**Samantha**

by ohnon

My name is Samantha, and yes, I admit I'm a rascal.

Nothing excites me more than diving into a pool and feeling my swimsuit slightly slipped on my hips, or going out topless with just a jacket and imagining that all the passers-by are guessing.

But in everyday life, I'm rather prude and wise. I work in a large consulting firm. I am not yet a manager, but I would say that I am well graded and followed.

I take dance classes, in the biggest and most chic sports club in the city. This club and 2 others have joined together to have a huge Halloween party with the theme: "no one will have to recognize you". A real masked ball. An incredible opportunity to be a little perverse...

I rather have a pretty thin and slender body, but on the D-day, I was divine...

I was dressed as a sexy cat girl, with a black mask that covered 2/3 of the top of my face, with beautiful cat ears, the bottom of my face was made up with whiskers.

But above all, I had put on a very very tight top (without bra of course), and a pair of fitness leggings that I had bought specially to, with my secret ingredient, take one size down. The XS would be way too tight to work out comfortably, but for a sexy buttocks, there's no better. Of course, I was going to put it on without panties... And I thought looking in the mirror: luckily there was a seam in the crotch to hide the shape of my shaved pussy a little.

With my disguise, there was a cat's tail to hang with an elastic band. It would be perfect to complete my costume. But...

But I had a much hotter accessory in a drawer. A little plug that ended in a furry tail. Of course, I couldn't put it on in public, but I was excited just the thought of putting it on. In my dreams, I imagined myself at the party with my plug and I would wet my sheets with it. So on the day of the party, I would flip a coin. Heads, the tail of the suit and tails, the plug. I flip the coin and of course: Heads. No, no, I'll play again: Tails. Phew, I was scared. And at the same time I'm super excited by the idea.

When I get dressed in the evening, I can't stand it anymore, I call the coin again: Heads. In fact, I know, I really want to. So put the plug in: I love the feeling. Then, I make a small hole in the leggings at the level of the buttocks to pass the tail. I look at myself in the mirror, no one can know and no one can recognize me.

How hot it is ! I go to a masked ball, naked under leggings and a small tight top.

Worse, I go to a halloween party with a plug in my little hole. My pussy is already all wet, and the stitching on my little clitoris doesn't help.

I have an awful anxiety when I see the guards at the entrance, what if I had to go under a portico like in airports? My metal plug will ring. I have to step back, but what idea did I have? But other people push me in line and I don't dare to back up in front of the guards for fear of arousing suspicion. Phew, no portico. But that cooled me down a lot.

At the entrance, 4 girls from a manga that I don't know, roughly make up the guests who are not considered convincing enough.

A party with sportsmen has an advantage and a disadvantage. Advantage: the majority of the participants are young, have well maintained bodies. Disadvantage: They do not shine by their originality. I don't count the superheroes anymore, the Batman are in the majority. There are at least 4 other Catwoman, I am enraged but I console myself by seeing that they are much less successful than me.

The music is good, and several boys are trying to buy me drinks, but tonight I am and I want to be alone and enjoy my feelings. Near the bar, the bodies tighten, if he knew I was naked underneath... On the track, my tail turns, my breasts rise. I'm crazy and I love it.

Of course the contest of the most beautiful costumes begins.

The host calls the Batman, laughs, eliminates 3 of them. Then he calls the only Robin of the evening and asks him to dance with the remaining Batmans to decide between them. The Robin is probably a gay man who is perfectly assumed and takes a malicious pleasure in provoking the Batmans, it's hilarious. Afterwards, the host will bring the Supermans in and have them do a pecs contest and mimic the ridiculous positions of Superman flying on a stool. He has a lot of humor.

Now he calls the catwomen. The Catwoman? No ... I'm pushed on stage, I'm almost naked on a stage in front of hundreds of people. There are 5 of us, and yes, I am definitely sexier there. We are only 2 to have put a tail to our costume and I am probably the only one to really have it in me.

