All Hallows Eve

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A very long story. It's around 18,000 characters before it gets to the super steamy parts. If you want a short story with a thin plot, this is not for you. It takes a long time to set up a semi-believable scenario. The point of view, and narration switches fluidly. This is not by accident, this is how I like to write my stories.

Enjoy,

Terry pulled the black stockings up her soft leg, her dress barely covering her soft, white, seventeen year old ass. She looked over in the mirror at her completed outfit and smiled, running her hands down the side of her body, resting on her hips. She tilted her body to the side and pushed her ass out. She was wearing a tight, white dress shirt that was hard to see through, but if you looked close enough you could tell she wasn't wearing a bra. She had a tie that wasn't done all the way up hanging about four inches from her neck, the buttons undone to show just the top of her cleavage. Her dress was black and gray, barely covering her ass.

She had a pair of black lacy panties on that made her feel sexy. She didn't have any real reason to look sexy tonight, but she wanted to. Walking to her closet she grabbed a gray cardigan to finish the outfit, draping it over her shoulders and looking in the mirror one last time, winking at herself as she blew a kiss. It was five o'clock, time to meet up with her friends.

Her parents were waiting for her downstairs.

"Where do you think you're going dressed like that young lady," asked her father.

"Dad, I'm seventeen. Don't you think it's time I had a little bit of liberty? It's my body and if I want to dress like this I think I should have the right."

"Do not talk to your father like that missy," her mother said with a slightly raised voice. "We could have been a little lenient, but with that attitude of yours you're making it pretty hard to be fair."

"If you want to dress like that, fine," her father said, turning to her brother, "Sam, I want you to see that she doesn't leave the house tonight. ONE of you still has some sensibility. We'll be back late tonight from the office party. I trust you to watch her for me. I'll give you $20 if you do a good job."

Sam just looked over, smiled, and said, "of course I'll watch her for you Dad. I'd do anything for you guys."

Terra wanted to punch his stupid fat head right then and there, but she knew that would get her no where but grounded.

"You people are unbelievable!"

She slumped down on the couch and folded her arms, not making eye contact with anyone.

Her parents walked out and Sam went back to his movie. It was the old Dracula, starring Bela Lugosi. The best Dracula, in his eyes.

After about fifteen minutes Terra made a move to stand up.

"No you don't."

"What are you talking about, I wasn't trying to leave dill hole, I was just going to get into pajamas."

"I'm only two years older than you. I'm not so old that I've forgotten what it's like to be your age. You were trying to sneak a drink from Mom and Dad's room."

Really Sam just didn't want her to change out of her outfit. He had lost his desire to go trick or treating long ago, and realized not long ago that all the parties were the same. Still, he was horny and wanted some kind of ass to stare at, even forbidden ass.

"Fine dick head, I was going to get a drink, who cares?"

"If you want one you're going to have to be a lot nicer than that." The gears in Sam's mind were starting to spin faster and faster as the blood pumped to his pants. He had an idea.

"Oh?"

"How about this. A little game between you and I. If you win, I'll let you take my whole bottle of Captains that I have stashed away, and you can have your little party with your friends. I'll cover for

you and everything."

"And if I lose?"

"You become my slave for the next week. Mom and Dad said they're coming home late just to scare you. They won't be back until tomorrow night they told me. After the party they're going to crash at the hotel and... well.... they've been married a long time."

"Okay that's gross. Fine... What's the rules of the game?"

"Well it has to be a fair game, so whoever has the most points wins. It has to be something out of the control of either of us, so whatever it is has to be up to fate, luck, and skill. And we both have to swear completely to our oaths. No matter what I will cover for you. If Mom and Dad come home I see to it that they don't know that you've even left. And you have to do everything I say if you lose."

Sam ran around the house, quickly, moving large objects against the wall, locking all the doors and windows, covering them so no one could see in. He ran in and out of every room in the house checking every space and crack in the wall. Then he came back in the living room carrying a box of objects, laying them out of the floor.

"The game is called HUNTER. This is how you play. One person, the prey, starts in the attic of the house. The hunter starts in the basement. The Hunter will be blindfolded, and they'll wear these headphones that surround the ear. The prey wears this small transmitter here. Whenever the Hunter is within ten feet the headphones will start to beep like a metal detector. The prey will keep three pieces of cloth on their belt. If the Hunter grabs it they get 5 points, after they grab them all the round is over.
The Hunter, before the round starts will hide this five small transmitters all over the house. The prey has to find them all, without getting caught. Each one is only two points, so for the round to end the prey must find them all and press the button on them. When one is pressed it sends a message to the hunter and tells him a number, 1-5, so they know where the prey is. The points are lopsided to off-set the difficulty of each role.
The Prey can move objects in the house, close doors, set things in the Hunter's way, basically do whatever they have to do to win. The Hunter can grab as many cloths as the can get their hands on all at once, so the round can end if they Hunter finds the prey even once. But the prey can grab cloth back.
Each round lasts one hour. There are three rounds to the game. That ends the game at eight. Plenty of time for you to go to your party, and plenty of time for me to torture you. Do you still want to play?"

