

PUMPKIN PANTS

by Dreyer

Dust shivered gently in the cool autumn air as she scooted her way up to the Halligans' front door, the rubber soles of her booties scraping against the bricks. Ahead of her was a group of three other Big Brats dressed in frilly magical girl outfits, getting chocolate bars dropped into their buckets, and when they turned around to see who was coming up the path behind them, they all broke out into giggles! And why wouldn't they: Dust knew she looked totally, adorably stupid, with her orange beret sitting askew on top of her blond locks, her orange top with puffy sleeves and a green leafy collar, the hem stopping just above her bellybutton, orange and black striped stockings on her legs and green cotton booties on her feet — and hugging her hips, a big, puffy, shiny, crinkly pair of bright orange plastic panties with a black jack-o-lantern face painted right on the butt, covering her thick high-capacity disposable diaper! And perhaps even more embarrassing than all of that, a padded pink cuff around her wrist, tethering her with a coiled wire to her Daddy's wrist so she couldn't run too far away from him.

As for her candy bucket: she didn't have one. Nor would she need one.

Mr. and Mrs. Halligan were at the door waiting for her with eager smiles, the two of them dressed as vampires. Dust was smiling brightly too: Daddy had told her in no uncertain terms that babies like her don't get to have candy, not even on Halloween; but he'd made arrangements with several of their neighbors to give her a proper Halloween treat nevertheless. She couldn't wait to see what it was!

"Trick or treat!" Dust chirped as she hopped up onto the porch!

"Oh! Vhat do ve have here?" said Mr. Halligan in a faux-Slavic vamp. "Vhat an adorable little pumpkin!"

"Very cute indeed," purred Mrs. Halligan, standing at his side with her hand on his shoulder. "But I didn't think I'd see any little babies trick-or-treating tonight!" She beckoned to her with her fingers, tipped with pointed red press-on nails. "Come here, cutie, let's have a closer look at you."

Dust looked to her Daddy, who simply smiled and gestured for her to go ahead. With his permission, she took a step forward, and Mrs. Halligan gently took her by the shoulders and looked her over, then turned her around to see the goofy jack-o-lantern face plastered on her butt! "Aww, how cute you are! But let's see here...!" A slender finger wiggled into the waistband of her plastic panties, and it pulled it open along with the back of her diaper! Dust flushed red and shivered, a silly bashful smile on her face, as her neighbor peeked down her diaper right at her powdered buns!

"What's this?" said Mrs. Halligan. "Honey, it looks like this pumpkin is missing its pulp!"

Dust's heart fluttered, and she started bouncing on her toes. "Th-that's 'cause it's a jack-o-lantern...!" she stammered!

"Vell! Ve have just the thing to fix that, don't ve?" said Mr. Halligan, as if he didn't even hear Dust! He ducked behind the door frame briefly, then came back out holding a white plastic bowl in his hands: inside was a big glob of orange pumpkin pulp, scooped out from their freshest jack-o-lantern and kept around for just this occasion!

Mrs. Halligan pressed her palm gently against Dust's back, and she pulled her diaper open a little more while her husband did the honors. Splat! Dust's eyes shot wide open, her chest and tummy all abuzz as the cool, sticky goop stuck to her buns and slowly oozed into the seat of her diaper! Mrs. Halligan tugged and jostled her diaper to make sure every bit of it slid down into its proper place while Mr. Halligan poured and poured! And once the last of it was out of the bowl and in her pants, Mrs. Halligan snapped her waistband back into place and gave her a playful swat on the butt, squishing the glop against her rump!

"Now, what do you say, pumpkin?" Daddy sweetly prompted.

Cheeks as red as apples, Dust carefully shuffled around to face her neighbors, feeling the goop squish and squash against her skin with every little move she made. "Th-thank you...!" she sputtered.

The Halligans waved the two of them off, and back down the brick path they went. And with every step toward the sidewalk, her diapered butt went *squish, squash, mush, goosh*.

"How's it feel, sweetheart?" asked Daddy.

Dust's shoulders pulled in, and she bowed her head and cracked a silly smile. "...Goopy," she answered in a tiny little squeak. "Sticky... 'n' cold..."