After a period of intimidation, I regain confidence in me. I'm not super convincing for the languid meowing test, but I like to see the public's eyes on me, I get turned on again.

The host now asks us to mimic the approaching cat before melting her prey hard. The 2 girls before me, suck. With my 15 years of dance and gymnastics, I will show them what I am capable of. I start by doing a quick, but very feline lap along the track, I hear the whistles of the white-hot men, then with a jump, I jump on a big loudspeaker on the left side of the stage. My high heels on one edge, my gloved hands on the other. I bend over like the cat that is about to dive on its prey, I pull my buttocks up and show them off, the crowd is wild, I think I'm going to have an orgasm on the spot, I'm so excited.

SCRAAATCH !!!!

With the tension and certainly weakened by the small hole I pierced, my legging ripped all over the buttocks seam. I am (I dare not describe it), with my ass in the air but also with my ass at air in front of the audience. Luckily I'm turned and only a few people must have seen me, but everyone knows it. And after the stunned silence, laughter filled the room.

I run away as fast as I can, one of the girls manga grabs me and says: "come on, I'll take care of you". I hear the facilitator say, "She's coming back!!!! I promise!!! Our seamstress is a magician, we will fix her costume and I give you my word, she will come back to finish this wonderful show. »

I'm backstage with the manga girl. She asks me to show her the costume but I refuse. She says to me: "Ok, but I send you back there like that... Can you imagine the pressure of a crowd like tonight? You are going to finish completely naked and you will have looked for it ".

I cry.

- Come on, show me. Can you take off your costume?

I make no of the head

- Are you naked underneath?

I nod my head

- And your tail, it is ...

I nod my head again, redoubling my cries.

- I love the naughty ones me. Show me that, lean on this table and we will see what we can do.

I execute myself, she passes her soft hands my fresh on the tear, it is much worse than I thought. The tear goes all the way up to the elastic waistband at the birth of my buttocks and down to the bottom of my lips. I am startled when she touches them.

- It's serious, at least ten inches. Your buttocks look great

She has a direct vision on my anus adorned with her plug, impossible to tell you my shame. How I got here. Luckily I wear a mask. Her finger now runs along my parting, groping the plug, I'm petrified, I don't even dare to move, worse, I'm excited, I can feel it. And so does she. She now arrives on my perineum, then with 2 fingers goes around the beginning of my pussy. I am wet and she knows it.

- The tear is too wide and your leggings are too tight, I'm not going to be able to stitch them up .

- Please give me something else to wear then.

- We don't have anything, Ah, if I may have an idea...

- Yes anything, thank you

- Stay like that, don't move or I'll make you go back on stage as you are.

And I stayed, bare ass exposed for an interminable time.

She came back with a makeup kit. She told me to take off my leggings, she painted my buttocks and pussy black. I let her do it as if I was drugged. I'm ashamed to say it, but I came as soon as her brush went over my clitoris, she removed the plug, painted my stripe and my little hole. She painted my legs and then she put the plug back on and played with it a little. I had just come and I was on the edge again. She sprinkled the whole thing with glitter.

- And there you go my beautiful, it's even better than repaired, it's brand new this ass.

- But I can't go out like this, I'm naked.

- First of all, who can see it? It's dark in the room... Secondly, isn't that what you were looking for, my beautiful Samantha?

- No, Yes, I mean not really like that, right now, I'm REALLY naked. But ? But how do you know my name. And who are you?

- We know each other, but I'm discovering you in a new light that I like very much...Come on, it's time for you to come back on stage to finish your act.

- But I can't... I don't WANT to...

- If you want to because you don't want other people at office, to see the images from this camera, you see right behind us... Come on stage, the evening is just beginning. I have a lot of people to introduce you...

I hope the glitter hid me a bit under the spotlights, but I doubt it. The Manga girl didn't let go of me all evening. But at least she kept her word, she never said who I was... But who is she? When I went to bed tonight, my fingers were not enough to calm me down, I came 3 times and I wanted more. And something told me that the manga girl would offer me much more...