"HELL YEAH! Holy crap this sounds awesome! Is this what you do with all your time?"

"Well, I am going to college to become an engineer. You do remember I started college when I was your age right?"

"Whatever. Let's get this started!"

"Alright, just stay here."

He walked away and came back a minute later with his bottle of Captains in his hand. Opening the bottle he poured out two large shots.

"A deal is a deal. With these drinks we swear to keep the rules. If either of us break we both have enough dirt on each other for our parents to kill us. You'll be grounded for life, and they'll stop paying for my college."

"Okay. I give you my word."

"And I give you mine," said Sam.

They picked up their glasses and downed the shots.

They flipped coins to see who would be HUNTER and who would be the prey. Sam got to be the prey this round, so he put on the blindfold while Terry ran around the house hiding the transmitters everywhere. When she finished he walked her to the basement, putting the blindfold on her.

"Okay, I have this button here. When I press it it beeps in your ear that I'm in the attic and the round is about to start. An alarm will go off when the round is over. After this round we switch places."

"Okay."

Sam took a hard look at her now that she couldn't see his eyes watching her. He would win this game. He had to. It was burning him up inside, the other games he imagined for her. He placed the earphones on her and turned them on, running upstairs.

He sat on the seat in the attic and pressed his thumb to the switch, activating all the equipment. The house, was two floors, not including the attic and the basement. Terry had been gone for a while so they could be anywhere in the house. On top of having the four levels, the house was extremely big. It was built for a family of ten, but used only for theirs. His parents were wealthy, and could more than afford the large home.

FIVE MINUTES

Sam searched every inch of the attic for a transmitter, but couldn't find one. He made his way to the stairs, running down them and darting into the first bedroom, his sisters. At this he slowed down. This was his chance... He had an hour to find five transmitters. Heck if he found one and didn't get caught he would win this round. He was going to take his time. With this he walked to his room and grabbed his camera, skipping back to his sisters room. She couldn't hear or see him, wherever she was.

He walked over to her drawers and opened them, not really looking for the transmitters yet. He pulled up one of her bras and put it to his nose, smelling it. He held the breath in his longs for a long time, absorbing it before he let it out. Her panties were next.

A photo album was sitting on top of her dresser, so Sam flipped through it. In them were pictures of her friends and her doing various things. Near the middle Sam stopped and stared. There was a picture of Terra (as he called her) in a bathing suit, looking at the camera with smoldering eyes. He took the picture out and went to his room to scan it onto his computer, putting the picture back where he had found it.

He started to search the room for a transmitter at this point, but was stopped when he found her diary hidden away underneath her bed. He flipped it open and started to read to himself.

January 7th,

I got a new journal today! I'm pretty excited. I think I'm going to write every day! Well, day one down.

March 28th,

So I don't write every day. Or every week. But I am trying. The boy is at it again. Every time I see him I blush, and I get so wet. He turns me on! God, I hate it.

There were a bunch of entries after that with random blurbs and thoughts. It didn't get interesting until:

July 19th,

Today I went out and bought a dildo. My heart was beating like crazy when I went into the store. I had my fake ID so I knew I wouldn't get caught, but the idea of buying a sex toy was so... naughty! I tried it when I got home and, WOW... I've never come that hard in my life. I was thinking about the boy the

whole time. I'm going to hide it under the floor boards in my closet. No one knows about that space.

Sam walked over to the closet, opening it and knocked on the floor to find the secret opening. When he found it, he pealed it open to reveal a few things. There were secret notes, some cash, a little pot, a half empty bottle of Jack Daniels, and two things that really drew his attention.

One of the transmitters was sitting there next to a red box, covered with intricate designs and a ribbon laying next to it. He picked up the transmitter and pressed it absentmindedly, five points for him.

He reached out and picked up the box opening it and staring at the phallus. He picked it up and smelled it, the scent of his sisters pussy turned him on more than he had ever been before.

TWENTY FIVE MINUTES

Terry was walking silently up the stairs when she heard the headphones go off, ***Transmitter three activated.***

She made her way quietly up the stairs as fast as she could move. That one was hidden in her secret spot. No one was supposed to know about that. HOPEFULLY Sam hadn't opened the red box. He wasn't usually that curious, but for some reason a small part of Terry was a little turned on by the idea of him seeing it.

