**Boxie goes Trick-or-Treating**

by American Cowboy

**Boxie goes Trick-or-Treating - Part 1**

So for this Halloween, like, I decided to do some trick-or-treating in my neighborhood after dark. And I was going to dress up as the mummy. At first, this did not seem like a very sexy costume. Except the white bandages would be wrapped around my bare naked body!  
  
Now I had put a lot of thought into how this might work, and prepared by securing a supply of the medical bandages from my school nurse's office. Don't ask me how I did it, only it was nice that I could charm a couple of boys in my class to pick up the rolls for me. It was more than enough for what I needed.  
  
Deciding that I would best achieve the proper look and coverage in sections, I sat in my bedroom completely undressed and started wrapping the first bandage around my leg. I pulled the clingy white material around my thigh, all the way up to my crotch. Then I spiraled down the length of my outstretched shapely leg. Earlier, I thought about what sort of shoes I should wear with my costume. But I found I was able to wind the bandage around my heel and over my foot, so that only the very tip of my toes stuck out.  
  
"Boxie, it's a good thing you're a girl," I giggled to myself. "I don't think a boy could get away with this!"  
  
The thought was amusing to me, and I grinned as I quickly wrapped up my other leg with a separate length of bandage. It was snug, adjusting tightly around my thighs and knees and lower legs, while still affording me the flexibility to walk. But now I had to cover my front and behind.   
  
I watched myself in the full-length mirror as I twisted the next roll of bandage around my waist, concentrating on what I was doing. My triangle-shaped patch of pubic hair was quickly hidden, but the way my bottom curves out perfectly round from my narrow waist, I had to use a lot of the white strip to cover my backside. In the end, I used up the roll as I twisted around my tummy just over my bellybutton. It was like a belt and mini-skirt in one wrap, closely following the curves of my body.  
  
Putting my hands on my hips, I took a few steps around my bedroom, to make sure the bandages stayed in place. Satisfied, I giggled as my bare boobies bounced around. Now it was time to take care of that. My fingers started to unwind a new roll, and I wrapped this around my stomach and back, moving higher and higher until my breasts were concealed. I actually made it tight so that the boobs wouldn't jiggle loose! Then I snipped off another strand of bandage and carefully covered my throat, all the way up my neck. I moved my long black hair out of the way, and then let it fall behind me.  
  
Finally, I did my arms. From shoulders to wrists, I kept my hands uncovered so that I could manipulate my fingers. Again, the stretchy medical fabric was flexible enough that I could bend my arms, like without even exposing my elbows! This really was some kind of self-adhering bandage, with no need for clips. It was like a custom fit, and would not slip or loosen.   
  
I pranced around my room one more time, confident that I was secure in my white bandage wrappings. My silky black hair, I thought, made a nice contrast, along with my grey eyes. Quickly, I grabbed the twine handles of a brown paper bag I would be using for trick-or-treating, which even had a cartoon print of a jack-o-lantern. That also made me giggle.   
  
Hurrying down the stairs, I called out to my mother and father, telling them I was going out for the night. Before they could examine my costume to meet with their approval, I was out the door, with my parents reminding me not to stay up too late. Like, whatever. I was a good girl, I just wanted to have a little fun.  
  
My bandaged feet hit the pavement, but it was not uncomfortable at all. I was thankful for the mild weather here at the end of this October. And waiting for me at the bottom of my driveway was my friend Patricia, who had promised to pick me up.  
  
Of course, I wasn't really going to be making the rounds in my own neighborhood. That might be too embarrassing. Instead, Pattie agreed to drive me further through to the other side of town. Certainly, my travels would not be within walking distance of my house.  
  
"Boxie, what are you supposed to be?" the girl with curly blonde hair and glasses asked as I climbed into the passenger seat.  
  
I giggled, and then proudly replied, "I'm a mummy!"  
  
"You look like you're wrapped in toilet paper," Pattie said after a moment's evaluation.  
  
"No… see!" I stuck out my arm wrapped in the gauze-like bandages.  
  
Instead, my friend found another point to rebuke me. "Aren't you a little old for this? I mean sixteen-year-olds don't usually go trick-or-treating."  
  
"Yeah, I know," my voice lowered as I answered shyly.  
  