"Do you like it?"

Dust hesitated for a moment... before her smile spread a little wider, and she bobbed her head yes.

"Mmmh, good." Daddy gave her another swat on the butt, and Dust squeaked as she felt the cold mush press in between her cheeks! "Because we've got a lot of houses to visit — with lots of treats for our little pumpkin-pants!"

And so they walked on, under the cover of the trees, past houses decorated with jack-o-lanterns and cotton cobwebs and black rubber spiders and skeletons that lit up when you walked past them. Their next destination was a little ways away, so there was plenty of time for Dust to see the sights, hear the sounds —and feel the feelings in the seat of her pants. And as they walked, Dust got to watch gaggles of other Big Brats running up and down the street, laughing and cheering, hurrying up to porches to shout "trick or treat!" then hurrying back to show off what they'd gotten. It all looked like fun — but it was the kind of fun that was off-limits for a big baby like her. And every now and again, some of the Big Brats, so much bigger than her even with how little they've been made, would point out the big silly baby waddling along in her diaper, and they'd all have a good laugh at her! Dust could always tell when the laughter was at her, even when she wasn't looking.

The Matsuda house was next, and they had a statue of the Grim Reaper in their yard — which pointed a bony finger at Dust and made a screeching sound as they passed, which made Dust squeak and jump! Up the pumpkin-lined path they went to meet Mrs. Matsuda at her porch, dressed like Frankenstein's bride.

"Trick or treat!" Dust yipped, quaking with excitement.

"There's the little pumpkin-pants!" Mrs. Matsuda cooed. "You wait right there: I've got a special treat for you, dear."

She shuffled away, back into her kitchen, while Dust stood in the door bouncing and vibrating. Every now and again Dust's eyes would fall on the dish of candy that she left behind — and Daddy gave her a swat on her mushy tush, to remind her that none of that was for her.

Soon Mrs. Matsuda returned, holding a big bowl in both hands. "As it turns out, Mr. Frankenstein and I still have some *brains* left over from the doctor's experiments," she said with a smile, swirling the contents of the bowl. "How lucky that you came by, little pumpkin, to help us throw them away!"

And then she grabbed the front of Dust's diaper and pulled it open, and poured a whole bowlful of udon noodles right down into the gap! She squealed at the cold and slimy feeling and had to fight to keep from pulling away! The noodles slithered down her crotch like worms, till they settled in a little pile between her thighs.

"Th-th-thank you, ma'am...!" Dust stammered.

"You're welcome, baby brat," said Mrs. Matsuda, reaching in between Dust's legs to pat her diaper and jiggle the noodles around a little more. "And say hello to the Fernandezes for me!"

Dust had to resist the urge to walk bowlegged as they headed down to the Fernandez house — and she frequently failed. The noodles still slithered and squirmed between her legs as if they were alive, all slippery and slimy. And the lump of pumpkin muck still sat heavy in her diaper seat, warmed up from the contact with her own skin, squishy and sloshy and sticky and mushy as ever.

And they still weren't even close to done!

Mr. Fernandez wasn't dressed up for Halloween, but he had a bowl of fluffy instant mashed potatoes ready to plop down the back of Dust's diaper, right on top of the pumpkin mess. Ms. Bright answered the door dressed in witch's robes, and she cackled as she ladled big spoonfuls of sticky warmed-over pumpkin pulp down the front! Big Brats Jane and Andi answered the door at the Martinelli house, both dressed as black cats, and they giggled and teased as they took turns emptying cups of tapioca pudding down both sides of Dust's pumpkin pants, mushing her full diaper around with their hands, thwapping it to hear it thump and squish. Mr. Hamilton popped open a bottle of club soda and stuck it down the front of her diaper, and held it there until every drop of fizzy water had gurgled out of it... and when it had, he popped open another!

By the time the sky had grown dark, Dust couldn't help but waddle down the sidewalk, her legs forced apart in a ridiculous gait. Her diaper was loaded. She couldn't tell where each neighbors' contribution began and ended anymore: it was all just a big, squishy, slippery, sloppy, sticky, goopy, bubbly, mushy, yucky mess! It squashed between her buttocks, it popped and wriggled between her legs, it splatted and smeared across her lap. She could feel her plastic panties straining to hold her diaper in its place — were it not for them, it would surely be drooping so low that her butt would be peeking out the top!

