Amy Goes to the Masked Ball

Part 1

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The housing office placed Amy in a dorm room with two other incoming freshman

girls, Jennifer and Britney, when she arrived in the fall. Her two roommates,

who were best friends from high school, tried to be nice and include her, but

Amy was so much different then them. While she was shy and studious, they were

outgoing and partiers. While she dressed modestly and could barely speak to a

boy, they delighted in showing off as much as they could get by with and were

always out on dates.

The two of them worked hard the entire semester to get Amy to loosen up and

became increasingly annoyed with their failure as Halloween approached.

“That’s it, Amy,” Jennifer had said, “you need to make a choice. Come to the

party with us, or find a new place to live next semester.”

As much as she hated parties and as much as she didn’t fit in with her new

friends, they were the only people who talked to her on campus. She didn’t

want to be alone again, like in high school. She resolved to go with them and

do her best to have fun. She refused, however, to let them go with her to pick

out a costume. Heaven knows what they would choose!

As it turned out, maybe that decision had been a mistake. Jennifer was livid

when she saw Amy’s selection.

“Amy, you know that we want you to relax and have fun. Halloween is the one

day out of the year that you can dress as skeezy as you want, and no one will

think badly of you. Besides, the ZBE’s Masked Ball is THE event of the

semester. Something a lot sexier is expected. Look at our outfits.”

To Amy’s eyes, their “costumes” were little more than skimpy underwear with a

mask. The red lingerie had plastic horns and a tail, presumably to make

Jennifer a devil, while Britney’s white bra and panty set came with little

wings and a halo hat. There’s no way that she could ever wear anything like

that even in private, much less to a public party.

“But, look at it. It’s so cute. Don’t you like the little Casper ghost on the

front saying ‘Boo!’?”

“Darling,” Britney said, “it’s a floor length ghost outfit that covers your

entire body. Sure, it’s a step up from throwing a sheet over your head, but

still…”

“I have to wear it. The place that I got it from doesn’t take returns once

it’s out of the package, and I have no more money.”

Amy noticed that Jennifer’s face turned from a half sneer to a friendly smile

in a flash.

“How about a compromise?” Jennifer asked. “The point isn’t that you dress

sexy; it’s that you feel sexy. If you wear the outfit and only the outfit, I can live with that.”

“But…” Britney started to say.

Jennifer cut her off.

“I know what you’re going to say. We’re still dragging someone wearing such an

uncool outfit to the party, and you’re right. It will reflect badly on us.

This isn’t about us, though. It’s about Amy. It would be such a huge step for

her.”

Amy couldn’t decipher why Jennifer was glaring at Britney like that, and

Britney remained silent.

“You want me to go naked underneath the costume?”

“Yeah. It covers your entire body. It’s not a big deal at all. Look,” she said, holding up the garment, “it’s a thick material.”

She held it up to the light.

“I can’t see through it at all. Can you?”

“No, I guess not…”

“Good, that’s settled.”

Amy was afraid to challenge her anymore and figured that she had done well to

get off that easily.

The night of the party came all too soon. Amy dutifully went to the restroom

and changed into her outfit, returning to her room as her roommates finished

getting ready.

“Turn around,” Jennifer said.

She ran her hand down the middle of Amy’s back from her neck all the way to

below her butt.

“Hey!”

“Sorry. Wanted to make sure that you weren’t cheating. Good for you, though.

Remember, no shoes either.”

It was a long walk to Jennifer’s car for Amy. Her sensitive feet got beat up

by the rough asphalt, and she was not used to having her breasts unconstrained

by a bra. Though they weren’t huge by any stretch, they were of a decent size,

and her walking imparted a lot of motion to them, especially since the costume

was so loose that it did nothing to help the situation. It was also weird for

her passing all those people knowing that she was nude under a single garment.

‘You’re being silly,’ she thought. ‘If you think about it, you’re always nude

under your clothes.’

She giggled to herself, and Britney turned to look at her. Britney then paused

and let Amy catch up, allowing Jennifer to go ahead of them.

“Amy,” Britney said softly, “don’t tell Jennifer that I said this, but you have to leave the party before midnight.”

“Why?” Amy tried to ask, but Britney had already sped up to catch up with her

friend.