Part of the reason I wanted to do this was because I had the sense that acting inappropriate for my age was kind of naughty. Besides, it was only harmless fun. And I did think I looked pretty good wrapped up tightly.  
  
We were driving down the road when Pattie turned to me again. "Mummies are supposed to have their heads covered as well."  
  
She had caught me fussing with my hair in the vanity mirror on the sun visor. Just like when I wear a turtleneck sweater, I enjoyed how the bandages around my necked framed my round face and brought out my pretty eyes. I hooked a lock of black hair behind an ear and regarded my friend.  
  
"Oh no! My hair is too thick and long to get all wrapped up," I told her. "And I didn't want to pin it over my head or do anything fancy like that."  
  
Patricia only laughed and said, "Boxie, you're too much."  
  
We passed a convenience store, which was going to be our rendezvous point at the end of the night. Just a bit further was a block of houses, and this is where I was going to, like, start my trick-or-treating. I offered Pattie a chance to come with me, even though she was not dressed up, but she absolutely refused. So I would be doing this on my own, which was fine by me.  
  
Just as I was getting out of the car with my bag, Pattie called out… "Be careful! You're going to snag those bandages on the door!"  
  
"Oops!" I swiveled myself around, balancing to avoid an unflattering trip or fall to the ground.  
  
Honestly, I don't know if my friend realized how embarrassing it would be if my costume unraveled. I didn't tell her that I had nothing on beneath these bandages. They felt nice on my bare skin. Glancing down, I made sure that none of the strips had shifted. Then I shut the car door and waved goodbye to Pattie.  
  
All alone, once she drove off, I felt my heart beating a little faster. Nervously, I walked down the street clutching my empty bag. Soon I saw other groups of costumed boys and girls. Since it was already dark out, I figured these ones would be closer to my age, maybe junior high or the first year of high school. I imagined that I probably stood out some because I was mostly white against the blackness of the evening. However, there were street lamps and lights on at welcoming houses.  
  
I walked up the path of the first home that had numerous Halloween decorations out on the lawn. Taking a deep breath, I bravely rang the doorbell. It was answered by a man who must have just returned home from work. Dressed in trousers and a button-down shirt, with his tie undone, he looked like he was in no mood to receive trick-or-treaters. He was not unattractive. So I giggled and smiled up at him.  
  
"Happy Halloween!" I said, opening my brown paper bag.  
  
With a sigh, the man told me to wait a moment and then disappeared. He came back with a bowl, and proceeded to drop a handful of wrapped candies into my bag.  
  
"Thank you, sir," I giggled like a naughty schoolgirl, and wondered if my voice and the fact that I was alone belied that I was a teenager.  
  
Not waiting for a reprimand, I turned around to head back toward the street. I wiggled my bottom wrapped in the tight white bandages, excited at how fun this was. As I began to make my way toward the next house, I ran into a group of girls. It looked like they had gotten a good head start, and resented me working this side of the block.  
  
"What kind of costume is that?" the first girl sneered, dressed as she was like some pop music diva.  
  
I answered cheerily, "I'm a mummy!"  
  
Another girl was dressed like a pirate replied, "She looks more like she is a hospital patient!"  
  
"Yeah… like she had an accident!" their other fiend laughed.  
  
I felt my ears burning beneath my hair, and a tingle of humiliation. Looking closer at the trio, they were about my height and had the attitude of high school students. Maybe they were just a year younger than me, or the same grade. Still, I tried to put on my best face.  
  
"I suppose that would make sense," I tried to explain, "since these are doctor bandages. But I meant to be the mummy."  
  
The first rock-star girl shook her head. "That's stupid. Mummies are supposed to be spooky. And you don't look spooky at all."  
  
Then the pirate girl chimed in, "Only boys dress up as monsters, anyway."  
  
"Besides, whoever heard of a mummy with one leg wrapped up and the other leg bare?" the third young lady dressed like a fairy princess pointed at me with her wand.  
  
I looked down suddenly at my one leg and toes, and gasped, "Ohmygod! What happened?"   
  
