

Trick or Treating

By [Jessic21a](#) – Originally Published: Oct 28, 2024

JaneDoe-2010, combined and altered story, Rev. 1.0, 01/03/26

[Story 1/2](#):

It was Halloween and Yonia had gone out Trick or Treating. She wanted to get some candy from the houses in the neighborhood ... as she had done since she was a little girl. She went around the houses with her friends and their bags slowly filled with candy. It wasn't particularly difficult to do, because Yonia was dressed up in a sexy costume. She was supposed to be a sexy, charming, young witch; and it seems to work!

People turned their eyes to Yonia, some with lust, some with envy, and some with disdain. Her friends were much more conservatively dressed, and Yonia was the main focus of the attention. Their funny and spooky fun continued when her friends came up with the 'brilliant' idea of splitting up, to get more candy. The idea was accepted and everyone went their own separate ways, as working together they would get more for the group to split.

Yonia went a little further away than she had ever ventured before, to canvas the houses where no one actually ever went. She walked for a few minutes, before finding a beautifully decorated house; beautiful, but spooky! She didn't know the house at all... it was located a little way into a forest and there were no neighbors. She thought it would be a brilliant idea to ring the bell and hope that the owner hadn't given away all their candy yet. And so, she went up the stairs and stood in front of the front door before composing herself and trying to look the part.

Yonia rang the bell and waited. She waited a few seconds before hearing loud footsteps approaching. She assumed that it was a big man coming and was already holding her pumpkin bucket to the door awaiting his arrival. But when the door slowly opened and Yonia started to say the normal trick or treat, what came out was, "Trick or... T... reat AAHHH A MONSTER! Help, get away from me!" The thing told her, "Freeze young lady!" Even though she wanted to run, for some reason she remained as she stood, holding out her candy bucket, and worrying about what she had gotten herself into.

The thing wasn't a giant man, but rather a monstrous creature! It looked like an Orc, an angry Orc! Yonia tried to turn and run, to escape, but was terrified as she realized that a magical force now held her firmly in place. She looked up at the Orc, who smiled at her evilly, and simply laughed at her startled reaction; then he said, "Not another Trick or Treat beggar, you humans should find a better way to get your candy! Well, I've had enough of this nonsense. I already scared away far too many of you tonight; you will be the last to bother me tonight. I have something special planned for you!"

Yonia was terrified when he said that, what was he going to do to her? But she was even more frightened when he told her, "Alright, my young 'witch, turn around facing the street,

and then crouch down in a sexy pose, sit on the edge of the step, and raise your wand!" She was both terrified and extraordinarily embarrassed as whatever mysterious force held her motionless now also forced her to do as he had commanded; and she couldn't resist.

Yonia no longer had any control over her body and she turned and struck the sexy pose she had been commanded to take, just as the Orc had ordered her to do. Now Yonia knew that she was in terrible trouble, stuck in a very revealing pose, unable to move, speak, or even cry out for help. In her mind she kept begging the Orc to let her go, but she was silent as a statue. She simply looked out onto the street as people walked by. Oddly, they didn't even seem to notice the Orc, or her. She wondered if whatever force was making her do this was also preventing anyone from being witness to her peril.

Then the Orc yawned, laughed, and said, "I've had enough, and I want to sleep now! You will stay here and not move from this spot, just a slutty decoration; bitch!" Then the Orc waved his hands and conjured a curse, as he did so a green light began to shine that illuminated Yonia in her erotic pose; it was embarrassing, she felt like a stripper in the



spotlight! In her mind, she begged to leave. But it was too late... the cursed magical spell slowly began to petrify Yonia's body. She couldn't see what was happening to her, but felt

an odd stiffness that seemed to be spreading. Soon she would not be moving from that spot ever again. Well, that is, unless the Orc moved her somewhere else!

Story 2/2:

Yonia was still unable to speak as the curse slowly froze her into a solid stone statue. As much as she wanted to cry, she would never do that again; and she could hear an odd cracking, grinding sound as her body was turning to stone. She could literally hear the cracks forming. And within just a few seconds, Yonia was a solid statue made of polished stone! Within the stone statue, Yonia was still aware, could still see the world in front of her, still hear the sounds of the night, and the Orc's snicker; at her expense.

