bottom, and lick his balls with ease no matter how well hung he is!

"Mine. All mine. Foolish girl. This is the real price I extort from you for the vengeance you want. I get you forever. You're my cow."

Molly feels and hears her clothes shred; it's like when Bruce Banner transforms into The "Incredible" Hulk. She feels herself becoming Pumpkinhead. The transformation is sheer agony; it's violent shit. In time, her thirst for revenge will be her ultimate undoing, she'll become sexually twisted. She'll come to enjoy the change. She'll derive sexual pleasure from it, she'll even climax. And, when she maims, tortures, and kills, she'll climax then also. Yes, in time, she'll become a sadomasochist.

"From henceforth, I'll call you Seven, Number Seven. You're the seventh incarnation of Pumpkinhead. You'll be my favorite, for obvious reasons."

Blood curdling screams fill the grotto, Molly's blood curdling screams. The madness passes. Molly comes to herself. She's wearing what's left of her shredded clothes; there's not much left.

Molly is strapped spread eagle to a metal table. Nearby, Deputy Sheriff Mary Smith's dissected body is strapped spread eagle to another metal table. Corpses in various states of decay are piled like cordwood against one of the slimy walls. Partial and complete skeletons are stacked likewise against another wall.

Hanging from the ceiling by her thumbs is the butchered remains of Sonny Liston, one of the people who wronged Molly. Sonny has passed out; she's been carved up like a Thanksgiving turkey. The bright red ball gag stuffed in her mouth would mute Sonny if she were awake anyways.

This slime-coated subterranean lair is Pumpkinhead's nesting; it's a grotto with sewer access. Bones and partially eaten carcasses litter the floor. A horrible scent assaults the nostrils: The rank, stomach-churning stench of rotting flesh and raw sewage, and the overpowering, game smell of a zoo's ape house. In a corner is a shallow of stagnate, raw sewage which is swarming with squirms (leeches). A third of the floor is a pool fed by raw sewage. The pool is opposite from that corner shallow of stagnate sewage. This is hell, Molly's hell. This underworld is paradise to Pumpkinhead.

Pumpkinhead is a creature of pure instant and homicidal rage. Molly is sane and sentient, and remembers every atrocity she commits when she's Pumpkinhead. But, she's so consumed by hate that she revels in the memories of the slaughter. She doesn't care who gets killed as long as she gets vengeance. She's become a monster in more ways than one.

Molly is filthy, smelly, and parasite infested. She has head lice, fleas, and crabs. Entrails smear her tits and torso. Her cockroach-infested hair hangs about in limp, stringy rattails that drapes her shoulders, breasts, and face. Her foul breath is a sour stench. She has scum-covered teeth.

Her clothes are so dirty, they're stiff. They also stink like she does. Meat gone bad, smells better than Molly and her duds. Graveyard lichens and moss grow here and there on her filth-ingrained skin; skin that's ashy-black in places.

Her hands klaw. Klaw, of course, is when the hands are claw-like, in appearance and grasp, like the taloned feet of a bird of prey. It's an eerie effect, indeed, with decidedly freakish overtones. A pair of creepy, grasping hands; hands fit for a mindless ghoul. Shades of Vampira in "Plan 9 From Outer Space."

Haggis walks up to the table, sticks her head between Molly's legs, and sodomizes the girl. She ignores the girl's screams of protest. Molly curses her.

Her all-consuming hate eventually destroys her; it was inevitable. Molly Sue Allen gives way to Number Seven. Molly Sue Allen becomes Number Seven. Seven is bent. Seven enjoys pain. She loves inflicting it. She loves having it inflicted upon her. Pain makes her climax. Although she remembers her old life as Molly Sue, it's irrelevant to her. She's Seven now, and that's all that matters to her.

Haggis walks up to the table, sticks her head between Seven's legs, and sodomizes the girl. Seven enjoys getting eaten by Haggis. Moans and groans of pleasure come out of the girl's mouth. Seven's nipples get hard and erect.

When Haggis is finished giving head, it's Seven's turn. She enjoys eating Haggis. Haggis is the husband, and she is the wife. They're witch and cow, forever.

Epilogue

There's always, and I mean always, an exception to the rule. And, forever is not always forever; it seldom is in this life.

Lurking in the shadows, a hero. And, to put puss on boots, Molly's hero and savior turns out to be a Vampire, no less!

Out of the shadows, one day steps she who has watched gleefully for so long. Watching, waiting, baiting, and masturbating. She saves Molly from the witch. She saves Molly for being Pumpkinhead. She releases the girl, forthright.

But. Does she vanquish the witch, you ask? Well that's a question best answered in another, much sicker story. The sicker the better.

One year, to the day, Molly "awakens" from her nightmare. Naked, filthy, parasite-infested. She comes to her senses crotched beside a dumpster behind the Piccadilly cafeteria, a favorite haunt of hers back in the day when she was a "normal" human. She's human again, none the worse for wear. She has lived the old adage: "revenge is a dish best served cold."

Now, that's finally.

The End