**The Halloween Party**

by \*Lady Lucia\*

**PART SEVEN**

Marie wanted to close her eyes and block out the dozens of eyes all watching the show that she hadn’t agreed to be the star of. But she knew she couldn’t. Not when it could be mistaken for pleasure, as Brooke had quietly pointed out before. So she had to watch Brooke’s masked hazel eyes and persistent smirk as Marie played along with her cruel game.

Slowly, ever so slowly, Brooke slipped the tainted lollipop into her mouth. Marie felt it brush against her lips and then it was resting on her tongue. “Mouth closed.” Brooke coldly instructed. When Marie did that much, Brooke added a more mortifying phrase, this time loudly enough for the room to hear. “Suck, Mary.”

Strangely enough, Marie still preferred it when Brooke stood poised before her like this. She’d rather have her old friend’s face, cold and unfamiliar as it was, than a whole room getting an unblocked view of her practically naked body. Whatever normal color Marie had gotten back on her cheeks vanished as she turned bright red again at Brooke’s words. Not wanting to make the blonde’s attitude harsh again, Marie did as she was told without question or hesitation.

Letting her tongue roll around the Dum Dum, Marie instantly cringed at the taste. The sweetness of the blue sucker was now mixed with a faint saltiness, and she became keenly aware of what she was doing. She was tasting herself. As if reading her mind, Brooke iterated her instructions. “Keep sucking, Mary.” This time, the words were more demanding than amused. Mary did as she was told, trying her hardest to ignoring the leering from the guys and the looks of shock from all the girls. None of them could imagine doing such a thing, yet most of them seemed to enjoy watching it happen to someone else.

“How did you taste, Mary?” Brooke asked. She gently pulled the blue sucker back out, giving it a tiny lick herself just for show. “Yep, back to the boring flavor.” Then she lowered the sticky ball back down towards Marie’s most private area.

'Ellie, don’t!' Marie thought it, and tried to show it with her eyes, but had learned her lesson about speaking. Brooke was going to do it again. And there was nothing Marie could do about it but play along.

However, despite knowing that Marie would suck as many times as she was told, Brooke was never one to be too repetitive. Instead, she threateningly pulled Marie’s thong away like before, pausing to let the nearly naked brunette get more and more nervous about who might see her little slit if they were looking from the right angle. Like before, Brooke was the only one who had a perfect view. “There.” Brooke placed the Dum Dum right against Marie’s outer lips and let the thong snap back into place, “Now no one will see.”

As if she was doing Marie a favor. The thong would have covered her just fine, but now she had to deal with the sticky lollipop pressed right about against her, not to mention the added knowledge that both her and Brooke’s saliva were on it. “Everyone, enjoy the view!” Brooke smirked, giving Marie a wicked glance, “I have to go get Mary’s next Halloween treat.”

With that, she turned on her heel and strutted away, giving everyone an unfettered view of Marie’s scantily clad body. You’d think they’d get tired of seeing her boobs, but everyone was staring just like before. The guys, popular as they were, probably didn’t have such a constant view of a real live girl in such a state of undress. The girls were any number of things: giggly and gossipy about the nerdy girl’s exposed body, ashamed for her but glad it wasn’t them, or just staring at her like the guys for those that were into other girls. The new layer of humiliating was the awkward bulge in her thong, and the little white stick of the sucker poking out of her waistband.

Marie just stared at the floor. She was ruined. RUINED. Despite all of this, there was no temptation to cry. Even amidst the total exposure, Brooke’s disappearance at least gave her a moment to think. Was there any way to dig her way out of this? The only possible thing she could think of was ‘nerd turned slut,’ but that was unacceptable. There had to be a better way.

“Oh, Ma-ry!” Brooke’s sing-song voice pierced the room as she appeared at the base of the stairs. She carried a tray in her hand, though Marie couldn’t quite tell what was on it. If anything, she was surprised Ellie had gotten the tray herself, rather than have one of her underlings do it. Although it made sense if leaving meant exposing her for a bit. “Ready for more?”

