



Donna Barber

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Halloween High

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Tracey Smith had only started working at Eastfield High School in September. Now it was Halloween and the headmaster Mr Chambers told her what a big festival it was at the school.

'All the teachers get involved in the Halloween pageant, Tracey. I'm sure you'll be happy to join in the fun.'

'Of course, sir,' a nervous Tracey agreed.

The last thing she wanted was to upset the head in her very first teaching job. He told her to go and see the drama teacher Stacey Brooks and get her costume organised.

For some reason Tracey and Stacey had never hit it off. She always felt uncomfortable in the older woman's company and even wondered from the way she looked at her sometimes if Stacey was a lesbian.

As Tracey entered the drama room Stacey looked up.

'I suppose you've come for your Halloween costume. I'll see if I've got one in your size.'

The diminutive but busty Tracey flushed in embarrassment at these words but said nothing. Stacey looked quickly at the selection of costumes and nodded

'Yes, I've got one to fit you. The main event's tomorrow night so turn up here about nine in the evening and I'll get you fitted out in your costume.'

When tomorrow evening came, Tracey arrived and Stacey looked at her.

'OK, time to get ready to change into your costume. Strip!'

A startled Tracey gazed at her in shock.

'What, here and now?'

'Yes, here and now,' an exasperated Stacey said.

'Well – do you want me to take – everything – off, I mean?'

Stacey raised her eyes heavenward.

'Of course I do. It will be seventeenth century costume for this event. Do you think women in those days wore bras and fancy knickers? Just do it, Tracey!'

Reluctantly Tracey stripped naked while Stacey went off to get her costume. Unbeknown to Tracey her three least favourite pupils had been waiting for the chance and as Stacey returned with the costume they made their move.

John Chambers was the son of the headmaster and he, his girlfriend Emily and her best friend Lucy sneaked in to the room and stole Tracey's clothes.

'Got them!' a triumphant Emily laughed. 'That stuck up bitch will be in real trouble soon.'

Tracey was blissfully unaware of all this as she put on her costume. It was a witch's outfit with black robes and a black hat and broomstick.

'It fits all right,' Stacey told her. 'I'll get changed into my costume now. Go to the assembly hall and wait. Mr Chambers and I are presiding over the events tonight.'

About fifteen minutes passed before Stacey emerged dressed in a nun's habit. Five minutes later Mr Chambers emerged dressed as a judge.

'Let Halloween begin,' the head said cheerfully. 'I am Judge Chambers and tonight's events have been scripted by my son John, Emily Brown and Lucy Jones. Halloween is open – trick or treat?'

'Trick!' came the enthusiastic response from the pupils of Eastfield High.

'Very well,' said Mr Chambers. 'Halloween Court is now in session. Who shall we put on trial?'

To Tracey's horror a chant was taken up in unison by all the students.

'Tracey Smith, Tracey Smith!'

A bewildered Tracey wondered not only why they were picking on her but what was about to happen to her.

'Very well,' said Mr Chambers. 'Let Tracey Smith be brought before the court. Who leads the prosecution?'

'I do, Your Honour,' said Stacey. 'Sister Stacey will prosecute.'

'What charges do you bring against her?'

'She is a witch,' Stacey announced calmly. 'She had made a covenant with Satan.'

'Let the trial begin,' said Mr Chambers. 'Tracey Smith, how do you plead to the charge of witchcraft? Guilty or not guilty?'

'Not guilty, Your Honour.'

'In that case,' said the head, 'I call on Sister Stacey to present the evidence for the prosecution.'

Stacey smiled as she began the 'prosecution.'

'To begin with,' she said, 'you can see by the way she's dressed that Tracey is obviously a witch. Secondly we have three witnesses who are prepared to testify against her.'

I bet I know which three they are, thought Tracey sourly.

'After you have heard the evidence, Your Honour, it is up to you to decide whether or not some kind of further investigation is necessary to determine her guilt.'

