**Halloween**

by Emi Tsuruta

Halloween was coming. My boyfriend Ryosuke was all keen, and asking which parties I wanted to go to. When I was really young, I think my mom took my sister Norika and me trick or treating in Honolulu a couple of times, but after we moved back to Japan, we didn't really do anything special for Halloween. In Oceanview on campus though, there were ads up all over the place telling about these parties. Usually, they just showed a jack-o-lantern with a spooky face, but our university's Japanese Student Union was co-hosting a party where they were giving out prizes for the scariest and the sexiest costume. Ryosuke kept joking that I should go for the sexiest costume, but I didn't care about winning the prize or anything. I just wanted to go, and have a good time.

I did ask my friends what they were planning to wear. Satomi was going as a witch, and Asuna had bought a pair of devil's horns to put on her head. Yuko, who had once worked as a cosplay model, was going all out. She showed me a picture of her costume, this really cute pirate wench look. It was a shoulderless mini-dress with a frilly white collar and a light blue sash wrapped around her waist. It looked nice.

Downtown, I found this cool-looking retro shop which sells things like black lights and glow-in-the-dark wall hangings. In the back, they had kung fu suits, pajamas and Asian attire. The clerk, a youngish Chinese American man, came back to see if I had any questions. What caught my eye most was this beautiful red Chinese dress, a qipao I guess. It looked like something a dragon lady would wear in one of those old time movies. The color was so vivid and bright. It almost looked like it was made of silk.

I tried it on in the change booth. It looked OK at the front, but the problem was it was so short you could almost see my panties at the back. I showed it to the clerk, and he just said I looked great. I checked some of the other dresses they had, but I ended up buying this red one anyway. I could wear a coat over it, and bring something else to change into just in case it didn't work out.

Ryosuke was in a funny mood the night of the party, not grumpy or anything, just sort of distant. I thought maybe he would perk up once he saw my dress. He did look mildly pleased when I took off my coat, but the problem was there were a whole bunch of other girls there in sexy outfits. My friend Yuuki was dressed up as a nurse in a uniform that showed off her bare shoulders. This other girl was dressed as a cheerleader and another as a burlesque stripper with a garter on her thigh.

I eventually got tired of watching Ryosuke drool over these other girls, so I went off to the washroom. I hadn't had that much to drink, only a cocktail or two, but my face felt hot, and I was starting to feel funny. I turned around, and glanced over my shoulder at my rear end in the mirror. Maybe these panties are the problem. What if I took them off? The problem was how to let Ryosuke see without other people noticing. I practiced in the mirror a bit, trying to figure out how to hold my body to either hide or show off my derriere. Once I thought I had it, I slid off my panties, and hid them away in my purse. Looking back, this was probably not such a good idea, but like I said, I was a bit drunk.

When I came back, the feeling of the air between my legs was making it hard to keep a straight face. I could feel it most on my hello kitty. It was really starting to get me excited.

I stood by the pool table, trying to get Ryosuke's attention, but he was too busy talking to some guy. I wanted to bend over to show him by bare bottom, but the problem was there were all these other guys around, eyeing me. I was glad for the attention, but I was worried that they might notice my commando state. This one guy Margas came up to me. He was a notorious womanizer and pretty drunk.

"Hey, Emi, nice costume!" he yelled over the music.

"Thanks," I nodded. I was vaguely hoping that Ryosuke would get jealous seeing Margas hit on me, but I found Margas himself a bit much. I eventually ran away to the table where Satomi and Asuna were standing. I couldn't really sit down without giving myself away, so I stood there, trying to keep my feelings in check. It was so hard though to be a good girl with my hello kitty all atwitter.

Satomi looked at me strange, twigging right away that I was up to something. Margas followed me over, and kept trying to get me to come with him, but he was just so drunk. Eventually, he headed off to hit on some other girl.