Of course she wasn’t. But Brooke didn’t care. She picked up two of the bowls and strode back across the room. “Well, I hope you’ve all enjoyed Marie’s little boobs. She nearly poked my eye out earlier with those perky things! I think she needs to be warmed up. We’re going to make some caramel apples!”

Wait, what? Marie was totally confused for all of three seconds, and then it all clicked into place. Brooke walked right up with the two B-cup sized bowls and pressed them right up against Marie’s bare boobs.

The bound girl couldn’t help but gasp and squirm at the bizarre sensation. Not only were her breasts suddenly squishing into the full bowls of caramel, but they were WARM. Not hot, thank God, but enough to totally catch her off guard. Brooke began ‘fondling’ her through the bowls, really coating her boobs with the stuff. “Ellie!” Marie whined. She couldn’t help herself. The Dum Dum may have been more violating, but this was weird and even more uncomfortable than the rough edges inside her.

All the amusement dropped from the masked girl’s face. “Brooke,” she coldly corrected her. “Hush, or the gag goes back in and your thong goes down.”

Marie instantly clamped her lips shut. Fine. This was weird, but better than being fully nude in front of a crowd. “Better, Mary.” Brooke said. She kept working the caramel in with a few more twists and rubs, then finally brought the nearly empty bowls away. “And a much better look for you.”

Marie couldn’t ignore the temptation. She had to look. Glancing down, her eyes widened as she saw her normally attractive B cups fully coated in caramel. The color dramatically contrasted her fair skin, and Ellie’s rough movements had left a few spots bare while others were covered in gobs of the stuff. Unfortunately for her, the masked blonde had a plan for that.

“Nathan, could you come up here for a sec?”

Nathan. The name seemed like a distant memory, but it was really less than 30 minutes ago. He was the one who yelled ‘Take it off!’ in regards to her thong earlier. Marie hadn’t been able to find the voice earlier, but now she got to see the one behind it. A dark haired boy in black slacks, a black vest, white shirt, and red tie. And, to complete the look, a shiny red mask that matched the loosened tie on his chest.

“Yes, my love?” Nathan strode right up to her and brushed her blonde hair back.

Brooke just slapped his hand away with a smile. “I’m busy tonight. Go kiss Alice if you’re that desperate for some attention.”

The rest of the room laughed at her snarky reply, but neither Nathan nor Alice seemed bothered by it. He just grinned, and Alice placed a hand on her hip with a smirk, offering herself from across the room.

This was NOT what the popular crowd did at Marie’s old school. She 100% couldn’t figure out the dynamic between the three of them. Was Nathan Brooke’s boyfriend, and just getting shit from her? On again, off again? Maybe they were all just flirty, or just Nathan was flirty. At the end of the day, Marie realized it didn’t matter. She would never be part of their crowd anyway. The analysis was just habit.

“Then how can I help?” Nathan asked. Surely the rest of the room wanted to know as well.

“Well, dear Mary here has had enough of a girl’s touch for one night,” Brooke shrugged, “The little virgin should experience boys at some point too, right?”

No. No, no, no!

Marie wanted to scream, but she found herself speechless. In her quest for popularity, she had only ever gone as far as a kiss. The rest wasn’t important, at least not before. And now that she failed to get such an experience for herself, Ellie was about to steal that away from her.

Sensing that Marie was about to protest by the obvious look of shock, Brooke took two quick steps over to her and landed right next to her ear. She made sure to avoid brushing against the caramel coated boobs, but still ended up intimately close to her. “Ask Nathan to fix your caramel apples,” Brooke hissed, “Beg him to touch your boobs or I will make this SO much worse.”

And then she was gone, facing Nathan and the rest of the room with a nonchalant smile that totally contrasted her angry whisper.

It was the same threat every time. And yet it always worked. Everything so far had been demeaning and beyond cruel, and doing as she was told was the only way to keep a little dignity. Or so she hoped. With her hands bound, Marie didn’t even have the option of sprinting out the door topless, which is something she would absolutely do at this point.

“The caramel is a bit uneven. We should really fix that before it cools off,” Brooke explained to the Nathan and the audience. “Something to say, Mary?”

