**Trick or Treat From Hell**

by Viredae

Julie loved Halloween, despite being a fully matured 16 years old, she was still fond of dressing up for the occasion, and by fully, one only need look at her curvaceous hips and plump 34 C cup breasts to know this.

Tonight, those dangerous curves were squeezed into a tight little witch costume, with a fairly revealing hemline that threatened to expose the color of her thong if she bent over the wrong way and a neckline that showed so much of her cleavage off that it left very little to the imagination, along with the dress cam a witch’s hat that sat atop her fiery red haired head.

Julie loved Halloween, what she did NOT love was having to share it with her 13-year-old sister Sara trick or treating, who came dressed as a grey-skinned zombie, it was an extremely simple costume, not only did Sara not enjoy dressing up all that much (the candy made it much more tolerable), she did not enjoy hanging around her sister, who loved to flaunt her body at every given moment.

It was their mother’s idea that they go out together, and it was obvious that neither of them enjoyed the company of the other all that much, so it was even doubly frustrating that Julie was constantly complaining about having to babysit Sara and treating her like garbage.

“Instead of going out to a party and making the boys go crazy, I have to babysit your scrawny little behind!” Julie’s outburst really angered Sara, who was far less developed than her sister was at her age, she was flat as a board and resented her sister for constantly lording her appearance over her head.

That was the last straw, Sara had a contingency for twisting her sister’s arm in case she needed an emergency favor from her, but she decided she was going to use that contingency now to utterly humiliate her sister.

“Come on, let’s get this over with so maybe I can still catch the tail end of a party somewhere.” Julie huffed and went to grab her sister’s wrist, but Sara evaded her sister’s forceful hand.

“Sure, as long as you do everything I tell you to do, maybe then I’ll let you go to one of your parties,” Sara replied, enjoying the momentary anger on her sister’s face that she knew would dissolve instantly when she revealed her trump card.

“Mom left ME in charge, why would I do anything you tell me to?” Julie’s anger was mounting, she was just about set to slap some fear into her sister, all until her sister pulled out her phone and showed her something she did not expect.

“Because mom didn’t know I had some of the pictures you were sending to boys behind her back,” As little as Julie was wearing now, she was certainly more dressed than she was in the pictures on Sara’s phone, that is to say, she was actually dressed “I think mom would have left me in charge if she knew about these.”

And just as Sara predicted, all color had drained from Julie’s face, she could barely keep her voice steady as she asked: “Where did you get those?”

“Oh please,” Sara’s voice, on the other hand, was an exemplar of calm confidence, she knew she was in charge now “Your password is ‘password’, not that hard to crack.”

“Okay, um… There’s no need to get rash here.” Julie tried to mollify her sister, but she was well aware that she’d already stepped in it “I’ll do whatever you say, just don’t show this to mom.”

“That’s exactly what I wanted to hear,” Sara smirked, their mom had been an extremely strict woman, regardless of how much trouble she’d be for pulling a stunt like she intended to pull, she knew her sister would get punished tenfold, in other words, she had her older sister wrapped around her little finger “So here’s what we’re going to do, we’re going to go trick or treating-”

“I can do that, that’s fine!” Julie was overeager to agree with anything her sister asked for, hoping to make her vengeance a little bit lighter, however, speaking over someone who has complete power over you never goes that well.

“And THEN,” Sara stopped her sister’s servile groveling in its tracks as she continued her plan “after every house we visit, you will strip for me until you’re naked.”

“I-...” Julie was speechless… Well, for a few seconds at least “I can’t do that!”

“We both know that’s not true.” Sara wiggled her phone in front of her sister’s face “besides, a few more people seeing you undressed is probably better than mom seeing you naked.”

Julie was bouncing in place, she really, REALLY didn’t want to do this… But she didn’t want her mom to see those pictures even more.

“Fine…” Julie gave in, and as they headed towards their next house, she was at least thankful that they were already far enough from home that nobody tonight would recognize her.

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Sara knocked on the door, and out came a middle-aged woman, at first her expression was sour when looking at Julie, but once she laid eyes on Sara, she brightened up a little.

“Trick or Treat!” Sara gave out the traditional greeting of the day and held out the plastic jack-o-lantern basket she’d been carrying around with her.

“You are the cutest zombie I’ve seen all night.” The middle-aged woman laughed as she dropped a handful of bite-sized candy into the basket, before shooting out a poisonous glare at Julie from the side of her eyes “And what are you supposed to be, a stripper witch?”

