The Halloween Costume
By Hooked 6

My wife and I were invited to a Halloween party one year that I won't soon forget. The city that I live in also has a large Halloween celebration. There are activities for the whole family during the day and late at night there is a large parade called a "stumble" for the adults. I'll avoid giving the real name of this event so as to protect the innocent - namely my poor unwitting wife. The stumble features a large crowd of revealers that are dressed in the Halloween costume of their choice. The parade takes place down a street in an historic district of town and concludes with outdoor music provided by live bands and such. Yes this is a REAL event. I'll give the city be e-mail if anyone really wants to know.

Our friends wanted to meet at their place for some socializing and drinks first and then we were to go downtown and participate in the parade. We had never participated before but knew about the event.

My wife drove herself crazy trying to get a costume together worthy of a parade. All the professional costume shops were either sold out or had rented all the available manufactured costumes. It looked like we had to settle for something homemade. Now I will point out at this point that this festival is known for some really risque outfits but my wife was blissfully unaware of that.

I finally suggested that we go as Ancient Roman Citizen's - you know the Toga type. She reluctantly agreed. We used white sheets that she cut to size and merely wrapped them around ourselves. My sheet wrapped fully around my body and then over my right shoulder. Hers was much more sexy in that it wrapped around her breasts leaving her shoulders bare and it came just about a third the way down her thighs. Hers was held in place by a tiny piece of Velcro that she had sewn into place where the ends met on her back. Basically it was a wrap-around dress sort of without much overlap in back.

I made some headpieces out of plastic vines and plant leaves and I must say that we looked pretty decent - well all except my wife. Her underwear was clearly ruining the costume. Exposed bra straps over her shoulders, visible colored panty lines all had to go. At first she refused but, after much persuading as time grew short, she agreed to lose the underwear and go only in the sheet! I told her no one would ever find out.

Our friends all had homemade costumes as well and we partied at their place for several hours until well after dark. We were feeling no pain when we left for the parade.

There were literally thousands of people dressed and lining up for the Stumble-parade and thousands more who came just to watch and take in the sights. My wife confessed that she was very uncomfortable being among so many people wearing so little. The night air made her nipples protrude through the fabric and an occasional breeze would lift the hem of her sheet making for a very revealing outfit to passersby.

She continued to utter her concerns so much that our friends began to wonder why. I whispered to them in turn, out of earshot of my wife, that she was very nervous about wearing only a sheet being NAKED underneath. Our friends made comments to my wife pointing out how daring some of the OTHER costumes people were wearing were. Some people were being led as slaves wearing a dog collar and leash and wearing only a string bikini bottom and slivers of fabric covering almost totally exposed breasts. Some wore clear cellophane wrapped around their underwear. Our friends of course were trying to make my wife at ease by subtly pointing out that she was dressed fine. Of course the sight of those erotic costumes only made me horny!

As the parade finally started there was electricity in the air and a certain excitement to just being a part of it all. People pressed in upon us from all sides anxious for their turn to move forward and join the parade. There was some pushing and some good-natured horsing-around and flashing among the throngs of people as we waited. Finally we started to move.

After the first half mile I could see that my wife had relaxed and was enjoying herself. She waved to the many onlookers and kidded with other parade walkers. Noise was everywhere. The event was basically organized insanity as far as I could tell. Women flashed their boobs from balconies along the street and no one seemed to care.

Maybe it was all the alcohol I drank earlier that night or maybe I'm just a pervert who got caught up in the moment but I did something really crazy. The parade started to slow and snarl and people began bunching up as there must have been some delay up ahead. We came to a stop and once again people pressed in upon us. That's when I seized the moment.

I carefully and secretly grabbed the material near the small Velcro binding behind her that held my wife's toga together. With all the jostling and partying she didn't seem to notice. I pulled the Velcro apart separating the fabric and held onto it. When things got underway again people ahead of us started moving away rapidly. Those behind us pushed us forward. I acted boldly and PULLLED the toga right off my wife as she raced forward leaving her buck NAKED! I quickly tossed the material to those behind me so as not to get caught by my wife. She screamed but with all the noisemakers, shouting and music going on, no one seemed to notice. She panicked and covered herself with her arms trying to crouch down but the crowd pushed us onward. She jabbed me and desperately pointed for me to look behind me and I saw her sheet being tossed among the revelers going ever farther away from us! "Someone's stolen my sheet!!!" she screamed in my ear hoping I would come to her rescue.