Marie didn’t have a choice. She had created a monster when ditching Ellie so long ago, and nothing would stop her ex friend from making her night hell and humiliating her in every way possible. Apparently stripping was just the beginning. “Nathan, can you-” Marie felt her voice hitch in her throat, but pushed through it, “Can you fix my caramel apples…?” The phrase brought a new round of laughter throughout the room, and Marie blushed bright red as she said the other half. “Beg.” That’s what Ellie said. Beg. Somehow justifying that doing a good job would end her torment sooner, Marie did just that. “Nathan, please touch my boobs. Please. I’ve always…I’ve always wanted a guy to touch me there…”

She regretted it the moment the words were out of her mouth. Brooke may have said the word ‘virgin,’ but Marie was the one who just sealed it. Ellie was fully smirking, the rest of the room was making a myriad of amused noises, and Nathan already had a big smile on his face.

“Well, Mary, if you put it that way…”

The red masked boy walked up to her and placed his hands less than an inch from her chest. Building the suspense. For a total flirt, he ended up being even more of a tease as Marie practically held her breath and waited for the inevitable.

“Go on, Nathan. It’s the only way the little nerd will ever get to second base.”

With ‘permission’ from both Marie and Brooke, Nathan closed the rest of the distance. And, for the first time in her life, Marie felt a boy’s hands on her boobs.

**PART EIGHT**

He was . . . he was barely touching her . . .?

Marie expected full on groping. Considering her opinion about how most pervy guys were, and the fact that she was set up where it’s not like she could prevent him from doing so anyway, the strange touch caught her completely off guard. Guys had always been easier than girls in her quest for popularity, since a flirty smile and a little arm punch were usually all it took. She wasn’t used to being out of control around guys, especially not masked ones freely touching her chest.

Nathan merely poked and prodded at her breasts. She shivered as his finger ran along the side of her left boob, and it was only when she forced herself to look away from his confident smile and down to her chest that she realized why he was being so weirdly gentle about it. Little by little, her spots of exposed skin were covered. By the time Nathan was done, complete with two mirrored rubs over her nipples, Marie's breasts were perfect orbs of caramel. No skin; just sticky material fully coating her breasts. Nathan wiped away any lingering caramel around the edges of her boobs to ensure that it was a perfect application of the stuff.

It was vaguely reminiscent of stripper gear, where she was very clearly topless, but with the private areas covered with no stringed or strapped clothing. But, instead of sticky nipple tassels, her boobs were covered in warm caramel.

As Marie cringed at the bizarre state of her chest, Brooke had already begun talking again. “Beautiful job, Nathan. Ever think about art school?”

“Hey, if nude models are involved,” Nathan shrugged, glancing over to Marie with a wink.

Ever the show-woman, Brooke waited until the audience quieted down from their reaction to Nathan’s joke. “Well, my love. I’m sorry you had to be so careful with her. Do you want to squeeze mine as a consolation?” Brooke placed a hand on her hip and jutted her chest out, “You don’t have to hold back with me!”

God, she was shameless! Half the school was here, and somehow her slutty behavior just earned some giggles instead of appalled looks. Marie forgot about her own state of undress for a moment and just watched the scene before her. Was this school that different from hers, or did she just avoid cheerleaders at her old school?

Nathan, however, didn’t take the bait. Brooke could be kidding, and then he’d be the guy who tried to make a move on her in front of everyone only to be rejected. “Nice boobs, Brooke. Take me to your bedroom later and we can talk about it.” Flirty, safe, and a potential set-up for some fun if Brooke was game.

“Wow, you want to touch the nerd more than you want to touch me? Whatever.”

“Her top is off. Want to tempt me by doing the same with yours?”

“Maybe in the bedroom later,” Brooke scoffed, but with a tiny smile as she echoed his words. “Okay, go sit. You’ve had your fun!”

“Whatever,” Nathan played the throwback game with the classic teenage girl word. He found his way back to his seat and got some victory nudges and fist bumps from the guys around him, but Marie had already taken her eyes of him. Alice had brought over two more bowls to Brooke.

Settling back into a casual pose without her boobs jutting out, Brooke faced the room for a second. “Her caramel apples look a little bare, don’t they?”