“Just plain witch…” The previous deal with her little sister had taken the wind out of Julie’s sail, she was in no condition to shoot back an equally barbed comment at the woman like she normally would.

“Have a great evening!” The woman directed that goodbye solely at Sara, just as she closed the door, completely ignoring Julie after insulting her.

“Okay then,” Sara turned to her sister, who, based on the dread slowly creeping onto her expression, seemed to realize what came now “I need that dress of yours.”

Julie sighed, she couldn’t see a way out of this, she reached back for the zipper on her back, and slowly pulled it down, she could feel her heart nearly explode out of its chest as the dress slowly slipped off of her smooth, slightly freckled white skin and onto the house’s porch.

Sara examined her sister from top to bottom, she was dressed in matching black lace underwear, a sexy number that implied her intent to show them off at some point during her night, her breasts nearly spilling out of the bra and nary a stray hair could be seen from beneath the low cut bikini panties.

Julie watched as her younger sister snatched the dress, rolled it up and stuffed it into her basket, she was then ushered along into the street, people kept glancing at her from the side of their eyes, and she could occasionally sense their gazes linger as she walked along to the next house.

Sara knocked at the door, this time an old man answered the door, who grinned when he laid eyes on Julie, now blushing from head to toe.

“Trick or treat.” Sara’s voice rang joyfully as she held out her basket, soon candy was dropped into it “She’s a slutty witch, by the way.”

“I can see that.” The man’s eyes scanned Julie’s body from head to toe yet another time.

“And for her dealings with the devil, we should punish this lecherous consort.” Sara threw out yet another part of her torture “I suggest corporal punishment.”

“That sounds like a good suggestion.” The old man was rolling with Sara’s suggestions, it was no mystery that he was enjoying Julie’s humiliation as much as her sister was ”alright then, assume the position.”

Julie’s eyes darted to Sara’s, pleading with her to spare her from this additional humiliation, Sara simply nodded in the house’s direction, and defeated, Julie shuffled past the man, placing her butt out a little bit and closed her eyes, she didn’t want to see any of this coming.

It didn’t take long before the smacks came raining down upon her cheeks, she winced as she yelped in pain when blow after blow reddened her ass, all she could hear is the sound of the stranger’s hands colliding with her round bottom.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Suddenly, the spanking stopped, and Julie heard the man say that this was probably enough for now, and Sara agreed.

Sara did not immediately ask for her sister to strip on the house’s porch like last time, instead, she took advantage of her sister’s pre-occupation with her now sore behind to walk her out into the street before demanding not only her bra but her panties as well.

“What? But you only took my dress last time?” Julie protested, her hands instinctively darting up to shield her privates, despite them still being protected.

“So? I said you’d have to strip for me, I never said it would be a piece at a time.” Sara grinned, she was loving the complete domination of her sister “now are you going to do as I say, or should we find out if mom can come up with a worse punishment than whatever I will do to you?”

Julie was on the verge of tears, but despite that, she reached back and unclasped her bra, letting it fall off of her perky, perfectly shaped C cup breasts, she was painfully aware that she was topless in the middle of the street with what seemed to be a dozen bystanders watching her exposure with rapt attention, she could hear the gasps, the laughing and the pointing, and she knew it was about to get worse as she hooked her thumbs into the elastic of her panties and pushed down.

Save for her shoes and hat, Julie was stark naked in public, and she was helpless to do anything about it as Sara once again collected the removed clothes and placed them into her basket.

Sara rang the bell for the third house and out came another man, this one was definitely no older than 25 years of age, he opened the door and was greeted with a full frontal view of Julie’s naked body, what’s worse, Julie could feel her body slowly betray her, her nipples were stiffening, her pussy was dampening, and despite her knowing that it didn’t mean she was enjoying this, she was mortified none-the-less.

“Trick or treat.” Sara was no longer really interested in the candy, which came regardless, as she found the humiliation of her sister even sweeter.

“Well, if it wasn’t for the hat I wouldn’t have guessed you were a witch.” At this moment, Julie wished that same hat would swallow her whole as instead of the man’s eyes.

“Good guess, but do you want to examine anything else before making that judgment?” Sara asked, trying to lead the man into humiliating her sister even further.

“Well, I suppose it’s premature to be so confident,” The man cocked his head slightly and grinned “I mean, there are a few more crevices that need to be checked first.”

Julie’s heart sank into her stomach, this was hell, she thought.

Julie had not woken up today, she’d actually died in her sleep and was now in the actual afterlife, she was being tormented, that must be it, there was no other explanation for what she was about to be forced into doing.