Once Margas left, I maneuvered myself around to the back of the girl's table against the wall. I was trying to find a place where Ryosuke would be able to see me, but none of the other guys could. It was hard to tell for sure, but when I thought I'd found the right spot, I leaned forward, holding my drink, listening to Asuna tell us about her roommate Sandra. This pulled up my skirt, revealing my bare butt cheeks. Ryosuke didn't notice at first. I was getting so excited though. I waited till he was looking this way again, and then leaned forward further showing even more. Ryosuke still didn't react, but Satomi tugged on my sleeve, trying to get me to straighten up. I don't think she'd realized I was naked yet, but she did seem concerned about my posture for some reason.

I was beginning to feel a bit frustrated. Here I'd gone to all this trouble, taking off my panties, but Ryosuke seemed more interested in talking to these other people. I glanced around the bar. There was this one American guy sitting not far from us. He was a bit rough around the edges, unshaven with a beat up leather jacket, but he did seem kind of handsome, and wasn't hitting on any of the girls. I peered over at him giving him my most mysterious smile. He saw that I was looking at him, but he seemed unsure about what he should do.

Maybe it was the alcohol, but I began to get a bit more daring, reaching way over to get some nuts, 'accidentally' giving the American guy a better view of my bottom. He clued in right away, but Ryosuke noticed too, and shot me an angry look. Ryosuke gestured for me to be careful, but at first I played dumb.

"Who me?" I mouthed pointing at my nose. I knew full well my behind was showing, but I pretended not to, and turned back to Satomi. I don't know what I was hoping to accomplish, but I was so horny by then that I wasn't thinking straight anymore. Both Ryosuke and this guy seemed scandalized by my outfit, but there was a real danger that someone else might clue in. I peered over at the bar trying to see who all else was there that night. If Margas was here, probably his best friend Sven was around too, but I didn't see him.

Some guys at the bar were kind of peering over this way, so I did eventually realize I had to change back before I really do get into trouble. I know I'm chicken and everything, but I swear I was so nervous. I apologized to Satomi and Asuna, and then headed for the ladies room. One of the American guys at the pool table stopped to check me out, but I tried to make out like it was no big deal. I felt so relieved when I finally made it into the ladies room. Whew! I should be more careful!

Then, that Friday, we headed up to Los Angeles for Kenta's Halloween party. Kenta was an old friend of Ryosuke's who'd already graduated, and moved to L.A. for work with their other friend Futoshi. It would be good to see those two again. We used to be pretty close.

At first, I thought I'd need a new costume, but Ryosuke told me that he'd picked one up for me. He wouldn't tell me what it was though, so I was a bit worried.

Kenta had offered to let us stay at his condo, so we dropped by there first. Kenta took us out for a late lunch, but for some reason, Masayo and Mieko showed up, these two Japanese girls who used to go to Oceanview University with Kenta, Ryosuke and me. They must have moved to L.A. at the same time as Kenta and Futoshi, another friend of Ryosuke's, and the four of them had kept in touch. Ryosuke knew Masayo and Mieko too, and they all started talking about old times, making all these in-jokes which I didn't understand.

To tell you the truth, I'd never been happy with how well Ryosuke seemed to get along with Masayo in particular. I know I shouldn't be jealous, but it was like Ryosuke would always light up whenever she was around, tease her the way he used to tease me. It's not like she's that good-looking or anything - she has kind of a box-like figure -but there was definitely something between them. Maybe it wasn't a big problem, but at the time, I was pretty worried.

Luckily, after lunch, Masayo and Mieko had other plans, so it was just Ryosuke and I who came back to Kenta's. In Kenta's condo, he knocked on one of the neighbor's doors, and this guy named Warren answered, a Chinese American friend of Kenta's. He invited us in, and Warren's mom made us some tea. She seemed quite excited to see me for some reason. It seems that even though Warren had landed a good job in a local startup, he was terribly shy, and not too many girls came to visit at his family's condo there. His mom was hoping I guess that I might be a special friend of his. I felt a bit awkward, but I guess I could see how she might misunderstand. Once we got Warren talking, it turned out that he knew a lot about movies, and he recommended a few good ones that had come out lately.