Swiveling on her heel, Brooke walked right up to Marie. “Something to say?” A raised eyebrow and a stern expression. The two bowls were B-cup sized like the last ones, but these ones were filled with crushed nuts. It was pretty obvious what was coming.

‘My arms are sore from being handcuffed up here so long.’ ‘Take the Dum Dum out of my thong.’

‘Untie me, and give me something to wear.’ ’What the fuck happened to you, Ellie?’ ‘Let me go home!’

Plenty of thoughts crossed her mind, but Marie just gave a tiny shake of her head and kept her mouth shut. Weirdly enough, she was mildly numb to being in only a thong at this point. Whatever. They had seen most of her body. It was still mortifying, but Marie was too single-minded to let it bother her for too long. Unfortunately, Brooke kept snapping her out of that numbness. Caramel on her boobs. A boy touching her. And now, an additional ‘topping.’

This time, Brooke didn’t hesitate. Suspense be damned, she needed to get the crushed nuts onto Marie’s boobs before the caramel cooled and hardened. “Hold still and hush, Mary.” Brooke placed both bowls onto Marie’s breasts like awkward bra cups, pressing into them with a smirk.

Marie winced a little as she felt the crumbly, pointy pieces pressed into her boobs. It was like nothing she had ever felt, and nothing she ever wanted to feel again. The caramel barely did anything to stop her from feeling dozens of pieces of crushed nuts rubbing against most of her boobs, and Brooke made sure to keep the bowls in position for as long as possible. Partly to ensure they stuck. Warm caramel wouldn’t be as effective as hot caramel. And, of course, partly just to prolong the awkward feeling.

“Well, Mary? Do you like them?” Brooke asked, slowly pulling the bowls away and admiring her handiwork.

The bound girl looked down at the end result, shocked to see just how much stuck. Rather than the two pale B cups she was so used to seeing when getting dressed, Marie was met with two globs of caramel and nuts protruding from her chest. Her entire breasts were covered in the sticky adhesive and crumbly pieces, but just the breasts. As rough as Brooke had been, Nathan’s earlier detail work ensured that nothing stuck outside her actual B cups. Just two perfect ‘caramel apples' against bare, fair skin.

“Good, right?” Brooke answered for her, reveling in her power, “They look better this way. No one really wanted to look at your boobs before, but now they’re actually interesting.”

Marie just met Brooke’s eyes again, not knowing what to say. Or if she should even say anything, considering the power tripping girl’s constant reminders for her to ‘hush.’ Instead, Marie just gave that same look of desperation. She actually couldn’t decide how she felt about the caramel. It was weird, and uncomfortable, and all kinds of things, but it technically did cover her exposed breasts.

“And you’ve learned to hush!” Brooke exclaimed. Now that the whole room had gotten a long view of her little art project, she stepped back up to Marie and roughly shoved the ball gag into her mouth and tightened the strap. Then she leaned forward and whispered right into Marie’s ear. “There. We can’t have you calling me ‘Ellie’ when you freak out.”

Then Marie felt it. Brooke’s fingers delicately hooking themselves underneath the waistband of her thong.

“Mm mmm!” Marie’s eyes widened and she shook her head left and right. She tried her hardest to scream the words at Brooke with just her horrified eyes. No! I did everything you asked me to! Don’t do this to me, Ellie!!!”

“FUCK you, Marie.” Brooke hissed.

For most of the night, the masked blonde had oscillated between amused and stern, but this was different. Her harsh whisper contained all the pent up anger from years ago in just three words, and the use of her real name made it more personal.

Ellie’s grudge was much stronger than Marie realized. And there was nothing she could do about the extreme revenge her ex-friend was about to take on her. Suddenly, Marie wanted nothing more than to keep baring her boobs to the room for the rest of the night. Anything, if it meant protecting her most private area from so many eyes.

But the look in Ellie’s eyes told Marie everything she needed to know: she would get no such mercy.

Sinking her talons further into the waistband of the thong and gripping the thin fabric, Brooke glared at Marie from behind her mask. And, without another word, began lowering the underwear inch by inch.

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