As the three girls laughed, they then motioned behind me, back toward the first house I had visited. There on the front lawn close to the street was a decoration of a witch on a broomstick. And caught on one end, trailing out in the direction I had walked, was a length of white bandage. The piece I had used to wind around my left leg and foot!  
  
"Oh no!" I squeaked.   
  
But before I could react, the pirate girl hurried past me and was able to retrieve the bandage from the lawn decoration. The other girls asked what school I went to. I told them, and found out that naturally, they went to the rival school closer to this side of town. I swallowed a little and clutched my bag, as they circled around me, teasing.  
  
"So will you keep going, Boxie?" Having told them my name, the rock-star girl inquired about my intentions.  
  
Determined not to be intimidated, I immediately answered, "Sure… like, why not?"  
  
Maybe these young ladies were slightly impressed by my daring. After all, it was only one leg, kind of like if I had a cut-off pant leg. Could be even trendy. They smiled slyly, and suggested sticking with them to try the houses on the opposite side of the street.  
  
I happily agreed. The four of us continued on to the next destination. This time it was a woman who answered the door and she complimented us on our costumes. We each received a handful of candy. For some reason, I felt more natural, safer going out in numbers rather than by myself.  
  
"Happy Halloween, girls, and be safe!" the lady smiled at us and then closed her front door.  
  
My paper bag was the last one filled. As I had my arms held out in front of me, I thought I felt something on my shoulder. Turning around, I walked back toward the street along with the rest of the girls. It was as I shifted the bag to one hand and swung my other arm freely, that I noticed the bandage unwinding. Still, I jogged forward to catch up with the others.  
  
"Hey!" I called out, discovering the reason was that someone had hooked the end of the arm wrapping inside the closed screen door.  
  
It twirled completely loose the further way I had moved, now fluttering from the house as I stood on the street. One bare arm and one bare leg, I looked at myself in dismay, but also enjoying the attention. The girls giggled and teased, and I even wiggled my toes.  
  
"Now you match, Boxie!" the pirate girl laughed.  
  
More like I was a mix and match of exposed skin and white bandage. Nevertheless, I told them I would continue trick-or-treating. Along the way, the young lady dressed like a rocker made fun of my costume and asked what I would do if I had to pee. I told her I had not thought of that, but in the case of an emergency, I would, like, have to remove the bandages. The other girls smiled.  
  
We had hit several houses now, when the princess girl thought it would be funny if she hooked her wand on the back of my wrapped-up heel as I was walking. The pointy star snagged the on bandage. She remained in one spot letting me keep moving ahead. As I lifted the leg, the gauzy material came undone, pulled away like a fishing line as the princess waved her wand.

**Boxie goes Trick-or-Treating - Part 2**

The other girls watched with delight, my other leg come into view and I was completely barefoot. I also wasn't wearing any underwear, and I felt the last of the bandage slip between my thighs making me shiver. I still had wrappings around my hips, running lower like the hem of a very short skirt. But the round cheeks of my bottom were peeking out behind me.  
  
"I want to go further!" I told the high school girls desperately when they asked if I wanted to go home.  
  
It's not like we were the only four people on the block. Up ahead on the sidewalk was another group of trick-or-treaters. And there were more just across the road. I began to realize, I wasn't the only teenager up for mischief. Most of the younger kids would have been taken out by parents or older siblings earlier, before dark. My friend Pattie was wrong. Definitely other sixteen-year-olds would be out tonight, maybe even older students.  
  
And then who should we run into, but the two guys from my school, the ones who helped me get these bandages. It's like they knew I would be out roaming around, since of course, I totally let them know what I was doing. Peter and his friend James, they stopped right in front of us. One of the boys had a flashlight, and he shined it on my legs and feet.  
  
"Hey, Boxie," the guy in my class, James, said.  
  
I introduced the boys to the three girls. The young lady dressed like a pirate whispered in my ear that she thought they were cute. They were! I was thankful for the strip of bandage covering my bobbies, effectively keeping my nipples from poking out.  
  
"What happened to your costume?" Peter asked, noticing the missing pieces.  
  
Glancing at the girls I had gone trick-or-treating with, I simply said I ran into some trouble. Had an accident. Much to my shame, I told them, these bandages did seem like they could unravel quite easily. The thought made me excited.  
  