"Still feeling okay, pumpkin?" Daddy cooed.

Knees wobbling, Dust looked down at her big bulging diaper, and she nodded her head.

"Do you wanna go home? Or do you wanna go a little more?"

"...Li'l more," Dust mewled.

"All right. Because we do have one more house to visit."

Daddy gave the coiled cord between their wrists a little tug, and Dust marched along behind him, taking big goofy steps like the world's most awkward penguin, while her diaper went *squish-squash mush-goosh slither-splatter plap-plop* all over. Her heart raced, her tummy tingled, and her blushing face was frozen in a big dopey smile — she knew her exaggerated walk was only drawing more attention to herself, and everyone they passed by as they headed to their last destination could see that there was a big dumb baby brat waddling along with a big mushy mess in her big dumb silly baby *diaper!*

The last house's yard was decorated with plastic skeletons and gravestones, and even an inflatable ghost. The awnings were lined with fairy lights in orange, purple, and green, and several jack-o-lanterns sat in front of the door. And from behind the house, Dust could hear many different voices — dozens of them, perhaps. Were they having a Halloween party here?

Daddy led her up the path with a little tug, up onto the porch and up to the front door. Daddy knocked on the door, and in a moment, a man dressed as a shaggy werewolf, with a ripped plaid flannel shirt and tattered blue jeans, opened it up to greet them.

"Hey, there you are! Glad you could make it!" he said. "Come in, come in! We're all out back, Bonnie is in the living room watching the Brats — and we've got a place to put your little mushbutt, too!"

Daddy uncuffed Dust's arms from his, then scooped her right up in his arms and carried her through the threshold — past the big bucket of candy for trick-or-treaters, which Dust couldn't help but stare at longingly for a moment. Just as the man said, several Brats were gathered in the living room, dressed as witches and fairies and devils, sitting on the couch and on the floor watching Scooby-Doo on TV and trading candy with each other. Dust recognized several of them from school — the school she went to before her big *demotion*, that is. Camilla, dressed as a little devil with red horns; her friend Mandy wearing bunny-rabbit ears; Wendy and Jackie and Tamara... they all looked up when Dust was carried into the room, and they stared with gleaming eyes and teasing smiles at her silly bright costume and her full, bulging diaper! And the corner of the room was sectioned off with accordion fence, a thick blanket spread out on the floor and furnished with pillows and plushies and plastic toys — and Daddy carried her right over to that corner and set her down directly on her gooshy-mushy butt! Dust crinkled up her face as the contents of her diaper squished and oozed.

"I think she needs her diaper changed!" Wendy piped up.

"No, not yet," said Daddy. "This is baby's treat for Halloween! Now, you girls feel free to play with baby if you want, but be gentle with her, okay? And don't let her have any candy, it's not good for baby's tummy."

"Yes sir!" the Brats called out in chorus.

Daddy turned his attention back to his big baby, and he reached into his diaper bag and pulled out a fat candy-red pacifier, which he stuffed right into her mouth! "Now you sit here and behave while Daddy goes and talks to his friends, okay? Mrs. Rutherford's here if you need anything, and I'll be back later to feed you something yummy."

"Yesh, Daddy," Dust slurred around the silicone bulb as she nodded her head.

With a pat on the head and a kiss on the brow, Daddy left her to sit in her playpen, and stew in the mushy mess that her neighbors had so generously given her. Of course, she could easily step over the accordion fence and go waddling around anywhere if she wanted, but Daddy would be upset if she did that, and when Daddy got upset, Daddy *spanked*. And besides, Dust didn't like seeing Daddy upset either way. So a good baby she would be, sitting on her mushy tush by herself in her playpen, left to entertain herself with her baby toys and suck on her pacifier while all the *big* girls got to eat candy. At least she could see the TV from where she was sitting.