Around supper time, we headed back to Kenta's apartment, had supper, and then started getting ready. Kenta dressed up as an F1 race car driver in this bright orange jumpsuit carrying a racing helmet. I had to help Ryosuke put on his costume. He dressed up as Ryoma Sakamoto, one of the heroes of the Meiji Restoration. He brought the clothes with him - a hakama (samurai pants), haori (coat) and a sword - but he needed my help to do his hair up in chonmage style (like sumo wrestlers wear). Once we were finished, he stood up, and showed us. He looked so good, almost like the real Sakamoto. I thought it was so funny.

"So are you finally going to tell me what I get to go as?" I asked.

"I was thinking you could go as Eve."

"What?"

"You know. Like in the bible: Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden." He opened his bag, and pulled out a bunch of props: an apple, a rubber snake, a fig leaf and a long wig for my head.

"But where's my costume?" I asked not quite understanding what he was suggesting.

"This is it," he said, pointing to the props.

"No, but I mean what do I wear for clothes?"

"Oh, yeah. I forgot." He pulled out a bottle that said 'spirit gum' on the label.

"What's that?" I asked.

"For getting the fig leaf to stay on."

Kenta broke out into a big smile.

"Oh, that's classic. You have to do it, Emi. You have to."

"What? What do you mean? You want me to go naked?"

"No, not naked. You use the fig leaf to cover your pubes. And you let the hair on your wig hang down to cover your tits. Here take off your clothes, and I'll show you."

This made no sense. Kenta was standing right there for heaven's sake.

"What about my... um..." I was so embarrassed I could barely finish. "What about my backside?"

"You've seen Eve, haven't you? She just went bare-assed. Here I've got a picture." He pulled one out of his bag. In the picture, she looked decent enough, but that was because it was some 17th century European painting.

"Oh come on guys. You're not serious. Kenta will get a nosebleed again."

Kenta had caught me in embarrassing situations a few times, and he always seemed to get overexcited.

"Don't mind me," Kenta said. "I think it's a great idea. If anyone can pull it off, it's you, Emi."

I didn't know what to say. Ryosuke kept insisting I try it. I've done some crazy things before, but this seemed way over the top. I couldn't just wander around naked in front of all these strangers. Soon, we heard the doorbell ring, and Kenta went out to hand out the treats he had bought.

"What else could I go as? Maybe I could make a toga with Kenta's sheets."

"Oh come on, Emi. This is the perfect chance. Everyone here dresses up weird for Halloween. You've seen them. It'll be great."

I picked up the fig leaf to show him how small it was.

"Here, just try it, and see how it is."

This is how Ryosuke always is I swear. He always says 'just for a minute' or 'try it' or something, and before I know it, I'm doing the craziest thing.

"Oh come on Ryosuke. Get serious," I said trying on the wig.

"I am serious."

"I look like a bad horror movie hostess."

The doorbell rang again, and it was Futoshi. I took off the wig, and came out to say hi, still in my jeans and blouse. He was dressed up like an astronaut.

"Where's your costume?" he asked. I grimaced at Ryosuke, but he just pointed toward the wig.

"I didn't bring one," I pouted. Soon Masayo, Mieko and the rest all arrived. They all had great costumes, but I was the only one without. I hung around in the kitchen, mixing drinks, and eventually, went off to Kenta's room to see if I could whip up a toga. With no bobby pins and no Satomi to help, it was kind of hopeless. Ryosuke brought me in a daiquiri, but it was obviously spiked. I took a sip to make him happy, but he got bored, and went out to talk with Masayo.

The night wore on, and eventually, people starting heading home. Masayo seemed determined to hang around as long as possible. I guess she doesn't get to see Ryosuke that often. Once she and Mieko had left, Ryosuke, Kenta and Futoshi came into the kitchen to talk to me.

"So why didn't you bring a costume?" Futoshi asked.

"She has one. She just won't wear it," Ryosuke mugged.

"What is it? Let's see."

Ryosuke and Kenta kept urging me on, so eventually, I went into Kenta's room to find it. Ryosuke wandered in, and closed the door, serious all of a sudden.

