Carrie - The Halloween Party

By Carrie

A Halloween adventure that actually completes one of my dares.

OK here’s how I spent my Halloween this year.  About a week before Halloween this year, work asked me to travel out to San Diego, California to talk to one of our clients that was having a problem.  Well I managed to tack on some vacation time and spent the rest of the time with a girlfriend of mine from college.  We actually made it out to Hawaii for a couple of days before returning to San Diego to play tourist.  We returned just before Halloween and I made it to two parties with her.  Lisa was a little pissed because she couldn’t come and I was suppose to visit her over Halloween.  I’m sure she’ll get back at me somehow for that.

Ok, the first party was not that big a deal.  I borrowed an old pirate costume from my friend Julie and said “arg” a lot all night.  The costume was still pretty sexy since I’m about 5 inches taller than Julie and the little pirate skirt was really short on her.  On me it barely covered my ass. All I wore under it was a pretty small little thong that looked more like a G-string than underwear.  The one wild, well wildest thing anyway, that happened at the first party was after the costume judging, the guys that were dressed as policemen took me prisoner and cuffed me. They said I had to be punished for being a pirate and bent me over a chair.They lifted me tiny little skirt and spanked my bare butt with my own plastic sword.  Everyone got a laugh out of it, even me; at least until they said they couldn’t find the keys to the cuffs.  I knew they were joking with me so I played along, at least at first.

Ok on to the REAL party….  We had another party to go to and I didn’t want to go as a pirate again so Julie suggested going as Romans in Togas.  Well it turns out she had a real toga costume to wear and we had to make mine. We ended up making mine in less than an hour out of an old bed sheet.  Julie kept saying that this was my chance to get wild since no one really knew me out here and I’d probably never see any of them again.  She was right, but still I didn’t exactly pick up on what she had in mind.

We were running late, so my costume got put together pretty fast and was fairly simple.  It draped over my left shoulder and wrapped around my waist. The upper part bared a good amount of my top and the bottom was kind of low on the right side and high on the left leg.  Julie trimmed it a little straighter. We didn’t have time to stitch it together or anything so we used about a half dozen safety pins to hold it all together. It actually looked pretty good for a quick costume idea.

We then trimmed off the excess material as I wore it.  We had already had some cocktails so it got trimmed a little shorter than I would have liked turning it into more of a mini toga by the time she was done.  Then she suggested going with out knickers.  I was already in the party spirit so I agreed.Later in the evening I was going to wish I hadn’t been so quick to agree.

We were getting ready to leave when Julie came back to make some last minute alterations.  I complained that it was already too short to be wearing without anything under it, but she said she wasn’t going to cut it any shorter.  What she did do before I knew it was put a couple of small strategically placed cuts in the sheet, one on my shoulder and another somewhere on my back.  I didn’t think much of it at the time but I later regretted that also.

The party was just across the apartment complex in the clubhouse so we didn’t have to drive or anything. I always get in trouble when we don’t have to worry about drinking and driving home and this was no exception.  It was starting to cool off even for California and wearing only a thin sheet, I felt every little breeze.  Julie joked that I should be use to the cold coming from New Jersey but I wasn’t.  My nipples leaped to attention as soon as the cool air swept behind the loose sheet.  Even though the sheet was pretty loose across my chest, it was quite obvious I wasn’t wearing a bra.

The party was already well underway by the time we arrived. The guy who greeted us at the door gave me the slow once over from head to toe, which reminded me that I was standing there wearing just a thin sheet held together by safety pins.  His attention made me blush.

We hadn’t been there a minute before someone handed us a mug full of beer.  I knew right then that this was going to be one wild party. Julie and I certainly drew the attention. We had been there at least a half an hour and had barely made it past the door.  There must have been a hundred people at this party and all of the costumes were really good.  There were several women dressed as witches and devils and one was dressed as a really cute French maid.  Now she was something else. There were several ghosts and even a couple that came as the Flintstones. The girl was definitely having trouble staying in her animal skin outfit.  I sure as hell hoped it was lined because it really looked uncomfortable. There were pirates, werewolves, and everything you could imagine.

We met these guys dressed as members of the Iraqi Navy that turned out to be US sailors assign to the aircraft carrier Ronald Regan. No offence to anyone, but they were a riot with these skits that they had rehearsed.  We couldn’t stop laughing.  We hung out with them a lot and they ended up giving us a tour of the ship later in the week.  That was impressive but I don’t think I could live in those close quarters like they do. Talk about lack of privacy.