It’s not that Amy blew off Britney’s advice. She was simply too consumed with

the odd feelings associated with her lack of underwear under the billowing

outfit to pay full attention to the warning. By the time they arrived at the

party, she had forgotten all about the hushed admonition.

The Zeta Beta Epsilon fraternity had rented out an antebellum mansion for the

soiree, and, instead of going with the cliché or the chintzy, had decorated in

a classy, but spooky, manner. The lighting was dark, and, if she had been

alone in the house, Amy most definitely would have jumped at shadows. As it

was, the mass of humanity dancing in time to the throbbing music dampened any

Halloween ambiance, and she feared making small talk with her fellow students

much more than she was afraid of anything that went bump in the night.

As she knew would happen, Jennifer and Britney dumped her as soon as a pair of

cute guys caught their eyes. After all, their inclusiveness toward the

socially awkward roommate thrust upon them by the administration went only so

far. Amy found a corner and settled in for a long boring evening, her usual

unease at being in a room full of people amplified by the additional stress of

worrying about her attire. If not for her sweet nature, she might have stood

in the corner the whole night. Instead, when she saw the guy in the bulky Iron

Man costume fall down after tripping on a the edge of a chair, she immediately

rushed to help him without thinking about it.

“Are you okay?” she asked. “Did you hurt yourself?”

The mechanical voice coming from behind the mask laughed.

“Only my pride.”

Amy tried to help him up, but either this guy was huge or his costume weighed

an extra fifty pounds.

‘That’s definitely not a cheap costume like I saw in all the Halloween stores.

It feels like real metal. Where on earth did he get that thing?’

Between using the chair and Amy’s hand, the guy was able to finally get back

on his feet.

“Thanks a bunch,” he said, holding out his hand. “Tony Stark.”

“Hey, Tony, I’m…”

“Remember the party rules; don’t use your real name.”

‘Party rules?’ she thought.

It hadn’t occurred to her at the time that he said it, but she recalled from

the movie that Tony Stark was Robert Downey’s character, the one that became

Iron Man.

“Oh, yeah. Then I’m Wendy.”

Technically, Wendy was a witch, not a ghost, but, since Casper was a boy, she

figured that it fit with the theme well enough.

“Before I took my fall, didn’t I see you standing over there in the corner?

You didn’t look like you were having a very good time.”

“Yeah, parties aren’t really my kind of thing. My roommates pretty much forced

me to come.”

“Is there anything in particular that you don’t like?”

“I guess that I’m just uncomfortable around so many people.”

“I see. YOU are usually uncomfortable around people, but is Wendy?”

“Huh?”

“This party is about being someone that you’re not. No one here knows your

name or what you look like. Why don’t you try being Wendy tonight?”

“How do I do that?”

“Well, would you normally dance with me if I asked?”

“No.”

“There you go. I think that Wendy would dance with me.”

“But I can’t dance.”

“You can’t dance? Do you see this bulky outfit that I’m wearing? I can barely

walk straight. Come make a fool of yourself with me?”

With an offer like that, how could she refuse?

“Tony” had her laughing so much at his attempts to move in his ridiculous

getup that she soon forgot to be self conscious. Before long, she realized

that, not only was she talking with a boy, she was having a great time. She

nearly regressed at that point, but Iron Man chose that moment to have his

feet go completely out from under him, falling hard to the floor.

Concerned, she bent down to see if he was okay.

“No worries. This thing has a lot of padding.”

It took three strong guys to put him back on his feet, and, by the time that

he was settled, she had forgotten all about being uncomfortable. In fact, she

found that she had a hard time thinking about anything other than the guy that

she was with. He drew her out of herself. She liked who she was with him. She

liked Wendy.

Time passed quicker than she realized, and they were taking a break from the

dance floor when he said to her, “I’m looking forward to seeing you without

that costume in a few minutes.”

“Excuse me?”

“At midnight, when we do the big reveal.”

Her posture and eyes, the only part of her body visible under the costume,

must have indicated her confusion.

“Did your roommates not tell you anything about this party? The Masked Ball is

famous. You’re supposed to anonymously hook up with someone, and then take off

your mask at midnight. Since your mask is obviously attached, I’m assuming

you’ll be taking off your entire costume.”