She knew had a map of the house in her head and knew her room inside and out. Just outside of the door the sensor beeped, she was within ten feet. She walked slowly up to her closet with her hand out, the second she felt him she grabbed quickly at his belt, ripping all three pieces of cloth at once.

She pulled the blindfold off, jumping up and down screaming, "I WON, I WON!"

Sam had put away the sex toy and was starting to close the floorboards when she had grabbed him. She was so quiet, she had caught him off guard.

"Damn... Well you win this round, so you have 15 points and I have 5. This round, I'm the Hunter, and you're the," he paused for just a second, "prey."

"Fine with me, Bitch."

They set themselves up again, moving the transmitters all over the house, and sitting at their respective spots.

This time Terry sat upstairs in the attic and pressed the trigger to activate all the transmitters. She ran down both stairs, right to the first floor. She knew her brother. He would hide the transmitters down low. She would kill time upstairs, and that would give him time to corner her up there with the sensor. He was strong too, if he caught her, she would only struggle in vain.

Just as Terry flew down the stairs, Sam ran up the basement stairs. Terry barely got out of range of the sensor as Sam ran up the stairs. She had at least twenty minutes to kill before he figured it out. She went straight to the basement first, the first sensor hidden right underneath the chair.

She grabbed it, but didn't set it off. She didn't want him to know where she was yet. She ran upstairs to try to find others before he figured out that she wasn't upstairs, but before she could think, strong arms picked her up off the ground, and ripped the pieces of cloth from her waist.

"I win this round little girl," her brother gloated.

He took off the blindfold and headphones, looking right into her face.

"And, because you didn't set that sensor off, it doesn't count for points, which means I have 17 and you have only 15. Happy Hunting."

They reset everything, and Sam readied himself upstairs. This time his tactic would change. He would draw this one out. He was try to get close enough to her to set off her sensor, but far enough that she didn't catch him.

He clicked the button and ran as fast as he could down the stairs. She wouldn't use her room again, that was for sure, and she wouldn't use the basement. The attic was mostly bare, so easy to check. That left the two other rooms upstairs, and the first floor.

Terry ran up the stairs, feeling around the walls. She walked around the first floor, Sam following out of her range. When she got halfway up the stairs, he got just within her range and then immediately out. She thought he was just at the top of the stairs. This gave Sam plenty of time.

The first transmitter, Sam found in almost no time. After tearing most of the living room apart he looked under the couch and there it was. He didn't press it quite yet. He got up looked around, trying to put himself in her mind.

As he looked around he heard the sound of the fan oscillating in the kitchen. In the silence of the house it was the one real noise and it was driving him crazy. Then he realized, it wasn't spinning the last time he was the prey. He ran to the kitchen and turned it off, waiting for it to stop spinning.

Getting up on a chair he reached up and felt the top of the blade, finding a transmitter taped to the top of it. Behind him he could hear Terry coming down the stairs. This caused him to panic. He ran to the dining room, but it's like she could feel him. She walked towards him, just barely out of range when he pressed the Transmitter. She turned around and ran to the living room, feeling around trying to find Sam in the dark.

Sam ran to the stairs as fast as he could. He went to the bathroom first, the easiest one to search. He tore through the medicine cabinet, through the shower, through the linen closet, through everywhere. Finally he came to the laundry basket. To buy himself time he hit the next transmitter for the kitchen.

Sam threw clothes everywhere, getting to the bottom of the hamper. There, sitting at the bottom of the pile underneath a bra was two transmitters. Luck, it seems was on his side. He ran to his parents room, searching everywhere that looked out of place and couldn't find anything. The last one wasn't there.

Then he had an idea. He hit the two transmitters at the same time, calling Terra up to investigate. She ran as fast and as light as the wind to the bathroom, groping in the dark for Sam. Then she did was Sam thought she would do. She ran to his room, where she knew the last transmitter was hidden, and grabbed it, sitting on his bed and waiting for the hour to run out.

Sam stood at the doorway, out of range of Terry and weighed his options out. There was about five minutes left to the game, so he had to make his move. With a deep breath he ran, headfirst, into her range.

Terry's headset beeped like crazy as she felt a body jump on top of hers and a strong hand grab at the transmitter. She held tight, and with her free hand grasped for his cloth. Her hand brushed against his crotch as she searched for the cloth. She wrapped her hands around them and pulled as Sam pressed the button on the transmitter.

Terry took the equipment off and shouted, "YES! I get your booze and you get to cover for me! YES!!!!!"