She laid down on her side, then rolled over onto her belly. Suddenly she could tell the noodles from everything else again, the way they wriggled and wobbled between her legs. The pumpkin pulp and potatoes and pudding had coalesced into a thick and goopy lump that sat heavy on her buttcrack. Dust softly whimpered into her pacifier, and she pulled a pillow under her chin and hugged it against herself. She started rocking gently from side to side, her mess squishing and sloshing, her plastic panties crinkling. Every now and again she peeked up to see some of the other Big Brats staring at her, whispering to each other, smiling impishly and giggling behind their hands.

Of course they were laughing at her. They *should* laugh at her. Once she was a Big Brat just like them, a bright-eyed young lady who'd moved to this town to relive her childhood, at the hands of a strict but loving Daddy. Then one day he found the notebook she kept under her bed, full of drawings and stories of herself getting forced back into diapers, spanked till her butt glowed red and she bawled like a baby, forced to eat big bowls of baby food and drink out of baby bottles, pulled out of school and sent back to daycare — and from there she found out just how much more accommodating of her fantasies this town was than she ever would have expected! All her panties ended up in the trash, her dresser was filled back up with diapers from the department store, she got all the bare-butt spankings she could have asked for, and she was pulled right out of school in the middle of the semester and enrolled in daycare without any delay... and that's the way it's been for months! And now she didn't even get to *trick-or-treat* like all the other Brats! She was stuck as a baby, stuck in diapers... for how long? Maybe forever! Maybe she'd never be allowed to act like a big girl again...!

She wasn't sure when her hips started rocking back and forth. But she couldn't stop herself. It felt so good. *Squish, squash, slosh, glop, glup, mush...* She was such a *baby*. She was so messy, so dirty, so wet and sticky and yucky! Her diaper was making all sorts of squishy crinkly noises, and she was sure the others could hear them. And if anyone bothered to look over at the playpen where the dumb little baby was sitting, they'd see her squirming and wriggling, humping her mushy gooshy diapers like a brainless little fool, and doing such a poor job at trying to hide it! She shut her eyes, she softly whimpered, hot breaths puffed out behind the guard of her pacifier as she panted and gasped...

She heard the sound of shuffling footsteps close by, and she quickly turned her head to see Camilla squatting by the fence, dressed in a red leotard with red horns on her head and a spade-tipped tail sticking out from the small of her back. Her hands were folded on her knees, and she looked down at the big baby with a mischievous smile.

"Hey, Baby."

Dust gulped and stopped rocking, and she blushed furiously and smiled sheepishly as she gave Camilla a little wave.

"Whatcha doin'?" Camilla asked, tilting her head to one side. "How's your diaper holdin' up?"

Dust shrugged her shoulders. "Nuffin'," she fibbed. "...Diaper's squishy."

"Yeah? It's squishy?" Camilla purred. "All full and wet and messy?"

Blushing brighter, Dust nodded.

"Well, it's *smelly*, too," Camilla quietly teased, leaning in a little closer. "You know that? You know you got a smelly, stinky diaper on your butt, you little baby? You know we can all smell that big mess in your pants?"

Dust mewled and squirmed, and she bit her pacifier and nodded her head. She could smell it well enough herself: With all that foodstuff mixed and mashed together in her diaper, there was no way it wouldn't have some kind of funny odor!

Camilla draped herself over the accordion fence, letting her arms dangle on the other side. "And that turns you on, doesn't it?" she whispered. "It's gettin' you real hot, isn't it? That everybody in town knows what a *big, messy, stinky baby* you are?"

Dust's loins surged, and she couldn't even stop herself squirming at that remark. She swallowed and nodded.

Camilla bit her lip and smiled at the silly baby brat. She looked back over her shoulder: her mother had left the room for the moment. And so, she climbed over the fence and plopped herself into the playpen right beside Dust! Dust started to roll over onto her side — but Camilla's hands were quickly upon her, and they turned her right back onto her belly.

"No," Camilla chided. "You stay right there, *baby*."

The Big Brat placed one hand between Dust's shoulder blades, holding her down snug against her pillow. Her other hand came to rest right on the loaded seat of her diaper, and she gave the big baby's butt a good, hard squeeze, then started kneading with firm, long strokes. "Wiggle your hips, baby."