It was obvious that there was nothing to be done and the crowd near us went crazy at the site of a naked woman among them! Crowd mentality took over. She was groped by some guys and pinched on her ass by several women who had marched next to her. Comments about how wonderful her costume was were common. The more she tried to conceal herself the more others tried to make her show her stuff. I'm always amazed at how cruel the female gender can be when one of their own is in a compromising situation. A large woman grabbed my wife's arms and pulled them behind her exposing her body to the crowd. Another tickled my wife and pulled at her pubic hair playfully and taunted the guys nearby daring them to cop a feel. Several did, though most just watched. I was having too much fun to constructively intervene.

My wife finally broke away and the shouts of how good she looked seemed to embolden her. We were still walking along in the parade crushed in among the masses as it were, somewhat surrounded by many people. The only ones that actually knew she was naked I think were those directly nearby and those lucky enough to have a balcony or second story vantage point for the parade. Those along the sidewalks, including the local cops, either didn't seem to notice in all the confusion or weren't about to risk a riot by stepping in. At any rate we continued to walk along.

The farther we walked the more resigned my wife became to her situation. I could tell she was humiliated and did her best to cling to me and anyone else who could shield her from prying eyes. Occasionally she would shriek as I assumed that someone had touched a particularly private spot of hers. I mean who could tell?

She pleaded with me to get her out of there but a solution was not presenting itself. Our friends too were at a loss for what to do other than just marching along looking for an opportunity. Finally we were reaching the end point of the parade and a large parking lot off to one side with stages set up for the bands and sponsor's booths and the like. Now was our chance!

As the crowd widened and thinned out as we left the constriction of the main street, I grabbed my wife's hand and played the hero instructing her and our friends to run for it! Soon we had left the crowd and found our way along other less crowded streets. Less crowded - but not deserted!

This wasn't such a good idea I discovered, much to my wife's chagrin! True, we had left the crowd but we had also left our cover as it were. The farther we got from the masses the more truly EXPOSED my wife was. People who couldn't see her before because of the parade and it's confusion could clearly see her now - yards and yards away!! People would shout "HEY! THERE'S A NAKED WOMAN!" and point in our direction.

We started to run - causing our group to become separated even more. My wife and I used cars, signs, buildings and anything that would provide momentary concealment! We had walked almost a mile from where we had started. I could see the place where we left the car but it seemed so far away!

Many, many people saw my wife in all her glory as we made our way sometimes running, sometimes hiding - sneaking about like common criminals hiding from the law and the shadier elements that might have been out that night.

Finally we got smart and waited for our friends to catch up. We then all huddled around her like in the parade and all walked together trying to hide her nakedness. Being among just our friends was now really embarrassing for her. For the first time she realized that THEY saw her charms too. In the large crowd of the parade they were the farthest thing from her mind. Now it was just us huddled around her. She kept apologizing to them for her nakedness.

My wife's legs gave out from under her as a cop saw us and yelled at us from a distance to cover her up! I yelled back, "OK Officer, Right away." I guess the fact that my wife staggered from fright gave the appearance that she was drunk and we were helping her home or something. Anyway, fortunately his attention was turned to a fight that broke out down the street in the other direction and he didn't pursue us.

Once back into the car my wife had to endure the long almost one hour drive back home NAKED in the back seat!! I guess in retrospect one of us could have given her something for cover, but at the time we were all busy reacting to the situation and caught up in the moment. Ok that's my lie and I'm sticking to it - the real reason no one offered to clothe her was that we ALL were enjoying her nudity! I know I was!!!! My wife patiently sat there next to me breathing heavily for most of the way home.

All of our mouth's were bone dry and we were still shaking from the panic that just occurred getting out of there. Johnny, who was driving got off the interstate after reaching a safe distance from downtown and headed for a convenience store. "I don't know about ya'll," he said "But I'm parched. I'm going to get a couple of bottles of water from this store."

As we stopped under the lights in the store parking lot, Johnny's wife said as she slapped his shoulder, "Honey, you IDIOT! She's still naked back there!"

My wife just shrugged her shoulders, I guess too exhausted to complain and said, "Ah hell, what's a few more people gonna hurt."

We made it home OK and I can honestly tell you we had the best sex we have ever had - despite her humiliation.