"Try it," he grinned. I picked up the apple, and looked down at that snake. They did look pretty authentic although I guess they were just plastic or rubber.

Ryosuke came closer hugging me from behind. I still wasn't so sure, but I turned toward him letting him kiss me. I wasn't that drunk, but I was starting to get excited. I gazed out the window at the apartments across the way, nervous. Ryosuke went over, and closed the curtains.

"It'll be fine," he insisted. I wasn't so sure, but to please him, I started unbuttoning my blouse. He smiled, and nodded egging me on. I peeled off my jeans, getting a thrill from stripping in Kenta's apartment. Ryosuke shut off the lights, but I continued to strip, removing my socks, bra and panties. I stood there naked letting him see. I kind of wanted to make love, but we couldn't with the two boys right outside waiting to see my costume.

I fumbled around, found the spirit gum, and tried to paste the fig leaf over my pubic hair. My hands were shaking from the excitement. The leaf was big enough, made out of latex or Lycra or something, but it was so slippery it kept falling off every time I tried to stick it on. I gently rubbed the spirit gum just around the edges of my pubic hair, and finally got the leaf more-or-less stuck on. I was starting to get seriously wet 'down there.'

I pulled on the wig next. The brown hair was unnaturally long, almost down to my waist, but thick enough that I could use it to cover my breasts. I rubbed some spirit gum onto my breasts getting more and more excited. I hung the rubber snake around my shoulders, and picked up the apple. I asked Ryosuke to turn the lights back on, so I could see myself in the mirror. I looked completely silly of course, but Ryosuke was loving it.

Ryosuke went to the door, and asked if he could open it. I took a few deep breaths, trying to get up my nerve. I was so nervous, but even worse I was so horny. My breasts were quite large rising and falling with my breathing. My hello kitty was tingling like crazy. I finally signaled I was ready, and Ryosuke opened the door. Futoshi and Kenta came to see.

"Wow. Yowza," Kenta quipped. "Here, let us see the back."

I turned, and showed them my bare behind. Ryosuke was grinning, but Kenta and Futoshi looked so shocked. It was a bit crazy, standing here virtually naked in front of them. I was so excited I was shaking.

"You look gorgeous," Kenta gushed. "It's the best costume I've ever seen. Let's go show Warren."

"What?" I gasped.

"Come on. He's just down the hall. It'll blow him away. You heard his mom. He's never even had a girl up to his place."

I didn't think this was such a good idea, but Kenta kept insisting we should. Ryosuke seemed pretty quiet. I guess he was wondering how far I was willing to take this.

Reluctantly, I followed Kenta out to the door. Ryosuke and Futoshi came out sniggering at my bare behind. I was more worried about the fig leaf. It felt like it might fall off at any second, so I kept fiddling with it trying to get it to stay.

Kenta held the door open for me. I peered out both ways double-checking to see if anyone was out there.

"It's fine. Come on," Kenta repeated. I felt so weird stepping out into the hall naked. My heart was pounding as I followed Kenta down the hall. Just when I started to think it might be OK, my fig leaf fell off leaving me truly naked. Kenta looked down at my pussy, as I leaned down to pick up the leaf. Ryosuke was killing himself laughing, but Kenta and Futoshi were at least trying not to smile. I finally got the leaf back on, but it was still pretty dicey as to if it would stay.

Kenta knocked on Warren's door. Warren answered, and took a second to realize I was naked. You should have seen the look on his face. He covered his mouth in shock.

"It was their idea!" I explained, trying to divert the blame. Warren's mom must have heard us though because soon I heard her coming. I ran off as fast as I could down the hall, losing the fig leaf again. I didn't go back for it. I really didn't want Warren's mom to see me like this. I don't know what the boys were thinking.

Kenta's door was locked though, so I had to wait for him to come open it. Warren came out into the hall, and was gaping at me, but I couldn't see his mom thankfully.