“But I can’t. I’m not wearing anything under it.”

“Oh,” he said.

Then he smiled.

“That’s okay. Most of the girls here are wearing little more than their

underwear anyway.”

“No. You don’t understand. I’m not wearing ANYTHING under it. Quick, what time

is it?”

“11:49.”

Distracted as she was, she couldn’t help but wonder how he knew that. She

glanced around the room looking for a clock.

“How…?”

“Heads up display in the helmet.”

The mechanical voice sounded sheepish.

“Heads up display? Oh, never mind. Is there any chance of me keeping the

costume on?”

“Sorry, if you’re here in 10 minutes now, you have to take off the mask, which, in your case, seems to mean the entire costume.”

End Part 1

Amy Goes to the Masked Ball - End

What should she do? She didn’t want Iron Man to see her face. She knew she

wasn’t butt ugly, but she wasn’t beautiful either. She wanted him to remember

her as someone fun and mysterious, not as her plain, boring self.

She knew that they couldn’t forcibly remove her costume. If they tried, she

would threaten to go to the Dean of Students. A stunt like that would get

their charter pulled. On the other hand, she couldn’t very well walk around

with her costume on if that was against the rules.

Amy was very much about following the rules.

What she should do is leave. Right now. As she started to say goodbye,

however, a weird thought popped into her mind.

“Leaving, huh? That’s exactly what little boring Amy would do. What would

Wendy do?”

What was there to do? Take off her costume and party naked? Let him see her

face and her body, but, if he saw her face, she wouldn’t be Wendy anyway.

Wendy would find a way to leave her face covered and party naked.

“Is there anyway to amend the rules?” Amy/Wendy asked.

“I’m sorry. You can’t leave it on if you stay at the party. Quick, I’ll escort

you out.”

He sounded sad.

“I meant could you change the rule to allow me to keep on a mask if the rest

of me were uncovered. I’m sure that the frat would go for it. Kind of a

reverse revealing.”

“Are you sure?”

“I am,” Wendy said. “But I need a knife and scissors.”

Tony scurried off to speak to some people, returning quickly with the requested items.

“It’s taken care of.”

Moments later, the music stopped, and an announcement blared over the

loudspeakers.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, it’s almost midnight, and you know what that means!”

There were cheers from the crowd.

“Tradition says that at the stroke of midnight, masks are ripped off, and

everyone is revealed as who they truly are. We’re modifying tradition slightly

tonight. Gentlemen will still proceed as normal, but women will be given a

choice. They can either take off their masks or take of the rest of their outfits.”

The room fell into a stunned silence. Then a murmur went through the crowd, a

murmur that turned into a roar as the guys started chanting, “Take it off.

Take it off.”

Amy turned to Tony.

“How long does the party last after the unveiling?”

“Around 2am or so.”

“Will you arrange me clothing and a ride home after it ends?”

“Sure.”

She imagined that his one word answer sounded at least slightly disappointed.

The giant grandfather clock in the foyer started sounding, and she knew that

her time was up.

Trying not to think about what she was doing, she used the knife the puncture

the fabric at the bottom of her neckline. With the scissors, she was able to

cut a mostly straight line through the garment until finally it separated into

two pieces. Before she could lose her nerve, she dropped the lower part of the

cloth and turned to look at Iron Man.

He had removed his helmet, and the first thing that she noticed was that he

was gorgeous, simply beyond handsome. Short blond hair, piercing blue eyes.

Even with the obvious disarray caused by wearing the headpiece, he was

absolutely perfect. She quickly resolved that he would never, ever be allowed

to see her face.

The second thing that she noticed is that he was captivated by her. His eyes

drank in her body, and she realized with a start that, save for the fabric

covering her head, she was naked in front of him, in front of everybody.

Trembling, she left her hands by her side as he stared at her pert breasts

with their elongated nipples, her tight stomach, and, finally, the light brown

curls that provided the only protection of her most private parts.

She tried not to flinch as his eyes returned to hers. Wendy liked how he

looked at her, the hunger in his face. Amy, however, was terrified at what she

had done. How could she have agreed to party with him naked for two whole

hours?

“Give me a second to get out of this monstrous outfit,” he said, “and we’ll

really dance.”