We decided to make a few more stops to see how many treats we could gather. Only now, I was with two fully dressed boys who went to my school, and three ladies in costumes who attended the rival high school. I felt very vulnerable as I tiptoed in the middle of the group, scantily covered in wrappings.  
  
My paper bag was held in front of me, half full with candy as I walked barefoot through the neighborhood. The boys were on either side of me, and one of the girls slipped directly behind me. I didn't realize it at first, but she must have pinched the end of the bandage I had twirled around my waist. It began to unwind in back of me while I crept up the path to the next house.  
  
The result was that by the time I reached the front door, I was completely bottomless!  
  
Nervously, I gripped the bag so that it shielded my pubic hair. My toes bashfully rubbed behind my other leg as an old man dropped more treats right in front of my pussy! Thankfully, it was getting late, and it seemed he just wanted to be finished with the last of the trick-or-treaters. I squeaked out a Happy Halloween before the door closed in my face.  
  
Then I turned around and bounced back to the teenagers who were waiting on the sidewalk, laughing at me.  
  
"OK, like, now this is getting to be too much," I said breathlessly.  
  
Standing half-naked in front of two boys who went to my school and three girls who went to another, the young lady dressed as a rock star slowly circled around me. James and Peter were grinning, and I made direct eye contact with them. Suddenly, I felt a hand on my ass.  
  
"Boxie, all that candy will go right to your butt!" the girl teased, following with a quick slap.  
  
"Ouch!" I yelped, and jumped up in my toes.  
  
Then she smacked me again. Not hard, but definitely playful. She was spanking me right in front of the other teenagers! After three or four, I dropped the bag to the ground and cupped my hands between my legs.  
  
At this point, I had only one arm bandaged, and my boobies wrapped up, as well as the last strip around my neck. One of the boys, Peter, moved next to me and I trembled slightly. He fingered the gauzy material at my throat.  
  
"If a vampire was going to bite you on the neck, Boxie, he would have to get this out of the way," the young man said.  
  
I didn't even have clothes on, just these last three tightly wound lengths of white bandage. And soon the piece around my neck was unraveled, then discarded entirely. Peter moved his mouth closer, like, pretending to be Dracula or something in the spirit of Halloween. But the other girls knew what was going on.  
  
"Ooh… these two are gonna make out!" the fairy princess giggled.  
  
The girl dressed like a pirate added, "He's gonna give her a hickey!"  
  
"No way!" My eyes wide, I started to back off immediately.  
  
I had no intention of getting any love bites that I would have to explain to my parents. Despite some of the outrageous things I had done, including my current situation, I was still kind of sexually innocent. I held out one arm, the one that was bandaged, and stepped backward while keeping my other hand over my pussy.  
  
Peter reached for my wrist, and took hold of the edge of the wrapping. As I continued to walk backward, barefoot and bottomless, I watched the strip twist off in a slow spiral. All the way to my shoulder until it trailed off completely, leaving both arms now uncovered.  
  
It was like I was wearing a sleeveless vest, only my bellybutton was exposed and everything below. Except that I hunched over a little, desperately keeping my hands between my legs. The boys whistled, and the girls laughed. Secretly, I enjoyed it.  
  
Around the block, many of the homes were turning off their lights. There were still the streetlamps along the sidewalk, and I could just make out a few straggling groups of trick-or-treaters in the distance. James and Peter and the three girls came around me once more. I felt somewhat sheltered, but on display at the same time. My bare round ass was just out there!  
  
"I think I'm done," I giggled shyly.  
  
It was the teenage girl dressed like a punk rocker who walked behind me and asked, "How are you getting home, Boxie?"  
  
The boys looked at me expectantly, but I disappointed them by saying, "I have a friend… she's picking me up… just around the corner."  
  
Her fingers were lightly on my back, and I arched my bare shoulders. I was well aware she was searching for the end of the strip that was wrapped around my chest. Then I felt a small portion of the self-adhering bandage plucked away from my skin, and my bottom jiggled.  
  
"Then I guess it's time for you to run back to her," the girl teased.  
  
Well, I couldn't really run because I didn't have any shoes on, and also I would be holding one hand over my pussy mound. Tossing back my mane of long black hair, I glanced over my shoulder. The girl who went to our rival high school winked at me.  
  