Kenta licked his lips as he came up. I hit him on the shoulder, but I was so horny by then it wasn't even funny. Futoshi seemed fascinated with my bush as well. Even when we got back inside, I couldn't calm down for the life of me.

"Wow, Emi! You're something else!" Kenta gushed. "I always knew you were a little wild, but I can't you believe you went out there naked!"

I could hardly believe it myself. My heart was beating away like a trip hammer. I felt like I might burst. Still naked, I climbed up onto one of the high stools at the bar, and tried to get the wig untangled from my hair. Ryosuke came over, and put his hand on my back sending a little jolt of electricity through my body. I was so high I swear I would have done just about anything.

"Honey, I think you'd better get back dressed," he whispered. I looked back at Kenta and Futoshi. They were just standing there gawking at my ass. I took the snake off, and motioned for Ryosuke to help me with the wig. The atmosphere was electric. Looking back, I probably should have hid in the bedroom, but I guess I was partly trying to get Ryosuke back for flirting with Masayo all night.

Ryosuke patted me on the back, herding me back to the bedroom. I should have been grateful, but part of me didn't want to leave. It was kind of fun seeing their shocked reactions.

Ryosuke was about to close the door, but I scooted out past him to the bathroom, flashing the guys again. I splashed some cold water on my face, only slowly realizing that what I was doing was completely insane. Who runs around naked in a guy friend's apartment? I eventually went back to the bedroom, and got dressed.

When I came back out though, Kenta and Futoshi were still staring at me. For some reason, they still have this picture of me as a good girl, even though they've seen me do plenty of crazy things before.

Sleeping that night in Kenta's place was so weird because all three of them were so worked up. They let me sleep in Kenta's bed, but he kept coming in to get things, hoping to catch me changing I guess. I borrowed some boy-style pajamas from Kenta, and got changed in the bathroom, but I was still a bit randy.

The next morning when I awoke, the three of them were still asleep on the living room carpet. The sun was streaming in through the glass balcony doors, but it was still pretty early. I went into the kitchen to pour myself some juice, but soon I heard rustling, and Kenta appeared in the doorway. It was hard to see his face against the bright light, but he appeared to be smirking.

"That's quite some stunt you pulled last night," he guffawed. I shrugged trying to pretend like it was no big deal. He was leering down at my hips, and from the looks of it, he'd woken up with a hard on. I grimaced feeling a bit uncomfortable, but he moved closer fingering my p.j. bottoms.

"Can I have another look?" he asked.

"Nooo waaay!" I squealed, hoping to wake Ryosuke. Kenta put his finger to my lips, signaling for me to hush, and then started undoing the belt on my p.j. bottoms. Kenta had always been a little strange. I'd sometimes wondered if he had a crush on me, but this was obviously just pure lust. I guess I really shouldn't have gotten naked in front of him last night. Now he must think I'm some kind of nympho.

Not knowing quite how to react, I just stood there, as he dragged down my bottoms. He kneeled down in front of me, and I could feel his breath on my pussy. I felt afraid, not knowing quite what to do. He reached around, and grabbed my bare buttocks, pulling me closer. He buried his face in my pussy, obviously trying to taste me with his tongue. I grabbed his head trying to push him away, but he held me tight pulling at my buttocks, trying to get me excited. I have to admit I was a bit excited, bottomless in the kitchen, but anyway, this had to stop.

Luckily, soon, I could hear sounds of life coming from the living room. Kenta pulled away, obviously torn between his desire for me and common sense. I nodded for him to let go of my bare behind, and he finally did. I pulled my bottoms up, and not a second too soon, because suddenly Ryosuke appeared in the doorway. Kenta and I turned away from each other, trying to pretend like nothing had happened, but my heart was pounding so loud I thought he would hear.

I had absolutely no desire to cheat on Ryosuke, but somehow I felt guilty as if somehow I had caused all this. Both Kenta and I stayed quiet after that, but luckily, soon it was time to leave, and go back home to Oceanview. I didn't even look at Kenta when we said goodbye, but anyway, hopefully, he'd settle back down before we met next.