"Think again, sis. Look at how many ribbons you ripped off my belt."

She looked at her hand and saw only two.

"So, that gives me 25 points. We're tied."

"Actually, I hit the last transmitter. Which means I win the round. and if you count them out you'll see I

have 27 points, sis... or should I say slave."

"No.... no... not fair!"

She realized that he had won fair and square. She was his slave. He got off of her and picked her up.

"The first thing you have to do is clean up this mess. When you're done, I'll be watching Dracula. You can join me there. Oh and keep that outfit on. It suits you as a slave."

She started cleaning the house, mad, putting away all the clothes and furniture that had been moved about during the game. It was only 7:15. She had a long night ahead of her. Hell she had a long week ahead of her.

After a half hour she had finished cleaning the house. Sam was sitting on the couch, waiting for Terry so he could begin her punishment. She knew he was going to torture her. She already had to clean the house, so now he was probably going to degrade her, and make her wait on him hand and foot.

"Terra, would you be so kind and grab the bottle of Captains for me."

Great. He was going to drink, while she couldn't. He was going to torture her with the thing she wanted, drink, and a good time.

"Alright, now fill this glass for me would you." He pointed to a drinking cup on the coffee table. Not a shot glass, but a drinking glass.

"What do you want it mixed with?"

"What do you want it mixed with, what?"

"Sigh... what do you want it mixed with... sir."

"No, no... Master."

"Oh come on, that's degrading."

"You'll be doing a lot of that tonight, so get used to it." His voice was firm, but not harsh.

"FINE.... what would you like it mixed with, Master?"

"Nothing darling, I want it to go down rough, and burn in the belly."

"Whatever you'd like," she said as she poured.

She filled the glass to the top, a little overflowing onto the coffee table.

"Is that good enough, Master?"

"Yes it is... now drink it."

"All of that?? That's a lot though. I'm no lightweight, but that's over a quarter of a bottle..."

"Oh I know. And you'll be a good little slave and drink it all."

She did as he commanded and downed the whole drink. It burned her throat as she swallowed, gulp after gulp, of vodka. The second the bottom of the cup hit the coffee table she could feel it in her cheeks.

"That's good. Now, press play on the movie would you darling?"

"Yes Master," this time she said it without any sarcasm.

She played the movie and plopped down on the couch next to her brother.

"Move closer, yes, that will do. Now put her head on my chest."

She did as she was told as put an arm around her. They sat in silence and watched the film. It wasn't particularly scary, but it was a classic. A masterpiece of acting. The often copied, but never out down Bela Lugosi. Terra had relaxed against her brother during the movie. The alcohol had worked it's way into her system. She wasn't drunk, but she was certainly uninhibited at this point.

"Now, be a dear and light the candles, would you?"

She went around the room lighting all the candles that were scattered on nearly every surface.

"Now put in the Miles Davis CD would you?"

She did everything that he commanded, with a soft, "yes Master," whispered back.

"Now, darling, I want you to go upstairs and grab my camera for me. Can you do that?"

"Yes Master," she breathed.

When she came back he took the camera from her and turned it on, pacing around the room as he did so. He looked all over at the lighting, and the background.

"Alright, I want you to stand facing away from me, legs tight together, back straight, and I want you to tilt your head back, okay?"

She did all of that and waited for his next command.

"Now with both of your hands I want you to mess your hair all up, and keep your hands buried in your hair, with your elbows pointing out at a bit of an angle."

She did this and he took some photographs. He focused on different things with each shot. Her hair, her legs, her ass.

"Alright, now on your knees, with your hands in between your legs. Look up at me like a shy little girl would."

She did as he asked and he took his pictures.

She didn't care that he was taking all the pictures. She wasn't drunk, just frisky. She was turned on by the risque pictures he was taking.

"Alright I'm done with the pictures for now... Stand up for me darling."

She stood up and looked at him, smiling, "what can I do for you, Master." There was extra emphasis on the Master this time.

"I'm going to change your costume a little bit. Make it a bit more comfy. First of all, the cardigan has to go."

He got as close as possible to her without their bodies actually touching, and removed her cardigan.

"And the tie," he reached up, his hands brushing against her breasts, "that has to go as well." With the tie off, he undid two more buttons, showing off her cleavage even more.

"And lastly." He got to his knees, and ran a single finger from her foot, to the top of one of her stockings, peeling it inch by inch off of her leg. She lifted her foot of the ground so that he could take it off of her completely. He moved to the next leg doing the same, removing it to reveal her sexy, soft, completely smooth legs, and bare sexy feet.

"There," he stood up, "now you have a nice Halloween outfit."

"Yes Master." She was blushing slightly.

