Halloween on Stanworth Street

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It wasn't my nerve that I lost.

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I heard them chanting over again, "Go ahead- go in there. I bet you won't do it." They were supposed to be my friends, but every Halloween they dared me to go into the old Stanworth Street warehouse. It's not entirely their fault. Every year, I say I'm going to go in and every year I chicken out. This year will be different. Tonight is Halloween and I'm going to satisfy my curiosity.

I know people say the house is haunted, but people say many things to make it sound as if they're privy to information. I don't know what I'll find once I get there. I'll deal with that later. I put on my new Halloween costume, and with a ton of determination, but barely an ounce of common sense, I entered the warehouse alone.

The warehouse was cold, damp and dark. There were a few wooden tables and old clothes scattered on the floor. Was someone else here? I swallowed hard and looked at the old file cabinets and metal gate that led to nowhere. The warehouse might not be haunted, but it was huge.

I heard some mice scattering about and I was starting to get scared. However, I wasn't going to let my fear get the best of me. I gingerly climbed up the stairs, constantly looking behind me as I did so. When I entered the new floor, I looked around again.

I walked the second floor examining the chairs and tables. There were some old games on the table, Life and Monopoly. There was also a deck of cards and a bottle of beer. Now I started to panic, worried that I wasn't alone. I convinced myself that I made my point and it was time to leave.

As I approached the staircase to make my exit, I heard footsteps downstairs. At least I thought I did. I was too afraid to move. All I could do was pray that whoever was downstairs would not make his way up.

I hid in the corner and took my cell phone from my jacket pocket. I dialed 9-1-1 and told the operator where I was. "Don't worry, stay where you are, someone will come for you," she said. I breathed a sigh of relief as I tried to keep my anxiety in check. It wasn't working.

Within minutes, someone opened the downstairs door. Oh shit, I thought to myself as I stood tightly against the corner. I heard footsteps as the person climbed up the stairs. Whoever it was had a flashlight. In a panicked move, I moved from the corner to hide under a nearby table, but I tripped and fell which announced my presence. Then I heard a man yell at me.

“Freeze- police!” he shouted with his gun drawn.

I held my hands up as he approached me.

“What are you doing here? Who else is with you?” he asked angrily.

“No one is with me, sir, and I just wanted to see if this place was really haunted.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” he asked confused.

“My friends dared me to come in and I took the dare.”

“You know this is private property and you’re trespassing?”

“I guess I didn’t see the sign.”

“Yeah right,” he said as he watched me intently. “That’s a piss poor excuse for being here. What’s your name?”

“Kaitlyn Baker.”

“How old are you?”

“I’m seventeen.”

“You know there is a curfew tonight?”

“Yeah I know.”

“So far you’ve been trespassing and violating curfew.” He put his gun back in his shoulder holster and opened up my jacket. “What’s this you’re wearing?”

“It’s my Halloween costume.”

“Are you supposed to be a hooker?”

“No, it’s supposed to be a little French maid.”

He shined his flashlight on me and then down my body. “I guess a bra and panties weren’t part of the costume,” he observed. He lifted my short skirt and peeked under it. He raised his eyebrows quickly. “How much did your costume cost?”

“Not much, I think about $20.00. I don’t remember.”

“Did that include the waxing?” he asked sarcastically.

“No that was separate,” I said meekly.

He walked over a few feet away to a wooden table. “Bend over the table and spread your legs, please.”

“Are you searching me?”

“Just do what I ask. ”

I slowly walked to the table and bent over it. I spread my legs wide for him. I felt him lift my skirt. I could tell he was examining me with the flashlight. I felt a finger slide inside my pussy. “Why are you wet?”

“Abandoned warehouses turn me on,” I said sarcastically.

“Are you sure about that?” he asked as he probed his finger deeper inside me. He pulled his finger out and circled my now swollen clit with my hot wetness.

“Yes,” I moaned.

“Face me,” he ordered. He took off my top, grabbing my breasts. My hard nipples didn’t escape his attention as he flicked them with his finger.

“Nice tits,” he said as he rubbed my breast. I loved every second of his touch.

“Do you celebrate Halloween, officer?” I asked as I nervously tried to make conversation with him.

“Yeah, I do,” he said as his breathing became more rapid.