Further investigation, thought Tracey? What the hell does she mean by that? Before she had time to reflect on it the first 'witness' for the prosecution took the stand.

'Lucy Jones, you are here before this court to give testimony in the trial of Tracey Smith.

You say that she is a witch – where is your evidence of that?'

'Last week I saw her frolicking naked in the school playground with that broomstick of hers,' said Lucy. 'And I heard her praying to Satan to put curses on me and two other pupils.'

'Which two?'

'Emily Brown and John Chambers.'

'I see. And what was she doing with her broomstick?'

Tracey gasped and blushed bright red at her answer but all the other pupils laughed and even the teachers on the platform smirked.

'She was shoving it right up that dirty cunt of hers!' Lucy said animatedly.

'Thank you, Lucy,' said Stacey. 'The prosecution now calls John Chambers to the stand.'

In spite of her embarrassment Tracey felt she had to intervene at this point.

'Your Honour, am I allowed to question this witness?'

'No,' came the brusque reply. 'Defendants are NOT permitted to cross-examine witnesses.'

'Sorry, Your Honour,' a thoroughly mortified Tracey replied as she fell silent again.

John was even more creative as he described Tracey's alleged antics.

'She didn't just shove the broomstick up her cunt,' he announced. 'She also pushed it right up her fat arse as well! And then she put it in her stupid fucking gob and sucked on it!'

'Thank you, John,' said Mr Chambers. 'You may step down. Any more witnesses, Sister Stacey?'

'Yes, Your Honour. The prosecution calls Emily Brown to the stand.'

Tracey knew that Emily was the nastiest of all three of her problem pupils and she guessed that she'd be the worst when it came to telling lies about her.

'As well as shoving the broomstick up her arse and cunt,' Emily announced, 'and sucking it off with her stupid fucking gob I also saw her being fucked silly by Satan himself!'

'Thank you, Emily. The prosecution rests,' said Stacey.

Mr Chambers stared at Tracey thoughtfully.

'Well, Tracey, do you continue to deny the charges against you?'

'Yes, Your Honour,' Tracey answered indignantly.

'So let's briefly run through them again. You deny being a witch?'

'Yes, I do.'

'Do you deny putting a broomstick up your arse and cunt and then sucking it afterwards?'

'Yes, I certainly DO deny it!' Tracey almost shouted.

'And do you deny fucking Satan?'

'Of course I do.'

Mr Chambers looked at Stacey and then at Tracey's three 'accusers.' He knew what was going to happen next but his sense of theatre made him want to give it maximum impact.

'Well,' he said, 'according to the statutes governing the trial of a witch we have three possible options. If necessary we may have to follow all three. Strip naked, Tracey, so that we can examine you to see if you have the witch's mark upon you.'

Tracey froze in horrified disbelief. She'd expected some rough silly horseplay but not this. And now she was being ordered to strip naked in front of the whole school!

'I... you... you can't make me do that, sir,' she protested weakly.

'Of course I can!' he announced. 'Now you have two choices, Tracey; strip naked voluntarily or I'll have you stripped by force.'

Tracey looked around and saw a sea of eager pupils desperate to see their young teacher stripped naked in front of them. Camera phones were already at the ready and she saw the futility of making any kind of resistance. Even the other staff looked on with eager anticipation of her humiliation.

Reluctantly she took off her witch's hat and then, slowly, with even less enthusiasm, her black robes. Tracey knew only too well that once they were off she would be standing before her audience naked as the day she was born.

As her black robe came off a huge cheer went up and camera phones went off all around her, eager to capture the moment of her naked humiliation in front of the whole school.

Tracey tried to cover up her breasts and genital area but a stern command from Mr Chambers made her take her hands away.

'Put your hands on your head, witch, and keep them there till we tell you otherwise,' he said. 'And spread your legs apart – as wide as they can – so that we can give your cunt a proper examination.'

A mortified Tracey did as she was told. All around her she heard mocking and lustful comments.

'What a fat arse she's got!'

'Great tits on her!'

'What a fucking slut!'