Dust's heart was racing, her cheeks were on fire. She turned her head to see all the other girls peeking at her, watching with glimmering eyes as Camilla groped her! She buried her face in her pillow, and with a little whimper she started rocking her hips up and down again.

"There you go. *Good* baby," Camilla purred. Her hand slid a little lower, her fingertips pressing into the smooth and crinkly plastic of her pumpkin panties, and she gave her just a couple little circular rubs between her legs before her hand slid back up. "Does that feel nice? You like when Big Sis Cammy rubs your dirty diaper butt?"

Dust panted and sputtered and moaned, and a string of drool stuck to her pacifier as it rolled out of her mouth and onto the blanket. "Uh-huh...!"

"Of course you do." Camilla leaned in closer to Dust and whispered in her ear. "You big, dumb diaper-baby." She raised her hand up and gave that full diaper seat a solid *spank!* - and then she squeezed again, hard, and started vigorously rubbing up and down! Dust shut her eyes, her mouth hung open, her legs wobbled and her body quaked as she huffed and puffed and panted!

"You're never gonna be a big girl again. You know that, right?" Camilla teased with an impish grin. "Everyone's already forgotten that you were big once. Everyone knows that you belong in diapers. They're never gonna let you out of 'em now. They're not even gonna try to potty-train you again." She started rubbing a little faster, encouraged by Dust's full-body jitters that she could feel against her own belly. "You don't even get to eat candy on Halloween like the rest of us! You just have to eat *baby food*. We're gonna eat lots of candy and chocolate tonight, and then tomorrow we'll be going to big girl school, and we'll get to dress ourselves and feed ourselves and use the potty by ourselves — and you'll be going to daycare, and stinkin' up your diapers, and drinkin' out of baby bottles, and—"

"Camilla Rutherford, what are you doing!"

Just as Dust was reaching her peak, Cammy squeaked and hopped up off of her, sitting up to see her mother Bonnie standing by the playpen with her hands on her hips! "Umm! I, I'm just, playing with the baby, Mom...!"

"Playing with her, I'm sure! Looks like you're bullying her to me!"

"Wh- No! Mom, I'm not bullying her, honest! Right, guys? You all saw!"

"Mmm... you were teasing her a lot," said Mandy, smiling playfully as she wiggled in her seat.

"And you didn't exactly ask before you started messin' with her diapers," Wendy chimed in.

Camilla's jaw dropped, aghast at her friends' betrayal! She thumped Dust's haunch and pointed up at her mom. "Dust, tell her!"

"That's enough, young lady!" Camilla's Mommy just grabbed her wrist and yanked her up out of the playpen! "Asking a baby to defend you! That just proves to me that you're guilty!" She hauled Camilla over to the couch and tossed her over the backrest! The other girls cleared the way, and they all stared as Bonnie pinched the seat of her leotard and pulled the fabric up into her buttcrack, baring her buns!

"Nooooooooo! Mommeeeeee!" Camilla squealed, wriggling and fussing and pumping her feet! But there was no stopping it: Mom grabbed her tail and held it up out of the way, and her hand raised up in the air to give her butt a hard, loud *SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!*

"*Bad, bad, bad, bad girl!*" Bonnie barked as she soundly spanked her little brat of a daughter! "Bullying, helpless, babies! Shame, on, you, *shame, on, you!*"

"*I wasn't bullyiiiiing!*" Camilla insistently wailed! She rocked and squirmed and kicked at the air, and her butt got redder and redder with each slap of her mother's palm, while everyone, even Dust herself, stared and smiled at the bad girl getting punished in full view! *SPANK, SPANK, SPANK, SPANK, SPANK!*

"You wanna play with dirty diapers? Do you?!" *SPANK, SPANK, SPANK, SPANK, SPANK!*
"Well, you can play with diapers all you want, when we stick *your* little butt in one!"

"*Nooooooooooooo!*" Camilla bawled!