It the more than 5 minutes that it took him, with help from his friends, to

get out of the suit, Amy still had not moved or said a word. She stood there,

completely frozen. Now dressed in the much more comfortable t-shirt and shorts

that he had worn underneath the Iron Man suit, he turned his attention back to

her.

“Wendy, are you okay?”

She still didn’t speak.

“Say something. Anything. Are you alright?”

It wasn’t until his hands reached the bottom of her hood that she made any

response.

“No!”

He kept his hands at the bottom of her hood but didn’t raise it.

“Are you okay? What’s wrong?”

“What’s wrong? I’m naked in a room full of people. I’m trying to be someone

that I’m not, and I can’t do it.”

He pulled her into his arms, and she buried her head in his chest.

“It’s okay. I know that this is a big deal for you. If it’s any consolation, you’re not the only girl here who took this option. There are at least five other naked girls in my line of sight, and you’ve definitely got the best body out of all of them.”

Amy appreciated the compliment and finding out that she wasn’t alone helped a

little bit. What helped the most, though, is him holding her. She lost herself

in his embrace.

His costume must have been hot because he was drenched in sweat. She would

have thought that she would have found the dampness and smell disgusting.

Instead, it only made her want him more, making her feel stirrings in herself

that she so rarely felt. She became acutely aware of how exposed she was and

how much of her nude body was in contact with his. Despite her inexperience,

she could tell that he was excited as well.

Amy had no concept of how much time passed before she felt him release his

hands from behind her back. She looked up in time to see him once again

reaching for his hood.

Her response was softer this time.

“Sorry, but I really don’t want you to see my face.”

“Just your lips?”

She nodded, unable to speak.

He lifted the fabric to the bottom of her nose and leaned in. She felt the

kiss from the tips of her toes to the ends of hair and began to understand why

her roommates embraced the lifestyle that they did. Very little that mattered

to her prior to his lips touching hers still meant much, and, when he finally

pulled back from her, she felt an emptiness inside.

“Would you like to dance?” he asked.

Amy nodded again. She was willing to follow him anywhere.

The DJ played three slow songs in a row, and he held her tight to him. She was

so entranced with him that she didn’t notice or care about all the attention

that they were getting. Then the music sped up.

She couldn’t help notice all the guys, and girls, staring at her as she

reluctantly switched to dance steps that required a lot more movement and thus

caused much more of her to come into the view of others, not to mention how

much motion was imparted to her unfettered breasts. She couldn’t help be think

about how she must look, showing off all her naughty bits to everyone. Did the

guys think that she was a slut? Did the girls think her a skank?

Looking back at her partner, though, she decided that she just didn’t care.

She spent most of the two hours on the dance floor, thoroughly enjoying

herself, before he finally pulled her off after him.

“It’s almost time,” he said. “I’ll honor my word and get you something to

wear. I can also drive you home. Unless you want to stay?”

He arched his eyebrows, silently imploring her.

She was tempted. Tempted to stay, tempted to give him her virginity. Could she

even do that and keep the mask on?

As much as she liked him, though, she could tell that they could never be

together. That costume must have cost a fortune, and she noticed at how all

the frat guys deferred to his orders. And he was so handsome. A guy like him

could never end up with a girl as average as her.

She thought about staying anyway. One night of heaven, wouldn’t it be worth

it? She so needed him right now, more than she had ever needed anyone.

If she stayed, would he even remember her this time next week? Once he had his

conquest, he would move on to the next girl at the next party. She wanted him

to think about her forever, the mystery girl that got away.

She shook her head.

“Sorry, and could you ask someone else to give me a ride? I want you to

remember me just as I am right now. Once you give me clothes, could you please

turn and walk away?”

He seemed reluctant to let her go, but he pulled off his shirt.

“Won’t you tell me your name? Your real name?”

She shook her head again, emphatic.

“One last kiss, at least?”

“One last kiss,” she agreed.

If he sought to weaken her resolve, he succeeded. She could picture herself in

his bed letting him do whatever he wanted to her. It would feel so good, so right. Amy was selfish, though. She knew that she was going to suffer regardless. She wanted him to suffer too.

It was her who broke the kiss.