It was somewhere along the way while laughing at one of their skits that I notice one of the cuts that Julie had made in my outfit starting to spread.  I was worried that the whole thing might tear so I took one of the safety pins that was holding the top sash part around my waist and had one of the guys pin it across the tear.  The guy who did it was more than happy to oblige.  Moving the pin however caused the sash to open up a little more than it had previously which threatened to expose my right breast if I moved in the wrong directions.

I asked my friend Julie if she had anything with her and she said.  “Just have another beer and you won’t care.”  I was now a little nervous about what I was showing but Julie was right because as the night went on I worried less and less.

There was a DJ playing tunes but not a lot of people danced until later.  Some of the costumes including mine just weren’t made for dancing.  Eventually, this one cute guy sweet-talked me into dancing with him.  By then I was feeling no pain so I didn’t much care what bounced where.  Believe me it was quite a sight with my breasts moving every which way unrestrained under the thin sheet.  It was pretty hot in the room because of all the people so it wasn’t long before I began to perspire.  Eventually I had to take a break as one of the other cuts Julia put in my outfit started to spread.  Another safety pin relocation and that problem was solved.  Of course it just meant that now there were only 4 pins holding my outfit together. It was starting to get really risqué.

 Eventually they had the costume judging and every one lined up.  I didn’t want to, but a couple of the guys we were hanging with shamed me into going up.  There were some really good professionally made outfits so I didn’t stand a chance except maybe in the sexiest costume category.I ended up second to the French maid who really deserved to win.

We danced a little more, had another couple of beers as the party started to wind down and some of the guests started to leave.  I was running out of gas myself having not exactly recovered from the prior night’s party.  I was getting ready to ask Julie if she wanted to go, when this guy dressed as a condom started taking to me. I don’t think that was his only condom because I was certain that the only thing he was interested in was getting in my toga so to speak.  He was a real jerk and I got rid of him as soon as this other young guy asked me to dance.

His eyes were like glued to my chest as we danced.  It kind of got me a little turned on when I notice the tent in his pants.  After that I wasn’t quite as careful keeping my sash covering my chest.  Several other women on the dance floor were having costume troubles too. The one dressed as Betty Flintstone now had the animal skin wrapped around her waist and was dancing topless, not that she had much to cover, but it was still pretty astonishing.

It wasn’t long after that that I noticed Julie dancing across from me with one of the sailor guys.  I was kind of wrapped up in the song and never even notice as she danced towards me.  I was grooving away and all at once I hear a little scream and I’m almost pulled over.  The only thing I see is Julie sprawled on the floor next to me.  I didn’t even realize what had happened until I saw my toga sheet heaped up next to her.  I screamed myself as I realized what just happened.  I was like a deer in the headlights as I kind of hunch over, crossed my legs and try to cover up.  After what was probably only a second but felt much longer I bent over and grabbed the sheet from Julie.  Julie then jumps up and tried to comfort me as everyone on the dance floor just stopped and moves in around us to see what the commotion is all about.  I was too shocked to run but this circle really prevented me from running off like I probably should have.  There I am clutching the torn sheet to my front with my naked back and ass on complete display. Julie is fighting back her laughter as she is trying to comfort me with everyone looking on.  I must have turned ten shades of red, as every eye seemed to be on me.  Julie is whispering in my ear but I was too nervous to think straight. My heart was beating a mile a minute and my breathing was coming in gasps not breaths.  For a second I felt faint and thought I might pass out.

I finally calmed down enough to make out Julia telling me to just go naked.  ‘Just go for it.’ She’s telling me as she is lightly pulling on the sheet.  She then says, “No one knows you here so just go with it.”  I’m shaking my head no and thinking I can’t just go partying without a stitch on?  Julie was right that no one here really knew me, but still.No.  This was ridiculous, this wasn’t the beach.’  I told Julie ‘that this was crazy and I wanted to get out of there.’

Then she whispered in my ear that she’d dance topless if I did.  That helped calm me down a little, but I was still shaking a bit.  She then tore a strip of cloth from my sheet and handed it to me.  “Here you go, just like a beach cover up.”

She then pulls the sash of her toga down to her waist and shook her boobs in my face.  Saying,  “Ok, your turn.”I just looked on in amazement at what she was doing and laughed a little.  Then after some hesitation, I somehow dropped the sheet to the floor and quickly pulled the smaller wrap around my waist tying it together on my right hip.  The whole thing was maybe a foot wide if that and my entire right side was bare.  I had to position it just right to cover everything and even then I’m not sure it exactly did.