'What a fat fucking slag!'

Tracey endured the insults and then watched with horror as Emily approached with some sort of device in her hand.

'This is a witchfinder,' the grinning girl told her cowed teacher. 'If you stick it into a witch's body when she's naked it tells you where she's got the mark of the Devil upon her!'

Tracey wanted to plead for mercy but she knew she'd get none from Emily and she resigned herself to some more humiliation. The girl waved the screwdriver-like object in front of her face before she began digging it into to Tracey's naked body. She began with innocuous areas like her face and back before going on to more sensitive ones like her belly. Finally as Tracey had expected she dug it into the large area of her breast flesh. Emily probed her teacher's tits with enthusiasm for about five minutes before finishing by digging her 'tool' into each of Tracey's nipples. It was quite uncomfortable but not actually painful but the humiliation she felt was intense.

She then turned her attention to Tracey's behind and dug her 'witchfinder' into Tracey's buttocks and each of her arse cheeks felt its unwelcome attention. Then she pushed it right up her arsehole and Tracey gasped at the unexpected intruder.

Everyone except Tracey laughed at that and then Emily turned her attention to the one area of her teacher's body she'd left alone so far – her genitals. Ruthlessly she pricked Tracey's outer labia and then inside her vagina with her witchfinder. Finally she pricked Tracey's clitoris and the teacher gasped in a mixture of astonishment, humiliation, pain and arousal.

'Found one mark on each nipple,' Emily announced triumphantly, 'four on each of her tits, four on her arse cheeks, one up her arsehole, four up her cunt and one up her clit!'

A huge gale of laughter and giggles went up when Emily said that. Tracey blushed in humiliation and wondered what would happen next.

'A total of sixteen witch marks in all,' Mr Chambers declared. 'Well, that seems pretty conclusive, Emily. Thank you for your help.'

He turned to Tracey and addressed her sternly.

'Tracey Smith, you have been found guilty of the crimes of witchcraft, of placing a broomstick up your cunt and arse and then sucking it and of being fucked by the Devil. You will now be restrained while I decide upon my sentence.'

Tracey found half a dozen people surrounding her, including Stacey, Emily, John and Lucy. Her wrists were forced behind her back and then handcuffed; her ankles were shackled with metal fetters; her neck found a metal collar fastened around it and a ring gag was forced into her mouth.

Of course the gag meant that it was now impossible for poor Tracey to speak which made her even angrier at Mr Chambers' next mocking words to her.

'Tracey, if you make a full confession now and plead for the court's mercy I may consider imposing a more lenient sentence upon you. Do you

wish to confess and plead for mercy?'

Through her gag Tracey could only make stupid and incoherent noises.

'That is a no, then,' Mr Chambers announced. 'Very well then, you leave me no alternative. In the grounds of the garden a stake and a pile of firewood has been prepared. Take the witch away and light the fire. You will burn alive her on earth before burning in hell for all eternity.'

Tracey stared at him in shock and horror and tried to hobble away. Surely they weren't – actually going to – burn her at the stake? Even on Halloween?

She was dragged to the garden of the school and secured by other metal chains connected to her neck collar, handcuffs and shackles to others leading off from a central ring on the wooden pole to which she was now roughly fastened. Tracey saw John and Emily and Lucy getting firefighters and beginning to light the fire around her. The smell of smoke and the first sparkles of flame came to her consciousness and she froze in terror at the prospect. Surely it couldn't be happening? How could she just be grabbed and burnt alive in the twenty-first century?

'Hope you'll be warm enough!' Emily said cruelly as Tracey stared in horror as the flames began to build.

It was the morning of October 31st – Halloween – and Tracey Smith turned restlessly in her sleep and woke up with a huge jolt.

'Oh my God!' Tracey gasped. 'That was the worst nightmare I've ever had!'

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Red Goddess -

night mare for sure. But it does fit Tracey's usual events hehe poor poor Tracey

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Donna Barber - Yes, it does but at least this time it was only a bad dream for her!

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