Then the Orc went over to her and began to rip the ridiculous 'witch' statue's clothes off her stone body until she was completely naked! Yonia was mortified that she was being stripped of her already, skimpy, costume. Soon she would be naked for the entire world to see! She wanted to move to stop it, to cover her shame, but the statue simply remained posed as her owner had ordered her to do; wishing that she had never come to this cursed house.

The Orc examined the back of the statue before walking down the steps and standing in front of Yonia; looking her naked form over as if assessing his work. Yonia was terrified of the Orc, as she thought, "If he doesn't smash me into pieces, am I his statue now? Is he my owner? How long will he keep me like this? Will I be collecting dust in a century or two?" The concepts were just too big for her trapped mind to handle, yet she now realized that this was likely her new reality for, who knew, how long.

Then he laughed loudly at the naked, solid, unmoving, and pathetic statue; completely helpless and forever frozen in her last forced pose; balanced on the step. He looked at her pumpkin bucket of sweets now sitting next to the statue and grinned cheekily at the statue, saying, "That's a great idea witch, the stupid people who come here will simply take candy from the bucket, I'll have peace, and you will be a lovely decoration! Good night slutty statue!"

Then Yonia simply remained while the Orc walked past her, up the steps, back to his door, and into his house. Yonia heard him lock the door as he left the naked... Pathetic, sexy hot statue kneeling on the porch outside, a silent witness to the world passing by. And the orc was right! After a few minutes, the first people came to ask for sweets from her owner's house too. But then they saw the naked witch statue and the bucket of sweets sitting next to it. Everyone thought the statue was just a part of the decoration and everyone reached into her bucket, taking some of the sweets out of it.

Meanwhile, Yonia simply remained there, screaming out, in her mind, "Please... Help Me. I'm not a witch, or a statue! Someone PLEASE Help!" But, of course, she really was a statue and would remain that way. This pattern continued on for a few hours until her bucket was empty and it was getting deep into the night. Yonia was still kneeling there where she had been, all night; a naked, erotic statue, displaying the last expression and pose

she would ever make, and slowly coming to the realization that she will never be transformed back.

Early the next morning, Yonia could hear, and feel, the vibrations of the Orc walking towards the door. Then he walked out of the house, picked up his helpless statue, and packed her away into storage. The Orc thought, “Hmm, that worked well!” As he was packing Yonia up he told her, “maybe I’ll get you out again next year for Halloween, or perhaps use you as decoration in my house! You’ll certainly be a pleasant thing to look at for a few hundred years; I doubt I’ll ever get tired of that expression on your stone face!”



Yonia would have cried in terror as she was being boxed up, put into the forced darkness and relative silence of a box, to be stored away like a common decoration. But of course, not a single sound was heard as she was packed away. And Yonia wondered how long she could remain sane, locked away in storage; only time would tell!

Who knows what Yonia's fate will be. Maybe we will find out one day. But until then, she will remain a pretty decoration; silently watching the world go by her, if she is lucky.



Bonus Image: Yonia 500 years later.

After only about 70 years as the Orc's decoration, displayed within his home for all his guests to see, the Orc stepped in front of his statue, looked at her, and said, "Well, my beautiful Witch statue, it's been fun showing you to all my friends. But I am growing old and want to ensure that you continue to be admired for centuries to come, so I have decided to place you in a beautiful statue garden I enjoy visiting. You will have your own plinth to occupy and will be admired by all who come to the garden to see the works of art on display there."

He continued, "Perhaps, after 1000 years you will begin to deteriorate due to weathering, bird droppings, and who knows what; but I am confident that you will witness the world going by for far longer than any human, or Orc, has ever lived to see. And when you do finally disintegrate, I don't know what will happen to your consciousness; perhaps you will move on to wherever it is humans go when they die. If not, I want you to know how much you have beautified my home, and I believe you will greatly improve the garden."

Then she was picked up, carried away to a far away place where she still stands to this day; an impressively realistic marble statue of a 'Witch' her wand has long rotted away, but she still holds her pose. Watching the wildlife, what little visits her garden, and wondering how long she will remain there; and what happens next. Meanwhile, the garden has been abandoned within the dark forest for a very long time, so visitors are rare, if ever.