"You're honor bound to be my slave for the next week, correct?"

"Yes Master."

"And you would do anything that I ask?"

"Yes Master... anything," the last word she said quietly, barely able to get it out. Her mouth went dry slightly as other areas grew wet with excitement. She was thinking of an impossible anything. An anything her stupid brother was too weak to ask for. She was turned on more than she had ever been before.

"Good," he said placing a hand on her shoulder and pushing down, "get on your knees my slave."

"Y-yes Master," she began to blush. Maybe she had spoken too soon.

Sam sat on the couch and just stared at Terra for a while, contemplating what he was about to do. She wasn't drunk, so he knew he wasn't taking advantage of her. And she read her diary and pieced together who 'that boy' was. The question was could he do it? Could he really overcome the block in his mind that stopped him from pursuing her incestuous desire?

The words fought their way out of his mouth, "come closer little slave."

She crawled in between his legs.

"Put your hand on my lap."

She did.

"Undo my pants."

"Yes Master," she whispered. They were coming close to the point of no return.

She unbuttoned the button and unzipped his pants. He moved his hips up so that she could pull his pants back. She was staring at his boxers, the outline of his erection standing out firm against the material. It begged for release.

"Take it out."

She pulled his boxers out and stared at his cock. It wasn't huge, only six inches, but it was there right in front of her. It was real. It wasn't just an image or a thought or and imagining. It was a real, hard, velvety cock right in front of her, within reach. So close she could just about taste it.

The point of no return, "Now... suck it."

"Yes Master," she leaned forward, her hand moving to the base of his cock. Once it was in her mouth there was no going back. She would be committing incest with her brother. Her heart beat loudly against her ribs, and something in the back of her mind was screaming,'GO ON, GO ON, GO ON! It's right there! You've wanted it for so long, GO ON!'

She took it into her hands with the lightest grip, running her tongue from the base of his cock to the tip, circling the head. She tilted her face to one side and just ran her lips down it, kissing it every inch. She licked up it a few times, going as slow as she could. To Sam her tongue felt like wet fire burning it's way pleasurably up his cock.

Finally she kissed the head one last time and opened her mouth, taking her brother in and sucking on him, saliva running down to his balls. She worked her way down, going as far as she could without gagging, sucking on and and rubbing her tongue against it. He just tilted his head back and ran his hand through her hair. She closed her eyes and focused on the feeling. It pulsated lowly in her mouth as she sucked, her head moving up and down slowly. It was torture to Sam. He let out a soft moan as she pulled him out and kissed the head again.

She looked up at him with her big eyes that seemed to say, 'I NEED YOU!'

He picked her up, abandoning the pretense of Master and slave. They were beyond that game now. He pulled his shirt over his head and kicked his pants to the ground, as she undid her shirt. He got to his knees and pulled her skirt and panties off for her.

They stood before each other naked and just stared. It felt right. Maybe it was the alcohol, maybe it was the full moon. Or maybe growing up so closely with someone, so intimately does things to you

that most people lie to themselves about. They thought they knew each other. Now they would really know each other.

She laid on the couch, her legs parted as he got on top of her, placing his cock at the entrance of her body. She shivered, ready to give him everything. They were going to give one another a piece of their souls. She nodded as he leaned over her and kissed her, softly at first, but harder as time went on.

His cock was slippery from her saliva, so it slid with no effort into her. He pushed as far as he could inside, shaking as he did so. Now they were connected. They were one. He rocked back and forth slowly, enjoying the feeling of her warm embrace. She placed her hands on his hips, dragging her nails up his side, hooking under his armpits and onto his shoulders. Her legs wrapped around his ass, pulling him sharply into her with one hard thrust.

She regulated his rhythm at first, until they had a good pace going. He felt the walls of her pussy quiver against his cock as she came onto him, her body tensing at the wild sensation that she was feeling. It was a thousand times stronger than her dildo ever had been, and so much more... fulfilling. He knew he was close as well, with each push bringing him closer and closer.

She hugged him tightly to her body and whispered in his ear, "I'm yours. Come inside me Master. Please!"

Just as he said that, wave after wave of cum poured out of his cock and into her, his orgasm ripping through his body. Time slowed down and space warped, every synapse in his brain all seemed to fire at once. It was something no clever metaphor or combination of words could describe.

He collapsed on top of her, panting, his cock still buried inside of her, not wanting to leave. She put his head on her chest and ran her fingers through his hair, singing to him the sweetest song he had ever heard. Slowly he fell. Through everything he fell into a deep slumber. The next day they woke up and the first thing they did was look into each others eyes and say, "I love you."

HAPPY HALLOWEEN