As I was collecting myself, the DJ fired up Bob Seager’s ‘Old Time Rock and Roll’ and somehow the attention started to move off of me and people started to dance again with renewed vigor.  Julie grabs my hand and starts to get me going and somehow I followed her lead.  There we were, the two of us dancing in the middle of the dance floor bare breasted. At first I couldn’t believe I was doing it then I started to get into it.  It seemed like every male in the place joined us by the time the song ended. There we were rocking up a storm, Julie with half her costume off and me with just a tiny part of the white sheet wrapped around my hips.  It was like nothing I had ever experienced before.  The next song started up right away and I was really getting into it.  I was dancing up a storm and my nipples were standing at attention like I had never seen them before. I was so wound up by then that my nervousness had totally disappeared.  I was on like a sexually driven adrenalin rush now.  It was wild.  The party, which seemed to be dying down, had now sprung back to life.

As you would have expected, we had guys waiting in line to dance with us and we couldn’t get off the dance floor if we wanted to.  I had all but forgotten about my little wrap until this guy tried untying it as we danced.  It had slipped down exposing half my butt a couple of times before I caught it.  All during this, guys and more than a couple of women complemented me on my great tan.

Then later in the evening I was dancing with this one guy who was really good. He was spinning me and twirling me and had some great moves.  He was a little liberal with his hand but I guess part of that was unavoidable.  He really had me rocking and was getting me even more turned on if that was possible.  As if the wild dance wasn’t enough, every time he’d catch me after a spin his hand or arm would rub across my breasts and nipples sending all sorts of sensation through me.Then when I was lost in the music he twirled me around and my little wrap came off completely, flying god knows where.  I didn’t even realize it until I noticed this lady that was watching us raise her hands to her face as if in shock.  Grasping what had had happened, I went to retrieve my cover up but it was grabbed up by someone before I got a chance.

Now I was completely naked, stripped bare without even that small wrap.  Before I even had the chance to do anything someone else grabbed my hand and started dancing with me.  I was horny as hell before and this just made it worse, much worse. My nipples were like little antennas, picking up every motion of my breasts and each accidental brush was sent directly to my sex causing my lower lips to become totally engorged. I was wet and it wasn’t all from sweat now. I notice several other people had remove parts of their costume by now.  Several guys were dancing without their shirts and at least three other women had taken their tops off.

The rest of the night was pretty much a blur.  I must have danced pretty much continuously from that point until the DJ finally wrapped up and the music finally stopped.  I was well past perspiring by then.  My hair was damp and the rest of me was a sight.  At one point one guy was gracious enough to towel me off with this shirt. It seemed nice at first, but then I had to all but wrestle him off me as he got a little over zealous.  In general, people were really nice but I had more than a couple of people try to sneak a feel.  I grabbed this arm that had just grabbed my right boob and held onto it to see who it was groping me and it turned out to be a woman.  Looking back I wonder if she was seeing if they were real. Oh man.

Finally things started to wind down and I went looking for Julie and what was left of my costume so I could cover up at least a little.  I found Julie, but there was no sign of my costume.  The guys that she had met were going out to grab a bite and asked us if we wanted to go.  I just looked at Julie and said,  “Like this.  Are you crazy?” I knew I couldn’t go like that.

It wasn’t long before one of the guy’s girlfriends, one dressed as a really cute harem girl, offered to loan me her jeans.  It felt weird slipping someone else’s jeans on over my bare bottom in the middle of the clubhouse and she was a couple of sizes bigger than me, but anything was better than what I had.  Julie found what was left of my sheet and ripped off another strip and handed it to me telling me to use it as a top.  I stretched my improvised top over my boobs and Julie tied it behind my back.  I guess it served the purpose of covering my breasts but it didn’t provide any support at all and my nipples and areolas were clearly visible through the thin material.

As we left, the cool air hit me. It felt refreshing but my nipples which were still so hard that they hurt, clenched up even more to the point where they looked like you could have hung Christmas ornaments from them - even though the sheet.  Between having to practically hold my pants up and the movement of my unsupported breasts in the flimsy top, I was starting to getting turned on all over again.

One of the guys wanted to go to this other party but we all ended up at this little dinner around the corner.  We all got double takes as we walked in. The others for their costumes and me for my barely hidden boobs.  As I walked I could feel my makeshift top coming loose and had to get one of the guys to tie me up. No guys, not that kind of tying me up.  I think he just looped the ends together because it felt like it was going to slip off at any moment so I asked him to do it again.  He did and this time I think he used a real knot but it felt just as loose around my chest. I had to pull it up several times as we ate.

I’m sure the guys wanted to take us back to their place but by then everyone was starting to crash so they dropped us off back at Julie place just as the sky was starting to brighten up.  I don’t even think I lasted long enough to brush my teeth before crashing on the couch.  The next thing I remember was getting cold at around 9 am and looking for a blanket.  We both slept till noon.

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