SPANK, SPANK, SPANK, SPANK, SPANK! The more Camilla wailed and hollered and carried on like a baby, the harder her mother *spanked!*

There was the sound of hurried footsteps as Dust's Daddy came back into the room. "Is something wrong?!" he asked. But his baby girl was sitting right there in the playpen where he left her, looking no worse for the wear, sitting up on her knees with a big dopey smile across her flushed cheeks!

"Oh, I just caught this little brat teasing Baby Dust over her diapers," said Bonnie over the sound of her daughter's bawling. "So I think we should see how she likes it! Do you have one to spare, by any chance?"

"Oh, yeah, we've got plenty!" said Daddy, as he stooped down to stroke Dust's hair and check her over. He pulled out the back of her pumpkin pants and peeked inside, to see the state of the gooshy mess she'd been left to stew in. "And I think it's about time we changed this messy baby, too. Why don't we change them side by side?"

"I think that's a lovely idea!" said Bonnie.

"No-ho-ho-ho, *Mommeeeeee!*" Camilla whined, but all her whining got her was another sharp slap on the ass!

Daddy cleared some space in the middle of the living room and laid out a big waterproof changing pad, just big enough to fit two big silly babies comfortably on it. He helped Dust out of her playpen and laid her down on the pad with an audible squish, while Bonnie pulled Camilla over by the ear and laid her down on her back right beside her! All the other girls watched with excitement, any entertainment that the TV might have provided long forgotten by now. Both girls were stripped out of their costumes and left in nothing but their underwear, and while Bonnie wiggles Camilla's cotton panties down her legs, Daddy carefully pulled down Dust's orange diaper cover, then untaped her thick, droopy pink diaper and let it fall open with a resounding *splat*.

"*Ewwwww!*" all the girls squealed in chorus, as they got an eyeful of the goopy, sticky, discolored food-mess that coated Baby Dust's butt! Dust simply smiled like a dummy and stuck out her tongue, a bright blush on her cheeks as she looked up at the ceiling and pumped her feet in the air, wiggling her dirty buns.

Daddy reached into his big bag of supplies and pulled out a pair of fresh diapers: one for his baby, and one for the little brat! He grabbed a big handful of baby wipes and set about the arduous task of wiping all the muck off of Dust's butt and out from between her legs — good thing Daddy always

kept her smooth and hairless down there, or it would have been even *more* of a hassle to clean up! Meanwhile, Bonnie grabbed a baby wipe as well and gave Camilla's rump a good wiping with it, even though she was perfectly clean. Once Dust's behind was finally wiped off, Daddy pulled the dirty diaper away, and everyone could see how heavy and loaded it was as he picked it up and dropped into a trash bag with a squishy thump! Then both bratty rumps got a good smearing of diaper rash creme, plus a generous dusting of powder, and then were wrapped up in their fresh thick diapers, right where they belonged!

Once Bonnie had finished diapering her fussy little daughter, she went to pick up her bucket of candy. "And you can have the rest of this tomorrow," she said. "No more candy for sensitive little baby tummies!"

"Awwwh! *Moooooooooom!*" Camilla whined, bouncing on her padded bottom in frustration!

"Do you want another *spanking*, little girl?"

Camilla froze and squeaked, and she sheepishly bowed her head. "No, Mom..."

"It's all right, Camilla," Dust's Daddy assured her. "There'll be plenty of pumpkin puree and applesauce for the both of you. Speaking of which, Dust: you gettin' hungry?"

Dust beamed and eagerly nodded! "Yes, Daddy!"

And so, while the party went on outside, and all the other Brats enjoyed their candy and sweets, both Dust and Camilla got to enjoy the experience of being fed spoonfuls of sticky pumpkin mush, with bibs tied around their necks to catch any spills. Then after that, some applesauce, some mashed prunes, and some instant oatmeal with a little drizzle of syrup — not nearly as nice as Halloween candy, but still plenty sweet! Then both babies were plopped down in the playpen in nothing but their diapers, and Dust happily snuggled beside Camilla as she sat on her padded tush and sulked. Dust would have to be the one to take the lead, passing her toys to play with, treating her with playful rubs and tickles, fiddling with the diaper that hugged her butt just as Camilla did with hers just moments ago: to show her that even without any privileges, without any freedom, even Big Babies could have a Happy Halloween!