I started to walk forward, facing the boys from my class, James and Peter. The first foot of bandage pulled out taught behind me. This caused me to spin around, and the guys got a good look at my naked butt. More of the wrapping above my midsection came unraveled. I started jogging forward. Again, I was forced to twirl around, and only my breasts were covered. I don't think I was using my hands at this point, I just wanted to get away.  
  
The bandage peeling away from my body was incredible, as was the delicious reveal of bare skin. Soon, the bottoms of my boobs peeked out and just the nipples were hidden. The girl several yards behind me kept stripping off the bandage, and I kept jogging and twisting ahead. If I wasn't careful, I might get dizzy. But this was fun and embarrassing all at the same time!  
  
I tried to drown out the whistles and cheering and clapping, afraid that the noise would draw more attention to us. It was bad enough these five teenagers were doing this to me. Since it was Halloween night, though, I guess no one cared. My arms stretched out in front of me as I stumbled forward, and I felt the bandage peel away. Nipples sprung out immediately stiff.  
  
The next thing I knew, I was bare-assed naked on the sidewalk. Completely nude. A sixteen-year-old girl with long black hair, a round bottom, narrow waist and big firm titties. I didn't stop to look or savor the moment, but just kept jogging through the neighborhood.  
  
Now that I was free of the medical bandages, I used my arms again. Cradling my boobies and hiding my pussy with my other hand, I headed for the end of the block. The boys further behind me had their flashlight and used it to shine on my body. I'm sure they got enough of a view to know exactly what my bottom looks like when I'm running.  
  
I had to run past a different group of trick-or-treaters just around the corner. No time to take in the details as my dark hair streamed behind me like a cloud in the night. There were gasps and comments, I'm pretty sure, but I just hoped Pattie would be waiting for me in the parking lot of the convenience store.  
  
Since this was not my own neighborhood, I was comfortable being a little bolder. When I didn't see any customers, I picked my way toward the brightly lit store entrance. This is near where my friend had dropped me off, right at the curb. Of course, Pattie was not here now. I waited, nude, hugging myself and ready to chat with anyone who might discover me. That was how turned on I was.  
  
After a few minutes, the boys from my class and the three girls caught up with me. I explained that I was waiting for my ride, and they were happy to keep me company. Especially the boys. The truth is, I was absolutely loving it, as long as nobody tried anything. I made sure I stayed covered with my arms and hands, so they didn't see any pink parts. But just being nude around fully dressed teenagers my age was a real thrill!  
  
At one point, I was going to suggest actually walking into the convenience store, if one of the clerks was a cute guy. How wild would that be! It was then, that my friend Pattie finally pulled up in her car. Probably a good thing, too, before I went any further.  
  
I waved goodbye, and blushed knowing I would be seeing James and Peter again at school. And then I was scrambling into the passenger seat.  
  
"Boxie, what happened to your costume!" Pattie asked right away.  
  
I giggled, "Lost it…"  
  
"Of course you did," she shook her head and started to drive out from the store to take me back home.  
  
Halfway through town, my friend asked where was the bag with the candy. Since I was supposed to be doing this for tricks and treats. She reminded me that it appeared I had nothing at all.  
  
Rubbing my tummy, I then rolled over on one side. "Oh, that's all right. That candy would only go straight to my butt!"  
  
I slapped my own ass, I was so horny. Pattie knew this and hurried to get me back home. I just hoped we didn't get pulled over by a cop, us being two high school students out on a night like this.  
  
When we arrived at my house, it was dark. I carefully made my way up the driveway and prepared to sneak inside stark naked. Looking over my shoulder, I whispered goodbye to Pattie and then let myself in. I locked the front door behind me as quiet as I could. Heading for my bedroom, the stairs seemed to creak beneath my bare toes. No one knew I had left the house this evening wrapped only in bandages, and no one would find out I returned in my bare skin.  
  
At last, I flopped on my bed and started to relieve the sexual tension. It was a great masturbation. On all fours, with my ass in the air. When I finally had my first orgasm, in the spirit of Halloween, I howled like a werewolf.  
  
I hoped my parents wouldn't think there was anything wrong with me.  
  
THE END