“Tell me what you’re going to be for Halloween,” I said.

“This year for Halloween I’m going as a guy who finds a girl in a warehouse and I’m going to fuck the shit out of her.”

“Then today is my lucky day,” I said smiling. I looked down at his crotch. “Fuck me, officer,” I pleaded.

He unzipped his pants revealing his hard cock. I wasn’t going tell him that this was my first time having sex. I put up the best front that I could.

“Suck it,” he said as he stroked his cock.

I got on my knees and gently licked the sides of his shaft. I kissed the tip of the head and circled my tongue around it. Then I took his cock in my mouth, sucking it in a rhythm, trying hard not to gag on it.

He placed his hands behind my head and slowly pressed it towards his body. The feel of his cock, the taste of his body coupled with the aura of sex compounded my arousal.

“Rub my balls,” he whispered.

I eagerly cupped his balls in my hand as I continued to suck his dick. It was my pleasure to please him. I loved how he watched me suck him. He took off his jacket and took his pants down, fully revealing his erection. I wanted his cock so badly. Would it be too dramatic if I referred to it as “glorious”?

“Yeah, that’s it,” he said as my head bobbed up and down on his shaft. I stroked and sucked him at the same time. I no longer wanted his cock. I needed it.

He motioned me to stand up and he rubbed my clit with his finger. I pressed myself down on it harder feeling the pleasure.

“You like that?” he asked with a sly smile. He already knew the answer.

“Oh God, yes, it feels so good,” I moaned. I could have cum right there, the enjoyment was too much for me to handle.

“I’m going to eat you out,” he said as he put me on the table and spread my legs apart. I felt his gentle kisses on my inner thighs, then on my pussy lips. He licked the outside of my lips and I began to shake from the pleasure. He looked up at me before he spread my lips with his tongue, slowly licking my aching clit.

Almost immediately, I raised my hips in pleasure, ready to cum in his mouth when he pulled away.

“Slow down, slow down,” he said.

“I never had a guy do that to me,” I said.

“Just relax,” he said before he started licking me again.

I was ready to cum. I needed to cum, but he said to slow down. How could I slow down when I was feeling the most incredible pleasure of my life? I grabbed my breasts and moaned as my body begged for a physical release. I watched his tongue circle my clit, licking faster, then slower. He put my clit between his lips and gently sucked it. I felt the pulsating pleasure overtake me. I tried to remember to slow down to make the feeling last. However, when he put his finger inside my pussy I lost all control.

“Oh God!” I screamed as I felt my body climax in pleasure. My throbbing clit pounded against his mouth as I grabbed my breasts. I felt him lick my juices from my inner thighs.

“I guess you liked that,” he said with a smile. He was stroking his cock hard.

“Please fuck me,” I pleaded to him.

He bent me over the table and gently pressed his cock against my pussy. Slowly he entered me. I tried to relax as best I could, but it still hurt. He pumped me slowly, holding my hips as he did so. I felt my pussy stretch, as he slid deeper inside me. I gasped from the pain.

“I’m being as gentle as I can,” he whispered as his body rocked slowly. It hurt, but now it was starting to feel like a *good* hurt. He pumped a bit faster and I responded with soft moans.

“Am I hurting you?” he asked, sensing it was my first time.

“A little, but don’t stop,” I said.

Again, he pressed himself deeper inside me. I felt his balls press against my body.

“Ooh yes!” I cried as he pumped faster.

“You like it?” he asked.

“I love it! Don’t stop!” I begged of him.

His body tensed up right before he pulled out shooting his cum over my ass and back. It tickled a little, but I didn’t laugh. He gently rubbed his semen on me, before bringing his hand to my lips.

I licked his cum from his hand as I turned around to kiss him.

“Wow, that was amazing,” I said to him.

He smiled as he started to get dressed.

I put on my costume and turned to him.

“Um, I don’t even know your name,” I asked shyly.

“I’m Detective Liu Chang with the Southern City Police.”

“It’s nice to meet you.” I blushed.

“Nice to meet you too,” he replied with a suggestive tone to his voice. “Let me give you a ride to the station,” he added. I accepted his offer.

That was three years ago. Every Halloween we go back to that old warehouse and re-create that night. No wonder it's my favorite holiday.

Happy Halloween ;)