He looked surprised but acquiesced to her wishes. He turned to one of the

fraternity members and spoke a few words while she slipped on the t-shirt,

which, on her small body compared to his gigantic frame, came down to her

knees. As much as she wanted to be covered, to have her nudity hidden, she

barely registered the difference she was so devastated to be leaving him.

As his fraternity brother, who introduced himself as Dave, drove her back to

campus, the smell of the t-shirt served as a constant reminder of what she had

left. She was so, so tempted to tell him to turn around, to tell her where to

find Iron Man’s bed room. Her ability to reason was sorely strained by the

passion she felt, but, in the end, it won out.

Trying to cover her tracks as much as possible, she made Dave drop her off in

front of the dorm across from hers and made sure that he was long gone before

she tore off her mask. The walk to her room finished sapping her energy,

already depleted from her emotional turmoil. Luckily, the RA was available to

let her into her empty locked room, and she went to bed still wearing just his

t-shirt.

She cried herself to sleep.

She slept through her roommates coming in and getting ready for bed, through

the night, and through the morning light penetrating the sheer curtain fabric,

flooding the room. She didn’t awake until she heard the loud knocking at the

door.

Still, she barely registered Britney opening the door and someone walking into

the room. Amy wanted only one thing, to sleep until she felt like living again.

“Hey beautiful,” a gentle male voice said.

She figured it must be one of her roommates boyfriends. She wished that they

would go away.

Then she felt someone sit beside her on the bed. This invasion she had to

address. She opened her eyes and stared directly into the face of her date

from the night before.

She thought quickly.

“What are you doing on my bed? Go sit on Jennifer’s bed, or Britney’s. Whoever

you are here to see.”

“I’m here to see you.”

“Do I know you?” she asked.

“I think that you do, Wendy.”

“Wendy? You have me mistaken for someone else. My name is Amy.”

“If that’s the case and you’re not Wendy, how did you come to be wearing my

t-shirt?”

There was no getting out of this one. She reluctantly gave in.

“How did you find me?”

“After the party, two girls were frantically looking for their roommate, Amy,

who had come dressed as a ghost. They were quite concerned about her safety

since this girl apparently was tricked by them into attending without anything

on under her costume. Though both of them were in fact only wearing masks at

the time, they were frantic thinking that something might have happened to

her. I took the liberty of ensuring them that you were okay, that you had been

safely escorted home. I also wheedled from them your dorm address and phone

number just so I could call and make sure that you were okay this morning.”

“Very smooth. But why did you go through all the trouble?”

He reached down to the floor and picked up a lap tray filled with eggs,

pancakes, bacon, sausage, orange juice, and a vase with a single red rose.

“To do this. I didn’t know what you liked for breakfast,” he said, putting the

tray over her waist, “so I might have went a little overboard.”

It was hard to be angry with a dreamy guy who brought you breakfast in bed,

but Amy managed.

“Of all the nerve. I was quite clear on how I wanted you to remember me. You

can take your food and leave!”

He looked crushed.

“I thought that we shared something last night, that you liked me,” he said.

“Of course we did and I do, but I know that you could never like me. It’s best

to forget and move on.”

“Why don’t you think that I could like you?”

“Oh come on! You’re obviously rich and some kind of leader in your frat. Your

kind dates sexy, pretty girls like Britney and Jennifer.”

“My kind of guy has sexy, pretty girls like Britney and Jennifer throwing

themselves at him all the time. Maybe my kind of guy wants a girl who is

friendly to some clumsy dork in an Iron Man costume. And what makes you think

that you’re not sexy and pretty. You were pretty damn sexy last night.”

Amy noticed that, even though Britney and Jennifer were both dressed in their

normal sleepwear, a tight half shirt that showed off their boobs to great

effect and a thong, her Iron Man never looked at them once. He had eyes only

for her.

It was if he could sense the crack in her resolve. He leaned in and kissed her.

She was his.

“What’s your name, anyway?” she asked after they had finished eating.

“Brad Ashcroft,” he said sheepishly.

She groaned.

“The Ashcroft Science Building Ashcroft?”

“The same.”

‘What would Wendy do?’ she thought.

She always remembered fondly the night of the Masked Ball, the first of her naked adventures.

The End