“Well, turn around, reach back and give the man a closer look.” Sara placed her hands on her hips and awaited her sister’s obedience, and of course, Julie helplessly obeyed.

She gave her back to the man, only to see people gathering around at the street, watching her humiliate herself even further, and so Julie opted to close her eyes yet again, desperately trying to block out the world around her as she bent over and spread her pussy open for this absolute stranger, who she’d never met before five minutes ago, yet was now staring intently at something she’d never shown to anyone this closely before.

“Okay sis, you can stand back up.” Julie heard Sara’s voice after what seemed like an eternity, as this ordeal seemed to be twisting her perception of time itself, she wasn’t even sure of anything around her anymore, Julie was in a shame and arousal induced haze.

Julie didn’t even remember giving her hat to Sara, who instead of stuffing it into the now full candy basket, simply wore the hat on her head and guided her sister to another location, she might have noticed that walking to the last house took longer than it did for the other houses, but she was no longer in any state to notice that, she didn’t even notice the crowd of people following her and her sister now, she was completely defeated and completely subordinate to the whims of her sister.

“Oh my god! Julie!?” Julie heard in the distance, or so it seemed to Julie, in reality, whoever said was standing right in front of her, and then something snapped Julie back into reality, how did that person know her name.

Suddenly, Julie found herself at a familiar location, she was still naked, she was still outside and her sister was still beside her, but in front of her, she finally recognized her friend Melissa.

Melissa who was throwing the party Julie wished to attend earlier tonight.

“And who are you supposed to be?” Was the first coherent sentence Julie actually registered since she left the last house, and before she could answer, her sister jumped in with an answer:

“Lady Godiva, the sluttier version.” Melissa snorted at Sara’s reply, and unlike before where Julie’s senses dulled themselves, the naked girl could swear she heard EVERYTHING, she heard the chatter of the people behind her at the street, she heard the din of the party inside the house, she could even hear the rustling of Melissa’s costume, a mummy with a bared midriff.

“Bold choice.” Melissa seemed to be awaiting any sound from Julie, any response or excuse for why she was naked at her friend’s house where the party she blew off took place, she noticed people watching her from the windows.

“And since we couldn't find a horse, we’ll have to punish the lady some other way.” Sara grabbed her sister’s wrist and dragged her down to the walkway in front of the porch “We’re going to make her play with herself until she cums.”

Julie heard herself gasp, she didn’t realize she gasped herself as she looked down at her sister “Please don’t, didn’t you promise that I only had to do this until I was naked?”

“Sure, and I promise I won’t show mom your selfies.” Sara pulled up her phone and showed Julie two videos, one of her getting spanked and the other of her, eyes closed and bent over, spreading her snatch to a complete stranger “I never said anything about the videos.”

The color drained from Julie’s face, she’d been tricked, and she only has herself to blame, her mind was racing to try and find a way out of this.

“I’ll make you a deal, I promise I will keep all of this a secret from mom as long as you do this one last thing.” Sara looked at her sister’s agonizing face, and her eyes brightened at the sight of defeat wash over Julie’s expression.

Julie lay down on the ground and spread her legs, she closed her eyes one last time and let her hands to the work for her, it didn’t take much, as her spirit broke the only sensation she could feel was the overwhelming lust that had been building up for the whole night, one hand found a nipple, it pinched and pulled on it aggressively as the other hand swiftly plunged two fingers deep inside of her soaking wet pussy, she let loose and began moaning with abandon, not caring anymore about the people watching her, all that mattered now was the impending climax.

Julie felt a massive wave of pleasure as she reached orgasm and squirted a large amount of juice as her hips bucked uncontrollably, her voice died in her throat as she experienced the best climax of her entire life.

Still short of breath, Julie looked up at her younger sister and begged her to end her blackmail.

“Okay then Julie, I forgive you, I won’t tell mom any of this and will let her know that you took me out on the best trick or treating night ever.” Julie nearly cried, relieved that she was finally through with her sister’s revenge “So I guess I’ll let you go to your party now.”

“Wait, what?” Julie suddenly shot up, she looked around her and found many of her friends standing around her, phones in hand having recorded her public masturbation session in its entirety.

“Have fun with your friends now.” Sara waved her sister, now in the hands of her friends who ushered her into the house, still naked and covered in her own sweat and cum.

“Oh don’t worry, we will.” That was the last thing Melissa said before closing the door to the house, Julie now inside and under her friends’ mercy, it almost sounded ominous.

Sara shrugged and returned home to enjoy her candy.